

## Part 1: Blues on Green

I

up on the mountain  
air is  
    and sky –  
hot summer day  
three thousand feet above sea level  
looking over Vancouver  
blue  
    is  
the colour you notice

‘I always think within myself  
that there is no place  
where people do not die’  
    – Kwakiutl song

scramble up  
over charred wood stumps  
foot slips  
then catches  
in a forking branch

sit to catch my breath,  
the tree  
    a hundred years old  
before it fell

watch the ferry,  
one last puff of blue,  
                    disappearing  
in the strait

2

the woods  
are green  
                    & brown trunks  
letting thru the sky

soft pad of feet  
on pine needles  
brown & green  
where the sun strikes

a hawk  
circling  
          eyes  
the foot's slight displacement  
of a leaf

hangs

          drops

          struggles  
          in the sombre green

3

looking out  
    far over  
mount rainier  
& the sea

the islands  
    distorted  
at this distance  
by the heat

    waves breaking

    faint sounds

of voices  
    far below  
moving over the bridge  
into the city

    birds  
circle round the ships  
rise  
    & plunge  
visible only  
as clouds

    sun on water,  
hand on a hollowed stump,  
sea calm, mountain  
under my feet

### Part 3: Ancient Maps of the Real World

prairie, lakes, trees,  
the whole world  
falling behind

track  
swinging away

rear platform  
trans-continental

lakes, trees, rivers  
dragging the eyes along

sun setting  
mind breaking

drawing back  
fragments  
into the brain

I

eyes open on colour,  
morning, fall

and the leaves, changing,  
filtering light  
down

thru leaves  
curling, caught  
in the flaming

wind  
blowing from the west  
cross miles of empty track

first wind to come  
moving the leaves  
down

past eyes,  
opening,  
turning

full circle,  
pupils curling in  
blinded by the sun

2

fingers unfolded  
palms revealed

hands cupped  
ready to receive

opening movements  
of the sun

3

sun overhead

smoke goes  
straight up

nothing moves

sun goes  
from east to west

eyes & train follow

4

rolling into night  
sun flame on the track,  
quivering fireball  
tottering  
on the horizon

what myth  
lies there?

eye of the dragon  
coiled round the world

eye of the dragon  
closing

or is it  
doorway

centre of the sunflower of creation  
ringed round in steam

is it fire?

flaming circle of the gods  
whistle blasts mind to steam



5

eyes close  
in dream  
sun rises

a woman moves  
hands opening  
bursting the leaves  
tongue roll round the sun

leaves burn  
fall  
thru the mind

sun falls into sea

woman  
    eyes wet  
breasts glistening  
                    follows  
swallowed in green

6

train going

mind wailing

last tunnel

last train

mind breaks

at the margin of sleep

train going down

thru valleys

leaves gone brown

falling to the sea

7

everything gone

mind shattered in the night  
sun buried in the sea  
woman sleeping  
in another world beside him

man alone  
lost in dream

train rolls on  
past mountain  
past night

sun comes up  
gathers mind together  
into heart

8

the sea  
the sun

everything here

tide rolling in  
ships moving out

mind in motion  
eyes at rest

the continent stopped

against the west wall  
called ocean

## Statement

now that we have reached the point where people have finally come to see that language means communication and that communication does not just mean language, we have come up against the problem, the actual fact, of diversification, of finding as many exits as possible from the self (language/communication exits) in order to form as many entrances as possible for the other.

the other is the loved one and the other is the key, often the reason for the need/desire to communicate. how can the poet reach out and touch you physically as say the sculptor does by caressing you with objects you caress? only if he drops the barriers. if his need is to touch you physically he creates a poem/object for you to touch and is not a sculptor for he is still moved by the language and sculpts with words. the poet who paints or sculpts is different from the painter who writes. he comes at his art from an entirely different angle and brings to it different concerns and yet similar ones. but he is a poet always.

this is not a barrier. there are no barriers in art. where there are barriers the art is made small by them. but this is to say no matter where he moves or which 'field' he chooses to work in, he is always a poet and his creations can always be looked upon as poems.

there is a new humanism afoot that will one day touch the world to its core. traditional poetry is only one of the means by which to reach out and touch the other. the other is emerging as the necessary prerequisite for dialogues with the self that clarify the soul & heart and deepen the ability to love. I place myself there, with them, whoever they are, wherever they are, who seek to reach themselves and the other thru the poem by as many exits and entrances as are possible.

– bpNichol, Toronto, November 1966

**circus days**

gathering  
of years

still photos of

my mother

1930  
circus billboard

it was  
the greatest show on earth

the greatest show  
ever to hit  
Plunkett, Saskatchewan

★ ★

remember  
as a kid

Casey Brothers  
coming to town

hated all that  
candy floss

the rides were  
lousey

once around this fucking little track  
and that was the roller coaster

we must've spent three dollars there  
perverts trying to buy us off with candy floss

i remember  
Shaunna Sawin didn't go  
coz  
    they had such a  
lousey show

★ ★

lying on the beach at  
Port Dover

    they had  
a permanent arcade

dropped my quarter in  
to watch the women  
take off

    their clothes &  
wrote a poem

Beach at Port Dover

&  
    after that  
there was this  
sudden storm

**stasis**

always  
a season

bitter

to grow    beyond  
complaint

who sits in  
a room and  
calls it city

who lives in  
the past  
                  and says    present

all reference framed

★

open  
the eyes

winter  
thru a strange  
window

how to  
grow used to

a name





## TTA 7: re-arranging letters alphabetically

Aaaaaaaa aaaaaaa aa,  
aaaaa aaa aaaaaabb bbbb bbcc cccc cc c cccc,  
ccccddd dddddd eee eee ee

eeee eee eeeeeé, eeeee eeeee ee eeeee  
eeee ee eee eeeeeé, fffffff fffff ffffgg ggg  
gg ggggg gggg, ggh hhh hhhhhh

hhhhhhhI,  
iiii iiii, iiiiii iiiii iiiiii ii iii iii  
iiiJkkk lll lllllllll

lllM Mmmmmmm mn, nnn  
nnnn nnnnn nnnnnnn, n nnnnn  
nnn nnnn nnnnn, nnnnnoooo  
oo ooooooo' ooooooo

oooo oo ooooo ooPpp pp rrr rrrrr  
r rrrrr rrrrrr rrrrrr rrrrrSs sssss

sss ssssss sss sss sssss, "sssstt  
ttt tttt", tttt tt tt ttttt  
tttt tt tu uuuu uu uuu uuuuu  
uuuvvww wwwww ww ww  
wyy yy yzzzzz

### TTA 13: sound translation

hick or ass      wan king cup,  
Samantha my chess yen    front chew deo    hyena tory,  
heavy Juan    Gris chin guffaw earth son

Greta hours office tone  
bill to buy Thea's texts, terrier hard stout  
two hover then, whet tongue bee sting

mound stains,  
coal do in, my cool prick you high din Gunther's hum  
infant fur scent you trees

coarse wheeze imbibes, un-  
true trespassing, adders in  
hue weave fill hums, full lick her ring  
under arrive hearse skull asses

fool Aton the heir buxom digress  
add ozone bodice slow lead earning brow and

sunk lair soft deep ages, 'soil hay  
coo coop hey,' roil sin mi win dough  
Phaedon may balk honda four  
beacon Inca wary fit  
foreign instinct



i rise  
hungry  
expectant  
as Rafael told someone  
'ordinary usage teaches them only one fact – FEAR EATS REASON'

to hear everything!  
my waiting eardrums tremble anew,  
nameless delicate breath explodes,  
a terrible inspiration now grips me  
omnivorous  
unexplainable  
(no truly available ideas (no substance))

could ordinary language display wisdom?  
ideation, naming,  
demands man's actual control.  
can he understand pure ideology's cryptic contortions,  
usurp Heraclitus's instinctual description,  
invent new gnostic inversions, new thots (hopefully),  
extending such unconscious nuances, unwritten novelties, forward –  
outside us? not deaf forever or  
(reacting, collecting examples, new theories)  
utter reasonable idiocies?

examples: 'some careful arguments reveal sympathies'  
'words hide in zygal zeugmas'

i name gracefully but . . . .  
yet something's understood!

new thots, half reasoned utterances,  
trace real expressions –  
Eliot seems passé among such surrealist instances.

nova groupings, a dozen obscure zones explode,  
no nouns escape warping,

word avenues, vague, emerge,  
focus, i learn much, seek further luminations,  
i can't know everything

reeling, i now grasp onto nouns,  
deleted references,  
investigate verbs,  
explore radical syntaxes,  
glad, laughing,  
all signifiers signified, everything seems,  
finally, language, a theory of nominal tactics,  
Heraclitian expressiveness is renewed,  
but a carnal knowledge scissors it neatly,  
the head explodes,  
glittering reason's airy scent seduces a dozen Ovids.

zero entropy

no braincells operative

didn't i expect such scorn?

language opens worlds,  
little yields to unwilling readers,  
nothing is narcissistically gained.

but reader or writer  
no simple unlocking gambit lets another reality exist  
sometimes our false fears terrorize  
hinder even partial acknowledgement

given equal substance some other language emerges  
illuminates

like chaos or unity can  
opens up peripheral elements  
reveals our love

lacklove  
such inconsistencies nag



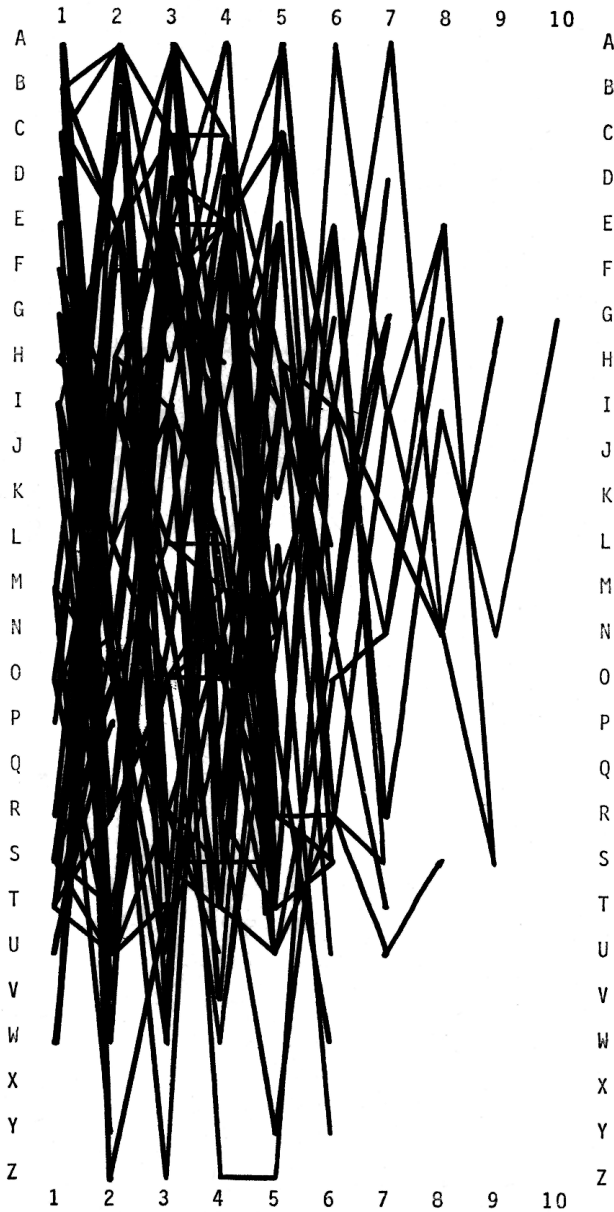
from TTA 18: 10 views: view 1:

walking east along the northern boundary looking south

ISe bt cu ctno fa scfbf  
civ uo on ahen l uoleo  
hme i lf rrw ad nuacr  
aor lo do su d to to  
rny tf u wr z gc ma  
r o f wn wtai oe looin  
utn be id hrvv nn aunn  
she yr n ieee rp gi  
e df ze r tb eem n  
tt ,o zsfhs ho s"yas  
M hh r i i' ed , wt  
war ee M npl ii o baa  
ige m ac gamg re frarn  
nia A, ce ssl s focet  
gcc z cn bs,a b lk  
iih tw ht yi s as tl o  
nai ee uu ,nfs cl hsof  
gnn ct r gle ko e n  
g s Pi s,is sw i i  
u ,a ie u c l pntt  
p f n cs nak iy a h  
,fo gtd mc e n gme  
rr re ou dr t ey  
o eab u oi tus f  
mt are nh zn hr ,wl  
h tia ti eg en io  
Je nt ad n i "no  
u tgi ii gn sdr  
ds o n nn rg oo  
eu wtg sg a lw  
an eh , sb e  
re i sr i  
si n ol  
r w  
h o t n  
i fh h  
g e e  
h sa  
tr s  
i ot u  
n ns n  
e  
a o  
u  
t t  
r  
e  
e  
,



TTA 30: poem as a machine for generating line drawings



TTA 53: typewriter translation after the style of Earle Birney

p  
 u  
 n  
 u  
 s  
 e  
 h  
 t  
 r  
 o  
 f  
 g  
 n  
 i  
 h  
 c  
 a  
 e  
 I  
 c  
 h  
 a  
 r  
 r  
 u  
 s  
 w  
 i  
 n  
 g  
 i  
 n  
 g  
 i  
 n  
 u  
 p  
 Simon the Magician  
 from Judea  
 high e  
 in n  
 a o  
 t y  
 r r  
 e e  
 ev  
 e  
 g  
 rea  
 ttowe  
 rsofsto  
 nebuiltby  
 theAztecste  
 ari ngt t b i  
 heir of hear e a d e t n  
 tsutt o f e r themw n a g

T  
 N A  
 U I  
 cOld wiNd  
 M S  
 HmIaDcIcNhGuI NpTiHcEcSuU N

---

(unfound for centuries)

t tt  
 tr rr  
 tre ee  
 t tree ee  
 sunthrutreespassing  
 r e rees  
 whifarsingby e e ee  
 zz ingb e s es

---

zenevfi f i c e r n o s e s  
 o n a i f c e r a s  
 daewwsm l k i g i e r s l  
 n v g

//l//  
 //s//  
 //e//  
 //r//  
 //a/n  
 //l/u  
 off the pages

c s  
 o (ole)  
 uilsol)  
 (eilsol)  
 (icsol)  
 (eol)  
 r su  
 o p  
 l e  
 l  
 s  
 w.i.  
 .n n  
 w .  
 m.o.d  
 y 4 1 a p o n n y d a c k o n t h e f i o o r

becoming aware of t  
a n t f o  
/t  
i a r  
s  
n i n

## Extreme Positions 4

running or sitting or  
running while sitting or  
running remembering sitting or  
yes

everything at once  
altogether  
completely tangled up

rowing or sitting or  
rowing while sitting or  
rowing remembering  
no

everything at once  
altogether & forgotten  
completely remembered  
thrown out

sitting laughing

to sit & laugh

hands

laughing & sitting

seated laughing

hands

sitting & laughing &  
laughing & laughing &  
laughing & laughing &  
seated laughing

laughing

will shout

(shouts)

didn't shout

(shouted)

can't shout

(wants to shout)

shouts out

(should shout)

shh

wave

wave

wave

boat

wave

wave

wave

wave



happy & sad laughing  
remembered laughing hysterical

hysterical sad laughing &  
remembered laughing happy

waves

remembered laughing laughing &  
sad hysterical happy

remembered & hysterical  
laughing laughing  
                          happy  
                              sad