

Redactions

Ian Kinney

a phrase forgets
the sentence. like liquid
defects in the ripple,
we flow. in this caress
we narrow to spasm. we erupt
amid a condition called
periods.

Stitches propose a mistake
scars work hard to forget.
I sign my symptoms
with a pencil. I sigh
into a point.

An "I" turned into a "him" here.
A hymn he sang.
This dishevelled allegro. A dismembered
remembering. This notepad quivers
with sheepish glee. I quake
in its embrace. This skin
exposed to stitch, now white
per say or printed black.
Shaking off the afterglow
we strafe into the crowd.
Cotton mouths
the word, "ow" ascends.

Our lines curl in
commas, blossoming in seams.
Seemingly we never kissed yet
kissing intermittently,
we break into this quiet line's
italic lace. Your letters press
this cursive pressure
strips the space between
this paper.

And in you, your edged caress.
Your letterpress lets lip delay
but this ellipsis....
spills away

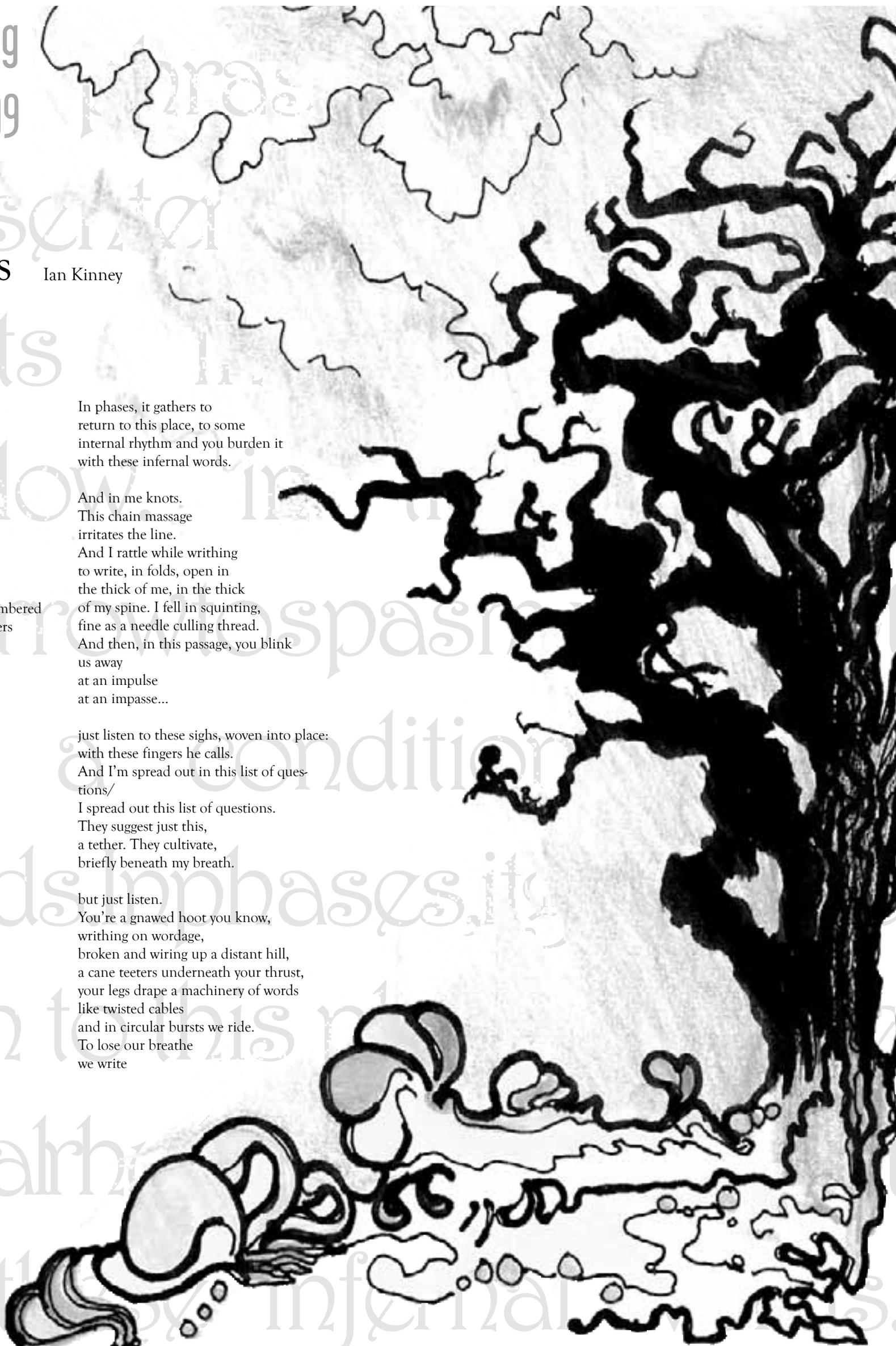
He spells a w a y with spaces
and he slips on return
To break in his space
He leaves/
/he leans on the page
and his breathe returns

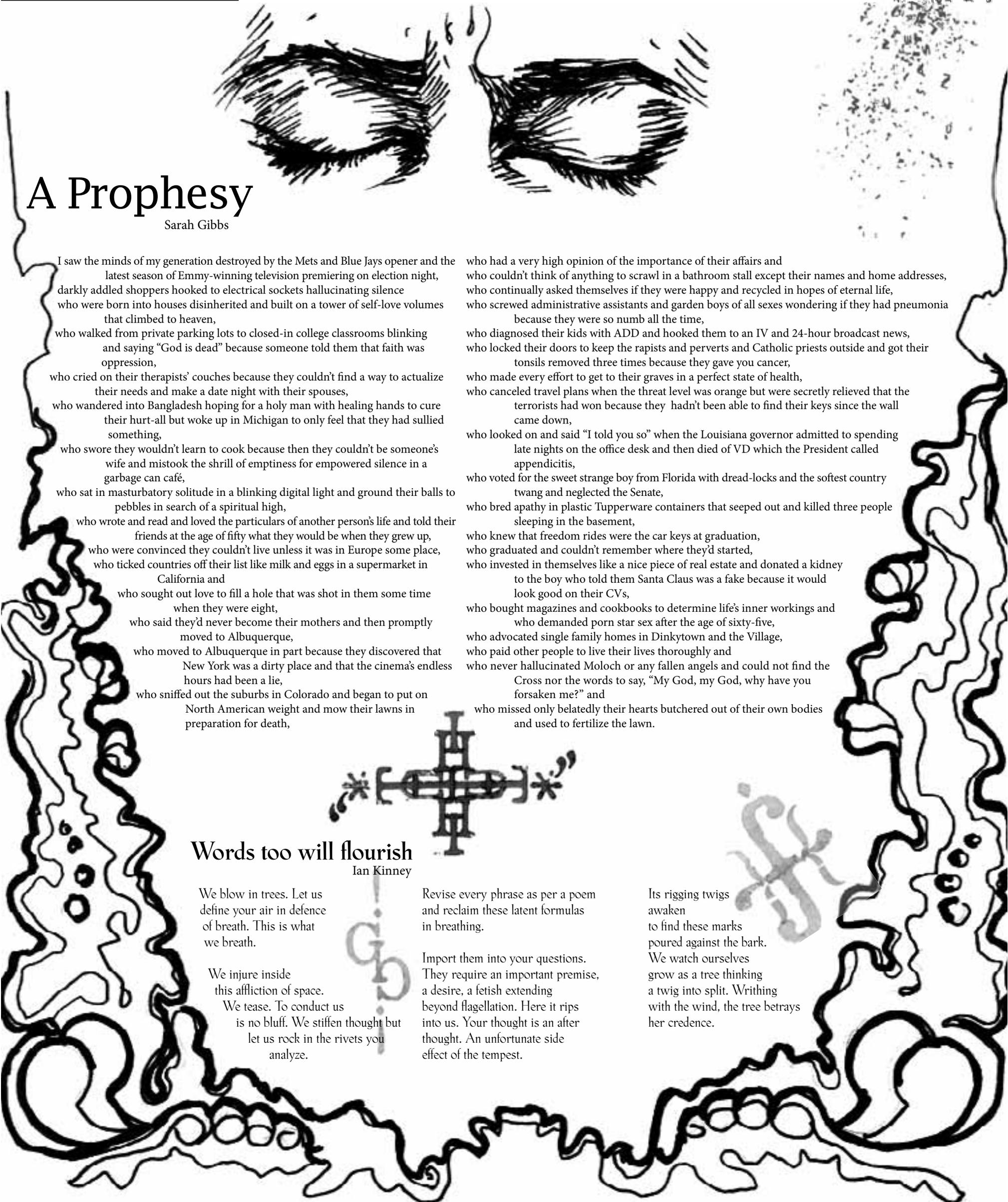
In phases, it gathers to
return to this place, to some
internal rhythm and you burden it
with these infernal words.

And in me knots.
This chain massage
irritates the line.
And I rattle while writhing
to write, in folds, open in
the thick of me, in the thick
of my spine. I fell in squinting,
fine as a needle culling thread.
And then, in this passage, you blink
us away
at an impulse
at an impasse...

just listen to these sighs, woven into place:
with these fingers he calls.
And I'm spread out in this list of ques-
tions/
I spread out this list of questions.
They suggest just this,
a tether. They cultivate,
briefly beneath my breath.

but just listen.
You're a gnawed hoot you know,
writhing on wordage,
broken and wiring up a distant hill,
a cane teeters underneath your thrust,
your legs drape a machinery of words
like twisted cables
and in circular bursts we ride.
To lose our breathe
we write



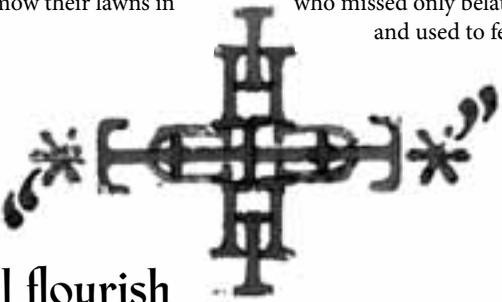


A Prophecy

Sarah Gibbs

I saw the minds of my generation destroyed by the Mets and Blue Jays opener and the latest season of Emmy-winning television premiering on election night, darkly addled shoppers hooked to electrical sockets hallucinating silence who were born into houses disinherited and built on a tower of self-love volumes that climbed to heaven, who walked from private parking lots to closed-in college classrooms blinking and saying "God is dead" because someone told them that faith was oppression, who cried on their therapists' couches because they couldn't find a way to actualize their needs and make a date night with their spouses, who wandered into Bangladesh hoping for a holy man with healing hands to cure their hurt-all but woke up in Michigan to only feel that they had sullied something, who swore they wouldn't learn to cook because then they couldn't be someone's wife and mistook the shrill of emptiness for empowered silence in a garbage can café, who sat in masturbatory solitude in a blinking digital light and ground their balls to pebbles in search of a spiritual high, who wrote and read and loved the particulars of another person's life and told their friends at the age of fifty what they would be when they grew up, who were convinced they couldn't live unless it was in Europe some place, who ticked countries off their list like milk and eggs in a supermarket in California and who sought out love to fill a hole that was shot in them some time when they were eight, who said they'd never become their mothers and then promptly moved to Albuquerque, who moved to Albuquerque in part because they discovered that New York was a dirty place and that the cinema's endless hours had been a lie, who sniffed out the suburbs in Colorado and began to put on North American weight and mow their lawns in preparation for death,

who had a very high opinion of the importance of their affairs and who couldn't think of anything to scrawl in a bathroom stall except their names and home addresses, who continually asked themselves if they were happy and recycled in hopes of eternal life, who screwed administrative assistants and garden boys of all sexes wondering if they had pneumonia because they were so numb all the time, who diagnosed their kids with ADD and hooked them to an IV and 24-hour broadcast news, who locked their doors to keep the rapists and perverts and Catholic priests outside and got their tonsils removed three times because they gave you cancer, who made every effort to get to their graves in a perfect state of health, who canceled travel plans when the threat level was orange but were secretly relieved that the terrorists had won because they hadn't been able to find their keys since the wall came down, who looked on and said "I told you so" when the Louisiana governor admitted to spending late nights on the office desk and then died of VD which the President called appendicitis, who voted for the sweet strange boy from Florida with dread-locks and the softest country twang and neglected the Senate, who bred apathy in plastic Tupperware containers that seeped out and killed three people sleeping in the basement, who knew that freedom rides were the car keys at graduation, who graduated and couldn't remember where they'd started, who invested in themselves like a nice piece of real estate and donated a kidney to the boy who told them Santa Claus was a fake because it would look good on their CVs, who bought magazines and cookbooks to determine life's inner workings and who demanded porn star sex after the age of sixty-five, who advocated single family homes in Dinkytown and the Village, who paid other people to live their lives thoroughly and who never hallucinated Moloch or any fallen angels and could not find the Cross nor the words to say, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" and who missed only belatedly their hearts butchered out of their own bodies and used to fertilize the lawn.



Words too will flourish

Ian Kinney

We blow in trees. Let us define your air in defence of breath. This is what we breath.

We injure inside this affliction of space. We tease. To conduct us is no bluff. We stiffen thought but let us rock in the rivets you analyze.

Revise every phrase as per a poem and reclaim these latent formulas in breathing.

Import them into your questions. They require an important premise, a desire, a fetish extending beyond flagellation. Here it rips into us. Your thought is an after thought. An unfortunate side effect of the tempest.

Its rigging twigs awaken to find these marks poured against the bark. We watch ourselves grow as a tree thinking a twig into split. Writhing with the wind, the tree betrays her credence.

The

Dead

Walk

They walk like puppets with no strings attached, they walk like a straightened wire hanger, dead, yet not yet dead, yet all tensed up like a pack of wild dogs, predators, placid as mannequins, they rise up like Frankenstein, rarely ratcheting up any emotion at all, they bundle the nerves, they don't eat you completely, they won't eat you completely, they are missed, they miss the mall, they are missing, it's hard to miss them, they stagger to the store once shot, they appear completely

distraught, shell-shocked, they wipe tears from their eyes, several times, they're stuck in limbo here, stuck outdoors, overworked, their limbs flail spasmodically in all directions, hardly the picture of grace, they can't read stop signs or the expressions on people's faces, killing the pets and destroying the home, they devour homes, they're very much a part of the village life right now, they refuse to recognize your right to exist, that appears to be

their mantra right now, so badly decayed, when you put them in a group they'll entertain themselves, they huddle together, they take a break from the howling to feed off each others stories, the notion that these things prefer language over music is a fantastic finding, half eaten by a bird of prey, they listen very carefully, hearing again the details surrounding their death, yet no other details have been released.

U
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Silly girl,
What did you think?
Or did you think
To give your heart
Unwillingly?
Or make him think
That it was never
Yours
To give?

Oh silly girl,
Who is this boy
Of whom you speak,
For whom you cry
And dare not think
For fear you'll die?

For if you think,
As how you should,
When first those eyes
And next those lips
Did touch a soul
Not yours to touch,
Not yours to have,
It's Him
Who stole your heart
Unwillingly.

MEAGAN MEIKLEJOHN

-excerpts from the calgary herald

Ian Kinney



About

NōD

NōD is the University of Calgary's only undergraduate run creative works publication. Available in the University Bookstore and Pages Bookstore in Kensington, NōD is dedicated to publishing the poetry, prose, and visual art of writers and artists here at the University of Calgary.

To submit to NōD please send your submissions to nodmagazine@gmail.com or by mail to NōD Magazine, Department of English, University of Calgary, 2500 University Drive N.W., Calgary, AB, T2T 1N4

Of Consequence

Tim Ford

Dorian Vicker woke up on Saturday morning to discover he was dead. It was not expected or long coming. He was the picture of health, he had no mortal enemies, and he was fairly certain he'd turned the stove off last night. Yet undeniably the article read:

Dorian Vicker, born August 16, 1978, passed away suddenly on March 10, 2009.

Dorian frowned. It was March 10.

Dorian is survived by his sister, Catherine, his many friends, and of course his dog Monty.

Dorian shot a glance down at his mutinous Labrador pup, as if he might find the explanation for his premature departure from the mortal coil there. Monty looked back up with great big guileless eyes. Dorian shook his head and kept reading:

Dorian led a life of great achievements in the phone sales industry. He had a wonderful sense of humour and he will be sorely missed.

Dorian tossed the paper aside. Dorian had, at various points in his life, come to distrust the government, the moon landing, Hollywood, and on one occasion his own mother (she had claimed in a drunken stupor that he was immaculately conceived). If there was one thing he thought he could count on, it was the Times. It was his rock in a sea of a world gone mad with photo-editing software and gossip columns. In fact, such was his reliance on the Times for information that he decided he had better check to make sure that they weren't right after all.

Dorian picked up his phone and dialled. A couple of rings buzzed in his ear and then a sleepy voice said "Hello?"

"Catherine?" He said. "It's Dorian."

"Dorian, it's 8 on a Saturday."

"That's not too early."

"It is if you were up with your husband having the best sex you've had in ages, and you just want to—"

"Oh god!" Dorian cut her off. "You can't tell me that. I can't hear that."

"Why not?" Catherine said.

"Because you're still my little sister, I don't care how old you are."

"You'd better not have called me just to tell me you love me like that infamous Stevie Wonder song."

"Have you seen the paper this morning?"

"Did you miss all that stuff about the deserved rest of the sexually satisfied?"

"No. Go get your paper. You get the Times, right?"

Catherine was starting to sound irritated. "This is ridiculous, Dorian."

"Indulge me."

There was a grunting noise on the other end like an engine turning over. "I'll call you back when I get it, okay?"

"Perfect," Dorian said. "Oh, and I do love you."

"Goodbye, Dorian."

Dorian hung up the receiver. Monty cocked his head up at his master in query. Dorian shook his head. Walkies would have to wait. He was too busy trying to solve his own demise. Very likely it was a joke. One of his friends with a bizarre sense of humour. Or maybe even Catherine. Or just a series of odd coincidences. Yes, that was it. Another Dorian Vicker. With the same birthday. And the same sister. And the same irritatingly present Labrador named Monty, who at that moment was busily humping his leg. Yes. Just a series of coincidences. Right.

The phone rang. He snatched up the receiver like a buzzer on Jeopardy. "Catherine?"

"Okay, I've got your precious paper," came a grumpy voice. "Now what exactly am I looking for?"

"Turn to the obituaries."

"I don't like where this is going, but ok... Okay, I'm there, so what am I—" Stunned silence extended on the line for a count of ten. "What exactly is this?"

"I was hoping you could help me with that," Dorian said delicately.

"Dorian, I have no idea what this is. This is pretty much the weirdest thing I've ever seen. Have you tried calling the paper?"

"Not yet. Mostly I just wanted to know it wasn't just my copy. Or that I was actually dead, and just incorporeally haunting my house. That kind of thing."

"Nope, can't help you with that," Catherine said. "You know, you really watch too much of that Ghost Whiiiiis-pereerrrr—" Catherine's voice suddenly started to drone out like she was spewing sound through the phone. "G-g-g-ghost whi—"

"Catherine?" Dorian was alarmed. "Catherine?"

"Your call is being connected," came a voice over the line. "Long distance charges will apply." And then the line cut out completely.

The demon did not appear with a bang.

It did not flash into being in a haze of smoke.

It did not even rise up out of the floor, or ceiling, or wall.

It simply was not there one moment and then there the next, swishing its tail in one hand and yawning, and that might have been even more startling for Dorian.

Dorian leapt up and onto the kitchen table with the accursed paper. Monty passed out on the spot, all four legs giving out beneath his doggie bulk. The demon watched this display without comment. It was a demon, most certainly; the curved horns, reddish skin, cloven hooves and tail being classical indicators for the mythologically impaired.

"I—" Dorian began. "You—" he began again.

On the third try the demon cut him short. "You're Dorian Vicker. I'm" a strangled noise like coffee being forced through the rectal system of a pig "and I'm here to make you the deal of your life."

Dorian stared. "Wha...how...?"

The demon crossed his arms. "Look pal, I may've lived for aeons already, but I'm a busy guy."

Dorian swallowed hard. "You're a demon."

"Right in one try."

"What do you want?"

The demon clapped his hands smartly. "Good! Yes!

Let's dive right into it. That's the spirit! You got your paper?"

Dorian stared. He looked down at his feet, still on the kitchen table, the paper mangled beneath him. "Yes."

The demon grinned broadly. "Have a look at the obits? Always a sad thing, but somehow always deeply satisfying too. Comforting."

Dorian was beginning to get his composure back, and his mind snapped into focus at the mention of the obituaries. "What have you done?"

The demon feigned innocence. "Just needed to get your attention is all."

"By having the paper print a fake obituary about me?"

"Not fake! No sir. Not fake. Merely pending." He bent down to have a look at Dorian's dog.

Dorian was silent. "What are you talking about?"

The demon, busily inspecting the fainted Monty, didn't answer for a moment. Finally, he straightened up and proclaimed in a carefully rehearsed voice "At 8:23AM on Mar. 10 precisely Dorian Vicker was struck by a milk truck outside his home. Death was immediate, the victim likely felt no pain." He bowed.

Dorian halfheartedly slumped down from the table onto the floor. "I'm going to die today? In...12 minutes?"

"Yepper." The demon set about exploring the kitchen. He popped open the refrigerator and started to rummage around.

Dorian couldn't bring himself up. His body refused to accept mental commands and his mind refused to issue them. Finally, he managed to get out "Why are you telling me this?"

"Cause" said the demon. "You don't have to die today."

Dorian perked up. "Come again?"

"You don't have to die today." The demon came out of the fridge with a jar of mayonnaise and some pickles. It looked about for a utensil, then gave up and dipped a pickle directly in the mayo. It took a huge bite and chewed noisily.

"Okay," Dorian said. "So, you're a demon...and you've come here to... save my life?"

"Something like that." The demon crunched another pickle.

"Forgive me if I'm not entirely convinced."

"Oh sure, sure. Demon can't possibly be helping me, right? Look pal, we have a vested interest in you, though you might not realize it. What do you do for a living?"

Dorian's mind was whirling, trying to keep up. "I'm a phone salesman."

"And you derive a great deal of pleasure from that, do you?"

"Well...no, I guess not."

"What would make you happier?"

Dorian cast about desperately for an answer. "I don't know. Anything, I guess. Being worthwhile."

The demon clapped his hands again, accidentally squishing a pickle between them. He looked at his hands in disgust, then continued "Exactly. That's the point. See Dorian, you're important. You just don't know it. But you're important enough that I came up here to stop you dying today. And why? So that you could go out and live your life."

And on the word "life" another being emerged, this

time with a pleasant tinkling of bells and a cool crisp air. A woman as lovely as morning dew and kittens popped into existence from behind the molecules, her appearance doing nothing to lessen the fright of poor Dorian, who by that point was seriously considering changing newspapers.

"Stop this," the woman said. Her voice carried the impression of angel dust (and well it should have, for even Dorian by this point had figured out who and what she was). "This is unfairly balanced. The man must know both sides of the story."

"Bah!" The demon waved a pickle in fury. "You seraphim, always with your rules."

"Dorian," said the angel, and Dorian felt his heart melt. "Dorian, there is something you should know about your death today."

"What's that?" Dorian managed to choke out.

"Your death must occur. It sets in motion a series of events whereby many lives will be saved. I cannot reveal to you the details. We have not the time. But suffice it to say—"

"That she is full of crap," the demon interrupted. "Too bad! He's already made up his mind, right buddy?" The demon clapped Dorian on the back, leaving a stain of mayonnaise.

Dorian coughed out his breath at the slap. "I have?"

"Yep!" The demon strode up to the angel and stuck his face in hers. "He's going to live his life to the fullest. No more phone sales. Just Dorian—" he looked down at the comatose dog, which by this point was twitching its paws in a pathetic display of dreaming about cars "Dorian, and Monty. On their wacky adventures."

"Nay, Dorian!" The angel bent to Dorian and brushed his hand (rather sensually for an angel, he thought). "Would you not rather have a fulfilling death knowing that you saved others? An existence of consequence?"

"That's what he'd be getting with my way!" The demon objected. "Look, we haven't got time for this, the milk truck's going to be here in a matter of seconds."

"Nay!" The angel waved a hand. "There, I have suspended time."

Dorian stared. "Why," he said slowly. "Didn't you just do that in the first place?"

The angel looked sheepish. "My powers should only be used in dire need."

The demon snorted. "You can't be buying this crap—"

"Hear not his wicked ways—"

"She's got a stick up her skirt, that's what—"

"He'll lead you down the path of damnat—"

"Always butting their wings where they don't—"

"STOP!" Dorian bellowed. He was panting. The beings of higher existence both shuffled uncomfortably. "You are both just... so... aggravating!" He bent down and picked up Monty. "I am leaving! And when I get back... I expect... I expect you both to be gone! Right!"

He stormed out the front door, directly into the path of the milk truck. Monty flew from his arms and landed pleasantly in a pile of paper recyclables left on the curb by Dorian's conscientious neighbours.

The angel and the demon both stared at the scene, the milk truck driver frantically hopping from his cab, and then at each other.

"That counts as mine!" The angel said.



She Used to Talk to Bees

David Steele

She used to talk to bees
In her green dress as she sat on a blanket of dandelions,
And was enthralled
As ants ran bravely across the tundra of her toes.

Careless,
Carefree.

She used to gasp when her school friends
Plucked unsuspecting flowers from
Their rooted homes
And tore from them white flakes of beauty
And tarnished with polished leather footwear,
Their rattled soil.

Careless,
Care free.

Now her dress is stained black
by oil.
Dripping, flowing, from
Billboards on the side of the freeway,
Infected by thirty second super bowl charms
That lured her in, and sullied her flesh.
Her vision is tarnished,
Her voice is lost.

Her carefully tended lawn
Is filled with nothing but what she has been told.
No ants dare enter this barren wasteland,
and the bees have long since passed on.

She shrieks at the sigh of a
Yellow flower and immediately condemns it
To the gas chamber of botany.
Her lawn is perfect,
Green?
She thinks so.

And so the blackness of her dress
Has leaked from those cursed signs into her soul.
A childhood spent under the rays of a false sun
Has stained her with this tan,
To her, golden brown,
To them, an unforgiving maelstrom

At the end of this day,
When we have burnt through what we must,
Our charcoal eyes will reflect
Our great achievements.
"Our lives are perfect" we will say as
Our rivers burn brightly, and
Our crops, once majestic stalks that swayed gracefully in
A supporting wind become the
Stubs of partially grown elbows
Ravaged by the torrential winds of our many burning sons

We will smile as we die
In contemplation of a life well lived.

Care Free,
Care Less.

You are afraid of bugs.

Daniel Shabalin

You are an ink-bottle
blue-black and glittering
beetle tiptoeing
to the typewriter rhythm
of your name being printed
so Clearly
upon the recycled-paper pages
of my memory

where you still spin
the well-thought out madness
of the black widow vision
that ensnared me,
leaving it to dangle
like the dream catcher above
the bed where I felt
your poisonous bite.

Falling into feverish delusion,
I pursued you like a child
chasing a butterfly
fluttering with graceful fragility
through a daydream.
When sunshine played lucidly
in the beauty of your wings,
I knew naught but Love.



PARABOLA

Jen Grond

One day, a girl walked into class and sat down, somewhere in between Teacher's Pet and Slacker. The day hadn't been particularly noteworthy thus far, and it seemed unlikely that anything would change. The girl wasn't that noteworthy herself, being the kind of person you meet and then almost immediately forget. She didn't even notice; that was just the way it was.

It was time for Math, and the girl was already bored. It wasn't that she disliked Math. It just seemed to her that she could be doing something more productive. It wasn't as if she was ever going to need it again, after all. Math was for smart people, people who grew up to be Doctors and Lawyers and Scientists. Not for people like her.

And then the lesson began.

It was just like any other lesson. The teacher stood at the front of the class and started to drone on about such and such an equation with such and such parameters, all the while scribbling on the overhead projector that was always just a little out of focus. The girl didn't really pay attention at first. It didn't matter to her, so long as she passed. She could get someone to explain it to her later.

Slowly, however, ever so slowly, *something* began to worm its way into her head. She began to look at what the teacher was doing, to really *watch*. She looked at the meaningless numbers and letters, jumbled together seemingly at random, and then she looked at the image they supposedly created, and slowly, slowly, the two began to make sense. Not in the way the teacher explained it,

no, that was just as meaningless as it seemed, but still... The chaos in her mind began to give way.

On the blank page before her, a world appeared. A pair of thick black lines divided up from down, and right from left, good from evil. There were dimensions to it, more than the drawing could ever show. Most of it was filled with vast, empty space, marred only by the faded blue lines that streaked across it like never-ending shooting stars. The teacher called it a 'Cartesian Plane'. At the top, she gave it her own name in big block letters, pressing hard enough to leave a memory of the word on page after page beneath it.

She inscribed the rules of this world to the side, just beyond the boundaries of the Plane where no-one could see. She found that each number, each letter, had its own meaning, its own reason for being on her little universe. This one gave it gravity, that one determined inertia. In a flight of whimsy, she added in an extra eight that would become the number of Magic. Together, they were the abstract representation of the actual, as real as the space spiralling out before her, and even more important.

And then, only after everything else had been completed, did she draw the line upon which all the world would rest. It went on into a theoretical forever, an eternal curve that was never completed. It seemed like an impossible thing, for a line to curve but never come together. And yet there it was, clear as day before her.

If anyone else saw the magic, they didn't show it. They seemed just as bored now as she had been a moment before, anxious to get on with their days. The girl found herself wondering how they could think of the world beyond the classroom door when they all had a world right in front of them. Could they really be that blind?

Time went quickly on the line. Within a heartbeat, great clouds of cosmic lead dust had condensed into suns and moons and planets, all falling inexorably towards the non-existent edges, rolling towards an end that would never come. Another heartbeat, and life had evolved, swimming amoebas growing into flowers and fish, birds and bees, dinosaurs and dragons. The mundane and the fantastic walked the eternal curve together, side by side.

Sentience evolved. The people of the girl's little world looked up into the blank, line-streaked sky and wondered if there was someone up there, looking back down. They marvelled at the world around them and made worlds of their own, worlds where girls walked into Math class and created yet more worlds. They spiralled outwards like a reflection caught between mirrors, each one inside the other and each one just as big as the last. Empires rose and fell. Epic wars raged, and long stretches of peace lasted thousands of years. Great heroes took it upon themselves to save the day, and although good didn't always win, it never gave up.

It was beautiful.

And then the bell rung, and the world was stuffed back into the backpack from which the worthless piece of paper it had been had been pulled, and the girl went on her way. For a time, she remembered her little world, but there were more important things to worry about than a daydream. Life got in the way, as life often does, and the land of magic and wonder was forgotten.

Years passed. The lines faded and blurred. The magic was lost, that extra digit erased by time and ill fortune. The paper became frayed around the edges, and the shooting star streaks were lost to an badly timed rainstorm, making the sky an endless, monotonous, faded blue. The world no longer thrived.

The people began to wonder what had happened to their God. There were whispers that they had been abandoned, left to their own cruel fate by a deity who had

created them just to watch them suffer. They began to lose faith. They began to think that there wasn't anything to have faith in in the first place. Terrible things were done in those times, things which would never, could never be forgiven. It was a time of darkness, and a time of loneliness.

Little by little, the girl's gem of a world began to die.

One day, when the girl was no longer a girl, her young daughter came across the paper, tucked safely away in her old yearbook where she was almost guaranteed never to look at it again. Her daughter brought it to her, smudged by apricot fingers and more than a little worse for wear, full of questions and wonder at the world inside the page.

For a moment, the girl didn't remember. It had been so long ago, and the magic had faded years ago. It looked to her like just another pointless exercise, just more practice to perfect skills she would never use again. She almost threw it away.

And then she saw the name she had written at the top of the page in letters so deep they scored sheet after sheet, and she remembered.

Just like that, the magic was back. The world open up before her like the classroom door, leading her into a place that was both familiar and strange. The years had coloured her perceptions, and the world itself had changed much, but the strong lines of the plane were the same. The rules were still there, just beyond the borders of the universe. The curve still went on and on into that theoretical forever. It was all still there, just waiting for her to come back to it.

Her daughter climbed into her lap, running sticky fingers over the worn paper. Her finger traced the line of the curve, and the inhabitants of that world found themselves a new God.

Smiling, the girl who was no longer a girl began to show her child what those numbers meant.



Advice to Children

Daniel Shabalin

Please remember your childhood graces
Play games and climb a tree
Run through meadows on playful chases

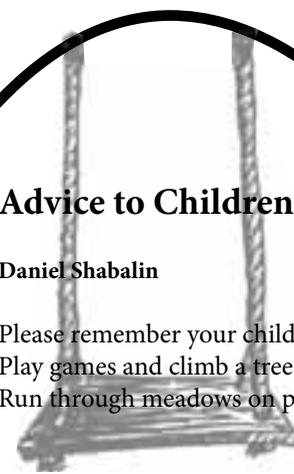
Smile always, make funny faces
Be as silly as can be
Please remember your childhood graces

In hide-and-seek leave no traces
Share giggles none can see
Run through meadows on playful chases

Quietly fly a kite, run recklessly in races
Cry when you scrape your knee
Please remember your childhood graces

Adventure to far distant places
Frolic through surf by the sea
Run through meadows on playful chases

What being grown-up can't replace is
That life of innocence truly free
Please remember your childhood graces
Run through meadows on playful chases





Never presumes
this implies Ian Kinney
an end

Where did this start?
It never opened but sorted at
leisure you dissolve and distort
and restart to combust but
where did you start?
What spark smuggled you
into being?

here, No,
here. This trail leads
in parts
to the place it came to
stretch as if sinew, we sew
in a singular
strip here
this rip shrouds in us
a blemish.

Look at what we do to this page.
Does this look like your signature?

Deaf unto your thoughts
unless spoken in a poem or
a simple funeral
becomes a state occasion.

What semblance is this to memory?
A misread essence
a phrase forgets
the sentence.