

grOnk series 5 number 1

synapsis number 2

runcible spoon special CANADIAN international number

rain wasn't what drove her mad
no
it was the leak in the eavestrough
always being there
even when it sunned

- Paul Dutton TORONTO cannad a

from the coffin of strange sighs: Amenhotep IV

mono theo man
mono deo
mono theo
theo deo
deo deo
Amarna man
mono theo Amarna man
man Amarna deo theo
Amarna mana
deo theo man
amun re mono deo
amun re Amarna man
mono theo deo theo
tell el Amarna man
tella man mono deo
amun re Amarna man
amun amun deo theo
mono deo man
aton man
amun man
man Amarna amun theo
mono deo man

- Hart Broudy TONTO or CAN I DIE

pretty miss you
you know i do i
pretty miss you

- nicholas zurbrugg KERSEY eng

for el

who is capable
the most of

the time
is able

to put a cap
on what she is
able.

to feel her full
of desire
and she sighs
that she is lonely.

only who is
the hand she is

the vein
and very fork

of desire. only
so full of fire
that she pulls me along.

eyes are locked
focus in four

feet behind
my blur.

the floor
is open to ideas

up to
a while
lockd in a tree

long a
go
i saw her

and the many
yelld her name

like i was to blame

- Scott Lawrence
VANCOUVER canada

"deer beep

thnks kindlee 4 yr poems want/
wish to plant them with other
poems on mtns in the next few
weeks - also make paper planes
& drop them from 12000' above
Edmonton (a pilot friend will
be doing this for me) am told
a paper glider will travel 100's
of miles with a favourable wind
- could even reach len cohen in
new york of the village green by
STOP - andrew - STOP! now. i am
serious. i planted birney's &
mine pohems along the edges of
mtns where carins stand to mark
passes and summits of mtns - the
highest miniature libraries in
Canada that only gather snow &
ice & bloody finger prints. i do
this as a part of my own vision/
scheme in ELFIN PLOT PUBLICATIONS
- my effort of committment to
other people. i put together
images from other peoples' work
along with my own line/word draw-
ings - and craft 3 Or 4 copies
of a kind of book-portfolio; for
example, images from birney's
November Walk & my words in
graphics - 2 book/portfolios
- turned prints into 4 kites.
same with quotes from his "Car-
ibbean Kingdoms" & my own word/
constructions in wax-candles -
photographs into two books - can-
dles will be left along vancou-
ver beaches - lited candles in
evening for people to take home
free"....."poems
will be xeroxed into books - o-
thers will be scattered by fri-
ends along beaches in California
& a beach near ESSEX U. in Enland
others to be dropped over Edmon-
ton & montreal by pilot buddies -
gliders iwth poems for prairie
farmers of Canada & northern U S
of A. this by PILOT PRESS"...."my
purpose: magic - communion in a-
nother way - & the redefinition
of publication - simply: it's a
conspiracy."

- Andy Suknaski
Wood Mtn, Saskatch
ewan, CANADA

UNITE UNDER ONE BANNER IN THE LANGUAGE REVOLUTION. why not send up kite poems for WIND PRESS. drop gliders fro PILOT PRESS. distribute candle poems for SAND PRESS. posters & booklets to be left on park benches or handed out free on street corners for FOOT PRESS. be part of EEFIN PLOT PUBLICATIONS. YOU ARE THE LANGUAGE REVOLUTION. START LIVING IN YOUR OWN BODIES. MAKE YOUR POEMS PART OF EVERYBODY'S LIFE.

grOnk/runcible spoon makes the following sporting offer. join elfin plot publications by putting poems into useful circulation today & send us word for a continuing anthology of spots where poems were given out or are in circulation.

ELFIN PLOT PUBLICATIONS
A. Suknaski guru emeritus & prop.

the jiri valoch poem

for ellie

the political inevitability
becomes as obvious as
the personal. nixon
quotes God to justify
himself creating a new cosmology
more hideous than Milton could visualize

the personal life devalued east and west
buried in flaming napalm

the hideous scars
are not the scars of love

the personal is not obliterated
tho the words seem cheap
& easy to throw away

there is no language we have not torn apart and
/twisted to our own sickness

the political battle the promises
the traditions that now seem lies

sometimes in the long nights i call your name

it would be good to know you were here

- bpNichol
TORONTO, canada

i've never read a line
of Gertrude Stein

- Michael Ondaatje
LONDON, canada

to his lover who takes care
of his rooms

there must be unity
at least in the rooms
where we live

and this is why now
I hear you with a broom
entering all spaces

where the dis unity
presents itself: (forms of
dirty ashtrays
and windows where the s
/sun
has been smudged out
for days)

and I hear you with a broom while
I seek this space
and abandoned closet refuge
where a journal witnesses
my daily confusion

now the truth
about me is not confined
as I go over rooms you
have done today leaving

new confusions: (dirty ashtrays and
forms of things said on paper: windows smudged by
aging poems: seeking eyes on/or near
the streets in my voice, raising : the sun, or
you)

this, a leaving of me
in every space

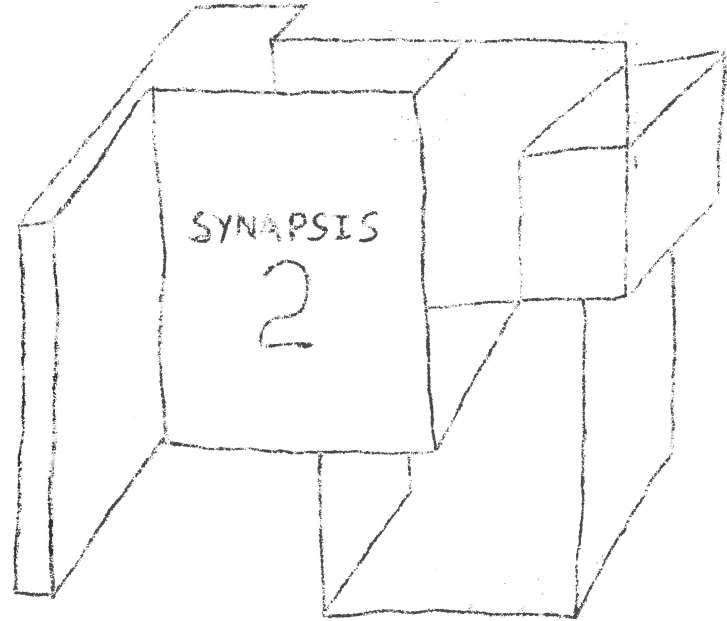
giving you at least
something
to do

- Barry McKinnon
Prince George, B.C. canada

On a quiet pond
A glimpse of sparkling white
Oh. a water-lily.

- Gary Fogarty
TORONTO canada

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