tea with my shetland grandaunt

Cardboard nieces
bucktoothed virginal
stiffen on the mantel

Four a clock dis marrnin
dose sparras
wis harrapin on da rruf
like a

From the marble clock
gilt lions hang
in a frozen retch

like a trroop o aliphants

Dead dragons wind
up lobster candles
Souvenirs of Japan
from the sailor nephew

So A gits mesel' up
in me nightie an a'
an A fethch-ed da brrum
an A step-ped on a chair

Behind glass a scrofulous Burns &
The Shetland Book
& leaning drunkenly
the surviving twins from
Everybody's
Cyclopaedia
In Five
Volumes

on da verandee
an A pok-ed da brrum han'le
upit da nest
an

Magically in the wallpaper's
rootless ferns
and rooted birds
a glassy sun shines
and yet magically contains
Holyrood and Arthur's Seat

she aw cam doon an me
eggs an straw an aw
Stern in the ferns  
in the farther wall  
the long dead childless  
husband  

    an me in me nightie  
    eggs an-- an muck an aw  

and Lerwick Harbour in Colour  
and one framed yard of the Elders  
of the Presbyterian Church in Congress  
Glasgow 1926  

da Larrd save us  

Beside a diarrheic field of daisies  
on the squat table  
shamelessly  
lies the Book of Praise  

    lime a hunner o bricks  

on the Holy Bible  

- 1932  

orphiasco  (in hammage to Ivy Compton-Burnett)  

Heil said the Ditchess  
entering without knottering  
then cratching a match  
on the sharp little theme-nail  
of her mind  
dizappeared  

The stick remained silkily  
flaming rubbing a snatch  
of tawny lips together in a way  
that had always emblazoned the Duke  

& would have again if his second  
fanger hadnt been exploring Joyce  
the first polarmaid so fingleminedly  

he never twigged that her Grewce  

had meanwhile descended to Haides  
till he saw the kinked  
nack of the match lying  
cold  
on his paved intensions
found swahili serenade
   - a jukollage

1

this is my song
petula clark
i got a feeling
until you love someone
every little bit hurts

2

hey darling
i can't get enough of it
i'm a man
englebert humperdink
going down for the third time

3

the river is wide
i will not cry
till it's time for you to go
sad story

FOUND BLUES
jukollage no. 2

  3    little    words
  you    &     i
  any   day    now
  in    the    ghetto
drowning    my    tears
  no    milk    today
  tiny bubbles    release
  me /what    can
  the    matter    be
  any   day    now
  i wanna    be
aware /i'm    alive
  long   time    blues
appeal to a lady with a diaper

O ochre haired woman at the back of the bus swaying and swinging by the bassinet on the seat changing once more on the little cleft mush-

oom bottom of your baby his diaper O yellowpowdered/day with safetypinnedteeth its your MAN look overhere its your husb-

and humped around me saying WELLNOULTELLYUH SEPTRISTS and BEATNIKS and JAIL THE JERKS

His laugh is a bullfrog in BUHLEEVE ME a can in a LOYALTEE swamp saying DIG THAT and IS SHE STACKED? saying BILLYUNS AMERRRKN FREYAENTAH PRIZE and WE

and O saffron mopperup a cross this purging continent wordswords are oozingandooshing from the mouths of all your husbands saying SPACEWAR and FIGGERS DONT and EGG HEADS and WY and plashing on the plastic of inter national buses and dribbling on barbecues the slick floors of autocourts saying WALLSTREET saying BAY STREET and TAXES and REDS WARE I COMEFROM and HITTEM FIRST and dripping onto rocker LEGS bleachers and outboards saying Z-BOMB and GREAZERS and PINKOS clouding the luncheon soup the beerpool on the bartop staining the fairway the walltowall the cortex saying DIGEST saying TEENAGE saying NIGGERS saying... I phurtoppedm

and O su'mma there is no one none nowhere to bend over one cleft mush-

oom face saying ULCERS and KIDESTHESEDAYS SECURITY and

HEARTHEONE? bend with a loop ing nickof time deftness

and mothermother all this wetnakedness away with one soft white disposable diaper of silence.
mammorial stunzas for aimee simple mcfarcin

Ah but I saw her ass end up
in the ass end upping breeze

There was a cloud fall of kew pids
their glostening buttums twankling
in the gaggleeyed and - deleted - air

We had snuk away from the Stemple
the whoop^aluh yah
pigging their doolour
bills to the Kliegbright wires

We wondered at dawn into the coca-
cold desert
where bitchy t_o_r souls of cacteyes
prinked at us
Then suddenly she was gone
with cupidities
vamoostered
with pink angelinoes 0
mamomma we never forguess you
never your bag bloo sheikelgetting Ayes
loused lost from all
hallow
Hollowood 0
Aimee
Aimee
Tekel
Upharsin

Toronto 1932 - San Francisco 1934
on the beach

I watch her turning in the sand as she runs
twirling on pliant feet to the shore
Once I would spin like that to the waves
And with an effort now I could race after

But I might not catch her
and there is nowhere I need go that quickly
nothing surely I must do that dizzily
and be all the slower after

I will follow in a small trot only

not whirling

G
G
f
f
from
from
the
the
seafoam

have pity

not

again
to whirl
letter to a conceivable great-grandson

Perhaps it makes more sense in your eye
All I can tell you is how it looks from here

For a while we made our brightest kids into postmen they dropped aircards daily marked URGENT - DEATH!
until some dawn they'd flip a card and find their own address
Now we've got automation Our letters are set to deliver them selves faster than meteors Soon we'll be sending whole manuscripts prepaid to the planets

But what's crazy for real is we're so damn busy no body has time to decipher what language it is we're writing

All I can hope is you'll be able to make it out with whatever you use for an eye

Montreal 1946 - Athens 1963
imageorge for george & angela in calgary (1965)

imageorge & imangela just being with you/my patient friends
rolled all that fluff up got me down to the grass again
all that top inch flecked with crap, oratory sifting from prairie skies
finished matchsticks veins of Old Dog pee streaks of lunchchat
scored guano
ive scraped it off rolled up the good white undersnow
ive made a Snowgog & Snowmangela
brought Them back here on a snowmageorge
They stand towering on my sunporch
They aren't melting even in rosedale
Snowmagog is taller He has angles
(underneath His arms are really baseball bats)
ive given Him rubies for eyes in oblong sockets
like Tlaloc He is a raingog showering pomes everywhere
Snowgela is prettier ive frozen champagne to make Her hair
She has curves and is unimaginable gelic
She looks cool out there but (does She reflect
all sunshifts
(yes but this is from inside how She warms all that porch
but Snowmagog He plays it cool sends snowmagoes flashing
daynightly
so ive put this word screen around Them
to keep off birds dogs toronto soot old eastern oratorygrit
shit
to keep Them shining for me to look at
all Snowimagic

ps i like The Silence too
Do tell me what the ordinary Mex
Madam, there is a plaza in Actopan
where ladies very usual beside most rigid hexagrams
of chili peppers squat this moment
and in Ottoman gutturals not in Spanish lexicons
gossip while they scratch there in the open

But aren't there towns in Mexico more au—? Dear madam,
Actopan is a town more average than mean.
You may approach it on a sound macadam,
yet prone upon the plaza's cobbles will be seen
a brace of ancients, since no edict has forbid them,
under separate sarapes in a common mescal dream -

But someone has to work to make a - Lady,
those ladies work at selling hexametric chili,
and all their husbands, where the zocalo is shady,
routinely spin in silent willynilly
lariats from cactus muscles; as they braid they
hear their normal sons in crimson shorts go shrilly

bouncing an oval basketball about the square -
You mean that all the younger gener—?
I mean this is a saint's day, nothing rare,
a median saint, a medium celebration,
while pigeon-walking down the plaza stair
on tiny heels, from hexahemeric concentration

within the pyramidal church some architect
of Cortez built to tame her antecedents -
You mean that Mexico forgets her histor—? Madam, I suspect
that patterns more complex must have precedence:
she yearns to croon in Harlem dialect
while still her priest to Xipe prays for intercedence.

Actopans all are rounded with the ordinary
and sexed
much as they feel. You mean—
they are more hexagon and more extraordinary
than even you, dear lady, or than Egypt's queens.