

# BlazeVOX 11

Winter 2011

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## A manifesto on the poetics of North Stormont

1.

snow again, the rain applies  
, the cold

this February thaw, & freeze

if it is, in time, to act  
, all things considered

Christine, a corrugated cough,

of medical this,  
enough,

the fates,

constellation on her ceiling, Circulus,  
meaning mass, a mess of stars,

the smell of first prize

2.

I have tried to understand each question  
before formulating response,

we have so much to talk about

a winter's chill caress; water melts  
my father's ancient bones

quality of fingers

sequence, show yourself  
the rusty fabrics of the living room,

dishes don't themselves,

3.

a cancer line; my father,  
a correction line

says, cancer, I hate you,  
vacate his colon,

in 1969 his father  
in 1984 his mother

akin to patient days,  
week razer-sharp

& thin,

the jagged border,

have tried to understand death  
a step

dying isn't,

4.

matching inner logic of recycled tires,  
water filters slowly, through

waste to soil mark,  
smoke is less a less incinerator

return the heart to shutter speed,  
loose lips in sync, sink ships

water rolls and crumbles

we know not how to love if even,

**a song for sleep: love's fractured narrative**

A song hears her trees in its sleep.  
Eric Baus

clear point a line, begin  
the gardiner expressway

if taste the end of day,  
think thirsty  
; in which  
terrifying pop songs

cars & sounds of trucks

there is no  
safety  
in it

\*

demanding,  
fields of what  
& former streams  
a blue can enter, mess  
of sentences

an impact  
statement

there, I'm working up  
choreography, the body

, the middle of

your one-way,

\*

sleep, a gesture  
rather a young woman

returned, a permanence  
that doesn't scan

vertical, a blind  
of spots & cars,

she looked around  
, or

far away

a table or  
a turkey  
dreamed

stops speaking then  
she closed her eyes





**Doctors without borders,**

An allied craft,  
, dependant

, no such thing,  
a neighbourhood breathes & breeds,  
waiting, standing

on the corner; uniforms,  
plates license-red, the piercings  
of barrista nose & navel,

what do you see  
against suspicion; red wheelbarrows,  
chickens & a fatal wound,

the boy will live; he has to,

**An impulse of weather,**

Such great heights; nocturnal,  
this creaking century  
    , rattles on; abound,

, direction, this and miss,  
hit and turn; a simple drive,

tells the hour mark; the eldest,  
tin type page

    , a meditation long on glass  
in waves; spells only water out, alight

in sheets through windowshine,  
, directing opposition,