



**nights
on
prose
mountain
bpNichol**

a little preface

for david aylward

a tiny blue. a green. eastern and western. certain possible things. magic in the guise of science. shaman.

david sat down. plasmen. a door opened. outside the sky was blue and tiny. the grass was green. david sat down and talked. personal saints. words. we held up the sky. later i said blue. it was a tiny day. so little room to move in.

saint ranglehold. saint reat. saint agnes. saint and.

we moved into the room. a tiny green. a blue. hello. david opened a door. we talked of personal things. possible skys. saints. an eastern green. a western blue. tiny doors opening into the sky.

*

war.

raw.

and were i to give you the moon. a clear sky. david said i was wrong. opening the pages a million dollars.

i felt like shit.

later it was all a lie.

*

the dream. saints appeared on the wall. ranglehold. reat. agnes. and. i was wrong. they were always there.

lunacy. phases of the moon. a disturbing preoccupation.

CHAPTER 36. david closed the book. blues for oleg. the circuit closed.

(i want to let you in! these are my saints

these are david's saints.)

a quiet corner. an open room. windows blowing.

quote.

unquote.

1

green yellow dog up. i have not. i am. green red cat
down. i is not. i is. over under under upside up is. i's
is not is i's?

iffen ever never youd deside size seize says theodore (
green yellow glum) i'd marry you. truth heart hard confu-
sions confess all never neither tithe or whether with her
lovers lever leaving her alone.

no no. chest paws and chin. no.

*

insect. incest. c'est in. infant. in fonts. onts. onts.
ptonts. pontoons. la lune. la lun. la lun en juin est?
c'est la lune from votre fenêtre. vos. vous. vouloir. i
wish. i wish. i may. i might. june night. and the lovers.
loafers. low firs. old frrrrs. la lovers. la lrrrrs.

*

liturgical turge dirge dinta krak kree fintab latlina
santa danka schoen fane sa paws claws le forêt. my love
coo lamna mandreen sont vallejo.

oh valleys and hills lie open le sintle ingkra list la
list cistern turning down.

je ne sais pas madame. je ne sais pas mademoiselle. je ne
sais pas l'amour mirroring mes yeux meilleur my urging
for you.

*

an infinite statement. a finite statement. a statement of
infancy. a stem of stalagmite. a stem of stalactite. a
statement of infamy. a fine line state line. a finger of
stalement. a feeling a saint meant ointment.

tremble.

a region religion reigns in. a returning. turning return
the lovers. the retrospect of relationships always return-

ing. the burning of the urge. the surge forward in animal
being inside us. the catatosis van del reeba rebus suburbs
of our imagination. last church of the lurching word worked
wierd in our heads.

*

great small lovers move home. red the church caught up rel-
ishes dog. lovers sainthood loses oversur. oh i growing
hopeless lies in ruin. u in i hope beetroot.

*

halo. hello. i cover red my sentiment. blankets return the
running ships back. clock. tock tock tick tock.

so he loves her.

the red dog green home. geth ponts returns a meister shaft.
statements each one and any you rather the could've repent
- alright? il n'est pas sont école la plume plum or apples
in imagining. je ne désirez pause. je ne sais pas. je ne
sais. je pas.

*

il y a là lever la lune. l'amour est le ridicule of a life
sont partir dans moors. le velschtang est huos le jardin
d'amour, un chanson populaire during the revolution.

mon amour un cherie, a cherry, a cheery rose with shy pe-
tals to sly on. saint rest will teach me songs to woo her.

*

au revoir. le réveillecèllée sounds up the coach. les pi-
eds de la chevalier voleur sont ma mère en la nuance de ma
votoveto.

oh maman. oh papan pa pan ppapa pan pa pan ppan. le choux
deriver la nom du chien from dog. le chat cat is back who
has forgotten his name.

2

NOW THIS IS THE DEATH OF POETRY. i have sat up all night
to write you this - the poem is dying is dying - no - i
have already said the poem is dead - dead beyond hope be-
yond recall - dead dead dead

granted a few quiet moments i would tell you what the poem
is or has been since the poem is now dead. the poem has

been nothing the poem has been something the poem is a has
been has been ever this poem the same for me who would
tell you now what it was to explain what it could be or
might have been (as they say) MIGHT HAVE BEEN beyond recall
now i have said but still having sat up all night i would
tell you something of all this.

this is yours st. reat yours i know it is yours because
it is not mine tho i write you now to tell you it is not
mine (mine never having been ever and ever as always what
has been said i said was said by you saint reat

so now i can tell you the breath is dead that brought
forth the song (poem) long time gone old dear old poem
yur a long time gone and i cannot do more now anything
to bring you (him) (it) back no nothing no thing at all
to bring the poem (song) back even tho i cry for it to
say a part of me has a hunger that will not be eased (a-
gain & again) by speech (an old form) no for the form is
dead that brought it forth

ACTUAL FACTUAL THE DEATH REPORTED TODAY TO ANYONE WHO
WHO'LL LISTEN TO ME

as a friend would say it is over beginnings and endings
say nothing not even middles used to i have confused you
my people my people who are you listen to me who are you
i do not know who i am today

maybe i will know now that the poem is dead

the poem imprisoned me (who he was) (i called him saint
reat) imprisoned me till i could see no further into me
beyond the poem that everything must be said in the poems
form that the poem must say everything I HAVE NO TONGUE
NO EYES i love with the poem SPEAK SPEAK and the language
will not will you speak to me listen to me speak to me
poem you will not would not you cannot hear me even you
have become closed to me

as all poems must i have said i have said before as i
have said many things before before now before i said
what i said (to who? to saint reat against the forest
fence fence of saint agnes a friend called her the same
who saw saint reat and called saint agnes to him to her
to he who waits to she who is now and forever trapped
beyond the poem where saint reat lies dead (how he was
born there of the eye and not the tongue) dead as i said
against a fence where saint agnes saw him and a friend
said he is dead and i knew it to be true.

3

i have a vision. i have not. a vision has i. a vision has

not. if i have a vision i have i. if i have not i have a
vision of i.

*

saint reat do not. this damned land has no vision. words
spoken grow which are god's only. end. where are you saint
reat? i have no words. there is nothing. and. your sylla-
bles damn this land of sentences. i break letters for you
like bread. i smash sounds. you are nowhere nowhere now
here now there now where no where saint reat nowhere. i
have broken by rhythms for you and changed my symbols,
pierced my breath with clauses & to where. to here? saint
reat beware. eir i invoke you. the beast in my soul be-
comes sound to be lost in the echoes of your passage. a
sage. saint reat.

*

this is the divine experience. that i have found my words
useless to reach you. everything has become a statement.
is there anything that has not become a statement. the re-
velation is that my thots can become sound. that there is
no experience outside myself that cannot be reflected in-
side myself. that i have seen you come and go to burn and
to die and have carried on. this is a divine experience.
one that you have made mine in your passing.

*

i have made song and it was not whole. cloth torn to be
rent again. i have given my soul to you - the heart of my
vowel love. you have replied with consonants and taught me
the wisdom of ways. oh there is not one i would take now
without knowledge of the other. to walk down again and a-
gain as drunk i have staggered into many poems to find you
there knowing each time i will know you better. as i have
struggled with my heart to know the meaning of my loving
you. saint reat you are the vehicle of my passion. i use
you shamelessly. there is no love in me beyond the love i
let pass thru you. you are the key to the ravelling in my
brain, the delicate fingers to enter the passageways of my
trains of thot. i am no longer whole without you. i have
passed the point of refusing you to find myself misusing
you. i would understand this now saint reat. there is no
song beyond this, a hymn to your praise. no understanding
beyond the fact of your presence. no way to escape the way
i have twisted and warped you to bend you to my will find-
ing finally it was you who had done these things to me.

*

ah saint reat. let us begin with the mornings. you braid
your syllables into words and your words to sentences, ten-
ses of meaning i become lost in. you are verb and noun and
i am lost in the mystery of you. syntax is the ax you de-
stroy me with. the cutting edges of your breath sever my
links with the past. leave me the spaces to breathe in.

*

saint reat have i not told you? this i how i misused you.
will you not believe me? i have learned to question my-
self and you. now the symbols unfold again. you beckon me
to lose myself in your mystery, to worship at the alpha-
bet of your wonder. saint reat you must lead me. my tongue
is not still.

4

the religious man practises reversals

0
0
alpha
ahpla
omega
agemo

the reversed man practises religion

SUDDENLY I AM LIGHT I I know(s)

it is the face
it is the realization of the face
it is the facing
it is the realization of the facing

the split eyes

what the eye seizes as real is fractured again and again

light
the eye's light
drifts away
diffused

by the mind's confusion
names and signatures

CHRIST become an X

name X as the man signs who cannot write his

as tho to be without a name were to take up the cross, so
that a man who is part of the nameless, part of the mass,
carries the cross further, or is more weighed down by it

X - nameless

the reversal becomes complete

a cycle into the 30's

33
33

the trinity

feneris
saint reat
saint and

saint agnes who gave them a name

saint ranglehold

3

3

as the cock crowed

5

magic replaced by religion

in the 20th century a return to magic in the guise of sci-
ence.

the truth falls away or is pushed. the hands are forced
further apart by the feelings. the face is too often a
mask for the emotions (certain possible dangers). the
hands do not do their bidding. the body is lost in possi-
bilities of being. of being so many possible things. those
things only that are possible. possible because of being
becomeable. able to be made stable and real.

feneris. early viōws saw vision as rays emanating from the
eyes (as in our own comic strips). EVIL EYES. Isis who
revealed herself to many under many different names IS the
sky the sea the
heart the eye the
TRANSFORMATIONS chomsky: "nothing irretrievable is lost"

as the man says "SPEECH!"

shadows of shadows

"love is something nice like
a nice apple
a nice animal
a nice flower
a nice tree
a nice garden
a nice room
a nice potatoe
a nice onion (ugh)
a nice girl
a nice man
a nice lady
a nice boy
that's love"

word gaps occur everywhere

to be someone, even for a moment, is better than being no-
one. if you are a poet you say it is a problem of language.
if you are not a poet you talk too much or too little. a
poet (poem)(says rob) is anyone(thing)(poem) that expresses
and communicate feelings.

now words seem less important. white sound is loud.

the chinese knew this. a world of vertical and reversed
space. calligraphy. negative forms.

(thus it is that i had
learned the secrets of sub-space - taught to me as the chi-
nese know it - that the pauses and non-verbalized state-
ments (uhm & its counterparts) are cries for help - are the
spaces where the mind moves seeking exits from the negative
areas we live and breathe in)

afterthings (for bill and martina

move up and back the glass. feneris studies the moon. po-
ses. the clipped accent of the sun.

and find me not there. gone. enter my door my heart
and where?

blue blue blues for-
ever the sun gone black into the moon - its light - and in
the window feneris studies the changes there - up and back
- into the moving accent of the dor - closing - entering
the closed windows of the sun - to never return - never -
as the chasing the moon to burn the heart.

where?

feneris

gazes on the street below - the figure of a girl moves
there - moves where feneris gazes back into the glass win-
dows of the sun - they do not exist he thinks - thinks he
does not exist but for the girl moving thru the door - but
for the blue fingers entering the moon i would not exist -
he does not exist for the girl

and feneris moves - moves
thru the thickening accidents of the day - his eyes tur-
ning blue under the clipped lightning of the moon - clo-
sing - closing - she can never reach me - fingers from the
street entering his door - never to reach me - i am a win-
dow in the girl's changings - and studies the closing of
the sun - impossible but for his burnt heart

* *

he was twelve or should i say thirty-five. it doesn't mat-
ter. in her terms he was thirty-five. in his twelve. it
does matter if you consider the time wasted. he did not
consider the time wasted. it did not matter.

she did not
care for him or he did not understand her. perhaps she did
care for him. he didn't know. now he would never know.
this was the tragedy. that she did care for him or did not
care for him seemed unimportant. the tragedy was that he
would never know.

* * *

the streets were cold. he turned up his collar. she was
not herself. she was herself thru other eyes.

this was
something she would never understand. if she did under-
stand she would not remark on it. if she did remark on it
he would turn away. if he turned away she would not remark
on it again.

* * * *

feneris turned up his collar to hide the moon. the very
very end he thot. the tragedy was that he had never under-
stood. perhaps later he would understand but now he could
not remark on it. cold seems unimportant. she would never
be herself again thru his eyes.

**

into the street the darkness gathers - half the city sink-
ing under the moon - it is my own weight thot feneris hands
falling in the cold.

she was as close as she had been in the
room. as if she had been in the room he felt the closeness
gathering. he could not gather the closed rooms around him.
every door she opened was part of his fear. she had been
walking towards him forever as tho in a dream of the impos-
sible windows of the moon - stepping thru into the pale re-
flected doorways of the sun - into the pale doorways of his
room.

feneris felt his hands falling into the weighted cold -

never to touch her - rooms falling - never to reach me
from the street below - i am lost in a room of windows
that do not exist - and his fingers move out thru the
doors they are always closing

she was moving towards him thru that room she had always
been moving into. she does not exist without me he thot
or i do not exist without her. sometimes the room existed
but he did not exist. if he did exist he did not exist
for her. she was a child he had entered into as if he was
a child himself. it was he who was entering the room. it
was her who stood inside him waiting for her to come. she
did not come. when she came he was not there.

* *

the moon was not up. feneris turned the window down and
gazed at the room. it was all folding in. the girl had
never approached him tho her fingers had brushed him.

room was folding impossibly. feneris seemed lost in the
moon. the

i am not myself. i have never thot. i have never
known myself.

his name folded in.

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- sequence 1: published in ALPHABET 12, 1966
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sequence 3: ganglia press 1966
sequence 4: press:today:niagara, U.S.A., 1966
sequence 5: visual text & recorded version included on
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by THE COACH HOUSE PRESS, toronto, 1967
sequence 6: part 3 of NIGHTS ON PROSE MOUNTAIN
sequence 7: part 1 of NIGHTS ON PROSE MOUNTAIN
sequence 8: part 2 of NIGHTS ON PROSE MOUNTAIN
sequence 9: grOnk series 1: number 2, 1967
sequence 10: ganglia press limited edition letterpress
distributed to friends 1967
sequence 11: grOnk series 1: number 8, 1967
sequence 12: visual text published in TORONTO LIFE for
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lost sequence: unpublished
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sequence 15: unpublished
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