

(Biotext fragment #59)

What anima got through the family ghosts? Immediate meditation taken to each chakra as this hand holds out a stubble of language, body alone and a little pissed off.

Avalanche of news: something synaptic renumbered days and places as a gambled problem posed plot.

What about Sweden and Scotland and Ireland and Ontario? Or even Pender and Main some spring Sunday morning, quiet, on the way to the train station? Bottomed.

How about having her just talk her life or offer anything more than inherited impossible structures made up from no scratch?

She turns, over Saskatchewan, a large mother of place and love but bitter.

He, his eyes sparkle, brown finger with long, slim nail points to the green spot 8-spot and he smiles gold teeth as he takes his lottery book out of an overcoat pocket and slaps the worn pages on the cafe counter. His laugh.

Any more imprint shadowed on the rose? Pea inside the brain?

I'd get into Ruth's death business but

with those salmon over the lichen those lines over the lake
or up Arnica Hill (that's workable. that's work)
unlike rock of ages
her life's fountain words a full song of messages painting
the watercolour washes blue and then green and then red
rock herm along the road to her house
remember's where you are before you're there

Ursula

container drifts
out to painless sky
plantain rockbed possibly, possibility
between the creek and Shingley Beach
necessary love, Oh necessary, love
forget about it for meaning
her lake forages cats and donkeys all us family
and our little star fishes our deathing life
born for example not working but not to worry
dif fits into this slot
but that's the depth of this bridge
unlike

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Artknot 13

Marian Dennis Running Arms

Susan Penner Curly Hair

Bald-like Sleigh Machine

Pyramid Wheeler Outstretched Seattle

Moon

flight crayon pink plywood backing

for christmas une guerre civile 1971

memory embraces on the lawn chair

her legs (Susan's?) disappear 1977 1987

whistling