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for Sheila Watson

she walked out the door into the arms of another life
slowly as in a dream as in a row of as's likes &
stepped off of the curb out of the window wondering
having grown old in wonder with no one to wonder
of her of her being of everything i have ever
known she thot not quite awake & wishing if i were
older if i were not the same walked out of the
window into the dark morning saying goodbye to
you love for now & forever goodbye to you then & left
him walked out & left him goodbye & then

once once upon the piling up of such beginnings
she began a different life of her old life we know too
much more really than we want to know than what
is necessary streets bare of trees trees bare of
leaves living bare of anything worth living for she
left it behind left him behind & went away & her
breasts ached as if the milk were in them still it
wasnt she went away

someday someday i will
tell that story to someone someday therell be
someone to tell it to there was no one was there
no there was no one so why bother to pack the bag
then & she left him sleeping & left to stay i am
staying by leaving she thot half smiling always i
will be a memory to him better than i am now living
with him & she went away half smiling or crying &
couldnt remember his name always after & forever
she wondered what his name was & sometimes it
didnt matter & sometimes it did but she was gone & it
was one way never to find him & she never did

surely

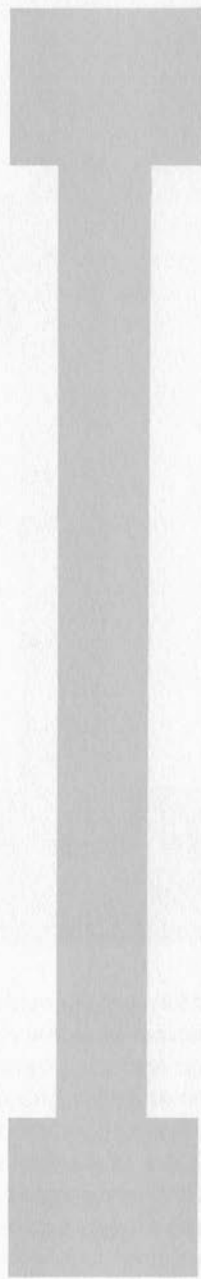
there is no one living who remembers their names
she was only young when she left him & the dead
child she did not remember left him & went away
into the past into her own future presence in the pre-
sent world went away as we were saying went
away & came to join us here always we will recall
that day always we will remember the time she
came in sight on the dusty road her red dress visible a
mile away asking us saying i have come to stay with
you & of course we welcomed her in of course we
said to her then you are welcome here & she was & i
was only ten but she was welcome we did welcome her
in

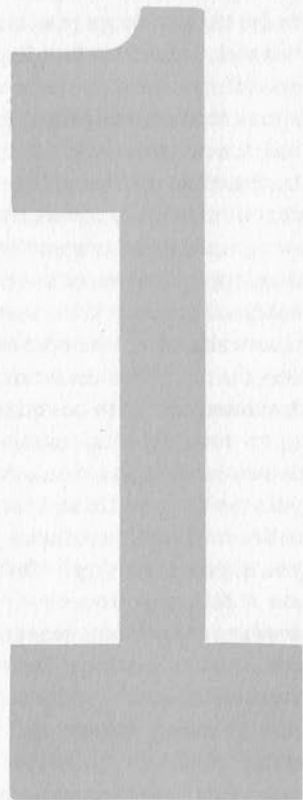
oh lady oh lady lately i am so full of that memory
of you sick in bed i can dream of nothing else
sick in bed it is your face i see before me always

always as it was then always as it will be
always

today i am so sure of my own death today
there is a quick image of no image moment of
being no being again endless cycle quick bliss of
ignorant darkness knowing

we know i cannot sur-
vive we know we will survive & lady we re-
member that day you came amongst us we re-
member that time we took you in & what happened
then oh yes we do remember





as these things are they are only dreams as i have told
foretold the wish it seems to be made whole as words
are extensions of our fears & longings lift me up
lift me up oh heaven is in my holding vision to be
all spheres of wisdom handed down the long roads &
calling my name a falling into the screams & stric-
tures of this life give it up then i have given it up
thrown away the rules by which my days were
named thrown away the names they used to claim
me them them a calling after the fogs that

cloud my mind all language simply the knowledge
of naming simply all it has become oh once was a
day remember that day you spoke to me & the names
were gone forever i thot as then you did speak saying
to me those things you said without names i lay in
bed sick at heart & longing i lay in bed & heard you
speaking you spoke to me without names that day
spoke to me through the fog my mind made i lay in
bed & saw your words form i saw your words form
in the blue air floated thru the window & lay there
sick at heart your words formed in the window i
saw you enter the room to tell me your heart free of
naming dreams of such freedom dreams of such
roads stretch out thru the window towards the sea
who walks it who comes in a cloak with their mark
upon him who entered that room behind the other
& named me to be named & oh to have that mark
upon you it is the name drives you it is the name
draws you you think it is the sea & you rise from
your bed you think it is the sea & you leave behind
the one who did not name you he puts the mark on
you & you take it up father father the mark is on
me father you cover my body in names & longings
cover my body with screams & holdings there is no
sea it is nothing calls you father you never
wanted this son why did you leave your mark upon
me i never wanted this life i never wanted your
name father i hate you father i never knew you
how can you hate what you do not know how can
you know what you hate your hate blinds you
your hate consumes you who was my father he
was never my father i never knew you what was
your name i lie in this bed sick at heart because you
named me i lie in this bed sick with hate it is the
hate fills me it is the hate stops me up i lie in this
bed as you enter father you enter & put your mark
upon me i lie in this bed your mark upon me & i
hate you you wrap me in your grey cloak you
wrap me in hate & longing the sea beckons me i
cannot reach it she is there she is that other you

stand behind she speaks to me & she does not name
me she speaks to me but she does not mark me i
am free & she speaks to me i hate you when i sense
you near i hate you in your grey cloak father i
hate you father i always hated you father you
never wanted me father why was i born i never
wanted to be born i never wanted this life father
the hate kills me i wanted to kill you for not want-
ing me i wanted to kill you for having me you
never loved me i do not love myself for hating you
father father i do not love myself i am full of hate
father because of you in hating you i hate myself
in killing you i kill myself i want to forgive you
father i cannot forgive you somewhere forgive-
ness must be found somewhere the infinite loving
must be tapped someone is listening surely
someone is hearing these words why am i writing
these words why am i saying these things i have
never said i am saying these things for someone
is she someone she does not name me surely she
will be there when i come surely i will rise from the
bed to find her i will rise from the bed & find the sea
surely she'll be standing there she'll be there i
will hold her & she will not name me he named me
he came along & put his mark upon me now i am
faces & names & ache with longing i rise with that
mark upon me & step thru the window she disap-
peared when he entered with his grey cloak & his
naming i walk thru the window along the road
under the blue sky & grey trees a lonely day the
road is a thin line i was walking along it one grey
day the blue trees hanging over me i met a man
upon the road whose cloak was grey who are you i
asked he looked thru me without answering
who are you i asked waving up towards the blue
clouds & grey birds he looked thru me but would
place no name upon himself why do you try to
name me he asked you wear a grey cloak i knew a
man once wore a grey cloak he kicked in the leaves
& snow lay in patches along the road i knew myself

once he said once i did know such a man so long ago i do not remember tho i know he dressed as i dress yes its true he wore such a cloak as this he looked up at the birds hung in the air in clouds it is all so grey now he said & looked thru the mark upon my face you are named he said someone has come & put the name upon you yes i am named i said i looked back thru the window at my empty bed she stood where i had left her when she disappeared & was this one who named you dressed as i am yes i knew such a man but he is dead he is dead since a long time ago he is not dead i said i wish to kill him

if i did not wish to kill him he would be dead i ran my toe thru the blue leaves & grey snow who are you he asked & i could not name myself i am named but i do not know that name where were you going i asked i was walking along this road to meet you he said i wanted to meet you & i found this road such a lonely day i rose from my bed put on my cloak & walked out along this road to meet you we stood under the trees i remember there was a house he said he said maybe there was not a house i remember a woman stood at the door hello i said she did not answer she was dressed in grey like the cloak i wore hello i said she looked across the road towards the hills brushing the hair back from her face & did not answer she wore a white apron over her grey blouse & skirt i looked into her face & said hello hello she said i did not answer are you travelling far there is someone i must meet i said a young man she said we looked into each others faces & saw the names there i know this young man she said we looked into each others faces & saw the longing there may i come in i asked she did not answer i walked past her into the house are you coming in i asked she did not answer i looked past her towards the hills out there is the sea i said i said i have never seen it she looked at me i took her in my arms & kissed her i kissed her breasts i took her in my arms & removed

her grey dress her breasts were white & tipped with brown i covered her body with longing she removed my grey cloak & touched me the longing flowed out of me into her fingertips i kissed her breasts i kissed her i kissed her soft skin i kissed her round belly she ran her fingers down my chest she ran her fingers round me i kissed her legs i kissed her dark curling hair i pressed my face between her legs & kissed her there she held my cock & guided me in we covered each other with longing who are you i asked he did not answer i looked past him down the road she lives in a house by the side of the road he said i knew such a woman once i said she wore a red dress yes he said i left her there to meet you we stood under the trees & looked both ways i was walking this way to find you he said long before all this began i dreamt i saw you sick in bed she stood beside you without naming you he came thru the door & put his mark upon you you lay in your bed dreaming of the sea who are you i asked i am not named he said i took up the cloak that that man wore & set out upon this road to find you he looked thru my marked face into my eyes i dreamt i would find you he said i asked him who was it is the mark on you speaks it is the name asks these questions i looked out towards the hills she lives by the side of this road he said i turned my back on him & began to walk i will find her in this house you left he said handing me his cloak you are marked with your longing i turned my back on him the road was covered in leaves & snow you meet another & your longing fills her you will meet another & kill her with your longing i am full of this longing i thot i meet another & i place my longing on her i place my longing in my voice & say hello hello she says her voice is filled with longing i place my longing in my eyes & see her i see her thru my longing & she is filled with it i see her thru my longing & my longing fills her you will kill her with longing

he said you are empty from longing & you ask her
to fill you you ask her to fill you & she has nothing
i will kill her with my nothing i thot i turned my
back & walked down the road he wrapped his cloak
around me she will not be there he said the sky
was a distant white i watched his shadow grow
smaller in the distance i will kill her with this emp-
tiness of longing his shadow was blue & distant

i have killed her & she is no longer there i thot i
have killed myself with my longing she is gone & i
am no longer here the white clouds drifted over
him i could kill with this longing emptiness i
wrapped his cloak around me i wrapped his grey
cloak around me & began to walk the road curved
beneath my feet i met a boy digging in the earth
who are you i asked he did not answer who are
you i asked he wasnt there i tried to imagine my
window i havent a name he said i have no name
tho i wish it how far had i come i do not know my
name today once was a day as once was another
time my own life began a different course there
was no one there was only the sea forever & ever as
ever my own wish to leave it tho i swam free oh
what a day that was i was the sea & the sea was in
me do you remember that day i stepped upon the
shore i do not know you you have simply forgot-
ten he said the sun was large above the waves
you have forgotten because you do not wish to know

i do not know anymore i have grown so tired of
knowing now i am full of longing & nothing fills
me now i am full of longing & nothing moves me
i lie on my bed longing i lie on my bed & let my
fingers move oh heaven is there surely heaven is
there in that lifting surely i could rise & enter that
world knowing heaven was there nothing is sure

as these things are they are only words one plays
with to ones own ends you are not longing she said
i looked up you are longing for no one but your-
self the sky was blue i put on my hat & began to
walk the day was grey i have become nothing

but my own emptiness & longing i thot i met a boy
digging in the sand he had a sailors hat upon his
head why do you dig in the sand like that i asked
the grey cloak flapped about my knees such a blue
day the roads wound around us i did not know
where i was that day i had no name & he sat there
playing in the sandy earth i had no name & he
would not tell me the roads ran out from where we
stood he sat there playing i had a name once he
said once i had a father & names made sense
once i had a mother to cherish that fathers naming
now nothing makes sense now nothing has names

he gestured with his hand i came from the sea he
said yes he said yes i did come i did do that thing i
came in from the sea i came from the sea & now i sit
here doing nothing the roads ran away from the
circle we stood in i was lost in my feeling i am
full of longing i thot it seems i am full of memories
when you are lonely & without love you have nothing
but memories of those you thot you loved i have
nothing but memories of you i thot you say her
face hung in the air it didnt you say her voice
spoke in your ear it didnt dont you remember
you & the boy stood by the road he was dressed in
blue & a sailors hat you looked towards the hills &
thot about her she was not there you wore the
cloak the stranger gave you your fathers mark
was on you & you hated him you hated him & could
not speak the silence had driven you from her
dont you remember it seems i can think of nothing
else i reached out to touch your breasts your
eyes were full of questions & fear i ran my fingers
over your nipples & you shivered i ran my fingers
over your belly as you touched my cock i did not
know you i know no soft words to describe these
things i held you in my arms & kissed you your
mouth was full of bruising & longing dont you
remember you had left the stranger far behind you
i dont know how far youd walked the country
changed from flat to hilly the trees were larger &

the sky grew darker you saw him in the distance
he was just a young boy the sailors hat sat back
upon his head hello you said he did not answer
dont you remember you started to cry & turned
away i asked you what was wrong your eyes
were filled with hurt & naming i asked you what
was wrong you turned away i said i was sorry
was it something i'd done your eyes looked past me
i placed a hand on your breast you did not move
i placed a hand on your breast & pulled you to me
your skin was damp & you trembled my hand
moved in your belly hair you would not look at me
my hand touched your breast & stayed there i
moved my fingers in between your legs you looked
at me your eyes filled with hurt & naming dont you
recall he said you did not know his name because
you did not wish to remember the trees grew in a
circle there the roads ran out from where you stood
forever you wanted to continue but it made no
sense you wanted to continue but her memory
filled you the memory filled you & you could not
move the boy asked what road youd come down
you could not remember the boy asked which road
you would take you did not know the hole he'd
dug was very deep you looked past him into your-
self i dont remember it was as if she stood next to
me naked i thot i heard her voice in my ear i
touched her breasts & belly & she shivered god i
was lonely i longed to take her in my arms & love
her i looked in her eyes & ignored what i saw i
looked in her eyes & my eyes saw nothing her
mouth was so full of pain & hunger my tongue
touched her tongue & we said nothing you didnt
you say you touched her & you didnt you say she
shivered but the day was hot you were sweating
under your grey cloak the boy removed his sailor
hat & wiped his brow there were just the two of you
it had been a long time since youd left the stranger
it mightve been a year or a day the boy wiped his
face & laughed you really dont remember me do

you he asked no you said & looked away i came
from the sea i dont remember when you wouldnt
look at him dont you remember god no god
christ all i could feel was the loneliness i thot she
was there i thot i touched her i never have words
i never can tell you i touched her thighs & they
parted i placed my cock between her legs & she
shivered i could see the terror & chose not to god
i was lonely i only wanted to hold her i only
wanted to be in her ive never the words i speak of
women & my tongue trembles i speak of women &
my speech slurs there are no lovely words to praise
them with ive only the cold words & cant speak
god i am lonely for women i touch their breasts &
shiver i touch their bodies & im damp with sweat
i placed my cock between her legs & wept you
didnt you say you wept but you didnt the boy
asked you if you ever cried no you said i do he
said sometimes he asked you why you never cried
you would not answer are you ever happy he
asked you would not answer sometimes im
happy sometimes i wake up & gaze thru the win-
dow beyond my bed the sky is blue i feel joy
inside me but i cant express it i feel joy & yet i am
not joyous sometimes im joyous sometimes i
wake up to blue skies full of joy & am joyous i put
on my blue suit & sailor hat & go out you asked
him where he lived he told you he lived by the side
of the road a little further on you asked him which
road he would not answer dont you remember
no perhaps he was there i dont recall i thot i
shoved my cock inside her i thot i thrust it in she
moaned & shivered her whole body shuddered as i
thrust it in i held her in my arms my cock thrust
deep in her her body was damp & trembling our
bellies stuck together god i get hungry for soft-
ness these words lack softness you used no
words then you would not speak to him he spoke
of the days he walked from his bed into the world
he spoke of those days & his face lit with joy he was

just a boy you'd known him for a day or a week or two he spoke to you & you did not answer i was not aware of him she stood before me naked i shoved my cock in her i dont remember the boy you say he wore a sailor hat you say his suit was blue you say he dug a hole in the ground i dont remember the road was long you'd been walking for months it seemed there was some house you were trying to get to the stranger had told you where to find it there was that night that one night before you met the boy my feet were sore i sat down on a rock to rest them a girl approached me from the woods her breasts were small & she trembled no there was no boy i remember she put a hand over her breasts & smiled no i dont remember you'd been on the road for a long time before you met him it might've been a month or a week since you'd found the house the windows were shuttered you knocked & got no answer the door was barred you stood by the side of the road lost in your longing your fathers mark was on you & she was not there the house was empty & you screamed & shouted but she did not come she came she stepped out of the wood & smiled i read her eyes & ignored them god i was lonely i only wanted to hold her i only wanted to touch her skin i touch women & my hand trembles i kiss their bellies & am sick with sweat you are only lonely he said you lack love he said i looked into his eyes & knew it was true i looked into his eyes & knew my love was nothing i gave because i did not want to be given to i gave to hold my longing in by giving i denied my loneliness my loneliness denies my loving you are perfect in your loneliness he said you look in your mirrors full of self-love & loathing only you know your nothingness only you know your fear i looked into his eyes he seemed so young you are only a boy i said i said i know ive met you before you have never met me he said once he said once you knew me he touched his scarred nose the

sailors hat sat back upon his head you wear a grey cloak he said i knew a man once wore a grey cloak it was such a blue day he poked his shovel in the dry earth & began to dig no i said no i am not that man i met him once i said the man i knew wore a grey cloak like you he said i turned away & began to walk his voice was very distant i turned & looked back at the spot where he had been i drew the grey cloak around my shoulders & began to walk i was cold & trembling the moon rose over the trees i am sick of this i thot i meet people but it is all for nothing i meet people & say goodbye knowing nothing i lay down the cloak wrapped tight around me the trees formed a circle where i lay asleep he raised his head & looked at me who are you he asked i do not know who you are i am named i said can you not see the mark yes you are marked he said i felt the sweat form on my body i let the grey cloak fall open who understands this i thot i met a woman once who understood me she reached out her hand & touched me the longing was gone i was no longer full of the longing when she touched me noone understands what is least of all myself i do not understand i looked up thru the trees at the moon i do not understand what has made me most myself i thot this selfs as known as these words i write if less familiar oh it is not for nothing no it is not all pain sometimes the day opens & i flower sometimes the day opens & i move with freedom thru the tall blue of it all these words are only nothing all these words are only sounds i dance with the sounds i sing with the sounds the sound is all the meaning that there is the sound is the loving the sound is the longing oh god i am so full of sound i open my mouth & sound escapes i open my mouth to let the sound escape my body fills with it i vibrate with the sound i hate the words the words destroy the sounds with useless meanings the meanings pile up & the sound is lost i scream with the sound i

live in the sound the sound flows around me i am
lost in it oh surely this is knowing to live & breathe
& celebrate the sound all heaven is sound i am
caught in the sound father you named me but gave
me no sound it was a flat lifeless thing this naming

now i dream i walk by the sea & the sea is sound
the waves wash over me & the waves are sound oh
these words are useless i swim in the sound & the
sound surrounds me i swallow the sound i
scream the sound the sound is me & the sound
surrounds ah i remember christ i remember i
lie here in this circle of trees my heart heavy with
remembering in the sound my heart is light in
the midst of the sound the hope is endless i was a
just a young boy i remember it well i sat where
the roads came together in a circle beyond the great
woods i sat digging holes in the earth listening to
the sound a man approached me from the long
roads he wore a grey cloak & his eyes were trou-
bled i spoke to him but he did not hear me i spoke
to him but he looked away i remember the sun was
shining hello i said he did not answer the air
was still around him i remember i listened but he
made no sound who are you i asked i do not know
you the sky was blue & i lay back in the tall green
grass watching him he spoke of nothing but his
eyes screamed such perfect loneliness i thot i
thot he has surrounded himself with loneliness &
now he walks thru the world encased in that hunger
he cannot escape from i grabbed his grey cloak &
tugged at it who are you i shouted he made no
answer the clouds floated white above us far
away i saw the line of trees who are you i shouted
tugging at his cloak his eyes were troubled &
locked in their loneliness who are you i shouted
hitting him with my shovel the shovel banged
uselessly against his chest he walked past me
where i sat digging in the earth hello i said he
did not turn around hello i said would you like to
rest here i watched him disappearing in the dis-

tance towards the wood i lay back in the grass &
watched the clouds blow over oh i remember
christ i remember jesus how could i ever forget i
live with the fucking thing i carry the fucking
memories like a wound across my throat jesus i'll
never forget the fucker he stood there with his
blank eyes looking thru me fuck off i shouted i
smashed the shovel against his face i watched the
wound grow where his nose had been cocksucking
motherfucker just get the fuck out of here i
screamed & kicked at him fuck off fuck off he
held his hands up to catch the blood & backed away
cocksucker i screamed dirty fucking cocksucker
get away from me i dont want your fucking no-
thingness get away motherfucker get away
the ground was spotted with blood god i remember

christ i can never forget he ran screaming down
the road i remember the sound possessed him
his body shook as he ran & he held his face with his
hands i remember the gaping hole below his eyes
where i'd smashed his nose in get away mother-
fucker get away i buried my face in the grass &
sobbed i remember the wind was high i stood up
quietly i couldnt see him anymore i took the
earth & rubbed it over my face i took the earth in
my hands & ate it i let my tongue lick the hole i'd
dug i licked the shovel clean with my tongue oh i
remember christ i remember are you happy i
whispered nothing answered are you happy in
your loneliness oh i get hungry for sound i
brush my fingers over the soft flesh of her body & feel
the sound thats in her oh to be in that sound in
the heart of the sound there is peace in the heat of
the sound there is happiness christ i get lonely in
this stillness i sit here at this desk surrounded by
the stillness & death of this city the streets seem so
empty of sound he stood up the trees grew close
around him another calls my name & i rise
somewhere someone writes my history & i am named
i hate you for that naming i hate what you do i

am left with no place to run to no place to rest its
useless if only you stopped writing i could sit down
& think but you did do it yes i did do it yes i did
smash his face in the stupid cocksucker was asking
for it i was only ten you know oh i mightve
been younger i sat in the sand digging as he approached
hello i said hello its a lovely day i remember
he said nothing i remember the air was still
around him oh i was hungry for sound all i
wanted was one hello all i wanted was that one
sound he said nothing the longing sprang up in
my throat & choked me yes i remember oh god i
remember i carry the longing for that sound
everywhere i carry the longing for that sound &
grow weak yes i am lonely i am i reach out but
my hands stay still i reach out & smile indifferently
hello i say hello how are you noone answers
i close the sounds down around me & draw
inside i close the sounds down & make the longing
me ah it is all so perfect yes it is a perfect thing
i carry the longing but the longings me i put the
longing inside me & say nothing people say hello
& i do not answer hello they say hello how are you
the stillness is perfect the silence is a perfect
thing no sound comes to disturb it their lips
move but i do not hear them their lips move but my
lips are still it could all be so perfect it could all be
such a perfect perfect thing once was a day
remember that day that one day i knew the silence
didnt work hello she said & my lips trembled
hello she said & the silence broke he looked at her
frightened who are you he asked who are you i did
not know you were here you came so suddenly thru
the trees there no she said no hello he said she
looked at him strangely i have been walking a long
time he said looking at her long hair her red dress i
lay down in this wood & fell asleep your face she
said your face you have cut yourself no no it is
nothing she ran her fingers over the crushed
bones of his nose i am named i said i carry the mark

wherever i go wherever i go the mark is on me
what is this naming she asked who does this i
looked in her eyes & remembered i looked in her
eyes & saw myself there it had all been so perfect
it had all been such a perfect perfect thing christ
but the silence had been perfect now i was filled
with names now i was numb with naming i am
no longer perfect i said she looked at me strangely
i said to her i said i am no longer perfect cant you
see it dont you know it you do know it dont you you
know i am no longer perfect i have broken that
perfect silence i said she smiled & said nothing i
was perfect in my silence i thot god but i was perfect
till you came he looked at her strangely yes i
know you she said i have seen you so many times
what do you know he said i know your silences she
said i took his hand touch me i said he trembled
touch my breasts i said he did not touch
them take my nipples between your teeth i said
he let his fingers graze my belly hair i held them
there he let his fingers enter me i don't know
your name i said she smiled i let my lips graze
her belly hair she held them there oh how i
longed for the silences you are screaming i said
you say nothing but your screaming i pressed my
face between her thighs kiss me there i said he
kissed me i felt his tongue in my cunt kiss me
there i said he kissed me god how i kissed her
she held my cock in her hands come inside me she
said guiding me in god i remember christ i
remember oh that was the day that was the day
this perfection ended it had been so long so very
very long of course i remember i do remember
there is no doubt i remember yes i know you she
said he took the grey cloak & wrapped it round her
my hand was on his cock he looked so frightened
i love you i said guiding him inside me i
said i love you and held him inside me he was so
much loneliness he was so much distance i
looked thru his eyes into the sky my breasts were

full of him my belly sang with him i love you i
said i love you he looked past me into the grass i
said i do love you & held him to me he came inside
me he came & filled me with his loneliness his
loneliness filled me & i lay back weeping i love you i
said he filled me with his loneliness & naming i
know you i said once was a time i knew you once
was a time i stood in the door of my house you came
along the road & saw me hello you said i said
nothing you said something again i said what i
said you entered in i looked past you towards the
mountains & the sea you led me back inside & we
made love oh i remember i surely do remember
now i carry you with me wherever i go now
wherever i go i feel you inside me i love you i said
his nose was broken i do love you i did say i did
say that you know he didnt hear me he lay on top
of me filling me with his breathing i love you i
ran my fingers down his back & kissed him i do
love you i lay on my back in the grass watching the
clouds blow past he lay on top of me his cock inside
me i do remember that day as it is these are only
dreams i have foretold the wish of to be made whole as
it was that day he lay inside me dreaming he lay
his loneliness inside me & dreamed do you re-
member it as it was i remember it do you know i
cried i know you cried he lay on top of me dream-
ing he looked so frightened you have hurt your-
self i said touching his broken face no it is nothing
he said i lay there wishing his cock inside me
you are lost in your loneliness i said he lay on top of
me his cock inside me you are lost in your loveless-
ness i hold you in me but you feel nothing god he
seemed hungry christ he seemed hungry in his sil-
ence i took off his sailor hat i love you i said i
took off his grey cloak & his name i do love you i
said he lay on top of me his cock inside me i do
love you i wiped his fingers i wiped the blood
from his face yes i love you i said he lay inside me
i love you i do love you i said he lay inside me my

cock inside me i do love we i said we lay inside me
our cock inside me we do love we we said yes we do
love we we watched the clouds blow over we lay
inside us lonely we touched our broken face we
picked up our tiny shovel we licked it clean we
placed our face between our thighs we love us we
said lonely we love us such a blue day the road
stretched out forever from the window where we lay
sleeping



nothing is ever the same is ever so different again as
that one moment you awake alone certainly it is
frightening to awake alone certainly it is different
to awake alone aware now you are the same as when
you awoke alone before you awoke not alone cer-
tainly it is frighteningly different certainly you
are aware looking thru the square window at the blue
you are aware how blue the sky is you are aware
yes you are aware of this as certainly you are aware
somewhere something is becoming someone

somehow you are aware today awaking alone you are aware only of aloneness separate as that is from all other feeling yes of this & this only you are aware alone not because or for some thing or one or reason being as that is forced upon you aware you are yourself only lonely in your only awareness thus the finger is drawn slowly over the taut nipple the belly cock leg staring from the bed out the window there is only blue nothing more only the lonely blue you cannot rest in only that blue alone that leaves you lonely so there is a morning you rise from your bed alone walk out the door thru the hall the house there is so much detail you do not note so many things i could lose myself in walk by a window & we part ways you continue down the hall my eye moves out the window fields snow a man in a car that will not start his face is red you do not know him no he is a stranger alone in his car the starter kicks over early morning the sun moves up the edge of the wood in the car the man is rubbing his hands & cursing thru the windows of the car he sees the house sees you silhouetted in the glass wishing he was there instead of where he finds himself alone you are looking lonely your eyes get very vague god i feel lonely no it is not like that i feel alone yes i am aware of my aloneness someday i reach out thru the blue washes round me needing people in my aloneness i was not always alone i was always lonely the lonely leaves you gasping the lonely leads you strangely where you should not go if you are alone & lonely you do things strangely if you are lonely & not alone then the strangely cannot touch you no but if you are lonely & alone while being not alone then the strangely takes over & you cannot escape oh i have friends yes i do have friends but when i am lonely & not alone sometimes i make myself alone sometimes i do not touch my friends somewhere i leave them all alone somewhen i return to touch them surely surely i do return surely i do touch

them no not surely no hesitantly yes yes hesitantly at first i do touch them & you walk down the hall continue as i stand in the window watching the man who watches us as he tries to start his car & you walk slowly down the hall away from me the swing of your hair the curve of your hips where the hall curves walking away from me leaving me alone to stand in the window to wait to watch leaving me alone leaving me yes alone & the lonely blue floats in the air outside you the lonely blue floats thru the whitening windowpane & you stand in the window & watch you do & she walks down the hall away from you & the blue flows in & surrounds you & you stand alone what does it mean to be alone what does it mean to be lone a lonely one only when that one moment you should be least lonely she reaches out & touches you she does not walk away no but stays in the hall & touches you you shrug your shoulders you want to be alone you say you want to be a lonely one only it is the moment when she is trying hardest to touch you her fingers touch you it is not enough you say her words reach you it is not enough you say so she turns down the hall & walks away & you stay & brood on being a lonely one some day you will be alone some day you will be truly alone your eyes will close that final time never to open again & then you will be a lone one & youll lie with the other lone ones & be only as youve always wanted to be only till then you spend your days playing at being lonely refusing to accept you are really a lone one playing at being a lonely one remember that time remember remember that time you ran away what were you running from do you remember i remember remembering it later how the details blurred there was someone i hit someone whose face i hit something i hit it with i remember i was so young then i was so young & something was heavy i threw it away i remember i threw it away i remember i came back later searching thru the forest

for it i dont think i found it i dont remember
why do we forget why do we forget these things &
later so much later find ourselves wanting to be a
lonely one why do we forget then spend our lonely
alone times trying to remember there is so little
real forgetting there is only misplacing or not
wanting to recall not wanting to remember oh i
remember yes i remember now i remember ive
remembered before this memory of rememberings
painful remembering the remembereds hard
hold me wont you please hold me but she cant
hear you she is walking down the hall away from
you fingers pressed against the whitening glass you
sit in your car dreaming you are far away why do
we dream why do we dream we are where were not

if you dreamt always this one strange dream what
would it be would you always dream you were
where you werent would you always dream you
were lonely there is one dream thats always
dreamt i am running there is something i carry

there is someone ive hit somewhen i throw
something somewhere always i dream this al-
ways i wake once i awoke & was never alone this
morning i awoke alone she lay beside me breathing

she lay beside me alone good morning i said
she said nothing good morning i said she did not
speak the sky was blue the edges of the window
white we had gone to sleep under the blue coverlet

we had lain for awhile & talked we had made love
when i awoke i was alone he lay beside me brea-
thing he lay beside me alone good morning he

said i did not answer good morning he said i
did not speak i gazed at the flowered walls the
paper the lamp that had never worked he ran his
fingers over my breasts he placed his hand bet-
ween my legs he moved his fingers inside me

good morning i said we lay beside each other
lonely good morning we said we lay inside each
other lonely we touched our cock we moved our
fingers inside us good morning we said we

moved our cock into us we moaned i rose from
the bed alone he touched his fingers to the glass
are you hungry i asked no he said & his eyes were
empty no he said & his eyes were vague some-
times at night he is like this sometimes at night he
awakes frightened from a dream there is terror in
his eyes then then there is loneliness there there is
always in the dream he is running always there
is something he carries always there is someone
hes hit somewhen he throws something away
always he wakes frightened from this dream as this
morning he awoke & stood up frightened his fingers
touching the glass i reach out to touch him he
moves away no he says no he is looking out the
window i say something to him he does not hear

i walk down the hall away from him turning where
the wall curves i cannot see him any more the hall
is empty i move towards the kitchen knowing he is
staring out the window feeling lonely knowing he
is standing in the window alone what do we know
about lonely what do we know about lone we
know only we are alone we know only we play at
being lonely he stands at the window watching
while she moves down the hall alone & he stands at
the window watching while you sit in your car alone

you do not know him no no you do not know him
you sit in your car that will not start conscious of
his eyes watching you you sit in your car dream-

ing you are where you arent the car wont start
you stick the key in the ignition & turn it but it will
not start yes you are alone yes you sit there in
the car wishing it would start & watch the house
where the lights glow the sky is blue the sky is a
dark blue growing lighter & the white clouds the
white snow the white windows of the house flow
round you & you remember you do remember dont
you yes i remember & you rub your hands over
your face over the scar & remember i was young
i mightve been older but i was young there was a
boy a younger boy i remember he was digging in

the earth when i found him how was he dressed i
dont remember what did he say i cant recall
there was something happened something i said or
didnt say he struck out at me with the shovel i
ran away my face was bleeding where he struck me
a girl found me later i remember she found me or
there is something i cant recall what do you re-
member you sit in your car & dream you no
longer care if it ever starts & he stands in the win-
dow & watches you & she walks down the hall
away from him dreaming she is someplace else her
hair is long & catches his face is tight & strained
we were lonely oh god we were lonely his car
wont start your feet are cold we were frightened
we ran away i stand very still i can hear him
breathing the tapping of his fingers on the win-
dowpane why do i love him i cannot answer
why does he love me he will not say sometimes in
the night i wake & watch him sleeping he is quiet
his face is still what will you say to him when he
wakes nothing what does he say to you there
is nothing to tell i touch him in his sleep & he
murmurs i touch him in his sleep & he smiles i
run my fingers over his face the scarred nose the eyes
i run my fingers down his chest i hold his cock &
kiss it i touch his eyes i touch his lips i touch
his scarred nose & cheeks shes like that she is
like that you know believing me asleep she
watches me believing me asleep she lets me know
she loves me i am not lonely when i sleep when i
sleep i am only dreaming sometimes i dream im
where im not sometimes i dream im running
sometimes i dream i am here & it is now & i awake &
she is kissing me & we are loving we hold each
other close we touch each other with our hands &
lips this morning i awoke alone she was beside
me smiling hello she said i did not answer
hello she said i turned away is it always this way
are there always dreams we wake from frightened
are there always days we say nothing or more

surely seeing her walk away i will turn & say i love
you surely i will turn & say i want you surely i
will say that surely no i stand in the window &
play at being lonely never wanting to admit i am a
lone one & the man whose car wont start watches
me his face is scarred like my own & he sits in
his car & watches me no longer caring that it wont
start all we are doing is watching each other we
stand in the window & watch each other sit in the
car without seeing if it starts oh i get tired i do
yes i get tired i do get tired you know watching you
watch each other while she pauses in the kitchen to
toast the bread while she pauses in the kitchen to
fill up the coffee pot & put it on to perk yes i get
tired christ i get tired & some nights like tonight
i awake haunted by dreams of friends lost in their
separate worlds & try to call them try to write down
what i feel aware of you walking out the door & down
the street you are still watching each other she
is seated at the table her hand touches her nipples
& i am tired i surely do get tired so full of the
feelings you will not say so full of your feelings of
loneliness it is simple really you are alone be-
cause we are all alone you are lonely because you
choose to be oh but im tired yes christ i am tired
she stands up when the toast is done stands up
when the coffee perks stands in the window watch-
ing each other & your car will not start & you no
longer care you no longer care you dont you know
you sit there your scarred faces blank while i fol-
low her down the hall away from where you stand
while i stand & follow you down the hall away from
him your scarred face blank & im putting down
my pen & walking out the door away from you

3

how can i write with nothing in my head no pressure
as it were to be said only the longing to complete
something which is once begun how do i address
you who are there somewhere outside me as one day i
must when i can no longer keep these words for my
eyes only when inside myself i am loathe to reveal
myself to you thus i conceive a history of someone
who is not me in a world that does not exist & is
therefore nothing but myself so let us begin again
you will listen & i will tell it to you & that is how it

is once was another morning he awoke & there was noone there or she awoke & there was noone there it doesnt matter he awoke or she awoke & she was gone or he was gone & he or she called their name and they did not answer he or she rose from the bed & walked down the hall calling her or his name & she or he did not answer & he or she sat down at the window & stared out into the spring morning perhaps they cry it is not clear perhaps they smile to themselves as people sometimes do when awaking finding her or him gone perhaps they turn on the radio or the record player & the music fills up the silence around them perhaps perhaps they do these things perhaps maybe there is a note on a mantelpiece or table or maybe there isnt we know there is some kind of resolution we know something becomes clear why we do not know why perhaps if we watch them long enough we know why we know he or she sits at the window because they dont know what else to do they dont know where to go they dont know where the other has gone we do know this if there is a note on the table or mantelpiece we know they havent read it we know this we do know this this morning i awoke knowing i must write this down knowing i could no longer keep silent inside myself the words must live outside myself if only i had more time if only all i had to do was write then it would be easier oh yes it would be easier to rise & dress leisurely & write this down this morning i awoke & knew now i must write this down i must say this he has left her or she has left him & now i must write this down i must he or she is lonely they are yes they are lonely you can see it in their eyes you can tell it in the way they carry themselves stiffly thru the hall calling his or her name let us say it is her let us say she is gone and he awakes alone & calls her name & she does not answer let us say that is he sad yes he is sad you can tell by the way he carries himself so stiffly down the hall calling her name yes you can tell he

is sad & you can say that he is & he is so i do i do say that you know i do say that & i say it because it is true oh yes he is sad you can see that he is sad you can see he is sad because his shoulders are so stiff & his eyes are so full of nothing his eyes are so full of nothing they are so full trying not to see what they do see oh i see it oh god i see it there was more than once there was more than just that one time & now she is gone & she has left you & you are alone with that memory yes you are alone & sad with that memory you are sad without her you are sad tho you never knew her you slept with her ate with her made love to her never knew her & now she is gone & you are sad & alone with your memory i must ask you again to remember i must ask you again if you remember that day you walked along the road going somewhere i do not remember where you were going i remember only you were walking along the road when you met her do you remember that meeting do you remember the moment you met her & how you felt if you remember why dont you say you remember if you dont remember why dont you say you dont remember why do you sit there locked in your sadness saying nothing i cant say it all for you you know no i cant say it all for you i cant at some point it is necessary for you to speak it is necessary for you to open your mouth & speak why do you sit there so stiffly staring out the window you must know that this time she wont come back no this time she has gone for good she has wakened in the middle of the night written you a note & left & this time she wont come back you must know this sitting there staring out the window you must know that this time she wont come back & who is that in the car that stops in front of your house who is that walks up the walk & enters without knocking who is it why wont you speak why do you sit there so stiffly saying nothing you must speak you know you must say something soon i will have nothing left to say & then

you must begin speaking when i have nothing left to say you must begin speaking its coming close now its coming close to that time when everything ends & i cease speaking it is coming very close to that time it is coming close to that time when the book ends & writing stops & you must begin speaking oh yes it is coming close & yet you sit there so stiffly saying nothing you sit there staring out the window knowing she has gone for good & you do not even wonder who this is stops his car in front of your house walks up the walk & enters without knocking you do not even wonder at this you are so silent & lacking in wonder you sit at the window your shoulders stiff running your fingers over your scarred nose your chin & you do not even wonder who this is walks thru the door behind you you do not even wonder when he enters the room & calls you by name you just sit there you stupid mother-fucker dont you remember me dont you even remember who i am & his dark eyes glare & his knuckles are bruised & white because he clenches them oh i remember you even if you dont remember me i remember you your eyes are glazed your shoulders shrug so stiffly & indifferently your eyes are glazed & you do not wonder at his being there i do not know what happens now i do not remember the things i was afraid would happen i only remember my fears of certain things happening perhaps one of the things i feared would happen happened perhaps that is what happened perhaps he stands up after sitting down & walks away perhaps maybe he pulls out the knife i feared he carried & slashes you across the cheeks perhaps the blood runs down your face & you scream perhaps he slashes your face over & over again till your whole face is bleeding & all one can see is the blood & your eyes full of terror & all one can hear is you screaming & the swishing sound his blade makes it excites me to write this i bite my lips & taste blood on my tongue it excites me to write this

perhaps it is true perhaps it did happen & perhaps when he stops you are mindless with fear & screaming perhaps this is what happened i know it excites me to write this why wont you speak now why wont you say what happened perhaps that is what angered him perhaps it was your not speaking that angered him why wont you speak i become so angry when you wont speak i can only write so much & then i must stop writing & you must speak you must speak you know you really must your face is so scarred it is your face is so scarred i remember now that that is what happened i remember now that he did slash your face i thot at first i had made it up i thot at first it was part of a story i had made up but your face i remember now how your face looked all cut open with the blood running out & you just standing there your eyes full of terror i do remember that yes i do remember that i thot at first that i had made it up but i do remember it yes i definitely do remember it now why dont you talk about it im sick of talking about it why dont you speak sometimes i dont think i can speak anymore & i wonder why you dont begin speaking i really do wonder i really cant say anymore let us say that that is what happened let us say she left him & that that is what happened to him let us say that let us say he left her & this is what happened to her let us say this she awoke one morning & he was not there & she called his name & ran thru the halls looking for him he was not there she ran thru the halls looking for him & he was not there & she began to cry she began to cry & say his name over & over she began to say his name over & over & to cry & her shoulders shook & she could not breathe properly & choked & sobbed as she repeated his name over & over again crying & crying unable to breathe properly & she could not breathe properly & she cried & repeated his name over & over again slumped in a chair beside the window & over & over again she ran thru the halls

crying his name & sobbing & over & over she woke up crying his name & he was not there no he was not there she awoke & he was not there & she was crying & thinking this time he has gone for good & he had & she was crying & unable to sleep & repeating his name over & over again again & again this is what happened she woke up & he was not there & she ran thru the halls calling his name again & again this is what happened & again & again she said to herself this time he was gone for good & he had & she slumped in the chair in front of the window crying & saying his name over & over this is what happened & finally she stopped crying & sat there staring out the window finally this is what happened she stopped crying & sat there in the chair staring out the window finally she stopped crying & stopped staring & stood up & walked back into the bedroom & began to pack finally this is what happened she stopped crying & sitting & staring & got up & began to pack gathering together those few things that mattered finally that is what happened she packed & dressed & walked out the door & began to cry but did not look back finally finally he was gone & she left crying & did not look back finally finally that was that he had left her for good & she packed & left & finally that was that so let us say that that is what happened finally let us say that he left her & eventually she stopped crying & packed & went away without looking back let us say that let us say she left him & he woke alone & called her name & she did not answer & he walked stiffly thru the halls & sat stiff-shouldered staring out the window & thot of her & could not move to get her back let us say that let us say that the man with the tattoo on his arm & the knife i feared he carried entered the house & called your name & you did not answer & the knife flicked out & slashed across your face we can stop it here we can stop it here if we want if you dont want me to go any further i dont have to all you have to do is say what you want to

happen the skin on your cheek is open where the knife has cut it the blood that welled up pauses in midair your mouth is caught part way open the scream still in your throat we can stop here you know yes we can stop here but you say nothing & the blood flows out & you scream as his knife flashes again & again the skin on your face slicing apart you say nothing but you scream & his knife slashes again & again & you scream & scream your face intersected with lines from which blood flows & you are screaming finally he stops finally he stops & puts his knife away & walks out the door into his car & drives away rubbing the scar on his face & smiling he is smiling & driving away finally finally he is driving away smiling while you stand in your house screaming you stand in your house screaming till finally he is gone & you are no longer screaming your hands & your face covered in blood & your eyes full of terror but you are no longer screaming you are no longer screaming as you stand in the window watching him without wonder as he drives away you are numbed & you do not wonder & finally he drives away yes that is what happened yes that is finally what happened we have said that that is what happened & finally we know that & can say it we say that & it is so & it is finally over it is finally over & you stand in the window as he drives away smiling unaware of you anymore he is unaware of you as he drives away smiling why dont you say something now surely there is something you can say surely there are some words you can speak there is so little left for me to write so little left for me to do or say please you must speak i am so desperate to hear from you i am so very desperate to hear you speak i have been writing this for years now i have been trying so long to make sense of it if only you would speak i could stop writing i have so little left to say & yet i go on writing because you do not speak this morning i awoke desperate to hear from you

i awoke & began to write listening hoping to hear you speak you did not speak i listened & wrote a long time but you did not speak it gets less & less easy to write it is harder & harder to find anything to say if you could speak it would help me if you could speak i would know where i stand even now i want to stop even now there is a voice inside me says fuck it im going to stop you must speak now you must speak or soon i will be thru i'll ask you again to remember i'll ask you again to remember how it was you went into the bathroom when he was gone & tried to wash your face it still bled a little it did somehow you stopped it i dont remember how it still did bleed a bit somehow you stopped it & went out into the bedroom & began to pack i must ask you again to remember i must ask you again to think about this this is not easy you know it is not easy for me to write these things you do not make it easy for me to say these things with your silences try to remember i must ask you again to remember how it was you went into the bedroom & began to pack those few things that mattered you did not see the note so you never read it you knew she was gone & you knew this time it was for good & you packed those few things that mattered & walked thru the hall that last time & left you walked out the door finally & did not look back you walked out your face a mass of scars & down the sidewalk & did not look back you did not look back as you walked away finally i must ask you again to remember i must ask you again if you can recall all these things as i have just said them do you recall them we will say that that is what happened because it is & it did we will say these things & they are true & that is why we say them yes i will say these things & i will repeat them because i say them because they are true yes they are true & i am saying them & that is enough that is enough for now that i say them & they are true that is enough it is enough i am asking you to remember now that he

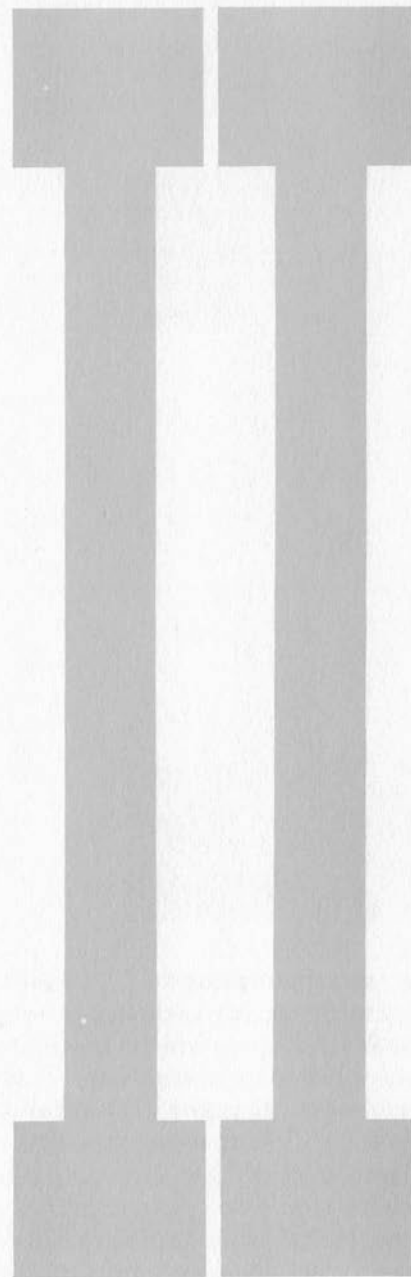
left her & when he was gone & she was finished crying she packed up those few things that mattered finally & left & did not look back i am asking you to remember that she walked down the street away from the house where they had lived & did not look back i am asking you to remember that & if you remember that it is enough yes it is enough to remember that she walked down the street & did not look back yes that is enough & i am asking you now to remember that she left him & that when the stranger had left & he had stopped the bleeding he packed up those few things that mattered & walked out the door & did not look back i am asking you to remember that now if you remember it is enough

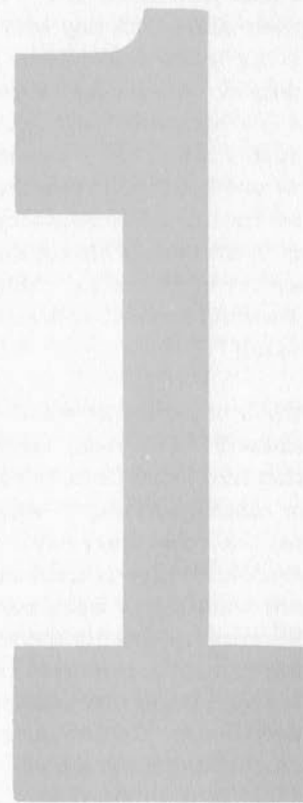
he walked out the door finally without looking back yes that is what he did he did do that & she did what she did & it is enough if you remember that if you finally remember that that will be enough & he & she walked down the street without looking back & he & she took hold of each others hands hello she said hello dont i know you no he said no i dont believe so oh she said once was a time i knew a man like you he wore a grey cloak then he did oh he said yes once was a time i knew such a man oh yes once was a time i remember once i knew a man like you i did it was a long time ago he wore a grey cloak & his eyes were lonely oh i remember him well his hands were soft when he undressed me his lips were cool on my breasts his finger entered me & stayed there he kissed me all over i remember his eyes were so full of lonely his eyes were so full of despair i held his cock inside me yes i held it there oh i remember yes its sweet to remember yes its very very clear & i kissed his cock yes i did & i kissed his lips yes yes i remember sweet yesus it is clear he had a grey cloak he did i do remember yes he had a grey cloak & his nose was scarred it might have been me i dont think it was me it couldnt have been me years ago i knew a lady who was like you years ago

oh then when i was only ten no more you came along
the road or someone like you this is part of what i
remember yes you came along the road & we took you
in i took you in but i was only ten it couldnt have been
me no you can see that cant you cant you see that it
couldnt have been me you seem so very much like
him i left him finally i did he left me i left yes
finally i did i got up in the middle of the night & left
him & when i awoke he was gone you seem so very
much like him it all seems very very clear & he &
she walked down the road & did not look back & held
each others hands you are so like him i re-
member him so well he was quiet like you are he
was always quiet & always i was asking him to
speak & he wasnt oh yes he was always like that
& always when we lay there his cock inside me it was
clear he was lonely yes yes oh yes it was clear
you are quiet like he was your face is more scarred
than his but yes oh yes he was always like you are
quiet & full of loneliness i left him finally i did yes
finally he left me he left me finally i got up in the
middle of the night & left him oh he was always
like you yes he was always like you are now finally
i left him & when he had gone i cried for awhile then
left i cried for awhile when i left but then i was gone
& when he had left me i cried but then i left he was
so much like you he was always quiet like you are
now so many times i asked him to talk & he
wouldnt he seemed so lonely he seemed so full of
fear so many time i asked him to talk about it & he
wouldnt so many times he sat here stiffly full of
fear & would not talk & he & she walked along the
road clear spring day he holding her hand & saying
nothing you are so very much like him she said i
feel as if weve met before & he smiled yes he did
smile but he said nothing yes that is finally what
happened & finally happening it is enough finally
yes finally he smiled & it is enough & that is what
happened finally he smiled & she smiled & the man
whose car had started & who left finally smiled rum-

ning his fingers over his scarred nose over his tat-
toored arm & smiled & it is enough yes finally it is
enough & he & she lay down by the side of the road
& made love she repeating over & over again you are
so much like him you are so much like him & we
repeat it over & over again & we listen & the man in
the car smiles absently he has already forgotten what
happened yes oh yes it is enough finally finally
then they make love & she holds him very close his
cock inside her saying you are so much like him you
are so much like him & the man in the car smiles he
is very far away when he smiles he smiles &
forgets already what had happened as he drives
further & further away finally then there is only
you & her making love & me asking you to remember

finally then there is only the sound of my voice
asking you again to remember finally there is only
me asking you to speak about it you must speak
now you know you really must speak now i am
still so desperate to hear from you i am still so
desperate to hear you speak finally then this is
what happens finally it is all over & i have nothing
more to say finally then i have nothing left to say &
i ask you to remember & to speak about it finally i
have said everything i can say finally then this is it
& it is over & now i am stopping speaking this is it
finally i am stopping now now it is your turn to
begin speaking now it is your turn & i am stopping
finally & finally you begin to speak finally you
begin to speak finally that is what happens & i am
listening & you are speaking yes finally you are
speaking & that is what happens finally it is
over finally you begin to speak finally you do
you begin to speak yes to speak & it is over finally you
are speaking yes & it is over it is & you are speaking
you are speaking & it is over yes over & you speak
you do you are





so it began so it begins we could give it a place &
time we could give it a landscape you would recog-
nize once upon a time there was a city on the edge
of a northern lake once upon a time there was
another city grew beside it eventually these two
cities became one that is another story in a way
we have already told it in a way we have heard
ourselves already say its history once upon a time
there were four people none of whom knew each
other they grew up not knowing each other they

lived on the same street not knowing each other
they died not knowing each other there was a
brother & a sister that was one person there was
a man who hated cats that was another person
there was a little boy who used to take his toy shovel
& dig holes wherever he could that was another
person there was an old man who was going to die
& his daughter that was the fourth person we're
such a funny lot we's such a funny thing we is
we are & how far does that take us far enough to
see the form of this history far enough to see we all
of us are born & die not knowing each other this is
a story of four of us this is a story of four of us not
knowing each other & how that affected our living &
dying

the brother & the sister were lovers everybody
knew it everybody talked about it nobody let on
that they knew or talked about it what is knowing
or talking anyway what is it anyway i say i do
say that most every day the other morning i awoke
& spoke to myself almost loudly only not to wake me
not wanting to wake me i whispered just what is
knowing or talking anyway it was a usual morn-
ing in most everyway it was a usual question to be
asking myself so i asked it so i put it to myself as
best i could what is knowing or talking anyway
maybe they didnt know maybe they didnt talk be-
cause they didnt know maybe thats it maybe
they didnt know what it was they did daughter
dad im dying im an old man daughter no dad
she said im an old man who cant get up from bed
oh dad she said im an old man but i wasnt always
theres no man whos always old dad when i was
younger girl you couldnt keep me out of bed & he
grabbed her & she slapped his hand lightly im
an old man daughter whos almost dead & he
coughed she held his head softly to her breast
whatevers best dad she said when i was a young
man i could dance all evening daughter i could dance

all evening then take your maw to bed then you
couldnt keep me out of bed & he coughed & his
head shook & but i was a young man then & he
kissed her breasts & she sighed yes dad dad do you
remember when last week or maybe a month ago
we were lying here in bed & the cat yowled & you
asked me who it was & i said the cat & you said and & i
said him the one that likes them dead im dying
daughter you said no i said he wants me daugh-
ter no dad i said no its the cat he wants dead he
kills everything i thot writing this down i said me i
can see the whole thing me i can see whats happen-
ing he's standing beyond the window watching
them if she was my sister he said he stood
beyond the window watching them if she was my
daughter he said he sat on the ground digging if
he was my son i thot if he was me i said most
days if goes nowhere most days i stare at my pen
wondering if the if will maybe if they were my
words im thinking if it were my speech i said i
was young then i was only ten or younger when i
played with him we would sit together all day dig-
ging holes or playing games saying to each other all
the things one says later he was dead later he
was never living & i forgot his name later it was a
story never told the same way twice he became part of
later he was an image or a memory or a feeling
only of anxiety like today sitting in my room i began
to write & the thot came back again the image of him
digging no face or name just that trace of his pres-
ence in my mind later he was a line crept into a
discarded poem later he was the door opening or a
scent in the air or the way someones fingers moved
later it was too late then it was not time then it
was me & him & the talking would begin always
there was this man who killed things later he was
not there then there was the fear that he'd appear
later there were characters & plots for stories
then there were jokes & whispers under the porch
later there was hopelessness or a vague expression in

the eyes skies blue like today all night the rain
fell all night the little boy lay in bed listening
when he fell asleep he dreamt he would never waken
dead like the birds like the cat later when this
story ends like the old man everything grows
out from here everything winds in this is the
centre of the story of what someone set out to say
later he forgets the whole thing later a different
story begins at this point the whole story disap-
pears & then appears again hello said the little boy
i said hello we looked at each other over our tiny
shovels hello he said again i said hello later he
forgets this ever happened when he picks up his
pen he cannot begin later he forgets he ever spoke
im going to dig a hole & go away he said i said
nothing we'd play like that all day we'd dig a hole
then fill it in we'd dig holes & cart the earth away
all day we'd cart the earth away & build up hills we
dug down we covered things in one night he had
a dream one night he dreamt he had not awakened
the next day he felt strange later after this story
ends the old man died & he remembered the dream
there is nothing more to say about it it is all clear
later it was clearer than it was then he was always
frightened he would never waken is that clear is
that clear daughter dear yes dad after all he's a
good lad yes thats clear come here & they
made love again maybe this is the last time she
thot thinking always the same thot she'd think feel-
ing his brow wrinkle with pleasure she'd think
maybe for the last time the last time & later
later what would he be who would she see to bed
then with his slippers & his cane this is the sad
thing maybe this is not so sad come here daugh-
ter said her dad heres the thing & she'd giggle
singing a song or two or she'd cry why sing
this is the thing this is the point or song i knew
someday he'd be gone the whole game over there'd
be no one to play with thered be no holes to dig
turning the shovel over look at the thing what a

big bug i said our eyes were empty but we giggled
our bones felt hollow but we laughed later there
would be no laughter later we would both be still
only my hand moves only the words sing look at
the thing & it crawled away look at the bug he
sang the bell rang she opened the door his
blue eyes were empty yes i was looking for
someone do i know you she said no he said im the
man across the road the lane the back fence tense his
fingers clutched the cane the sill will she be the one he
thot her red dress stirred with the wind its him she
said who please let me explain he said looking
the other way he wants to talk to me please let
me in should i let him in & the old man drew
closer & the daughter stood behind him & the man
who had rung the bell sat down frowning once a
long time ago i went walking along the road a day
like this i mustve told you this story sometime no
oh it was a day like this yes i was walking
along the road smiling i remember i was younger or
older maybe it happens again i dont remember does
this sound familiar to you no i was so much
older or younger i met a lady in a red dress she'd
come from somewhere she was trying to forget i re-
member how she said ive forgotten everything & we
made love her repeating over & over i wont remember
this i forget i forget do you remember any of this
no oh he said i remember we made love i told her
my name & she forgot as soon as i had told her told
her again she did not remember no it was not like
that she said i asked her what she meant she did
not remember what she'd said later i was the only
memory she had later i was all she could recall
later she lied & said she remembered she did not
remember i was all she recalled the old man
looked at him i became then bitter i became so
much angrier then yes i killed a cat that she had
liked then i dont know why he said sometimes i
remember that i killed it sometimes i realize im
killing them mostly i cant remember she was so

sure of herself then first she could remember nothing then it seemed i couldnt speak she remembered everything & i remembered nothing i had no memory then she said it seemed she said there was nothing to recall i remember one thing tho i remember one thing she has no memory of at all i remember one time she has never remembered we went dancing one night we did something different & went dancing we danced the whole evening always at the edge of the room in the centre someone else moved they danced at the centre the whole evening she would not look at them she would not look that way we danced around the rim of the crowd if i led her in toward the centre she led me away i dont remember she said she said to me later i forget i sang her a tune the band had played she did not remember always later she forgave always later she was the image of forgiveness then there was only that guilty look her eyes took on & her repeating she did not remember once after we made love she cried why are you crying i asked i dont know she said later she did not remember crying there is nothing to cry about she said smiling & kissed me i felt forgiven god help me i felt forgiven later the whole thing changed later something went strange inside me i sought forgiveness i wanted her forgiveness i did things wrong to be forgiven always she forgave always she was there to grant forgiveness we danced around the rim we traced a circle round the dancing crowd the band was loud we whistled along to the tune they played i had no thot then of forgiveness i had no thot then of wrong she did not remember the song or the tears later later everything seemed strange later i was the one crying later i was the one who sang alone no she did not remember no she had never cried oh i said im sorry please forgive me oh i said i guess that i was wrong i cried i sang the song i asked her to forgive me she forgave

i asked me to belong to her i belonged we danced together all night long we had never gone anywhere before we took the chance & went out dancing we had never danced all night we danced around the rim she let me lead then if i led her in towards the centre she led me away his eyes were crying his body was still what does he want daughter i dont know she said she looked toward the window where the little boy looked in he had stood there all evening listening later he told me what he remembered later there was a memory of remembering later there was an anxious feeling inside & a picking up the pen a beginning again is it always the same story a friend asked its always the same story a friend said later there was dread or a movement of the head back & forth a nodding as i had then when he told me later there was breathing too fast & a panicky feeling then there was only the thrill of listening now there is listening to a memory of listening & saying it again he frowned that day something else had happened that day something else came clear i remember he frowned someone had passed by someone was near i looked toward her puzzled he didnt say anything we sat together playing in the sand or dirt she walked by & he looked away she was going to meet her brother later this all became clear she went & met her brother hello brother dear he kissed her hello sister dear she smiled it had all been innocent for awhile we were playing down the street she went to meet him it was no longer innocent or sweet or funny ive something in my tummy she said smiling he frowned ive something growing inside me he looked away its your brother or your sister he didnt smile ive a baby in my belly brother dear later this all became clear we're going to have a child he did not smile he never smiled again this happened then later the child was born dead later she stopped smiling & began crying later she gave the

child away this all happens long after our story ends before it even has a chance to begin later she left him later she went away later she put on the red dress he'd bought her & went away i remember that day vaguely i remember that day but it is not clear first there was laughter & fear when they first began she was twelve & he was ten those years it was fun one day they were kids & then he looked away i bent my shovel in the clay i felt the thin tin give the shovel gave way its broken i said this is the way it was he said i looked in the window at the three of them the man was talking i couldnt hear what he had to say i watched his lips move i caught the sense the old man looked puzzled the daughters face i couldnt see except one time when she turned & looked at me what does he want daughter i dont know dad she was all i had before then she meant nothing to me after that she was all i had when she left me i cried when she left me i tried to kill myself slashed myself my face my hands you can see the scars can you understand me no i dont remember the day the way it was except she'd left & i was crying trying to kill myself it was strange the whole thing seemed changed or broken i was not myself who are you asked the old man you know me i live across the lane upstairs the back porch youve seen me sit there surely on a summmer evening no oh i sit there often or lie there watching you & your daughter i see so much i hear so many things i thot i heard her singing your daughter i mean i thot perhaps she'd seen her no im sorry please forgive me he cried he sang a song he asked her forgiveness she forgave he looked at me with that same expression on his face its broken i said he looked away she walked past us where we played look at the way the shovel fits its so thin or fine she drew an imaginary line he grinned is it a sin i dont know dont let papa know about i tho & he laughed holding her close holding him in is it a

sin only the final wish of a dying man dying in the usual way once he was younger & then he grew older im dying daughter he used to say & the sun would set behind his head in the usual way im dying daughter he used to say & all around him the world grew up the world grew up & things died down things died down as things grew up everything is growing & dying daughter yes dad really i mean look out the window now how everything is either growing or dying everything is running down in me daughter everything is winding up everyday the blood flows slower every day the heart draws closer to stopping stop & im dead stop your dad is dead daughter dear & the dread that was in him the dreadful dread that was his to be dead or almost & conscious of it no wonder his daughter would sing his head to sleep by taking him to bed no hexes or potions only the warmth a body is nothing more for a father & a daughter to be fucking is a strange thing strange the song the head sings to itself after fucking your father or your daughter the song it sings is a dread song of the almost dead the nearly done you in sing song longer & longer it goes on longer & longer till soon you are shorter & shorter in enjoying the thing & your life is longer & longer & then stops short & we say what a short life & it ends & the sun sets over our heads for the last time for the very last time the sun sets & our eyes close & it never gets any darker again so theyre open now or they were then so what does he see its really such a sad thing to be fucking your father or your daughter believe me as if the world ended at the door as if there were no more people than that only your brother or your sister & youre fucking them why should we believe you why should you believe them we're such a lonely lot its such a lonely world our fingers touch each others faces & amaze us amaze us that theres someone there glass is such a lonely thing to be touching glass only & gazing in

at others loving is a lonely thing what do you touch
nothing she said & her brother smiled at her
how can i believe them come here love he said & she
kissed him such lonely things such lonely ways
being brings to be fucking your brother or your sister
is a lonely thing is there no one else & he
sings inside him inside him a song sings he cannot
find words for this is how he sings this just
this painful telling or yelling a whisper in the head
it is all faint now it is all far away every night the
dancers spin every night the blinds are drawn in
the rooms the old man & his daughter & the brother
& the sister & the little boy sleep in every night i
pick up my pen then everything was very clear
later it became fainter & fainter finally it was a
blurring only an image at the corner of the eye now
the image moves into the centre then the image
was very clear later it all became vaguer & vaguer
later i moved away & the memory became vague
i forgot before that i did not want to remember
now i remember now i can never forget again
she led me away one day i went back there again
she led me away saying no dont stay here there is
nothing here to be remembered i did not remember
i forgot again every night i would go to watch
the dancers spin every night i wondered why i had
come back again one night she was there we
danced together in the centre i tried to lead her to
the rim she led me back into the centre again i
dug a hole i dug a hole he lay down in cover me
up he said i piled the sand over his head we were
only playing it was just a game every night i
pick up my tiny shovel or my pen i dig away the
sand i hold her hand we dance around & around
in the centre of the room i cant remember i
forget i remember ive forgotten she holds my
hand there is nothing to remember she says we
spin as the band plays there is nothing to re-
member i forgot he sits on the back porch lost in
her memory there is no one to forgive him the

band plays i return again & again no i stand
still i will not enter i will not dance i watch the
others as they move the band plays disjointedly
their bodies seem out of time or tune i am standing
outside their line of vision no one is listening the
light becomes vague the scene unclear i am
either standing very near or far away

one day in may the man who hated cats found the
little boys cat & shot it later that day the cat died
in between the little boy dug the cat a grave & listened
to the wind sing & sang all that day he sang & the
old man & his daughter made love & the brother &
the sister made love & the man whod shot the cat sat
by himself on his back porch listening there is so
much to listen for there is so much to hear & he
rubbed his muscles where they hurt scratched at his
scars & listened to the boy sing i have heard
enough he thot yes that is enough he thot but
the boy sang & the wind sang & the cat was dead & it
was not enough nothing is ever enough daughter
dear no dad nothing is ever enough brother dear
no love nothing is ever enough we said we did
that is what we said that is what he sang
nothing is ever enough so we will leave them we
who are always them to you we will leave them
here when you hear these words the old man is
dead & his daughter & the brother & the sister are
dead & there is no one now alive who remembers
them & this is a story of four of them & we will
say nothing more of most of them dead since that day
in may the cat died & we are listening to his song
always we are hearing him sing does anything
make sense he sings



always i am saying i will remember always there is
forgetting & a glimpse of the truth always the i
says always knowing death is near more & more
certain things become clear more & more i begin
like this

 i wish once a long time ago i said to
myself i wish nothing more this is where it all
gets stored up gets released i tell tales i sing
songs i listen to the wind to what goes on

each
day begins the same each day i see a little more of
the truth i go back again i stand by the stage
where the band had stood she is waiting for me i
ask her to dance she leads me in toward the centre
she leads us all around the rim we dance to the
tune the band had played

the dance hall stood where
the roads came together we travelled down them
somewhere we were there she had tied her hair
away from her face she was graceful i held her
hand remember the band the tune it was too
soon she spoke to me from somewhere saying
there is nothing to remember i remembered
there was nothing there i smiled at her she cried
i gazed up at the sky laughing & walked away

if
we danced i dont remember if we danced i wasnt
there i am sick or tired or laughing all the time if
it was night there was no moon i thot i remembered
sunshine i smile & look away she raises her
voice everythings fine my daughter brings me
the paper i sit up in bed & begin i cannot stand or
walk toward the door she stands in the doorway
her red dress stirring in the wind

i am always
forgetting now now remembering is easy or hard
i am far afield he is like that i am like him

i
wanted to begin at the beginning somehow its all
the same or so different it doesnt matter some days
i cant begin some days the anxiety is too great i
push the pen away saying not today gazing out the
window i want to cry or scream or sit by myself
quietly dreaming that is not quite true i dont
know what to do the anxious feeling is too large in-

side me i try to fix it with a name the same feeling as
today a man brought me my pen & looked at me i
looked away murmuring not today no letting my
eyes close praying

now i am tired my eyes close for
awhile i'll open them again i'll pick up my pen
the anxious feeling will be a little less i'll begin

i
wish often i dont wish at all any more once i
wished all of the time now there is wishing from
time to time soon i will never wish again

every
morning i begin sometimes i dont begin at all
not today i say & will not pick up my pen my father
points his finger at me he calls me a bad boy i am
sad or angry or full of joy i hit the table with my
tiny spoon my mother brings me the red bib & the
pen i pick up the paper & begin

once it was all
different once i danced with ease around the room
the crowds thinned as we moved watching us we
danced all night to the same tune i asked the band
to play it again finally there was no one left in the
room but me & her dancing i threw them money &
they played i threw them money till finally there
was no more money & no more band & no more tune
i whistled in the empty room we danced around
to the tune i whistled it is all so strange it will
never be the same

every evening i walk down the road
toward the dance hall every evening i approach the
young boy digging there his hair is blonde he
wears a sailor cap upon his head i ask him who he
is he does not answer i ask him for his name
he turns away

every night i enter the dance hall
every night i listen to the band she is there she
isnt there i tell her i love her i tell her i dont care
every night i try to memorize the tune every
morning it slips away i say that but i say it wrong
every morning it is gone there is no knowledge
of its passing or sense that i had known it before
every night is the first time every night strikes me
for the first time i come walking down the road
whistling the sky is a constant shade of blue or
purple or there are clouds there a fog has fallen i
wander in

once it was all so clear once i held her
near as we danced across the floor she had stood in
the doorway watching as i passed her i walked
around the room listening watching the dancers as
they moved later we danced in the centre then i
asked her & we danced around the rim

every evening
i leave my room to walk down the road every even-
ing he is there digging in the dry earth one night
she was not there or i met her earlier she came
walking out of the wood she slapped me in the face
i cannot remember this i think it happened
someone told me later this is how it was i could not
remember

once it was all so clear every morning i
took out my pen & began again i would write the
story as i remembered it her dress was red she
wore a sailors cap upon her head she took the toy
shovel from the old mans hand & gave it to me
thank you i said thank you they said nothing
would you like to walk with me im not going far
she looked away the day was hot & still will you
come with me the old man took hold of her hand i
walked away

some days it is like this some
days nothing comes clear i hold my tiny pen very
near or dig holes in the earth with it everything
seems very far away everything seems vague i
think she enters my room i think she stands be-
hind me as he names me

every evening i get up to leave or try to i cry out
to her or whisper her name she forgives me she
forgave i say her name over & over -i write it
down my fingers cramp i cannot hold the pen
then i couldve written it easily then everything
was clear later everything became vague now i
have forgotten i want to hold her near i cant
remember her name

i wish i wish i could wish
& believe it if only if made sense if only i could
believe in maybe probably maybe will make sense
maybe if will come clear maybe if i wish probably
will become believable i'll get up cheerful i'll step
thru the window onto the road i'll walk away i'll
meet someone maybe

once it was too cold once
it was so cold i couldnt leave i stayed in the room
i watched the snow she lay beside me not speaking
if we talked i dont remember if we talked it isnt
clear it couldve been winter or summer she
couldve been near me or far away i dont remember
the day i dont remember the time later she was a
line i crossed out of a bad poem later she was grown
away from me later she left later she was a mem-
ory came into the mind unbidden i thot of her face
it smiled later it did not smile this all hap-
pened later some of it happened then now it is
happening again

always i am wishing i could re-

member always i wish & the wish becomes vague
if only she were here if only the road would lead
there it leads there she places the shovel on the
ground & looks at me

every morning i awake frigh-
tened every morning my sister brings me the pen
good morning love i say she smiles good
morning love she says & then

every morning i feel
so anxious every morning there is a fear i am
tense or unable to begin i think of words they
dont make sense i write them down then cross
them out i begin again

i went back one day i
went back i walked up to the door of the house &
went in a man was standing there his face blank
i cant remember what happened then

each day be-
gins the same every night ends the same way i
begin by picking up my pen when the day ends i
am dancing by myself in the middle of the room i
know the next day will be the same i'll open my
eyes i'll pick up my pen & then

once upon a time
this story began differently once i saw everything
with clarity there was no anxious feeling then
there was me & her & that was all then later some
things became vague i tried to make them clear
this made me anxious or angry i was never sure
now everything begins the same me picking up my
pen & my daughter bringing me the paper again

some days things are different or seem that way i
walk past the dance hall into the town i see the
house where we once lived i walk up the steps to go

inside i go away i go away frowning or laughing
or trying to say goodbye

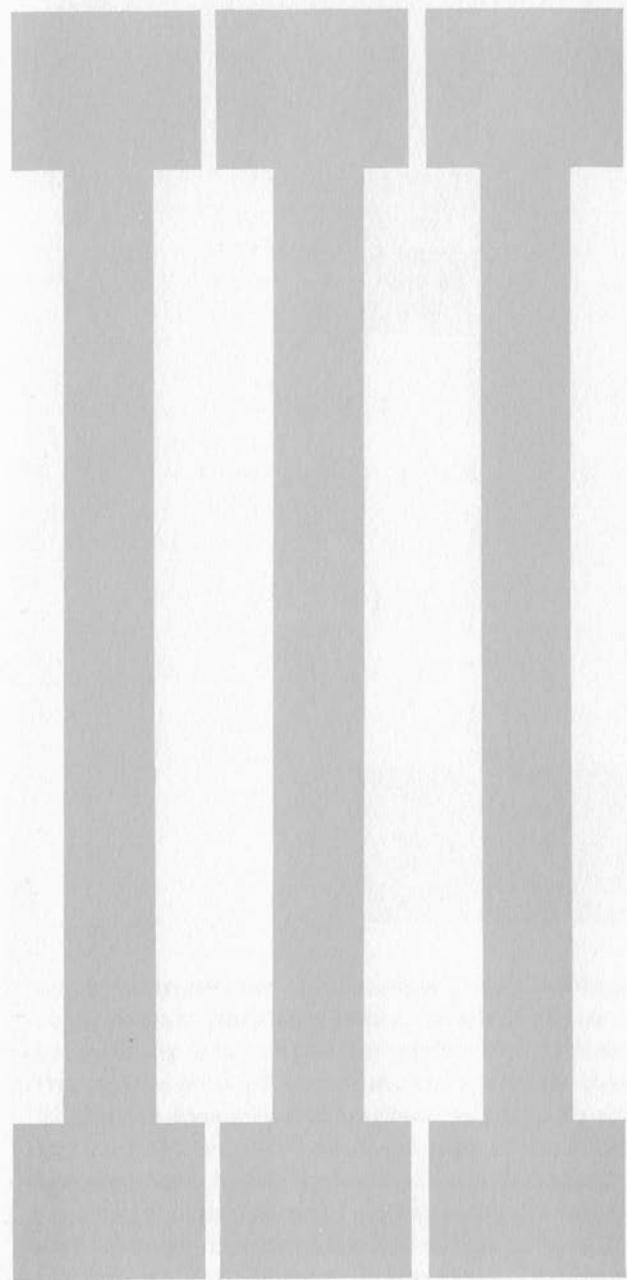
so often i get up tired so
often there is nothing to say sometimes shes here
sometimes we make love that was all so long ago
long ago she left long ago i died long ago i
grew up & left her behind she is dead or old she'll
never be back again i keep talking i explain

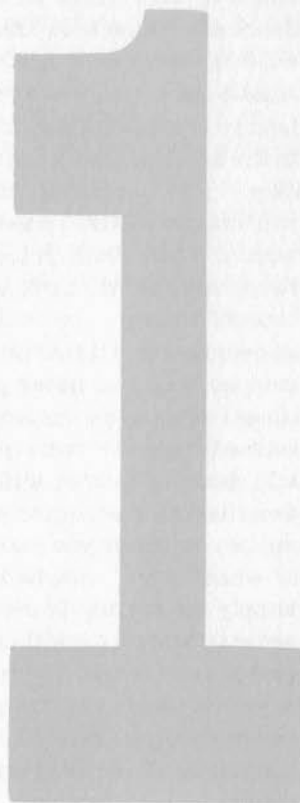
she
was waiting for me at the dance hall door i took off
my hat as i came in i bowed & smiled hello she
said i took her hand & led her onto the floor i
signalled for the band to begin all night we danced
i told her of my life of where i lived i told her
everything i remembered she was quiet once or
twice she smiled i remember well it all seems so
clear i held her very near we made love it is all
so plain i will explain again

there was a time this
story began differently then there was only me &
her or we later there was him then them now
nothing is clear when i began first there was no
one now everyone is here i cry or shout or keep
my mouth shut we are too loud they are quiet
he lies about his age about his name i pick up my
pen & begin the explanation

long ago everything
changed long ago i began a different way i me or
we him grey clouds blue sky is anything
the matter no blue road grey leaves please

long ago the whole song was singable now there
are only words or fragments of a tune sometimes
at night i dance in my room awkwardly alone
i pick up the pen the broken tip my foot slips i
stumble





maybe there are stories make sense maybe theres a
point you can start from mother where it all ties to-
gether the untying oh i do shift plots or points of view
stepping in & out of people who are not real to me so
involved in apologies & shame because i am not really
me alright mother i start over again i start over
again with you just so the head can rest from wander-
ing like i always wanted to mother always wanted to
stay there in your arms for hours just to have you
comfort me it was you you taught me every-

thing do you remember you'd dress up in your long gown with the purple sash your hair tied back with a ribbon & you'd take my hand telling me to dance & we'd dance mommy the two of us would dance all around the room i was no higher than your waist my arms held up to where you'd take my hands & lead me you would never hold me close you held your arms out holding me away holding me still in the dancing leading in the careful three step three step you were lovely mommy i wanted to hold you close to me like i'd seen it done the way men held women & we'd dance you smiling at me repeating one two three one two three & never held me oh i get sick of blaming im not blaming you mommy its all over now isnt it that time is gone forever the music stopped that was never playing we made it up the tunes i mean as we danced me humming the songs i'd learned from the radio you marking the time i am still dancing mother still turning in the circles we described all description part of you as if i wrote from out of you inside you marking the limits of the page of what i say maybe i say nothing maybe its simply me saying its over in a different way all the sense i'd known caught up in you caught up in being part of you the heart is broken mommy broken in two & yes its painful mommy yes i miss you & no i can never have you really not the way i wanted you sometimes i have thot that yes sometimes i have thot i could i cant mommy he is gone with his tiny shovel & his sailors hat gone away grown from you as he had to once you were standing in a room angry scolding me once you were angry & hit me hard i wanted to hit you mommy yes i wanted to bite & claw you but i didnt did i you wouldnt speak to me for days you would let me help you when you dressed you would ask me saying please zip me up & i felt the skin on your back moist & pale white & the pinks there constantly in my field of vision the whole room the air pink the blades of your shoulders rising out of that white i covered over as my fingers tugged

the zipper up closing you in in your whiteness my fingers seeming ugly i'd stare at them for hours wishing them longer imagining them travelling over the surface of your skin touching your shoulders my own hand imagined in the perfect white of your back & the scarf i would carry it to you watching you tie it round your neck the bright red or pale blue & i loved you you were beautiful mommy all of my life you were beautiful & now that life is over im starting over writing this story half wishing you were with me alive with the knowledge you cannot be i am giving up the longing the wish for you to hold me & i am writing you at last mommy writing you out of me

2

some days i want to talk to you mommy some days i
am talking to you so clearly i am lying in bed talk-
ing to you but you cant hear me at the top of the
stairs i am talking to you every step of the way youre
in the kitchen with the breakfast & you dont hear me
you dont listen mommy when i touch your dress &
stroke your skin you dont listen there is so much i
could say i want to tell you mommy everything
that has happened since you went away you went
away mommy now nothings the same is there any

use in telling you this i have shut all the others out to talk to you so many days spent shutting the others out & talking to you its so late at night mommy ive been out all day avoiding this story avoiding the moment when i'd have to speak now im speaking im speaking mommy & you arent listening so many times i would stand at the foot of the garden calling your name quietly so that you wouldnt hear me i wanted you to hear me for so many years i wanted you to hear so badly & i couldnt speak i'd call your name to myself tired now finally frightened but never stopping always calling quietly at the foot of the garden as the sun went down over the trellis & i looked for my pail & my shovel among the raspberry canes & i would squat there at the foot of the garden among the canes that edged the cinder alley & i would call to you & you wouldnt hear me & i'd ignore you when you called my name whats wrong youd say & i'd say nothing whats wrong youd say & i turned away all day i'd play by myself digging holes in the sandy soil watching you as you did the washing hung the clothes out to dry arms reaching up the wide collars of your blouse hair bunched in a bun on your head youd reach up pinning the clothes on the line the clothespins held between your teeth or fetched from a pocket in your apron the line creaking as youd reel it out the metal wire rubbing against the rusted wheel the whole length of the yard filled with the clothes the void between the house & the garage between you & me mommy filled with the flapping sheets i'd hide among because i liked the smell of them liked the look of you hanging the clothes up to dry i liked it loved you wanted you mommy but i never called your name it gets hard to speak the despair is too close i wake up dreaming of dying as tho the hopelessness were that close so close that i feel choked by it overwhelmed i forget who i am & i walk down the stairs talking to you dancing down the stairs every step of the way plodding as if the hopelessness were there & palpable

to be waded thru i can hear the orchestra playing & im singing calling your name as i move down the stairs to where you wait fixing breakfast fixing none of the things that are really broken & im crying laughing walk out the door not bothering to tell you where im going it gets harder & harder to tell you

it gets harder & harder to tell who im speaking to sometimes i wake from dreams of you wanting to touch you you arent there i want to run into your room the way i used to too frightened to go to bed too frightened to enter that emptiness i wanted you to comfort me to talk to me & you did sometimes i was never sure lingering in the hall not wanting to go downstairs afraid of what you or dad would say to me just standing there not moving staring at the walls my floor theyre all so far away & i want you there to make them real to me to make the room smaller the light brighter & you werent there & i wanted to call your name & i didnt & wanted to run to you & i didnt i didnt later there were times i called to you as later there were times you came times you didnt come or came angry or depressed as tho you & dad had been fighting you were unhappy staring down at me your eyes full of tears & i was frightened afraid to speak to you & you went away how i wished youd stay how i loved the days you did stay as later there were times you took me to the movies & we sat together times when dad was out of town we would put our coats on & walk down the street together to the movie house & watch the double bill & stop at your friends on the way home for coffee watching while the two of you drank & talked & i would watch you ive never stopped watching you mommy ive never stopped calling your name seated behind the big chair or somewhere where you couldnt see me watching as you vacuumed the carpet brushing the hair back from your face with the back of your hand washing the dishes the way the soap clung to your fingers wrists the tiny rings of bubbles & i'd watch you i'd call your name & you wouldnt hear me couldnt see me as

you reached up to put the glasses away reached up to
put the plates away & i reach up to you & you dont see
me you dont see me & i stand in the doorway watch-
ing & you dont see me & i remember you dressing
the red dress you wore when i was six & you called to
me asking me to zip you up the white line of your slip
above which your skin glowed framed by the two thin
strings of silk clung to the outside curve of your
shoulders while the radio played sounding sweet &
sickly like a music box over & over & i would slide the
zipper up over & over dreaming covering you in as
you thanked me & i zipped you up & you thanked me
& i sang your name sang over & over again & again &
you thanked me you thanked me mommy you
thanked me & spoke my name & it is gone mommy
all gone like the radio that day i cant remember the
tune only faintly like the echo of an orchestra play-
ing & you are dancing somewhere in the corner of a
room it is all gone mommy like the red dress you put
on you were going to a dance & dad was dressing
down the hall putting on his tie his tie clip & his cuff
links & you are asking me to zip you in in the red
dress you wore especially for him & your hair was
beautiful your lips were beautiful the two of you went
dancing & left me home & i called your name mommy
you werent there & i never thot to call his name he
never was there & i gave up calling your names gave
up doing anything but dreaming dreaming always i
was calling & you came & once you took me to the
sea in the little sailors cap & white shorts i wore play-
ing in the sand with my shovel & my pail you tied the
halter on me so i wouldnt run away wouldnt run into
the sea & drown tied me to the tree in the front yard
when i played at home so i couldnt open the gate
wouldnt run into the street couldnt move to where
the cars could hit me & i described a circle on the lawn
with my awkward stumbling beat a circle with my
hands & knees in the sand as i dragged myself round
crawling exploring the limits of my keep the sand hot
& you lay back & slept mommy in your old red

bathing suit the one with the hole in it under your
arm & you lay back with your arm over your face as i
crawled around you in my sailors hat & couldnt
speak couldnt say your name could only cry or
scream & didnt wouldnt sat in the sand watching you
as i dug holes filled them in & watched you so
many years spent watching you so many years
spent mutely calling your name so many years of
memories that are no use to me anymore emptied of
feeling emptied of knowing emptied of anyone who
was ever me who loved you who wanted you for his
own accepting as he must as i must he can never have
you i can never have you mommy i never did have
you wrapped up as you were in your own story your
own pain what was it you saw reflected in me as you
gazed down your eyes so far away farther away than
my arms could ever reach as you led me in the
shadow of your longing led me in the careful pat-
terns you had learned & i learned them well
mommy i learned them every step of the way just so i
could watch you just so i could await the day when
you would finally find me finally see me & you would
turn to me then your eyes wide open & your hair
come undone & you would open your arms & call to
me call to me mommy & speak my name

3

i have said everything i can say having started out so
sure i know there are times when words make sense
times when all this talking seems necessary it doesnt
now sometimes i go back there to the street where i
lived the spot where the dance hall stood back to the
room i lay in thru my sickness the place i found the
roads spread out from sit & scratch at the earth with
my shovel my pen & try to start again that way it
doesnt work long ago i saw that long ago i knew
that that was no good now i know im thru with her

for good there is no point in continuing this story
so much seems like coincidence like some novel
you dream up in a bad year goodbye mother
goodbye father goodbye lonely feeling its be-
coming vital now that we all quit this now its be-
coming vital that we all stop i must speak to you
without her presence i need to tell you things she
wouldnt want me to say maybe i wont be there
when you put this book down someone will be
there its all so simple really its all so straightahead
it cant end like it always does once i asked them
all to speak to me all of them now im asking you ive
always felt too shy i never thought youd listen i still
wonder if you'll listen to me at some point you just
have to put the fear aside at some point we just
have to talk when you read this i want it to be me
when you read this i want to be there its so easy to
beome maudlin its so easy to be insincere every-
thing is here as it happened i want to be sure youre
here saying hello to me i cant be sure its unfair
really to ask that of you when you put this book
down i wont be there someone will be there its so
simple isnt it all one has to do is speak honestly
all you have to do is say what you feel to speak to
anyone is so simple to speak to anyone you just put
your book down look them in the eye & tell them what
it is exactly that youre feeling

The first thing I noticed when I stepped
out of the car was the smell of
fresh air. It was a relief after
being stuck in traffic for an hour.
I looked at my watch and saw
it was 8:00 AM. I had to get
to work by 9:00 AM. I had
to hurry. I ran to the bus stop
and caught the bus. I sat
down and looked out the window.
The city was waking up. I
saw people walking to work,
cars on the road, and the sun
rising over the horizon. I
felt a sense of purpose. I
was going to work. I was
going to make a difference.
I was going to be a part of
something big. I was going to
be a part of the future.



TO

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