Something in poems by Martina Clinton
tableglady  3 balloons

spit your maudlin despair

round your belly

hang up your face

the kicks are outside

NOW

? waiting for clarity to develop propositions
No there's none of us
that woman we used to be

But we must take
whatever comes
sometimes it's pretty hard

Someday we'll not need to
plug away like this

Maybe there'll be a rest for us eh?

The days are getting longer
the sun looks nice thru the window
it's a big hospital
Gin takes hold of my pain
like
Love does
And moves it
Around
Out
being a witch one

of voices is learning

never knowing ill tell yu my secrets

a lump one

of granite
Sweet man
derinns
ancuff e e f
or
breakfast
orangeanblack
food you can finish
my cigarette
i had a purple dream

coming
ture about
long sadness coping
be wild erred

trying

culling down my mouth

( ) . . . . .

ive got to hide seeing
walls make me huge and vulnerable i
want to be right an d say nothing
seagulls veering off

kliptoid rooms

skylight
brightsun
walk away light

an0midear a (marvelus bevy of boats drifting in the harbor

rust cupola
PAPER MACHE SITUATIONS

you've caught the disease

and a realization of

look away...

lonely position

knees bent to

receive the day etc........

LISTEN

(life style at the time

im impatient

give me back my faith in monkeys
Martins Clinton along with Bill Bissett & Lance Farrell was one of the foremost radicals in the early stages of the Vancouver poetry renaissance. A collection of her poems were published as part of GANGLIA 3 & she is included in the recent anthology from TALONBOOKS - WEST COAST SEEN. The title of this excerpt from MAYAN FRACTURES is taken from the back of one of the original manuscript pages, published as gronk series 5 number 4.