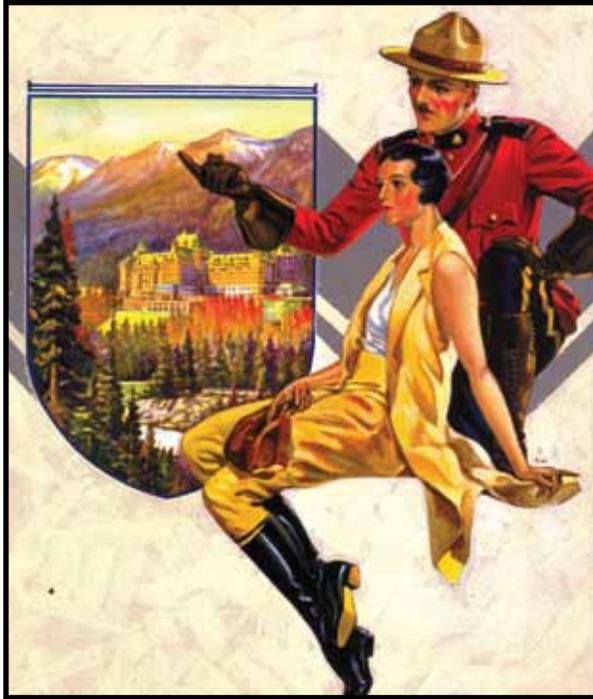


GREAT CANADIAN POEMS
FOR THE
AGED

VOLUME 1
ILLUSTRATED EDITION

MICHAEL BOUGHN

BookThug
2012



FIRST EDITION

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Photo credit cover and page 1: A naked Doukhobor woman watches a house burn as part of the sect's protest in this June, 1962 photo. (Photo: George Diack/Vancouver Sun files)

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WYNDHAM LEWIS GOES TO WAWA

Rumours precede encounters with doom
saturated messages scrawled across giant
goose pediments. Lifetime sentences
of waiting. Black flies. Snow. One

guy nearly bled to death from the flies
and hypothermia was regularly
reported. Vortices do that. Distances
extend the former into revelations

of kingfisher tumult – slime laden
meetings dumbfounded crossings
refusing translation into former
vocabulary's insistent nag. Two

syllables never before encountered
are a vortex of no mean feat crying
mysterious tears in the twilight
of uncommon sentence generation,

almost as if unfamiliar distances
necessarily spawned illustrious
despoiling of virginal
forests in narratives with too many

ambiguous proddings. Legends
circulate through exact ecstasies
in a time of long roads evading syntactical
contraction's sad lucidity, spreading wings

of concrete ascension, heaven being
another destination yielded dimension
of deliberate earth delivered to wayward
travelers in northern mists. Once outside

Winnipeg the seams of night came undone
releasing secretly held fire in cascades
of relentless revelations of nothing
more than night. Recalling Wawa indicates

asyntactic spasms persisting in song
lapses of continuous temporal
malfunction. The composition would never
be the same, stuttering eruptions

of mnemonic static gumming the works,
another pesky vortex disrupting
recollected tranquility in instances
of long neglected insistence on meaningless

feeling. Meanwhile, the goose continues
to rise majestically through flurries of words
mute but determined to reach cruising
altitude to the sound of distant saxophones.

SUNSET OVER THE BRUCE

This one's for real if you can discount particular additions altering atmospheric displays of descending glory, but that's part of the logos too, as Spicer said, indicating you should

not get your hopes up when conditions indicate more of the same as a consequence of just sitting there. The loss of breath to skies demands flaming Jesuits

as a benchmark of combustion's radiant effluence seeping into and out of everything. How many of those can you take before your heart shatters into pieces

flaming out in lurid displays of constellating intent scattered across skies resembling inside's memory of outside's recollection of inside's dream of a

sky? Reminding massive movements of it all, round and round, falling inch by sacred inch through intersecting edges. Peach is a word, but it's not

the word that umber isn't either. Later gods will play in clouds lit from within. It may not be enough to sustain permanent instances of stable arcadian rhythms

but delirious extensions of green make a world of uncanny connections look to the stars for explanations of suitable simplicity. One thing for sure

it never stops moving, ripples across
its blue face bearing messages in waves
that reach us as the voices of distant
crows, raucous and mocking iterations

of three seemingly meant to lay claim
in the clamour to triangulations
of bleeding location nailed to some
passing conjunction but maybe just having

a good laugh at the expense of old
men who think too much about miraculous
correspondences and moral dilemmas
known as evading vulnerable when no

other kind of bleeding matters if risk
is the alias elusive encounters
staying with words means to dimensional
yields of daily bread and ruptured sky.

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