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SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

Wah, Fred.
Mountain.

MOUNTAIN

Fred Wah



Mountain that has come over me in my youth

green grey orange of colored dreams
darkest hours of no distance

Mountain full of creeks ravines of rock
and pasture meadow snow white ridges humps of granite
ice springs trails twigs stumps sticks leaves moss
shit of bear deer balls rabbit shit
shifts and cracks of glaciation mineral

O Mountain that has hung over me in these years of fiery desire
burns on your sides your many crotches rocked
and treed in silence from the winds

Mountain many voices nameless curves and pocked in shadows
not wild but smooth

your instant flats flat walls of rock
your troughs of shale and bits

soft summer glacier snow

the melting edge of rounded stone
and cutting of your height the clouds
a jagged blue

your nights your nights alone
your winds your winds your grass

your lying slopes your holes your traps
quick blurs of all my dreams
Mountain poem of life
true and real
reeling Mountain burning mind
stand word stand letter
voice in whisper secret repeating cries
stand in rock stretch out
in all ways to the timber line
spread over all valleys run cool the waters down
from luminous white snows
your cracks

O creek song flow always an utter pure of coolness
spring from the rocks
sing in the hot thirst my sticky tongue
my jaw catch below the bridge
Yes my jaw for your waters hangs
catch of water soothe the sweat
sweet cold on teeth in flow and eddy
in swirl my gut it fills and bloats with fluid Mountain

White

over

all the air the valley shifts

shift up

the valley's shape over all the cup the earth it makes
of the cottonwood

O the cottonwood

float a hillside up with fluff rise

eyes of the world whirling through me

clamor some sky-like music

fill the currents of the valley white

clumps the eyes of the trees

even slits in her sides dark alder gulleys hide under

white fluffs your cotton smooth earth-covered earth

blurry in in

semen spray soft cottonwood cotton

cotton

cotton

cotton

Sludge in the lake bottom right
the Willet

Lardeau

across Agenta

morning
a new town

the mirror of pulled out
to the marsh and the rock bluffs

North

Birds of the Mountain lift me

fill in my eyes the dark walled places of the sides
the moving airs on rock push up the faces
to the edge I climb
where the birds on the way out

hang

the air which is their own beating
keep the shape of the Mountain
and pull at my arms the edge of ice or rock
and pull out and out on the cool rise
and fill out the spaces to the top rock
the dry ridges the iced ridges
the black crevices green valleys
O shoulders beaks wings legs boots
push out

Wherever you are wherever
you can believe in pictures of the earth's contours
and just because its dark out have words enough
the earth tonight can't wait –

the moon is gold the stars are
somewhere the snow glitters back the ice shines
a cold moon the white makes
and the eyes of Marblehead take in spaces as deep as their faces
black pitvoid voice the mouth hole
the words all are places and distant the snowbird
a bowl to the white moon's brightening

fucking brown the fall airs O
the end of August rains turn snow
the dirt is hard around the rocks the leaves are warm
around those rocks the snow is warm the dirt is
O so Co-old

even the eyes
along the road the map plots
move as once moved
time took from
even the eyes switch
turn with each bend
bridge the creeks cut
even the eyes the fences make
and lumber yards the sawdust fills
even the eyes scan
along a lake the ditches' bottles weed and beaches' sand
or gravelled air of gravel
even the dust the eyes recall what the map shows
as trail flag stop railway
trestle the creosote planks
or powerline the cut is or clearing the legs' relief
from elevation intervals ridge to ridge
the contour eyes make boundaries shot
chains traverse the timber lease
or lookout eyes look lookout of
even the eyes a lake is or creek fills
and the map the eye is a circle makes
the Mountain isn't

Hey Mountain there

spring up in the sky my skull holds

a blazing green of skree and trees

Hey your ice your ice

it hides

moves and slides

white and cold as corn of summer smooth the winter's snow becomes

so be your peaks in a very blue sky indeed

squat where the legs of you slope

flower out in the lakes of my eyes shimmering Kootenai waters green

dark green

flow down and into

RISE

BENT

the beat my self my heart's

BENT BENT

Bear system Fur quivering at the tree's roots
not even a growl the gut flowing in cloud

the vaporous red dream the horse's cock
by the field the river
erect to mount the mare

beating

FUR FUR

in the valleys the hot afternoon
the animals screwing

all their mountains all the

Ya Fur Fur

I stand the upright Mountain

at its base I stand in roads in valleys
in standing desire its quieting gravel ways
stand roots upturned at the roadside
turn in and twist deeper the head's nerves
and gentle sinking stump my body

warm

I look out at it to its tree branching
boughs bird's wings

flap in green in sun light light brown needles
ground is covered dried shit of deer bed

old

the old tree stand my axe is melting
in bite the grain of the trunk
burning the fire down to its roots black the bark hard
the upright tree the Mountain's burn

look out at it

stand in it turn cover the ground
take off the thought's eyes

go in

go in

go in the flaming base

sink in the skins of the Mountain's earth
along the road
far from the road
in gravel

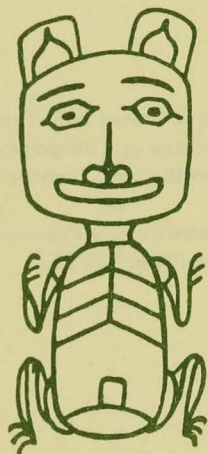
stand through the twist in desire the gravelled road inward
to the base of the upright Mountain

its quiet burning

its evening still

its my eyes have gone my eyes my birds' wings
fluttering

O Mountain stand is set my roots the sun is in my legs



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