

Jasper Glen

Beaumont

Welcome to the bottom of a home
I'm building- Beaumont. Bell on top,
A perfect dinner-timed skiff-
Two dead boards knotted- a phalanx
Mouth yanked open, tell me
How do taste. All so palatial,
Bel-Air by LeMont St.
Pool spreads into green tennis concrete.
Evening viewlake, gentlemen, dranks?
Facedown later in that same lake
I marched black to Washington Square Park
In my mind, death's a leisure bell.
By Sunday the house sang like a hot pan
When my cousin hollered in his neckings
I sat in a pout, positioning.

Fox Dinner

Being is a train, is a traincar
Going along a traintrack.
This track is fixed but... conditions.
Err, counter that mistake, err
Uncounter that error.
To be clear, in byspeak competitions
I came sixth-teenish in my mind,
I was the "I" behind "I mean it".
Seeing double, sickweak, knees too,
Ankle now. I thought that would happen
When I spilled all uncontrollly,
Rolled my rudder leg against the grain field.
I think I break my ankle and fake it.
No, stuck for a fortnight, healthtrail;
Fix after myself a fox dinner.

Camping in the Canadian Wilderness

Irishman says he's stubborn enough to freeze.
Here's a man who may be able to be a he.
If I could get a hang of his accent
That would be the grains in my green beer.
I'd ask 'im why Irishmen keep coppin' kin.
Tiddly dee, he'd say, or something like,
P'tay-toes. A field's stern warning:
We use the Horse-Gaelic in this house
To farm our brodders from reprieve.
Stink o' d'peat feature, this beer.
Spit in a tin can for me.
Scold, eh? A sullen bed-coat comfort.

Remembrance

Pa, I spread remembrance with a flower,
Played red rosie 'round the alert bell
Hop-scotch to sudden burn marks.

Foot, I shook the hand of a
Man who'd been to war, supplanted
Napalm, yanked a dollar from my pocket
For the airforce.

I felt quite piloted. As the man sang
He pulled a mickey from his waistcoat.
He had become an alcoholic...

His story stitched a bit of a needle
Into my treesoul. A knot where hewn wood
Crowned, a mound of stones
At my scarred stump.

I grit my teeth, try scratch the beach-marks
For safekeeping. I turn another boy round
Show him my inspiring wounds.
Try give away flowers with ease.

Sin, what a grain-field breaking story
'Bout how seeds don't do much
In certain conditions.
I've seen blackfly smoke over Battle,
Alberta, to the by-far murder capital
of the west. Cross-prairie war- farmers
huntin' each other with turn of
the century bayonets- raising stakes
for the record: fire-burning question,
turf left? We used to dig up dead animals
and eat them at our peril, to honour
the cycle of the earth, or something.
Was it right? Who knows, we did it just
to keep ourselves in cold trouble.
Oh, I'm so glad I remembered that.

Television

Appeal, the evening blown into glass,
a rose cast/set in television.

Imagine the night sky so black
you can't stand it.

And then you have starlight.
That's what looking at you is like.

Cinematic, flight of self-diagnosis.
You sure ignite the issue-

Ego, apply lipstick canisters,
kerosene and life-like.

A character walks in, popcorn?
I'm still tossing in my skin from that scene.