

Secrets from the



Orange Couch

\$3.00

Secrets from the Orange Couch

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Secrets from the Orange Couch

Welcome to our World of Secrets,

We hope you enjoy sharing secrets as much as we enjoy unearthing them from the couch. The secrets arrive at the couch, black marks on white pages in plain and not so plain envelopes. The marks beg to dance across white space, leaving a trail of print that leads to words/lines/poems/stories.

Perhaps today you have a secret that has grown and grown and grown. A secret that insists it is a story or a poem. If you listen, it will whisper in your ear, "send me to the 'Orange Couch'."

By the way, "Secrets from the Orange Couch" celebrated its first birthday on July 9/88. "the Couch" was born in the parking lot in front of Humpty's in Red Deer after 'beep' (bpNichol) raised his arm and commanded "Go Forth and Publish"

at the end of the Writers on Campus Workshop in Red Deer July/87.

Enjoy our world.

Carmen Solomonson

Bites from

READING WITH THE EYE TEETH

Cure

On the rock pile near
whitecaps birch logs bleach the sun
breathe fire to the moon

To begin (with dreams)

she fits tongue to teeth saliva
& fingers the tender tree cut
& peeled she teases the skin
fingers wet in her mouth, envelopes
the crease lick and suck her tongue tip
reads indentations, the rise & fall striations
of the birch, breathes the wet skin, bite
louder than her, she bites the bark wet
breathes in the tongue she tugs it
up full in the thickening night

Beginning (with you)

You take the bark in your fingers and hold it up to the light; tiny
creases wrinkle the surface. Birch bark (tiger) stripes bleached
white. You touch slippery silver, a tiny onion skin. Your smile bares
eye teeth. You can smell the lake.

—BIRK SPROXTON

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)
unlike rock of ages
her life's fountain words a full song of messages
painting
the watercolour emerges blue and then green and
then red
rock her m 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
between the creek and Shingley Beach
necessary love, Oh necessary, love
forget about it for meaning
her lake forages cats and donkeys
all us 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

—FRED WAH

MUSIC AT THE HEART OF THINKING NUMBER WHATEVER

Re a deer led to the lake only that fact self-
conscious dare I say it again foraging for
information behind this hotel we don't think
anything of it but re remembering that sometimes
passes passion avec the memory of the very night
songs played *dromenon* with life's loves perhaps
even re collection as if that solved the wife and car
syndrome collated at some later point like in the
bank or bag pre played and reacted then drifted
like continental tectons across at most three or four
generations to make family re moon re sun settled
self hunger honey just dessert

—FRED WAH

MUSIC AT THE HEART OF THINKING EIGHTY SOMETHING

(after Christine Stewart)

I'd thought he'd rippapped that wall of the page or
my mind with
mountains creeks trees and gravel years ago

But then stone art pebbled the lichen with possible
nouns

Later story as an historical event cartooned itself; I
played a cloud of
thought or talk

Where to go to get the word rubble now or as you say
fair producing
sky weather may eventually

—FRED WAH

MUSIC AT THE HEART OF THINKING PROBABLY EIGHTYNINE

I've always had trouble with the ingenious engine
as a suffix of graded wanting love or prayer espe-
cially kindergarten stifled kid as a king of person
who might extend racism or even keep me off the
block your kindred jammed the oceans cognitive
shot freeborn got then similar to most of the inborn
tutelary spirits everywhere naive seed of Enyallion
or old chip off the old rock and that's congenital
heart buds gyna gendered and warped up tighter
than a Persian rug how ginger's almost nicer than
being born but that's just taste

—FRED WAH