

# FROM GIFTS by bpNichol

read, dear

\*july 2nd

at *Sylvan Lake*

sun going down  
old hotel behind me  
not a memory  
but the recollection  
my parents dancing here  
1933  
their honeymoon  
Uncle Earl playing in the orchestra  
what song? what tune? what music  
drifts across the water  
all water  
years  
the self-conscious act of  
memory  
re-membering  
a life, love, the i is born out of  
passion  
songs play  
are replayed  
the dance goes  
on goes  
on

fam-ily  
fami-ly  
fam-ily  
fami-ly  
fam-i-ly  
-i-ly  
-i-  
-i-

\*july 3rd

under the gray stairs  
beside the white grocery store  
the body of the cat  
stiff now  
death having taken it  
where? looking round  
up & down oliver road  
tears streaming down my cheeks  
1954  
heaven?

\*july 4th

notes  
struck over & over again

chords  
that stack up  
play on something in you

resemblances/rhythms

rhymes  
it takes a life time to hear

heard

\*july 4th

this blue that

vocabulary

word choice or obsession  
i.e. no choice at all  
driven &/or dictated

this: present & therefore to be accounted for.  
blue: all around you (sky sea the robin's egg you found age 3).  
that: other past present future.

assumptions masking as givens  
the way belief sits outside the rational

the way the sense ration the world  
let only so much in

so much let in

letting

irrational

\*july 4th

hi story  
hi world  
hibee  
leaf

hell o honey  
is the stinger  
in the vision of  
paradise  
sin tax  
of a life

a is for apple  
b is for ball

it all comes down

it all comes down to

this

\*july 5th (song)

moonin' around  
coz i ain't with my honey

blue  
coz i isn't with you

cat's got my tongue  
makes me talk funny

when heaven ain't happenin'  
hell has to do

\*july 5th (rewriting an old poem from memory)

1934  
my sister donna  
died at my mother's breast  
three months old

1955  
i found her shoes in a box  
no bigger than  
my palm

\*july 5th

things remembered or recalled  
the way that old song refuses to leave the mind

alone

conversations with gone friends  
how it seemed you would all go on  
foreverie

/frag/mented/memory of /  
beginnings stories of  
the world before you came to be

we are all  
somebody's dead  
baby

eventually

\*july 6th

struck/sure

the search for absolutes  
in a world of flux

where are we lead  
when we follow their lead

what i read  
is read, dear

only the pronunciation changes  
not even moving your lips

pucker sucker

its the kiss of life  
of death

elipsis

in which a little knowledge grows

and what's proposed?  
a garden?  
mind?

it ain't the thot changes, the spell's the same,  
its the attack rearranges the tone rows, the strings

i signs  
i signifies  
i sings

\*july 6th

tone not  
tune nut

worm row  
burrow or rub

mmmmm hmmmmm

mirror rim

!AHA!

\*july 7th

reeding

get this mouth piece to work  
adjust  
right?

clear a net  
to catch the world in

string sections

rhythm

pi (an o's solution)

what it is, you say  
words where the worlds dwell

use hey is what determines  
meaning

hi  
(notes)

'lo  
(notes)

bi  
furcation

"it's my bag," pipes pal in drone  
"you read the music so you can play"

"how still my heart

how high"

the moon

\*july 8th

at *sylvan lake*  
certain things begin  
or it is another  
arbitrary point from which a line gets drawn  
story has its start  
its impulse  
to unravel

the moon rises

a baby cries

outside the window  
a cat prowls by &  
an orchestra plays  
"honey on the moon tonight"

sometimes  
you think you see it all in the  
mirror rim  
but then the light's dim or  
your eyes fool you

the light's blue &  
its hard to read

the signs

flash on & off

"would you like to go dancing"

from memory

"take a chance & go romancing"

"i think i'd rather stay home &  
read, dear."