

TREE
FRED WAH



VOLUME I: WEST → EAST PASS-ON CLUB

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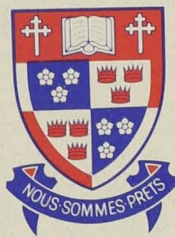
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TREE



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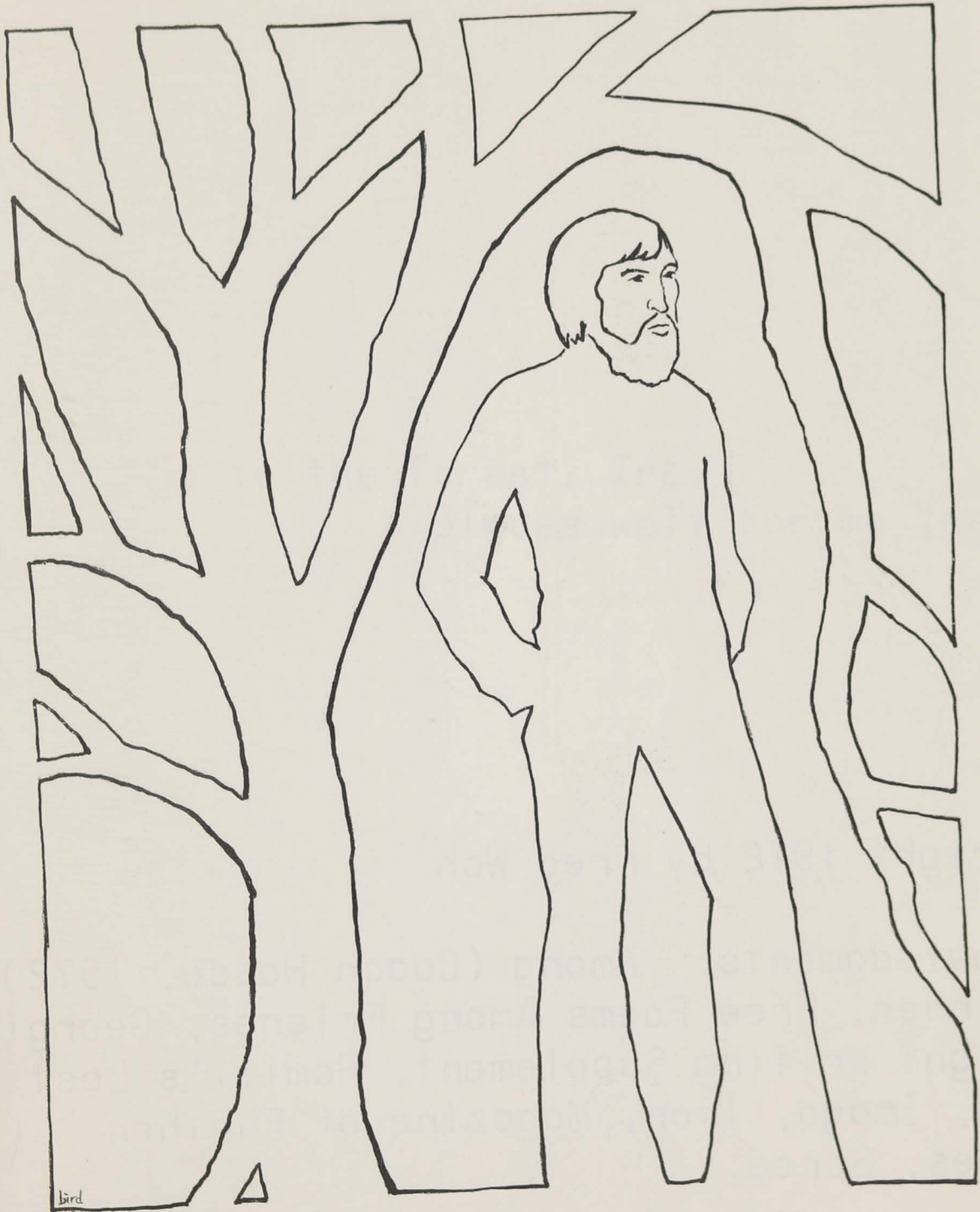
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TREE

TREE

FRED WAH



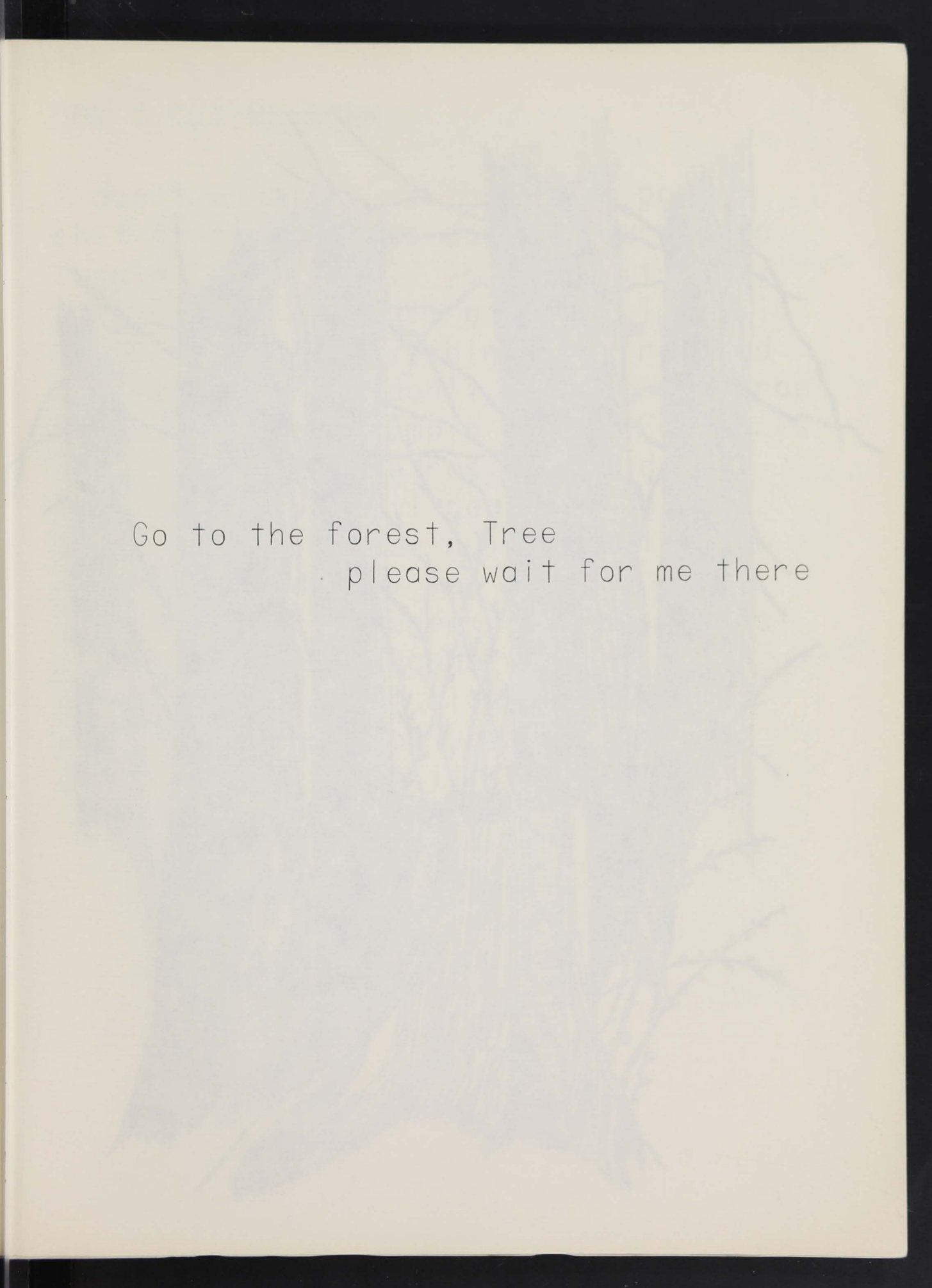
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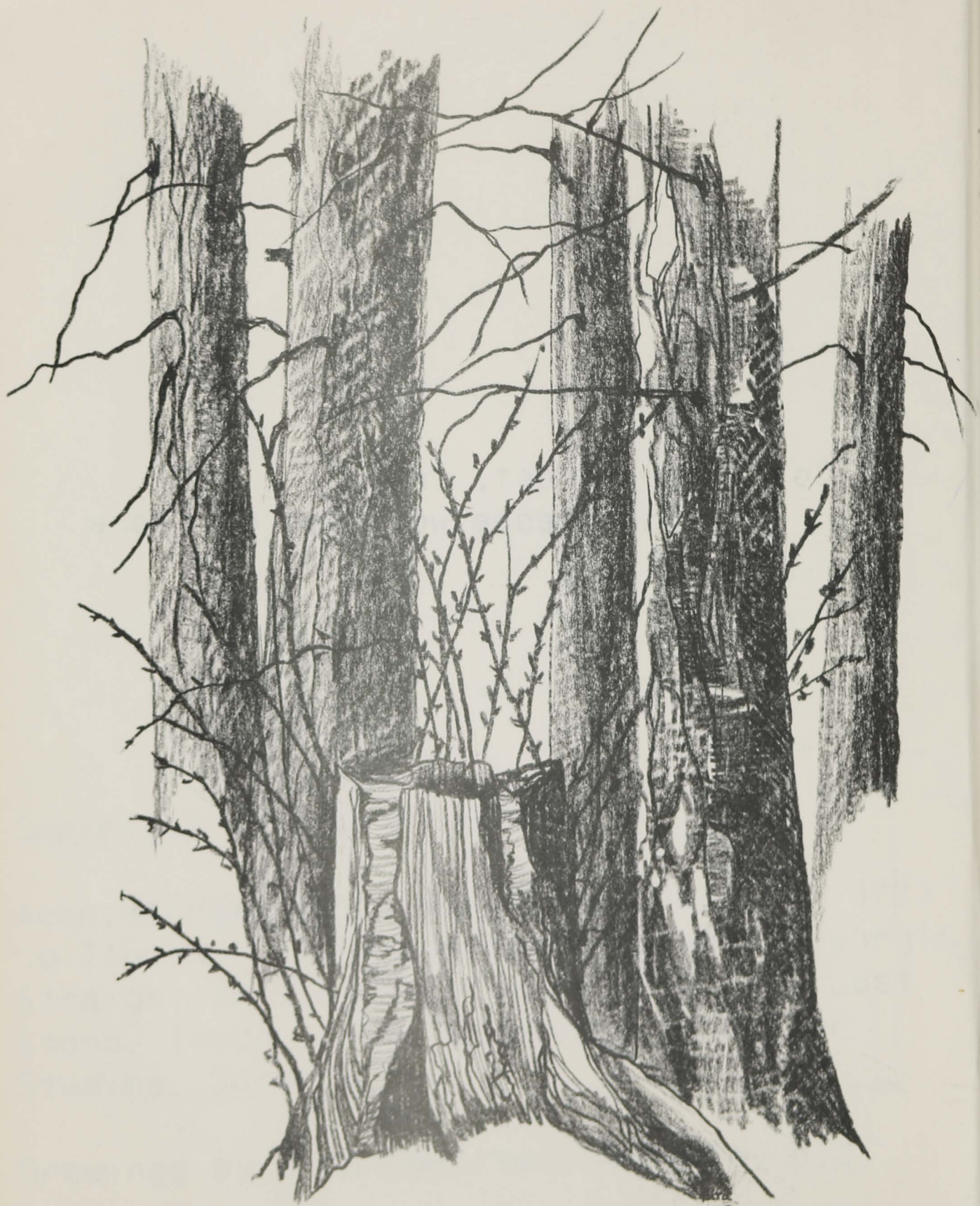
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Co Tinneh, Free Poems Among Friends, Georgia
Straight Writing Supplement, Hamill's Last
Stand, Imago, Iron, Magazine of Further
Studies, Scree.

Drawings by Bird Hamilton, Argenta, B.C.



Go to the forest, Tree
please wait for me there



DON'T CUT ME DOWN

I don't want any of this tree poetry
shit from you. You don't know what a
fuckin tree is. If ya think its only
in yer head yer full a shit. Trees is
trees and the only thing they're good
for is lumber so don't give me any crap
about them bein sumpin else. Fer chrys
sake you think the rest of us don't
know sweet fuck all compared to you.
Well you don't know nuthin till ya go
out there and bust yer back on em.
Settin chokers'd break yer ass so fast
ya wouldn't even wanna look at a
goddamned tree let alone write about
em. Then ya'd know what a tree wuz,
steda yappin about it.

Tree of colored textured brain

bathed in twisted neural headlights
twined trunk of cedar bark all shaggy

woman man tree

underpits which root me to the image
like a root is

moving through the darkness of the soil

nerves and soul (like baling wire

a line of thought

taut shoots in screaming hot blood leaps

of pool pool pool

of a tree

soft flow of dancer slowing air

O dream of tree

you dream of me

O branch of itself you are a synapse
of that line

and think me

clear brain loops

the turning rings of yourself are of me
our tissues cross

I always hoped you'd give me heart rings
in your dream

dear birch across from me we face
the quiet pool of ourselves
face each other
return

we

look that way

The turning rings of your feet are of the
our tissues of the
I always hope you give in heart things
in your heart

Dear & dear children from the world
the great foot of our feet
your feet are the feet of the world
the feet of the world are the feet of the world

we
your feet are the feet of the world
the feet of the world are the feet of the world
the feet of the world are the feet of the world

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I'm no tree except the part of me
as roots now new spring up among
the willows on the roadside shoots
of alder, cherry, maple runners, buds
grow at the sky from clay and gravel
daily now, each day a fraction
of the snow melts up the bank
those green plum eyes seep out.

11

I'm not tree except the part of me
as roots now new spring up
the willow on the roadside
of other, cherry, apple, pear, buds
grow of the sky from rain and gravel
do they now, each day a fraction
of the snow melt up the bank
those green plus eyes keep out

I imagine it
a memory tree
birds in my hair
snow on the ground
the history of trees
or rocks of granite
spruce and birds
up here
the wind.



Bird

It wasn't apple
that was cherry

branches hanging
in the window frame

apple pasture
cherry chickens

HAMILL'S LAST STAND (for Gladys McLeod)

Our concern is tree-murder, harvest
of the forest (she's worried
they call it "timber") timber sale A04292

structure wood

could be a rough political situation,

could be

we speak as trees, innocent understanding
of ourselves

as things or places too, maybe farming
but for the mess

left on the smouldering hillsides

and silting the creeks

maybe a new crop another lifetime, no care

for the names Hemlock, Balsam, Spruce

undone words from our own mouths,

no flowers anymore but

cubic feet seven million two hundred
and thirty-eight
thousand Cedar, Larch, White Bark Pine,
trunk roots and
limbs scrapped trash-wood fuel
for the bush-fires dirty
orange summer skyline, Lodgepole,
White Pine, Other
Species, in other words
strip it, all the growth
for structure wood
core of our eyes to see and say it,
won't be taken
care of, hearts lost in the language
of public auction
only "profit" in the names, no talk
left about it, so set now
there is no argument, choices gone,
nothing left to say
Forest Ranger.

2

house of structure wood all leaky
roof this morning in the rain

sits in the chimney flashing seeps
through to the roof joists and drips

still upright tree wood (branches?)
from the floor sill to cross-beams

what cells left without the bark, root-
less timbers stand in the doorways

and window frames its ok the house
is "appropriate", our real needs

do not profit us, the hillside trees
also leak the rain down to their roots.

3

I admit the industry of it, hot
summer work, sweat and mosquitoes
in the headband of the hardhat, chain-oil,
whine of the diesel among the spruce
ehrrrrrehrrr of the saw
to the heart-wood, I admit

the hi-baller works for a new pickup
each year, weekends in town

I admit his skill, I admit that he makes
a life of his own from it, with a grip
on the throttle lever, admit it

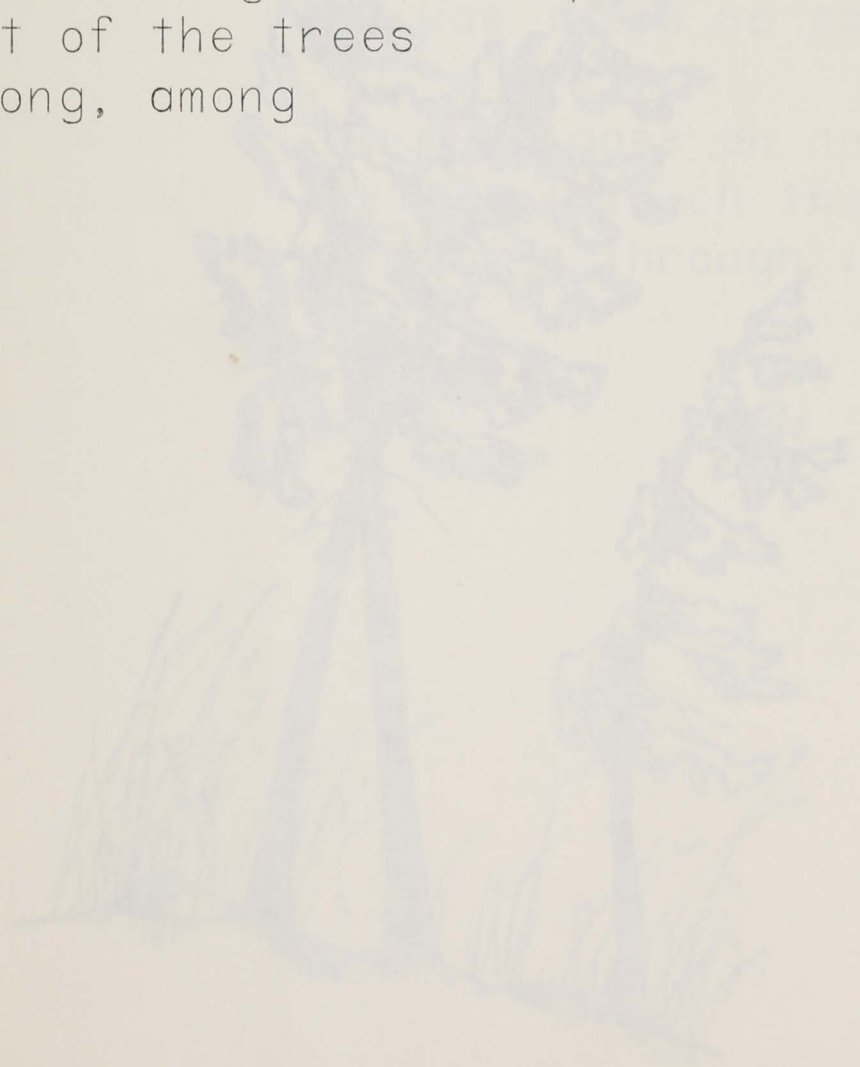
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Probably the trees are warming in the sun
the mud dries up and hardens on the roads
streams are full and muddy now in runoff
a whole forest stretches out the new rings
probably it all just stands there, amazed
with the steam rising up from clay banks
gravel shoulders glisten

in the morning light
bridge planks shed roofs ditches a contour
part of a scene, probable and amazing
for the sun, warmer now towards the end
of March, a forest moves towards the light.

AMONG

The delight of making inner
an outer world for me
is when I tree myself
and my slight voice screams glee to him
now preparing his craft for the Bifrost
Kerykeion he said, the shore
now a cold March mist moves
down through the cow pasture
out of the trees
among, among





BIRD

Where the wind whines
I wind with my eyes
through the cedar crowns

feather boughs flutter
in my mind I imagine
the quiet middle air

I remember the forest now
dry leaves on the path
or was there no path

so much goes on now
except I touch the silence
floating through it still

NOTE

Mike I look through the spruce boughs
Far out over the valley
Into sun-in-the-clouds.

And I pivot, Mike
At the turn of winter
I try to be the place,
Tilt my gaze as
tree-face
Cedar-head
sunshine(?)

P.S.

Now no move of any-eyes

a winter a heavy curtain

everywhere new snow

all views every thing

Think spruce-face ice

upright?

O.K.

very far in very

out

10/10/10

Dear Mr. [Name]

I am writing to you regarding the [Topic]

I hope this finds you well.

How to move of [Topic]

to winter a heavy curtain

everywhere new snow

all kinds every thing

think [Topic] [Topic]

upright

0.5

very [Topic]

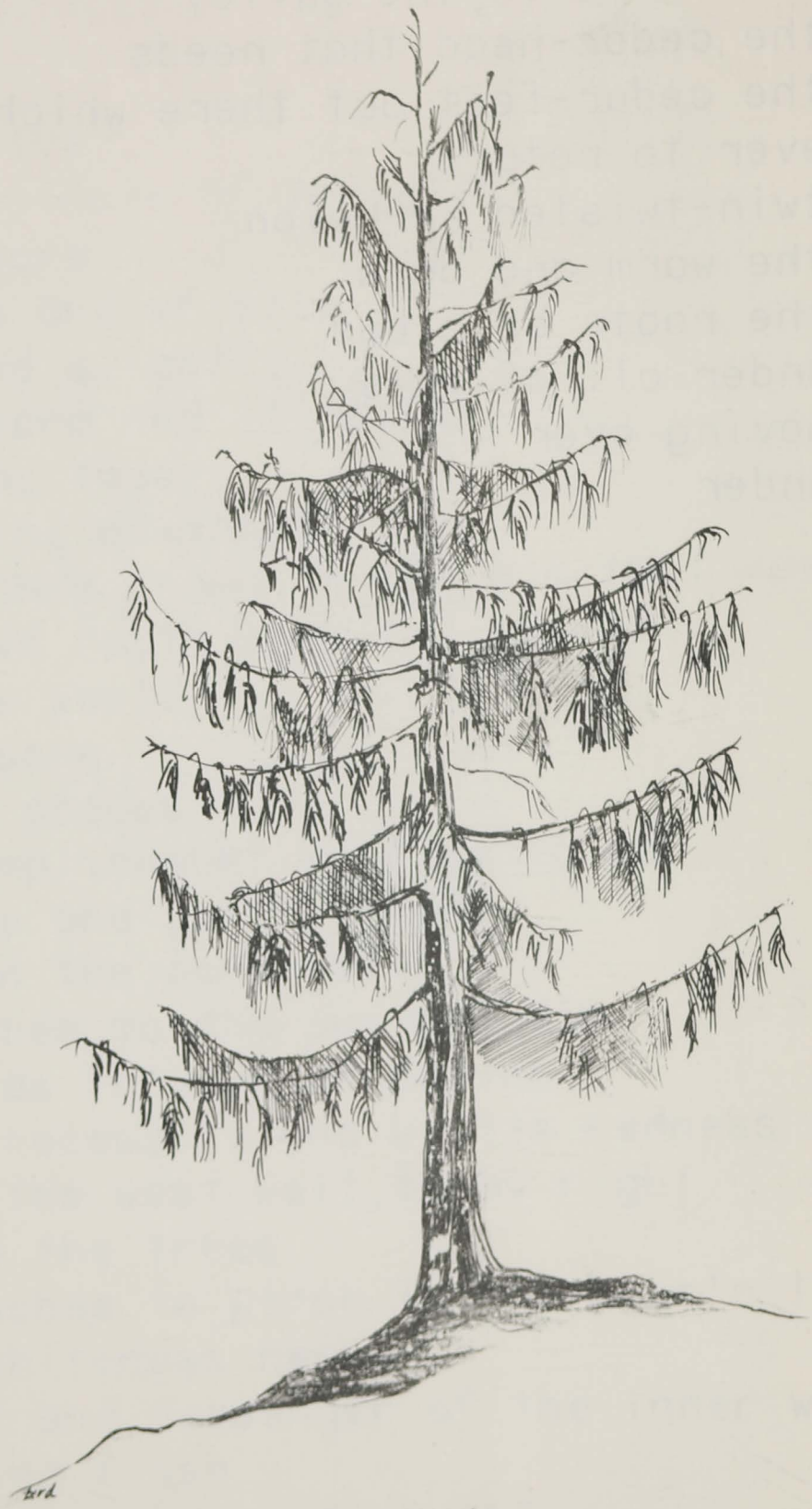
out

The cones are down
bunched
near the bottom of the fruit
sharp-scaled and bird-beaked
three-needle clusters
thin out
to the tip
transparency lying
under finger skin
conifer
iferous
condition

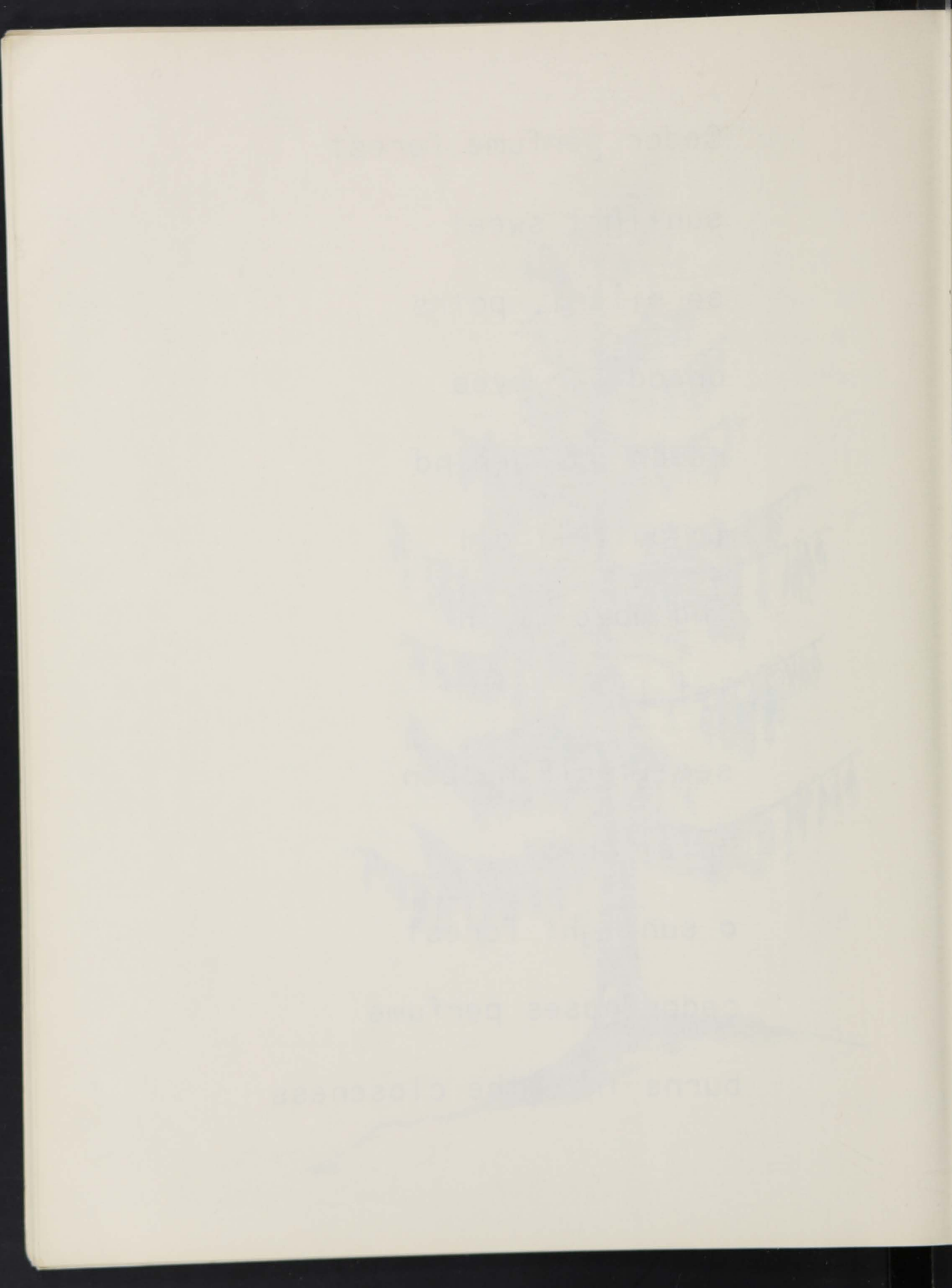
HERMES IN THE TREES

World word alive
in the heart circle of the moon
round and square
the trees hum and whistle
the trees bend slightly
the wind is warm and it moves
as May 1st has today
the warm spring advances
the tops of them crown in the air that moves
(can their own roots know any of it?)
O word of the world
round and square
give me such graces
and all accomplishment incline to me
the blackness and swift flight
roots held in the dark soil
bright branches to the sun and air
in other words the eye of heaven
consumed by necessity and by its redness
out through the west wall to my right
out there in the trees
as a bird rushes to perch in the moon's limb
and such a whiteness heard
that servant and messenger of the inner world
"the lightning flash
that connects heaven and earth"

out there in the gulley
the cedar-head that needs
the cedar-feet out there which wants
ever to return
twin-twisted kerkeion
the warm and dark
the roots as claws
under all of this
moving over
under



Cedar perfume forest
sunlight sweet
so silent, paths
ahead our eyes
reach out behind
to pull it all
and move it in
let it
see itself happen
quiet sweet
a sunlight forest
cedar noses perfume
burns into the closeness



A pasture full of apple trees
besides a picture of the World-Tree
full of apples. Underspring
down to the roots, sweet April
waters flowing from the cow-
dung hill into my soul a liquid
that, and full of apples
as it goes.

At present, full of apple trees
besides a picture of the World Tree
full of apples. Underneath
down to the roots, sweet April
waters flowing from the cow-
dung hill into my soul a liquid
that, and full of apples
as it goes.

the plan of a tree
a system, squares
circles, rectangles
angles, all round
spaces, roads, ways
centres, the plan
of a tree

spread out
the mind of the plant
growing out of the earth
becomes a hole
in the picturehead
at the boundaries
it becomes an illuminated hole
from every direction of the wind
now it seems larger
the spread is the gate of earth
lighted by the luminescence of its plan
the system of itself
is larger by the picture of it
and by the winds of space
pathways through the branches
its only part of the plan
yet a part
and looms out
from the middle of a place
part of itself
now part of
any

"The inward truth of the blood and the heart make so much greater a demand than all else - one has to wonder at anything else"

Duncan McNaughton

white birch
red apples
still

trees

blood and sap
a trail
a thing
goes

a field full
the lovely
anything

ok then Duncan

child
a marriage
warm cow
hair
on our heads

ok Duncan

then "The inward
blood of the wonder
and the heart
make so much greater
an anything-
one has to demand
all truth."

hillsides
kids or apples
sap
 (think of it
flows

HAVOC NATION

How the earth
dangles
eyeing over the geographical heap
now the nation smothers
lays onto the private magic state
its own fake imagination.

Backoff

into my own feet
and onto my own weight
leap
and into her hair
Love tangles, in her eyes
Havoc sleeps.

"Cry Havoc"

and slip out the dogs of war.
The first woman will always be
the first woman and that
is a revelation.

How do you tell
someone else where you live? Can you
reveal it as real a place
as they sometimes think you are?

In the mountains near here
there is a woman who is also crow.
She is overjoyed with tears
when she meets another likewise crow.
Even if you knew this
could you look her up?

I also know a man who is a tree
and he received a letter
from a friend back east which ends
"It must be a very real world where you are.
Love, George"

That man is me
as well a revelation.

Well dangle then
the revelation
revolution nation
let slip the dogs of war
out your back door
Trees and Crows
are the ones what knows
this Havoc old Hav Ok
will stuff it in your Cry
this magic leaping tree
will never be the apple
of anyone else's Eye.

Out here
crystal eyes
only the snow
make it a gaping mouth
flesh and bark
make it a stem then
skin
a smooth white hide
touch to the frost bite
make it a finger
branch spread
canals for warm blood
steam in the cold air
make it a heart then
a heart ring
good wood
with a deep breath
for the star nights
shine in the moonlight
snow
up to the knees
hoof to the spring ground
heat for that foot touch

our heads move
only to see it all
shimmer in each of us
there are so many
who move through
we bump and touch
that's soft
warm
that's love
sweet birch out here
under all this winter
make it a body then
under under
its only a weight
light snow
well
its everything
all of it
all under
so we look up for it
falling over us
into the core
cover
covers us



On the earth

namarupa

and In the world

arupa

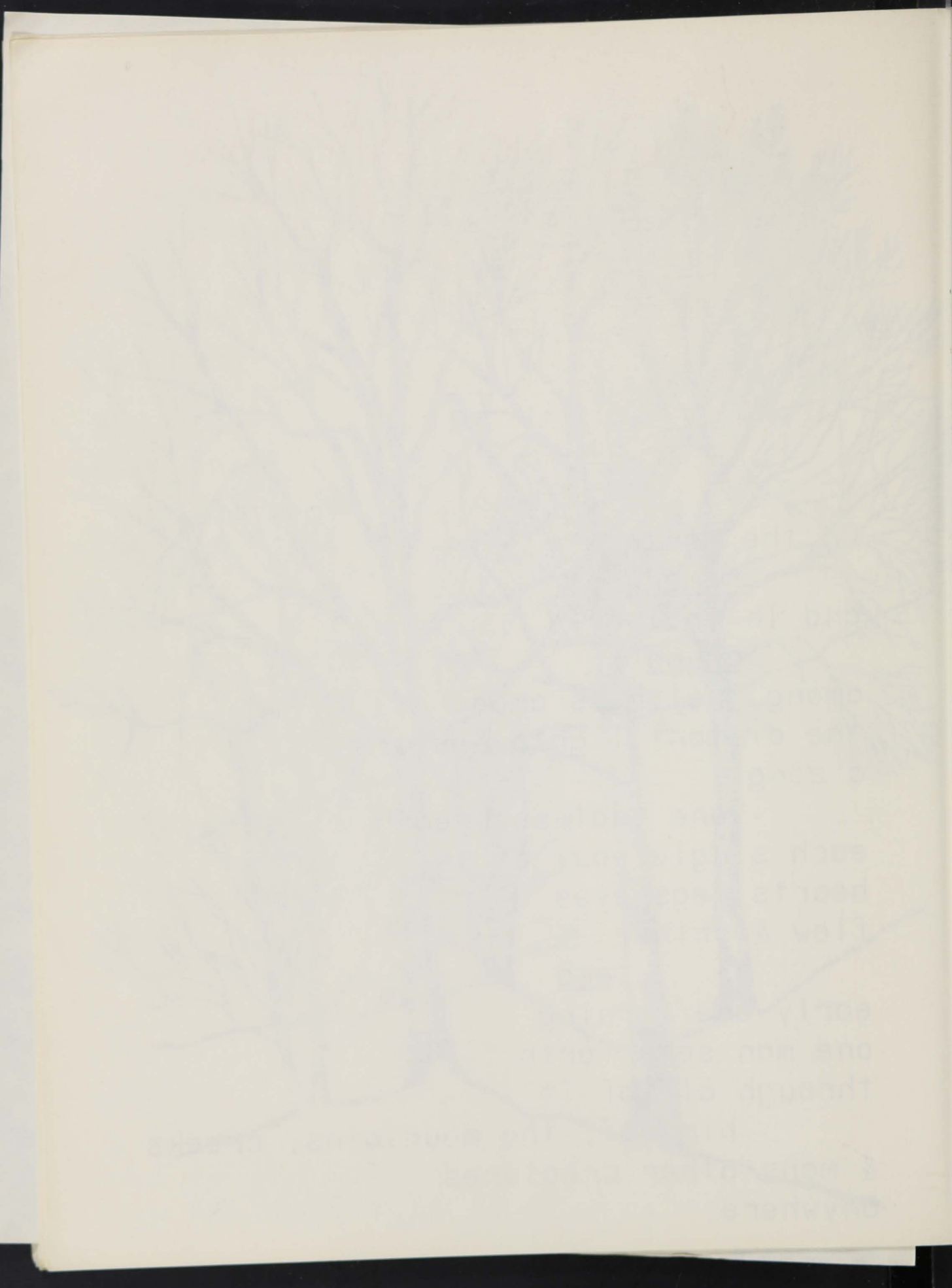
among the trees among
the distant lights & stars
a song

one endless breath
each single soul of us
hearts legs eyes
flow & shine

eka

early one morning
one man sets forth
through all of it

himself, the mountains, creeks
& many other creatures
anywhere



this is a hard language to work out
the images keep interrupting the talking
trees keep being pictures of themselves
my words keep meaning pictures
of words meaning tree
and its not easy
to find myself in the picture
except there is a strange familiarity
I remember something which is not a dream
and surely it isn't only in the mind
when I step out into the forest
even think it
not before
there is a distinct signal
of a condition or presence
I and the trees are there
in tune with it
call it a quietness
I see trees around me
or I am looking at a tree
the actual shape of such appearances
are home
and I fall into them in a flash
I recognize it now as Love
that's what goes on

It is a hard language to work out
the language is interesting the talking
there keep being a number of themselves
my words have been in pictures
of words meaning things
and the not so
to find myself in the picture
excitement is a strong feeling
I remember something which is not a dream
and every day only in the mind
when I step out into the forest
over the
not so
there is a distinct feeling
of a kind of presence
I and the presence there
in time with
could it a
I feel it as if
or I am looking at a tree
the actual shape of such experiences
one more
and I feel in a flash
I recognize it now
that's what goes on

Biography: It started between Mike and I just after I moved out to South Slocan from Buffalo. Then Stan started listening to them when he came up from Vancouver. Last fall Derryll said he and Michael would like to print them on their new press up in Argenta. So a week ago Gladys and Lars arrived at South Slocan and so did Derryll and Shirley. Derryll said he was ready to print, so. Brian arrived Monday night and he and I came up to Argenta Tuesday. We ordered the paper that afternoon. Wednesday morning I talked with Bird about doing some drawings for the book and so that started then. Gladys M. also arrived on Wednesday to work on her magazine, Hamill's Last Stand. Brian gave a reading that night and I started working on the typewriter Shirley had found for us over in Meadow Creek. Yesterday I talked about Love in the World Problems class in the Argenta Friends School and started typing plates. Today, Pauline, Jenefer, Erika, Gladys and Lars arrived. Michael and Derryll are up the hill printing. Bird is working on the title-page drawing. The house is full and the sun's coming out over the head of Kootenay Lake. It's 4:30 and that's about it.

April 28, 1972

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Wah, Fred
Tree

