

THE CAPTAIN
POETRY POEMS

by Nichol

out of wind
out of water
once was born
a Captain's daughter

out of sea
out of foam
doomed eternally
to roam

out of earth
out of heather
softer then
a gosling's feather

out of stone
out of tree
never to
return to me

published at
the
BLEVOINTMENT
PRESS
1970

FRONT
dj NICHOL
WORK
BILL
ET

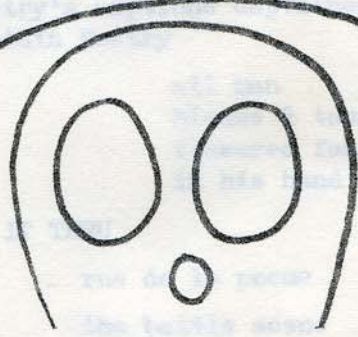
the work
for ROB

poem-maker
grant me
words. make me
stronger. let
the poems burn
longer. give me the eyes
to see what lies

below
the lines. make the words signs
for the heart.

THE
ORIGINS
of
CAPTAIN
POETRY

for
ross clark
(1964-65)



Captain Poetry

in

a

cap

Captain Poetry

in

a

cape

o

Captain Poetry

try

Captain Poetry

ryde

Captain Poetry

ride

ride

ride

O CAPTAIN POETRY SEE IT I

poem

poetizer

tiger teaser

ease her into second

yur dual exhaust poem

with the verb & noun atomizers

misers

visors

wizards

seers

poeteasers

friends & advisors

wizards of the twin carb phrases

Captain Poetry sings yur praises

Dear Captain Poetry:

2

verses

versus

poems

poetry's captions captained by
Captain Poetry

all man

blonde & tanned

flowered fan

in his hand

O CAPTAIN POETRY SEE IT THRU

rue de la poeme

the battle scene

- seen between rounds

Captain Poetry talking with a lady

(sources of inspiration)

O CAPTAIN POETRY SEE IT TRUE

rue du poem
the battle rages.
ages pass.
Captain Poetry's bound & gassed
(sources of inspiration)

O CAPTAIN POETRY SEE IT TOO

coming of masses
the battle passes
"passes shown at the gate"
Captain Poetry is late
(sources of inspiration)

O CAPTAIN POETRY SAVE US TOO

tooting of horns
the battlers born
(ornery critters)
Captain Poetry drinks his bitters
(sources of inspiration)

O CAPTAIN POETRY SAVE US TWO

3

When Captain Poetry eats a meal
he takes an hour just to eat the feel.
He grabs a peach & sucks like mad,
rubs his tummy & says "I'm glad",
rolls his eyes, twists his head,
barks like a dog, tries to play dead,
balances on his finger & blows thru his nose
while composing spontaneous lines of prose.
O he sings like a madman, talks like he's sane
and does it each day again & again.

4

Dear Captain Poetry:

poetry
tree
treat

^atiny
NY city treat

^ateensie
eensie

(ⁱ_echintzie)

zieder

zither

zipper

treat

love

Cap Poetry

5

up the creek
the cup reek

EEK!! (it's Captain Poetry)
(treek meester eek?)

treacle
track all
crinkle crackle
crack all
crocks avec les
rocks.

OOO!! (les?)
OX!! (ah
la trans
la tion)
O!
X!

IT'S CAPTAIN POETRY

(tain
no
poet,..)

"take a letter
mrs. brown....

re
Captain Poetry
recently

a
"no
poet"

a I
cent:reward (signed)
Captain Poetry"

0
Captain Poetry

up the creek
in the yard
fast asleep
my favorite bard
will always be
thee

0
Captain Poetry

Captain Poetry
bathes in the stream. fish drown. mow
suns go up & down

7

the stance is meaningfull
leaning full into the wind
words as birds
to take flight with
soaring into phrases
of envelopment
'till the words break down
& Captain Poetry sings
over the harbour & the town

8

(prayer for his beloved)
poem

maker
bake her a poem
make her happy
bake her an apple poem
round as the moon

old Cap Poetry
 yur dressing gowns of silk
 yur slippers made of paper
 yur words made out of milk
 yuve seen better days
 but still yur spanish ways
 continually amaze us
 Captain Poetry

CAPTAIN POETRY IN LOVE

I

Captain Poetry falls in love

"O vellum stars" he cries
 (i.
 e.

she's the one for
 he)

(he considers spring)

"spring - such
 a traditional thing. well
 what does one expect
 when winter's
 made a wreck of
 everything. seasons
 don't need
 reasons for going on
 like lovers do. everyone
 discovers that things
 get greener
 because it's been colder. (in love
 sometimes the opposite
 is true). so
 what else is new?

(he considers the moon)

"fat goddess
 i'm
 sick of you.
 come down to earth.
 you're just a part of us
 that rose
 a little higher.
 you're not on fire
 like the sun.
 who put you there?
 made you a goddess?
 (i hate to guess!)
 was it me?

(he considers love)

"love
 spelled backwards
 is evol
 is
 'nature's way' (i've
 overworked it
 in a dozen
 poems) has

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 yur slippers made of paper
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nothing to do
with evil
but rather evolves
new themes. how
impossible
to overwork them.

(he considers considering)

"consider
considering.
consider
de
ring,
ring-
ing
on der
side.
con
de
ring
do that thing
dance & sing
....considering
.....considering."

II

dear Captain Poetry,
your poetry is trite.
you cannot write a sonnet
tho you've tried to every night
since i've known you.
we're thru !!

madame X

dear Madame X

Look how the sun leaps now upon our faces
Stomps & boots our eyes into our skulls
Drives all that to weird & foreign places
Till the world reels & the kicked mind dulls,
Drags our hands up across our eyes
Sends all white hurling into black
Makes the inner cranium our skies
And turns all looks sent forward burning back.
And you, my lady, who should be gentler, kind,
Have yet the fiery aspect of the sun
Sending words to burn into my mind
Destroying all my feelings one by one;
You who should have tiptoes thru my halls
Have slammed my doors & smashed me into walls.

love

Cap Poetry

III

(a reminiscence by one who had loved him)

O Captain (my Captain)
now you've flown away
I find it not impossible
to live without you. I thot

when I was with you
you were the world
soaring above me
cape unfurled. now
you've grounded. my feelings, un-
founded, have changed.
I hope you're well
enough to go to hell.

IV

O Captain Poetry
rye-bald
Captain Poetry

when did you first tell me
you were in love?

& the lady (does it matter?)
a shady figure.
i could not dig yur taste
for you had placed her
beyond all human reach.

each of us learns
in our own way.

when did you learn
Captain Poetry
that you had placed her too high
for even you
to fly.

V

C. P.

flys

lies

is a rotten loves
the lady's soon discover

VI

Attractive young man wearing
cape and hood wishes to meet
lady with similar interests.
Object - mutual enjoyment.

VII

Captain Poetry i luv
Captain Poetry in love
Captain Poetry tin lover
Captain Poetry's thin lovers
Captain Poetry's hind covers
Captain Poetry's kind comers
Captain Poetry

The

Unmasking

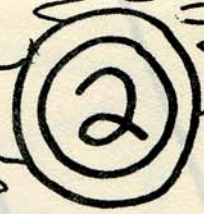
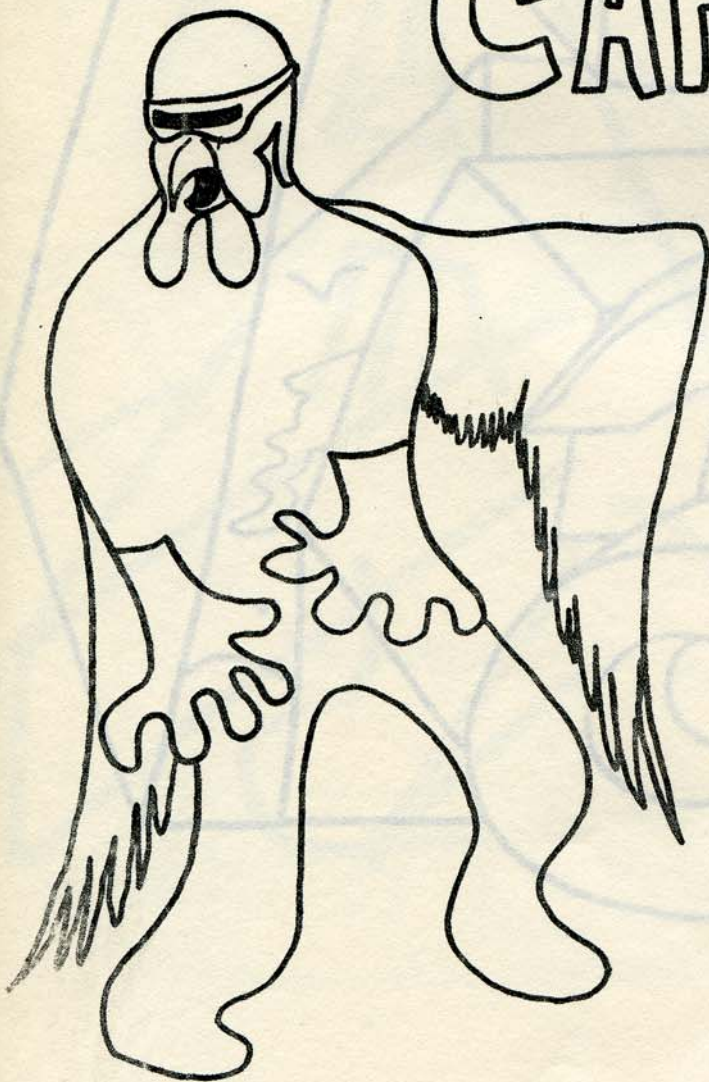
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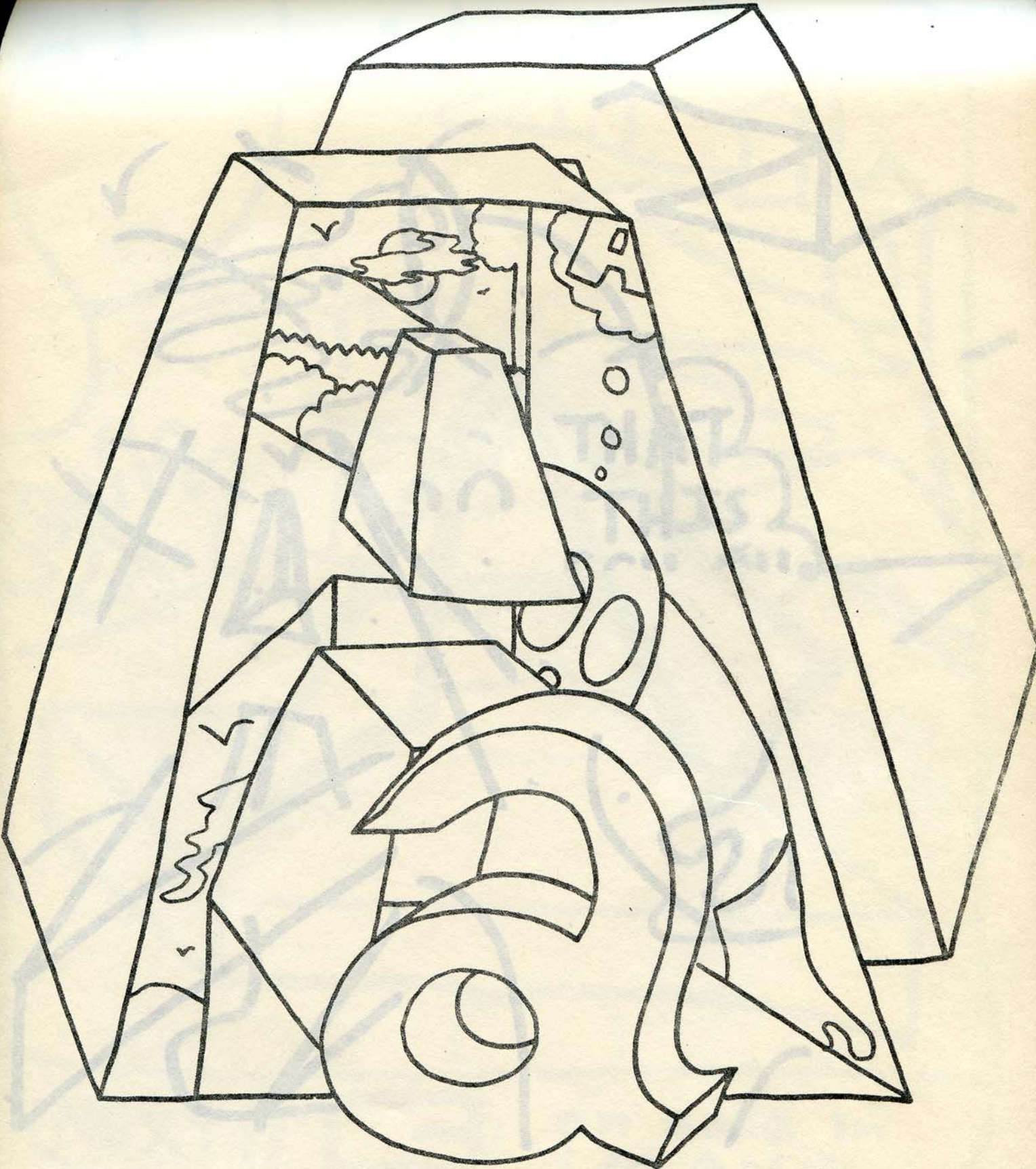
CAPTAIN

Poetry

a series of
stills

for dj

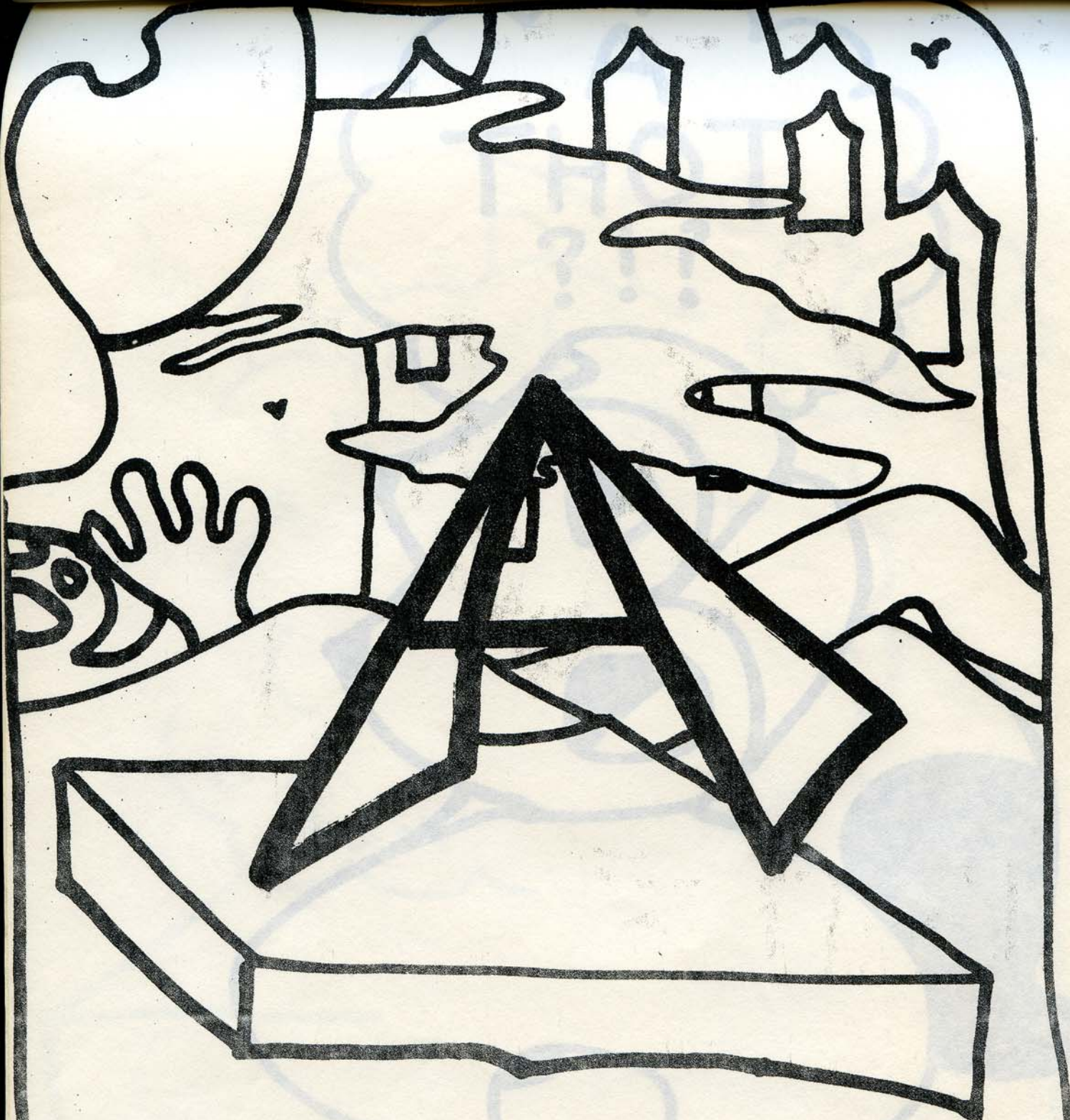






THAT
THIS
FOR ALL

NEXT III B on sale in MAY III



NEXT!!

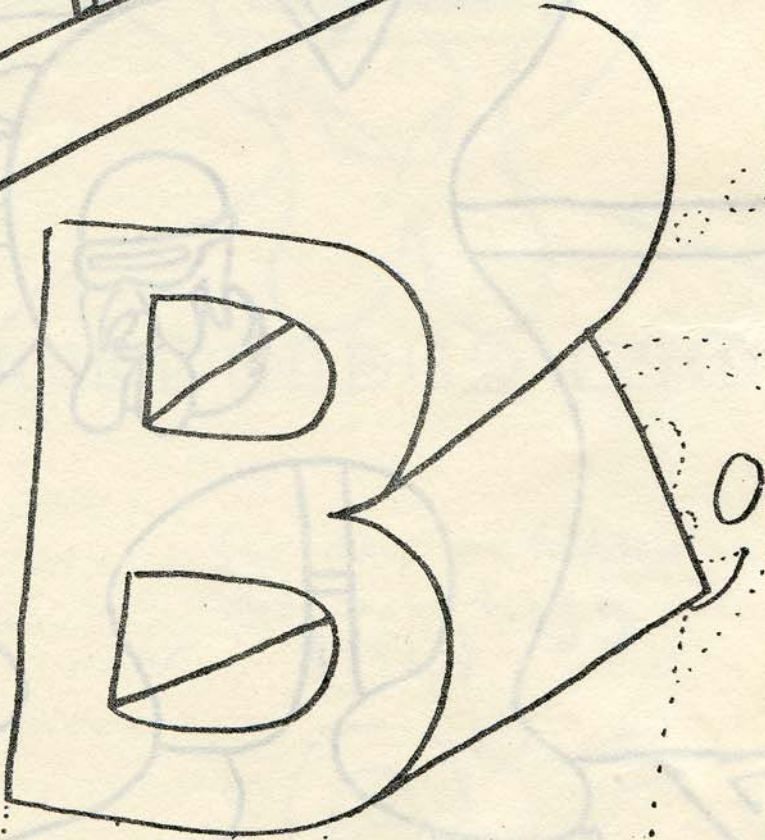
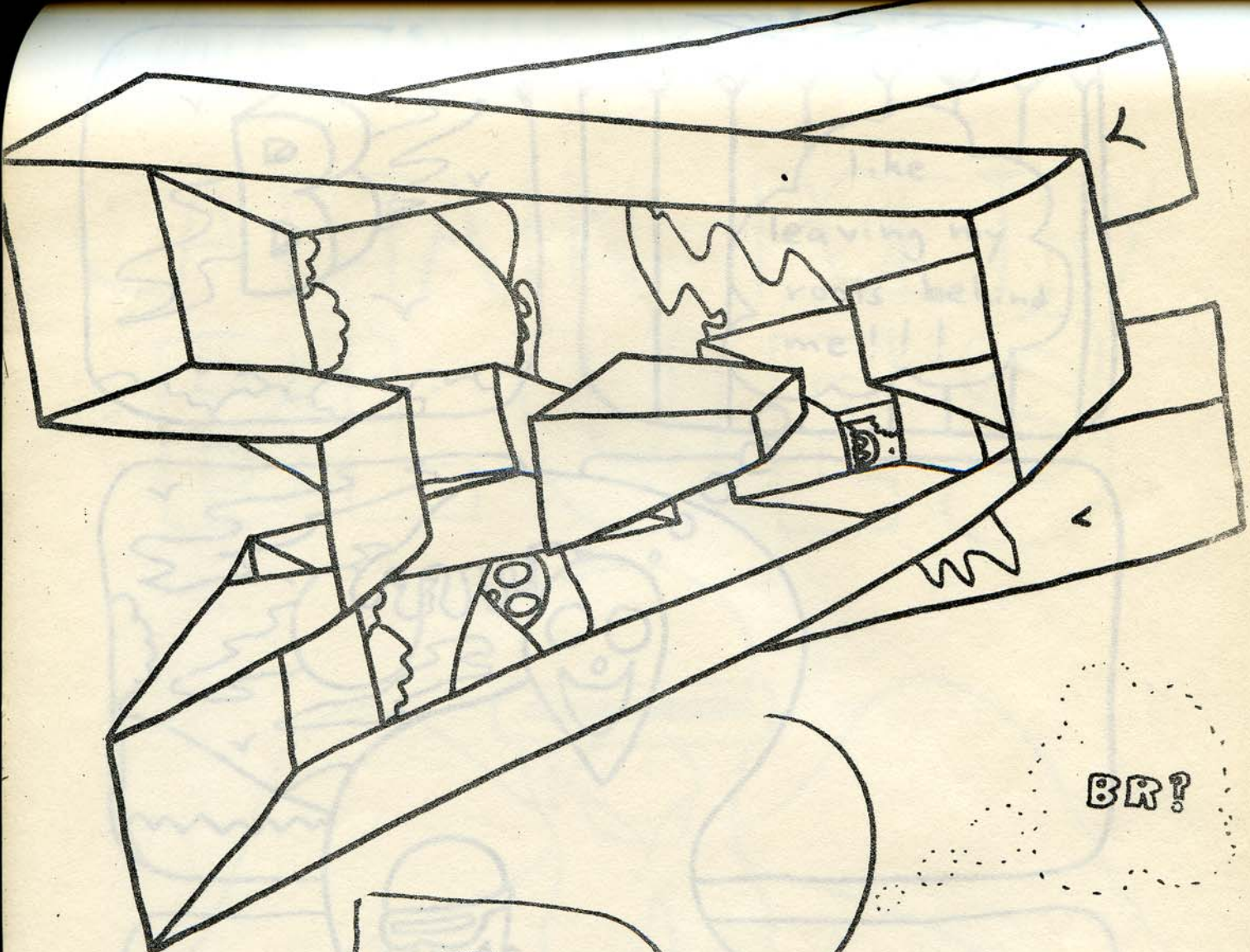


on sale in
MAY!!!

A
THOT
?!?

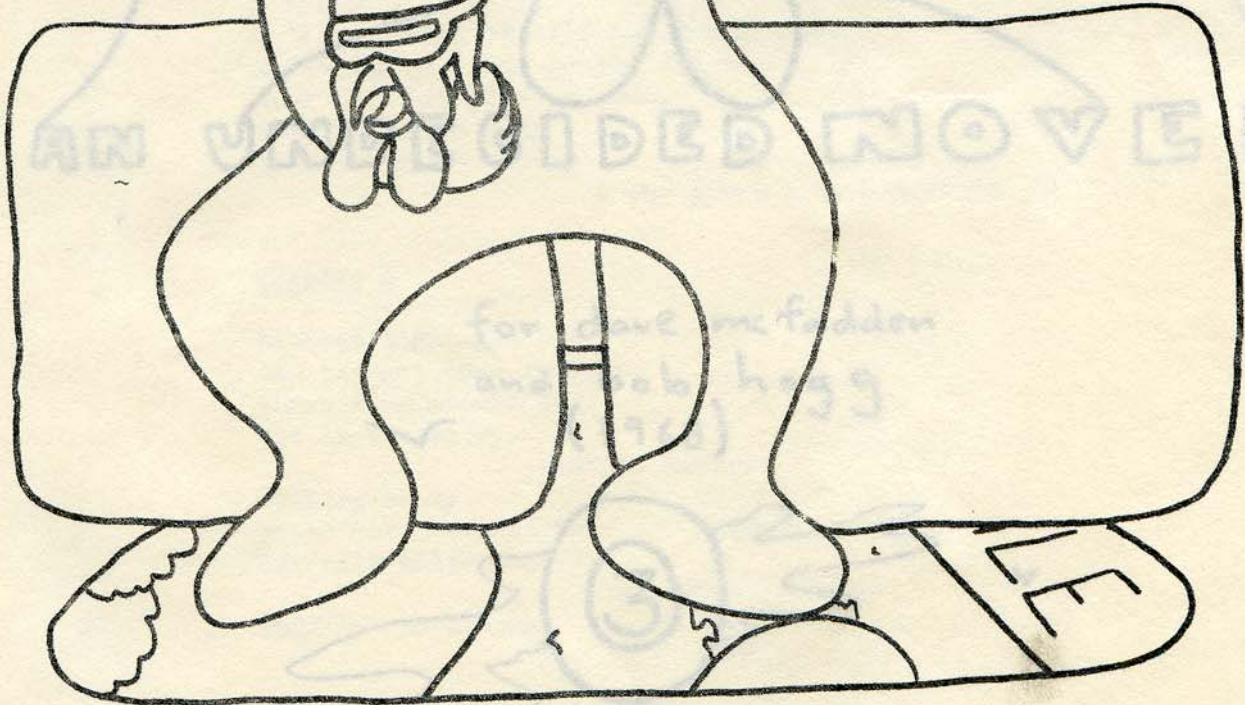






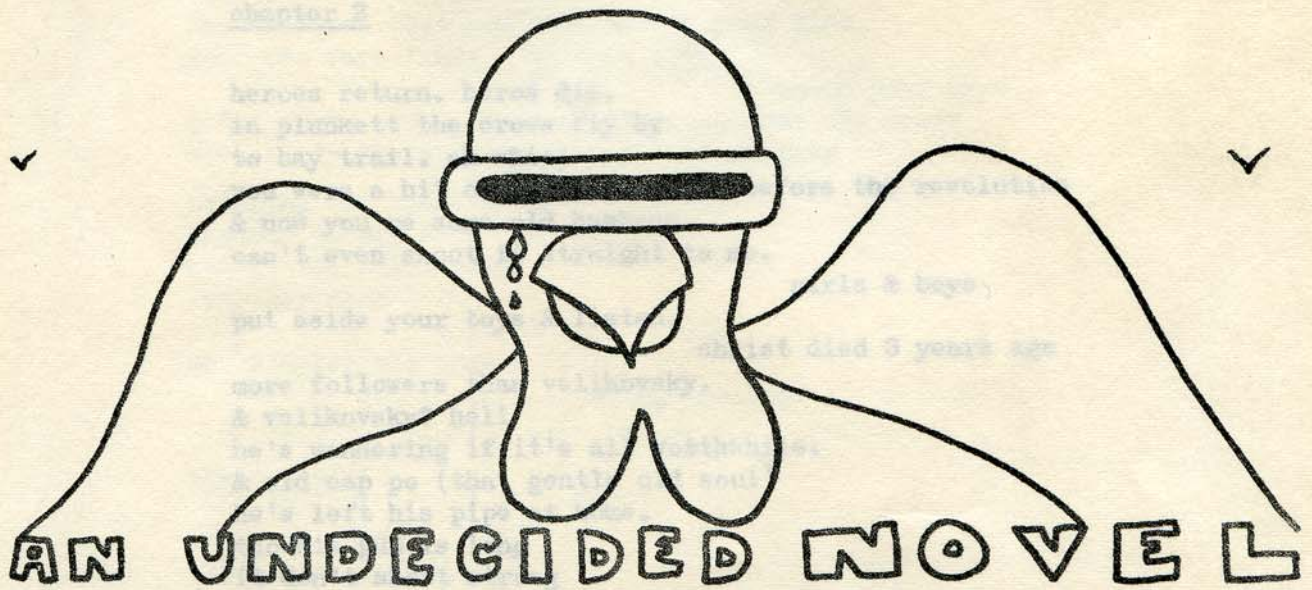
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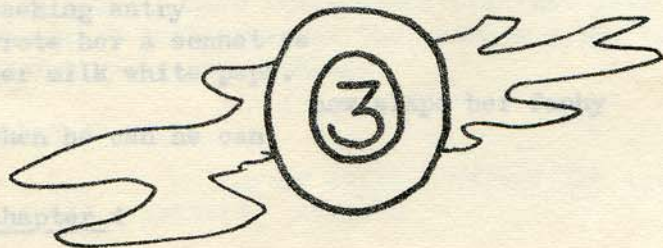
THE NEW NEW

CAPTAIN POETRY
BLUES



AN UNDECIDED NOVEL

for dave mcfadden
and bob hogg
(1968)



easy
easyrider. when you're astride her
forget you ever wrote a poem. just let her go
& let it grow
& she'll moan the whole night long.

chapter 5

saint ump made love to blossom tight
one night when captain poetry was high above the town
knocked her down & raped her
in plunkett's one back street
"i made her" said ump "& i can break her!"
take her anyway you want.
the troubled that you meet are in your mind.
your own face finds another face
behind your eyes.
& the sighs the moans of pleasure that she makes
are simply the songs you should be singing
bringing the house down
captain poetry flies
out of the night skies
into her arms
& saint ump? well
he samples her charms
during the day.

chapter 6

under the down
window of winnowy ways
& saint ump's startled gaze strays to blossom's half bare calf
hooves fall in the street.
the return of the dread
south saskatchewan moose feet tracks
backing thru the halls & laughter
hell cap. none of this makes sense.
it's simply the way the days go hence
into nothingness
blossom tight's bare belly bears half the town
while you're hanging round the chimney pots. the hot
words & phrases you exchange
range
from bad to worse
your verse versus the agonizing prose
of cuckold cuckold cuckold

chapter 7

c.p. won
the marathon dance award. scored
a dozen of them
without even thinking.
sinking feeling in his heart
he knows they'll never be a part of any poem he wrote.

nope. you're sunk cap. your loveboat gone
kerplunk
upon the ropes.

balless in gaza
ya can't dazzle 'em
with the old one-two. the fox-trot, the cha-cha,
get nowhere.

quit hanging round there!
fred astaire finally gave it up
took ginger home & fucked the whole night long.
leaving the showbiz behind
the daily grind's obliterated
& love's boat floats upon a sea of obvious necessity.
the need to love reiterates the true state of affairs.
you leave your slippers on gaza's golden stairs
& go home to her reality.
the actuality of women burns the eyes

& the bad scenes

the poor cuts

blur into. insignificance
beside the magnificence

of real dance.
don't take a chance on getting lost in "B" parts!

(remember the minnie-moo-ha start of
the saturday afternoon matinee grope?
rex allen reaching for his rope
& you, ridiculously, pulling your own?
moaning your way thru the popcorn
into the feature show
knowing rex couldn't dance
unless they slppd a gun into the scene)

leaning into. the late movie midnight t v screen
i twirl my rope against the hope of freeing you

as fred was freed

& dances now in finian's ranbow
while you spend your time feelin low.
don't you know your body enhances the things you try to say?
don't let your brain slip away into

presumptuousness.

(rex had so much less than he shoud've had.
& the things we did to him

made us feel bad.

i remember as a kid i wrote to him & said

"Dear Rex:

All my friends say you're mean & stuck-up
but I think you're the greatest cowboy alive.
Please write & show them they're wrong.

Your friend

Barrie Nichol (age 10)"

& i pasted the letter he sent
next to a photo of ginger rogers in a sarong

"Dear Barrie;

So glad to get your letter.
Here's an autographed picture of me.
Please tell your friends I'm not really mean and stuck-up.

Your cowboy pal
Rex Allen"

god i felt guilty at his sincerity!)

can't you see

the way you waste your days

glancing over you shoulder
waiting for the bolder chicks to grasp your dick & say "hey!
wanna play fred astair & ginger?"
sincerely hoping for some satori
bp (age 24)

chapter 8

finally the ryme ends or
the word (as it were)
sends you to the store
looking for more &
better ones. cap you know
i loved you so
but now it seems
in all my dreams
you just look funny.
sound sound
(all these words that ryme)
& time being faster than
my progress to the bathroom
leads me to scheme strange schemes.
PLEASE NOTE THE POEM IS DEAD
the head of captain poetry stuck upon a stake
won't break
no matter how hard you try.
all the sequels are weird & don't sound right.
sweet cap good-night.
a rose in any other nose would wither -
you bring it hither & the language cries.
captain (lovely captain) never die.
may your toes grip this ground & may this ground grow hallowed.
may the clear blue plunkett days
reign forever
thru the haze of pointless poems.
these are the days we treasure
the real revolutions of the mind.
the blind edges of our bodies sometimes meet
in just such dusty streets
reach out for each other
& say hello
you'll never know cap
lord lord lord
you'll never know

chapter 9

sad old cap slaps his pack upon his back
& splits
leaves plunkett & bay trail
& blossom's tired tail
the tales are legion
airy & visionless
he passed & pissed
& never missed his cue
abusing himself in a wary fashion
his passions are spent in countless books
pressing his balls for culture's jaded hookers.

ah cap

let's throw this shit in lime
so it never knows the time of day

all your attempts to make it
never succeed

& god! their greed!
we've tried to make them see

just you cap

just me



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