

FOR  
DISPLAY  
PURPOSES  
ONLY



DAVID  
SEYMOUR

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**DAVID  
SEYMOUR**

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*for Karen*



‘You climb a mountain  
leading seven men who look like you. They depend  
on you for their safety. You climb higher  
and higher until you are alone under a sun  
gone pale in altitude. You climb above birds  
and clouds. You are home in this atmosphere.’

– Richard Hugo

‘From being to being an idea, nothing comes through that intact.’

– Jay Hopler

## Wild Lines

The best design survives  
a narrative compulsion

Adhere to your personality and I  
guarantee prediction

As you radiate I'll collect you  
analyze your information

When I tell you I love you  
you smile like

Our old television advertising  
a clearer HD television

There goes the apartment performing  
accurate impersonations again

Our snugly companion repetition  
returns with a difference

Far more pleasurable  
than pity or reprieve

Time is the classic dimension  
and chronic plot point

We've hurt one another  
and haven't been sorry

I love you in the radiant sense  
of you emitting duration

The best design dissolves  
into behaviour

Our rooms, our bed, our windows  
and unused corners

Bungled angles, disturbed dust  
bunnies and flakes of us

## **Eyewitness Testimony**

The man who was killed died. The gun had gone ballistic in the parking lot. Up 'til then all he'd done was have nothing to lose. His hair was growing right out of his face.

Earlier, from the precipitate sky, hail the size of golf balls pelted the clubhouse. Errant hail-sized golf balls shanked the clubhouse before the golfers ran for cover from the weather.

This occurred. On the fringe of suburbs and their evident neighbouring. The cars remained parked in the lot where he fell, immobile necessary machinery.

The woman at the scene sporting leopard-print spandex was way too realistic. She lacked conspicuous panty lines. Her description, though relevant, was weapon focused.

The report from the shots fired was heard variably as a calendar sliding off a kitchen wall and the after-vacuum of implosion. With decibel fluctuation, distance and Doppler effect, reports varied.

Between the houses backing onto the tenth green, aphids gathered all sounds within the 250- to 45,000-cycle range of their tympana and slept uninterviewed in the shade of hydrangea.

The passing cab driver had the largest hippocampus among the onlookers, being the least lost. This was scientifically proven though need not be mentioned in the final.

Others were directionless – what they saw they now knew had never not happened – wondering how they had arrived here, how here arrives. Post-storm light

struck the police cruiser windshield, behaving as particles, or waves, depending. Even as testimonials hardened into notebook fact.

Plausible rival hypotheses will arise in court. The incident began more suddenly than the victim expected, and will last much longer.

## Clone

Four should be enough of me for me. No, three.  
They might not easily apprehend, but they can do,  
and doing's the battle I get them to attend.

To send them out with grocery lists and day-to-days;  
milk, bread, whatever I yen for between bread, they'll even  
plate it carefully so I can keep on teasing out this stuff.

Parties, several at once, they drink like cops  
filling late-month quotas, engage the feckless  
literati with *The Phaedrus* while I seduce their wives.

That means course enrolment. Tuition. Tough;  
I learn to play guitar unburdened during  
their job interviews. Finally fangle origami.

It's a bit like being God, seeing myself from behind,  
askance in the way you can't but want to. The sum  
of our actions define me while they live my lives

as though committing crimes. Lately we don't look  
each other in the eye. They're not reading dictionaries  
in the off hours. Unfashionably late, on the skive

at the local, making fools of me. Unviable.  
Soon and earlier than they think, with such retrograde  
expectancy, they'll drown in the last air left them.

So it's a waiting game. Time for a fresh start; tonight  
I'll hit the town and rake the coals they've left. I am  
going to wear my favourite shirt, the brown one. Or am I.

## Cyclops

There are envelopes with plastic windows,  
they won't stop searching for you. Feeling owed,  
when the last shopper's off the streets in bed,  
your late carnations on the kitchen table fed  
with 7-Up for perk, the kids asleep unwashed,  
each blind eye will throw another unabashed  
glance, and find nobody but the television left on  
long after the collector had rung the bell and waited,  
his watch face, and his own, unmoving, wan.  
Not that there was much else he anticipated.

## **Dialectic Concerning the Deity's Benevolence**

The bus is moving awfully slowly. Has it slowed down? You know, of course, if it continues to move this slowly we'll have to get off and take a cab. I feel that the bus driver indicated through his body language that we'd arrive at the route 12 connection, though he never did verbalize this.

Jonathan, you have to stop focusing on the bus, it's something you can't control, and you're causing yourself unnecessary stress because of it. Try to think of something else.

I know, it's just very difficult to stop, when I can't tell whether the bus driver understands that the bus needs to be at the connection to bus 12 at 4:00 p.m.

Jonathan, please try to think of something else. The bus and the bus driver are beyond your control. He needs to rest at the main stops in order to keep to his schedule, so that people who are expecting him at a specific time don't miss the bus because he's gone too quickly.

I know, but it's very hard. It's difficult to stop. At least my obsession will stop in, oh, six weeks or so. Maybe he's prone to slowing down through this section of his route. He may be inclined to do that.

Jonathan, please stop thinking about the bus. Why not try to think about more constructive things, or more pleasant things, like the sunshine?

Yes, the sunshine is all around me. The sunshine is blah.  
Every time I look up, the sun is there. But this bus is still waiting  
at a stop, and while the bus driver may be inclined to do that,  
we will very likely miss our connection to bus 12,  
unless we get off now and get a cab.

Jonathan, stop it right now. You have to stop  
obsessing about these things beyond your control.

Yes, I know, but it's very difficult for me to stop  
once I've begun thinking about how we need  
to get to the connection for bus 12. I know  
I'll stop when ... perhaps the bus only appears to be  
going more slowly than it once was, though in fact  
it's travelling at exactly the speed it needs to be travelling.

Jonathan, the more you say it's difficult for you  
to stop thinking about something, the more difficult  
it becomes for you to stop thinking about it.

But we have to connect with the 12 at 4:00 p.m,  
and it's 4:00 p.m. now, and he's been idling here  
at a minor stop for an inordinate amount of time.  
In all likelihood the bus driver has stopped here  
at this minor stop rather than the main stop up ahead.  
Perhaps he's stopped here to wait rather than the next stop.  
You don't think he'll stop up ahead to wait again, do you?  
We've been waiting at this stop for quite a long time now.  
Excuse me. Excuse me, bus driver.

Jonathan! Stop that immediately. You are not going to start  
questioning the bus driver about his decisions and the job  
he's doing. It embarrasses me and insults him.

But I just want to discover why he's waiting at this minor stop. For all of the waiting we've done we could have been downtown by now, and we wouldn't have missed our connection with bus 12.

He's doing everything he does for a reason, and it is not necessarily all related to our needs specifically. Do you think you know his job better than he does?

Well, I don't know ...

Have you ever driven a bus before?  
Do you think you could do a better job?

I don't know. I mean, did you get a look at him?