IMAGO (twenty)

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1964~1974



Edited by George Bowering

## Cruise

... and I said to myself I would go out wandering not over the world but in the world until I would find instant upon instant of that minute contact with a piece of it, say a twig, or a woman but with no other intention than an afternoon walk or a job might be in getting some work done and that at any place along the way I could dwell there forever in a state of property or it might be a more lively endeavor in which things would be counted, three switchbacks, a washout, a city, five gods, etc., i.e. I would be out there in it with everything else collecting measurements with my senses in a timeless meandering through the wonder.

1.

Heavier than air

on the traverse

over

outward through October movement rewired as crisp air again

heavier

oh so much caught in the microscopic particulars of its weight just as the padded paw-print, just so.

Now in San Francisco a poet returns announced in two about ten-line poems on the front page of the Chronicle something in one of them about this is where I have been and now I am back I've been in the woods, in a creek in fact

Its morning

fallen

to the earth

the apples have had frost by now pasture's full of em the cows' cream becomes heavier

all

glitters picks up the shift and twist

shift and switch again

and again

there's music and dancing in the fields and visions in the tall couch grass there's nothing new in all of the strangeness of even our dreams these nights nor of the moon coming back into the play of a renewed illustration of the tracks contained in taste the multi-million flavours of the presence placed

simply placed in mouth

the particle

the hue

outside the room to left or right along the beams and over the door jams the six directions the four gods the seven arrows the nineteenth lunar mansion the twenty-two and the twenty-eight the complete circle moebus strip and every feast the whole fucking multitude coming through the door at once

each

just so, just placed by its own weight tells it

now I am here from where I have come crossed on over in the present body like this

2

I was in the sky above Bonnington Falls

expansive

nearly a full moon west from Copper Mountain to Sentinel

(he's a dog leg of the river or ridge

We said we'd meet somewhere along the river but no one else showed up.

There was a back road

light frost on the ditch-grass.

Alone in the night and mist moving

We said we'd meet somewhere along the river but no one else showed up.

There was a back road

light frost on the ditch-grass.

Alone in the night and mist moving over the roads and rock outcrops river shining up its banks through the treetops.

Someone's back yard

empty

the wind,

Drive around the back

from Krestova to Pass Creek from Goose Creek to Raspberry Village.

No one.

The ferry doesn't cross at this time of night. Drive up river and over the dam.

Back in the sky

float up the Kootenay to the light there's the moon again still crossing over the night between two peaks.

I step off the ride into our own yard

move some lumber out of the frost putter around the trees cedar looming from the moon.

Body tired

pissed off

I had seen no one.

3.

In the timber Tiwaz crosses over on a spruce limb as a boat over the ocean he flows over the windfalls bark flies from his caulked boots and he cracks the dead larch boughs in his path so that it thunders through the days and nights above him above his shoulders up the valleys through the great cedar stands his crossing over becomes the mountain across the river in the enormous distance of his cruise cumulus rolls his weight he carries with him in front of himself he pushes out he gathers the whole horizon his eyes sight by peaks the straightest intention of his direction over which he disappears a gap an arc a glint of light.

In the afterwarmth

the mountains across the river shine as the mist thins

morning shows morning shows

4

"CHAIN"

severance spring water

wasp or hornet who cares

it was a toxic arrow full of information of Another World a stream of itself immense ejaculation knockout zapping nerve box synapse blackout another place so beautiful Pauline that's where I am Pauline

No No

Here uh Yes Here I uh slapped me back to bathroom pain and muscle struggle I was gone taken

over

some chemical creek flowed through the dream in darkness there was nothing to look at or any others taking part she slapped and yelled at me

I didn't want to

what was so beautiful there was texture

something cool

the spring water I splashed on my eye

Sunday morning

Sun Trees

A Loss A Dream

Voices in the rooms outside me

He needs adrenalin

Needle Shapes Stomach

fix the spring get the tools

barbed wire bale

his foot at the nest

bango

a distance road cold fear dead weight

jaw

you viscous fluid flowing through my body helpless now that power the wasp informed me of?

the toxin in the sting I was ready for

was given

such a look

on the way to the hospital she said just keep breathing I hadn't even considered it.