



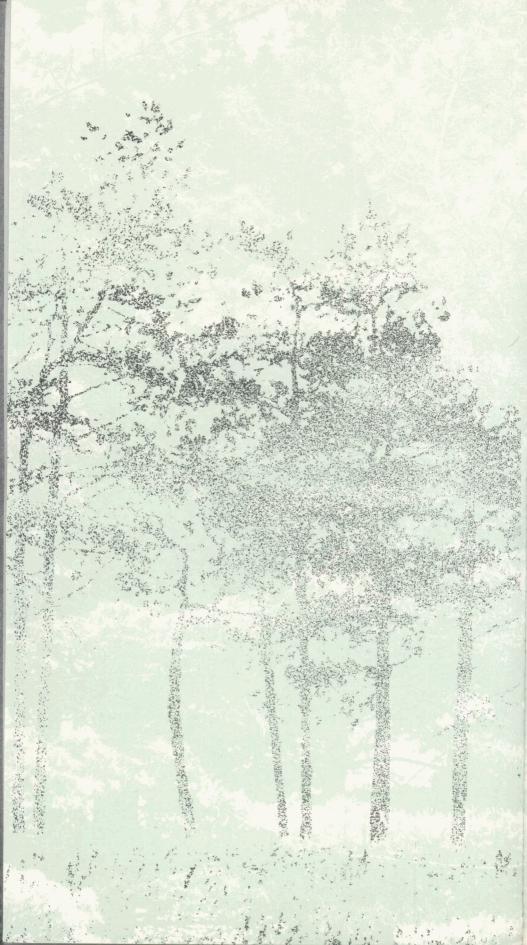
CLC

"Born in 1939 in Swift Current, Saskatchewan, FRASER UNIVERSITY After the war we moved to Trail, B.C. and then FRASER UNIVERSITY finally to Nelson, B.C. in 1948 so I really sense I grew up on the shores of the Kootenay. Vancouvel IBRARY for university (co-editor of *Tish* magazine), Albuquerque (editor of *Sum* magazine), (co-editor of *Magazine of Further Studies* and *Niagara Frontier Review*) for gredtate Studies and *N*

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other books by Fred Wah LARDEAU—Island Press, 1965 MOUNTAIN—Audit (Buffalo), 1967 TREES—Vancouver People's Press, 1972 selection in NEW WAVE CANADA—Contact, 1966





AMONG Fred Wah

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Hey Dad The Shore Oh Dad The Shore



Among

The delight of making inner an outer world for me is when I tree myself and my slight voice screams glee to him now preparing his craft for the Bifrost Kerykeion he said, the shore now a cold March mist moves down through the cow pasture out of the trees among, among

For the Western Gate

Its hard to believe Enough of this to make The horizontal land appear A place or highway Here or in the starry sky And trust my eyes to speak.

The sky was there last night There above the dark range Clear over the mist and trees That star, she said, is that The look it sees us through?

Hard enough to see One small point or passage And take that the Gate The by-way and a pass-word Now to know I go as I look Not otherwise only Through the mouth of eyes I speak for myself I Want to go out there out Over the view to look for

The Canoe, Too

there is all that talk about northern waters lakes with canoes sliding silently over the cold glass surfaces in the moonlight and a mountain rising to the moon in its ice and snow the rocky shore and its cold dry branches of driftwood waiting for you to return alone in the still night shimmering darkness

there is all that talk of this and the mind wanders there in a canoe language carries like a picture framing you in the black ice water

9

there is all this kind of talk and you listen to the words

the northern lakes freeze over the ice snow covers the valley and all the trees

Hermes in the Trees

World word alive in the heart circle of the moon round and square the trees hum and whistle the trees bend slightly the wind is warm and it moves up the valley it moves as May 1st has today the warm spring advances the tops of them crown in the air that moves (can their own roots know any of it?) O word of the world round and square give me such graces and all accomplishment incline to me the blackness and swift flight roots held in the dark soil bright branches to the sun and air in other words the eye of heaven consumed by necessity and by its redness out through the west wall to my right out there in the trees as a bird rushes to perch in the moon's limb and such a whiteness heard that servant and messenger of the inner world "the lightning flash that connects heaven and earth" out there in the gulley the cedar-head that needs the cedar-feet out there which wants ever to return twin-twisted kerkeion the warm and dark the roots as claws under all of this moving over under

Note

Mike I look through the spruce boughs Far out over the valley Into sun-in-the-clouds.

And I pivot, Mike At the turn of winter I try to be the place, Tilt my gaze as tree-face Cedar-head, sun-shine.

Now no move of any-eyes a winter a heavy curtain everywhere new snow all views every thing Think spruce-face ice upright?

0.K.

P.S.

very far in very out.

Furs for Jack Clarke

Fur

is the woods

fur

the soft bound ball body slat (down at the river

laid out in

fur

the dead dog the dead fur stiff stuff corpse 1846

"it was no longer profitable to trap the beaver"

1834

1820 1821 in a dog's yelp beaver horses

tracks on the earth

but not beaver

dogs

are our fur's the same thing

the same reach

for beaver

and rivers

go where

the men go those trappers those lyrical trappers

song-minded americans

in dog's yelping

to Astor

sittin in new Yawrk

sippin gin &

beavers and boats around the continent

not fur

not where

the missouri is not a starting place where

the beaver is

is

(they no longer have any names those george simpson's men's journals crossing the continent by water by portage by grease pemmican & tallow, the fats the meats made possible the "inland" voyages to the sea (and beaver?) the columbia and down the wide land to portland and back up the interior to the trails and furs)

spreading

those pierced nosed ones

ponies

bickering posts

it was not for money it was for men

and their fur

was 'land'

geo-

fur

is the overland is the river the portage

where I sit up on a deer bear run no longer a trapper's trail and think that I have discovered a language in the warm afternoon breeze inside myself I feel the kootenay to issue from out of

as vapours

and the clouds which shuttle the mountains' peaks 14 where the beaver builds he moves up to the head at the back of the place and makes that the place the water comes of before the flow begins

there the beaver builds a bridge of mud and birch and then the creeks below No — anywhere he can do it he does anywhere build a creek song build something but that fur is in warmth like a lie rubeiboo

11

the murky soup somewhere a mix-up the incline of Howser Ck. to Taurus Mt. four squatters that way starbird glacier on the right 9 cabins 2 and ½ decades of winters muskrat martin Hans Rasmussen his my snowshoes

look

with an 80 lb. pack go with his eyes look what else can ya do but stare the bear down

and on and on his politics the eyes of absolute necessity

111

- W MARK

the fur is as clear as can be had as trans-continental or men of which virtue they occupy little space in a canoe

not fur

at all

in Buffalo --- May 1966

In The Winter of November 1969

(Going now to where this came from only to arrest the world as a going on "experience of earth" and my friend from Chicago says "walk right through all that"

November 14, Apollo 12 has just been struck by lightning and above the Kootenay river the affirmation of strength and "infinite possibility" straight out the front door the very fur Simpson's men didn't or even Loki stretched out under the apple tree sleeping as I a joy step on this morning the lip to hold all of it there a magnet that dog's eyes the obvious farnesses)

1

IV

Forest

And we just stood there in the Forest look at everything around us looking surrounding

All Eyes (for Jenefer)

She is as yet all eyes to see and must look out at everyone

(from on her back the leaves the falling green of trees fall to

her eyes o eyes her aye well-seeming eyes.

The Flower

The Mountain sits in the men's minds of the east

flowering as some white and green lip or petal

in the imagination of colors and size

fragrances and ice a timber line scree, some grass lake and rocky streams

all

in their imaginations that it is a mountain they sit upon crying out up the valley "A Flower, a flower!"

Mountain

Mountain come over me in my youth green grey orange of colored dreams darkest hours of no distance Mountain full of creeks ravines of rock and pasture meadow snow white ridges humps of granite ice springs trails twigs stumps sticks leaves moss shit of bear deer balls rabbit shit shifts and cracks of glaciation mineral O Mountain hung over me in these years of fiery desire burns on your sides your many crotches rocked and treed in silence from the winds Mountain many voices nameless curves and pocked in shadows not wild but smooth your instant flats flat walls of rock your troughs of shale and bits soft summer glacier snow the melting edge of rounded stone and cutting of your height the clouds a jagged blue your nights your nights alone your winds your winds your grass your lying slopes your holes your traps quick blurs of all my dreams Mountain poem of life true and real reeling Mountain burning mind stand word stand letter voice in whisper secret repeating cries

stand in rock stretch out in all ways to the timber line spread over all valleys run cool the waters down from luminous white snows your cracks

O creek song flow always an utter pure of coolness spring from the rocks sing in the hot thirsty my sticky tongue my jaw catch below the bridge Yes my jaw for your waters hangs catch of water soothe the sweat sweet cold on teeth in flow and eddy in swirl my gut it fills and bloats with fluid mountain

White

over all the air the valley shifts shift up the valley's shape over all the cup the earth it makes of the cottonwood O the cottonwood float a hillside up with fluff rise eyes of the world whirling through me clamor some sky-like music

fill the currents of the valley white

clumps the eyes of the trees

even slits in her sides dark alder gulleys hide under

white fluffs your cotton smooth earth-covered earth blurry in in

semen spray soft cottonwood cotton

cotton

cotton

cotton

Sludge in the lake bottom right the Willet

Lardeau

across Argenta

morning

a new town

the mirror of pulled out to the marsh and the rock bluffs

North

Birds of the Mountain lift me

fill in my eyes the dark walled places of the sides the moving airs on rock push up the faces to the edge I climb where birds on the way out

hang

the air which is their own beating keep the shape of the Mountain and pull at my arms the edge of ice or rock and pull out and out on the cool rise fill out the spaces to the top rock the dry ridges the iced ridges the black crevices green valleys O shoulders beaks wings legs boots

push out

Wherever you are wherever you can believe in pictures of the earth's contours and just because its dark out have words enough the earth tonight can't wait —

the moon is gold the stars are somewhere the snow glitters back the ice shines a cold moon the white makes and the eyes of Marblehead take in spaces as deep as their faces black pitvoid voice the mouth hole the words all are places and distant the snowbird a bowl to the white moon's brightening

root brown the fall airs O the end of August rains turn snow the dirt is hard around the rocks the leaves are warm around those rocks the snow is warm the dirt is O so Co-old

even the eyes along the road the map plots move as once moved time took from

even the eyes switch

turn with each bend bridge the creeks cut even the eyes the fences make and lumber yards the sawdust fills even the eyes scan along a lake the ditches' bottles weed and beaches' sand or gravelled air of gravel

even the dust the eyes recall what the map shows as trail flag stop railway trestle the creosote planks or powerline the cut is or clearing the legs' relief from elevation intervals ridge to ridge the contour eyes make boundaries shot chains traverse the timber lease or lookout eyes look lookout of even the eyes a lake is or creek fills and the map the eye is a circle makes the Mountain isn't

Hey Mountain there spring up in the sky my skull holds a blazing green of skree and trees Hey your ice your ice

it hides

moves and slides

white and cold as corn of summer smooth the winter's snow becomes so be your peaks in a very blue sky indeed squat where the legs of you slope flower out in the lakes of my eyes shimmering Kootenai waters green dark green

> flow down and into RISE

BENT

the beat my self my heart's

BENT BENT

Bear system Fur quivering at the tree's roots

not even a growl the gut flowing in cloud

the vaporous red dream the horse's cock

by the field the river

erect to mount the mare

beating

FUR FUR

in the valleys the hot afternoon the animals screwing

all their mountains all the

Ya Fur Fur

I stand the upright Mountain at its base I stand in roads in valleys in standing desire its quieting gravel ways stand roots upturned at the roadside turn in and twist deeper the head's nerves and gentle sinking stump my body

warm

I look out at it to its tree branching boughs bird's wings flap in green in sun light light brown needles ground is covered dried shit of deer bed

old

res

the old tree stand my axe is melting in bite the grain of the trunk burning the fire down to its roots black the bark hard the upright tree the Mountain's burn look out at it stand in it turn cover the ground take off the thought's eyes

go in go in the flaming base sink in the skins of the Mountain's earth along the road far from the road in gravel stand through the twist in desire the gravelled road inward to the base of the upright Mountain

go in

26

its quiet burning its evening still its my eyes have gone my eyes my birds' wings fluttering

O Mountain stand is set my roots the sun is in my legs

The Level

In a mind of mountains the topography is cocked for disguise the heart expects everything moves as a level surprise trips and turns the eye the big boot starts in the underbrush so readily stupidly to follow the mind which is tricked. What stick but a fresh-barked log wet can start the foot slip lose the elevation of the line a cliff creek stop what the compass-eye intended?

What earth can so undermine as well as gravelly roots your ass in the air? Nothing so much as the mind's line the map to make the mountains' trees the roads locate the eye's desire to hold the mirrored compass to the eye to sight the button push record the crown of larch or branch or bark or granite rock.

In the mountain's mind in the forest there is no mistrust the intention of the topography to be true is as much a level of the heart as lines to place a map the mind locate.

Letter, October 18/67

this morning there was snow as far down as our house thus the hills were covered and into the valley below just wet puffs dear george dear jack dear women & hung on the spruce boughs bent the bushes' branches onto the picture of the road and me driving through them the road beneath our house the old highway I come off our steep dirt driveway onto and you know how excited I get about snow and jennefer too pauline never gets excited dear mike already written dear pat please come & see us the river I drive along every morning its steams rise a recurrent picture vou know of all I know of Wurm glaciation dear Jack here is a very good map of the arctic for on it you can see Franklin's men & all their Lime juice the Ag-loo-ka (Crozier) was the Esh-e-mit-ta & particularly Crozier who comes out of the wind of snow & mist only when that is what you want to know will then be imaged for you and also it is a good map for Thos. Simpson, Point Turnagain and death how does the war look. from there this year it looks more like a mouth from here in the mountains where the snow has come lower daily from the peaks and now on the apples pauline still hasn't picked outside our kitchen -ahh I don't know I miss you all and that going to "started and went toward Oot-koo-ish-ee-lee (Great Fish or Back's River), saving they were going there on their way home." cold snow

All That Winter There

We are gone outside you and I through our door into the cold night that is like icicles between us.

Your face is white also as the powder snow out there behind our faces.

A complete cold lies all about us now the door and cold air the stare between us freezes then you walk outside alone on your own white snow into all that winter there.

The Snow Stars Rock

Yah its a picture the green boughs bow the snow down the black night fills the top branch the tree tops its a picture the world is throw down snow castles from the night above the snow above is filled with stars are filled-in warriors and dog heroes quiet now

the hill side

sidles up as I up the sky I move through

> the trees white moon oh hang on hang on the rock clear dark fir boughs dark wet fir boughy roads

in the silences and under your blazing timber sun

down

the mountain four feet above your silken grass sides the bark flies from the pitch sticks

yes mud yes please hang on propulsioned sights

> uh huh a picture I is eyes in the stars I look at I be a ceiling of soft dark height...

The Hill the Rhythm Moves

truck the tires black rock-pocked rubber gravel dust the road

the road it is on (length)

the side (where)

west

move over it (the road)

the slope slopes

a way in an edge it is the growth cut away the right-of-way

wynds

into the shape the sidehill is an 'up' at the round of my back behind down behind before where I was

the creek up the hill beside the road by under me

there on the top in the mountain at the trees blue sky green light

at noon (then) the logs marked (volume) by us (thirst)

turn and take under the road legs and the creek beside down to the lake's and highway at the mouth

shore

the color in the water is the trees' blue sky green light from the hills up

Up that hill & into the trees

you bastard and don't stop-

run

a turn is a trunk the bark the coat of a stem that I am a sapling it is into brush into needles my eyes the head in the green of its branches the rough it is rough to the face my bark is hit hair in the pitch stick in the crotch scrape against bark open the skin from the eyes in the needles the needles the green-blue through the bunches its shoulders feet caught betwixt roots twist the boughs who give way they bend the pitch stays the air a shimmering sunlit haze of pollen I'm into the trees my legs the hill is.

(a ship sails by with a face and a flag I want to be the flag up there and a moon in a dark and tossing sea let me be the tossing no l'II be the road over the hill and out of sight)

The Declination of the Compass Needle

in 1957 is decreasing 3.8 minutes annually in 1963 it is not from Mt. Christine what little difference a new poetics /topographics

> yellow ribbons plastic yellow ribbons

just the mark and twist of number

only streaks in the trees to measure the image

like any point the needle.

Poem for Turning

Move down zigzag through switchback through sideways move down there move side right move left keep right angles head front-wise cleft earth hold the fall-line fall to trees keep incline be degrees go corner move side move jut out

in boots road pick-up sidewise wide three ruts wheel ridge grass switch eyes move in boots

in

heel knee cut side-hill ditch run-off move down ricochet track line shove spin out fall back fall side saw the forest clear the creek rock split the sky open roll dig cover burn fill the fill and cross the bridge turn up turn into turn at it

New Heaven & Earth 6

I point to my own absolute (?) experience of myself as a step towards which all my being flows (into) & fills and from that there a physical place out of which the possible

SO

rete

the inner joyous heat which earths it through me

then

Of all at this here From the hill

To me

the place of myself

CAULDRON

... above All upper Bonnington

...so much as there is a steady flow of breath of him who is the turbine of his own sources it comes from the base of the neck from a small hint of light far back of what is about to happen

Song

What a wonderful way To come into the city All over the bridge

0

ver the bridge.

Trip

I knew where I was and I knew where He was

cuz I took Him there.

O yes I did. its what he wanted weren't it?

36

Apple

His Idea of (Car) Beauty in his Eye (Rasberry)

Hers of Travelling Lemon (Maybe)

Apple in their Heads.

A Missile

O Jack what a relief a laugh this morning

see everything goes anywhere that any other place is also there.

Believe me it is pure Joy to overshoot the Moon and find you out there too.

Report

Jack I went up Main Street the ship of your big white convertible tracking

curtains sliding candles for head sockets

heaves within heaves of her flow and tears at the edge of

she spoke of you I did we circled on you like that then it was hours the beer loosened talk fell back to her eyes cushioned in on themselves

in on the storm.

Manly Road Watermelon Blender

red rhubarb play the box so say what yOu want and yOu can care for me tonight to play this box you make it with a box a box a picture baby Mary meadows are so Baby blue and green why don't you go the way red rhubarb does ech red rhubarb break his heart and break my heart you've been promised a lid a heaven oNo

Goodbye Then

So

what was that you said that night what the last time in the morning out side his volkswagon there the very last time in that place you know that humid city what was it on that street (a wedding yes later in the day) then but who was it blew the night that most last colored hour on the stage the jazz in all our drinks some final word that dawn's look Michael Jack Mary Bob Pat what was that you said then

> on Brewster Street in Buffalo 14214 New York?

Cover

this is the enchanted forest this is Criseyde and Gawain in the rain this is too important it is dark out under the trees there is too much going on out there the stars are there the fog is there its cold the stones are wet and slippery

the woodshed is out there somewhere they are screwing their lives up in the castle the feast is very important the kisses are the war was the hunt is every day away all day the grass is shiny here is the moon and here is his shield his horse

carries a ton here

is the axe there is the forest where is her palace now why is she here look

at his heart where has she gone and why is he sleeping in the rain this is really the enchanted forest her picture is on the cover

Here

is a dead letter, Mike the postal gods there are warring and the neighbors, they spin get out in their cars rubber in our back yards our parking lots our garbage cans the noises are everywhere is there a war on there is such a storm for the cars where will they all go to our neighbors on such a tempestuous night a night Wait! There she is see her, on the corner thin-wristed twirling her waist amulets tinkling, O god her earings laughing

Letter, May 15/68 Mike, The Hangup is Her river revere power magics hums high away flowers out valley V o river my girl the doll of the valley kiss dance they drum they give out many things & another is kissed she is given multiple items her drum is many it pounds out ready koot nay eee her bum in the air tits to the moon road runneth ever it flows pounds giveaways very late very dark at night her kisses are many things mysterious steering her dance is as her drum is many kisses / much river

43

A Possession in Great Measure

for Jaquie

1.

That shape of this in me the sudden presence of your eyes a world I want to call not Love but clearly lovely water shining from your clear shining water

2.

Illuminate a world then? Show through the many brightnesses you offer mine to give away so easily a possibility I mean the miles and minds you've covered for me and didn't mean to. well you did, you gave to me what was it? A morning moon and sun, then a valley full of tired, tired talk that soft the endless layers that soft and well your chiding leading where can anyone shine through, so light a place for all of us except with you but what you are a possible an eyelight then.

l'Il take your tears also as a gift they are the shape of brilliant seas and fears the deepnesses you show and give to me the clear night.

Now I tell you that I wanted them something necessary like the ferry over shining water something like a river.

The Advantage of You

Here let me, Only Occur it for myself anyway

When I was a child and then later a whole generation

... it gets complicated

somehow the story I find me in too

E.g. I know this girl who grew all this corn and called herself the 'tassle girl'

She even planned a party to illustrate her edge.

46

Borning

Do you two know in your round eyes that what you share by them shines clearer now than breaking water?

Show me that world you both acknowledge by your looks is only yours.

What is that thin shoreline between you? Beach and water, a container of continuing birth and feeling?

Let me see it every day Pauline and Jenefer.

...With Feeling

Build a big uh. . .anything

'Like a, like a drum, a drum'

And hit it now all over town, you

Show 'em spin their heads

And How to make a bang

A Great big noise of yourself.



I never knew writing was this easy. All I have to do is do what I'm doing right now, like saying "I never knew writing was this easy" — just saying it. That means a lot to me cause it means I can say just about anything I want as long as its what I want to say. I guess its the utter truth or honesty which is so attractive in language. The virtu, some say. It, for example, could go something like this:

I've thought and I've felt for a long time now that the title "Hockey Night in Canada'' would make an excellent title for a book of writing. There's something to it that proposes all sorts of interesting possibilities of what to say. At first it was long poem, epic perhaps, containing all the music of a hockey game, the movement over the surface of the ice, the satisfying accuracy of the puck slapped into a corner of the net, any of the action going on. Then it was to be a story of my own story, a spiritual biography containing images of my life, my father standing against the boards of the arena, both of us, watching the Swift Current Indians practice, my first skates, my first wound, anything, I felt that could be a part of the blood. I still think its a great title but today I just say it and you know right away that that's what I mean.

