

*FRED WAH*

*MUSIC AT THE HEART OF THINKING NINETY SIX*

The repetition of the body as a means of carrying imprint. I don't think flowers, for example, could get there any other way.

Looking at the ends first. Or that the digital eight hems. We all prefer a circle route.

If this is the edge of of, that's skating. If those words aren't full of an ankle then nobody'll read them.

Mountains. Absolutely.

One night when the moon was below the horizon the one who had travelled furthest drew a grid on the beach. Supper was over and she used fishbones to detail parts of a bird. These were labelled p, u, and m. The kids sat on a log labelled w. Some of us realized later that the moon had gone under the lake and what rose above the ridge later that night could have been larger and crisper.

Death.

Well, this summer it was limestone again. Acres of it. And that's exciting because you could meander aimlessly. Not quite: I mean a fragment seemingly a trail might reveal itself, or not.

Ten years from now I plan to stoke up the brush pile in the morning. Some words will.

Fred Wah teaches at the University of Calgary. He has published 14 books of poems, most recently *Limestone Lakes Utaniki* (Red Deer College Press, Alberta, 1989).