

WOOD

Two weeks in the gallery. ... at them pictures ... mind buying ... are self-portraits ... associations, remembrance. Very consciously and respectfully ... of experience ... in the disciplines ... and the environment ... in a fantasy ... a new awareness

the earliest ... of ... whole they represent ... od. The flag, with ... a violent theme ... lacks intimacy, ... for all their symbolism, blinkered ... with the human ... said, I saw only ... something ... me from. Perhaps ... a work of art ... st for the artist.

may have much ... artists. Well known ... especially some French ... But this is not ... m. While it may ... ons, it would be ... or influences. All ... painter's work ... urce. George ... ant colour and ... usual. Whatever ... t, they offer a ... ten to them, and

hell.

atic life

wles

3. "The single most important thing I've ever learned was that I am going to die. For once you accept your own death, all of a sudden you're free to live. You no longer care about your reputation, what people say, whether you've got security, all that jazz. You no longer care except so far as you life can be used tactically - to promote a cause you believe in."  
Sol Alinsky

Thomas who?  
Doubted,  
I knifed the first knuckle  
of my index finger,  
Severed it free.  
Which act  
Must  
Even to the most incredulous  
Observer  
be seen as guileless.  
Thinking my point proven,  
Believing the doubter  
gone,  
vanquished,  
I repaired the bloody stump,  
Only to find him returned  
To  
my  
door-  
step  
With  
nine  
friends.

We are the images  
Caught in the glass  
Reflected from muddy puddles  
On street-corners

We are the unreal  
Fast only in the knowledge  
Of our own non-existence

"A gentle sliding into the sea"  
Saint Denys Garneau  
New from thw womb  
The gentle sliding into the sea  
Begun  
And time beats out the measure  
For the gentle journey to the tomb  
From sea to sea  
And in between, life's miracle of drowning  
Tears,  
Salt water of yet another sea,  
The taste of every droplet the crowning  
Experience of years.

The Naked elements alone  
Have Being  
Give us shape in our transience  
Shape and Time-being enough  
To breathe the air and the fire  
Into the shapened clay  
That other shadows  
Ignorant  
And beamed  
From  
Other puddles  
May see and know  
What might have been  
And recognize  
Their Nothingness.

My insurance man tells me I can expect  
To live another 35 years  
(Its his business after all to offer assurances)  
My doctor is not so sure.  
I lean against a door-jamb  
Attempting to look unconcerned  
Wondering if either of them will attend  
The funeral.

This  
Blood  
and Bone  
Are mine  
On Loan.