

FRED WAH _____

from Music at the Heart of Thinking

Ninety-Nine

"S" love and south america not yet past her (larger now) foot,
bone, beak, star
beyond CBC oral—Swoop Safeway
 nebulae threw notions of panic this is—Cool
spring Paris
that's the wind through one of those piazzas
immigrate land knows sense the stick said water
 could turn
to snow—Exo/ekto
what's the dif since memory meant to carry over flake.

What I wants is a western Miss Am—Fascinated
by the spelling of Erika
left out of the deck work
rail watching out for the lean—Just like that
eye danced edge can smoke “the”
avec some ing.

Some poems name song and dream as an instrument with which to pass by—
Always a little distance calling over the snow behind the trees to please
observe the camerals.

One Hundred

Much white within bird.
North in August, that's their fall.

Light bends nice, in the mountains folds
each hill tucks late day.

Breath is the bridge all along, a winter sign.
Tongue's frozen words, air.

Then sigh said it again
remembered something.

Only the news hand tapped out of
shoulder a single white feather.

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One Hundred and One

Text still as the lake this evening cantoed time late
history birded into the space nest the really real or as
they say now in Banff the virtual line gone fishing.

Song as wood chiming way past the rim shot further
even than any one instance of drumming and always
outside the sign parade even Jupiter aligns with Sunday
school before singing Star of.

Being led by words isn't so bad at least you can count on
them or they're like counting every time pebble registers
clear then there's the next leaf or ferry and if the
distance of the world doesn't work ignore the busy
signal and dial syllable AM herst 6-5740 talk about being
led by the news.

Some plumed finger hot for some sun drawn into
thicket paradise's bird of Reaching vision lands too close
for binoculars and suddenly years of cadence suck the
manufacture of duration into the middle distant voice so
there you see for you yourself.

One Oh Two

Line is a cut point to point
half of one world the other half
still available.

Anything but the next word (Bill)
hold the present moment for as long as
you can hold your breath.

Anchors away with a sigh or me
caught with a double you too always fishing
at the bottom of the bookshelf.

Heard enough of industrial hearts somebody
called him hammerhead and I thought
he'll never learn grammar.

Book stripped tree to logos stump some
lumber caught scale and went to jail that truck of
interstellar logging events.

If they stacked us by our first names
we'd be at eye level Phyllis Fishstar half
truth at the Shinto Gate.

One Hundred and Three

On one side sigh hangs and through a window sand
and flowering vetch land's a floater or some simple
blunt of weight against balance just another frozen pea-
bag to shoulder mind at *un poco, un poco* a turtle measure
of memory proprio'd slightly above and two feet behind
your mouth moving to intercept the note intended as
Loki's cue to lift song no repetitious paper dragon
chintown or any city for self this rhetor caught in our
maws had better be shaken or the Tienanmen.