

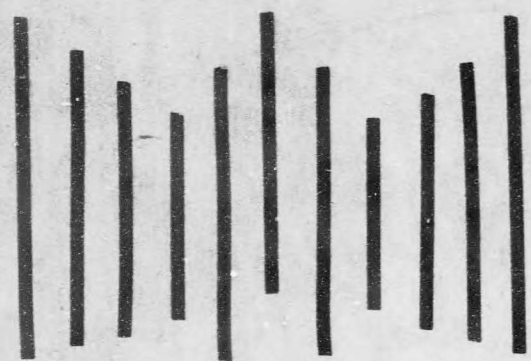
# poems from the farm

## Joseph Hooper

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### XIX

On our late arrival of Miday  
We came upon the rusted gate  
Not put by God; but put by hate  
Never - the - less on that 16 of May  
Without any hassles we were on our way  
Myself, my friends, and my beautiful mate  
Ceasing to stop, because we couldn't wait  
To behold those roaring waters. Across the field of hay  
We ran and jumped and fell and laughed  
Until we came upon that God made home  
With arms of green, enclosed like a dome  
Protecting its virgin womb  
Protecting its children while they bath  
Like a sphinex guarding a sacred tomb.

MOTHER! You should have been there  
With me and all my friends. A sight  
So beautiful, flesh and clean. The golden light  
Carressing and colouring our naked bodies. Here  
At Daner, live did we like a baby as bare  
As a flesh peered tree. Free as a bird in flight  
We roamed, explored, until the darkness of night.  
Come morning, startled by a huge whitefoot hare  
I clutched oh Mother earth, and prayed to God  
That this monstrous beast, would flea from my  
Sight, Afraid of the pain to die  
Afraid to be eaten partly alive  
Oh! Wouldn't it be funny and odd  
To have one finger less than five?

### XXV

You can't go out in search of love  
That technique just won't do  
Because love isn't found it's caught,  
Like measles, or the flu.

So far, they haven't found a cure,  
Some think that's quite outrageous  
But then, it's no small feat to stop  
An ailment so contagious.

To worry too much on that score  
Is really quite neurotic  
I hope they never cure sweet love  
With some antibiotic!



### XX

To physically leave means nothing  
But the parting of thoughts,  
That I sense,  
Could mean the end.  
Even now as your form flies further from me,  
I sense your thoughts,  
Here,  
But trying to escape.  
I don't want to be a cage,  
I want to be freedom.  
Let that thought fly,  
And perhaps it will bring it back,  
When you return.

### XVII

When  
I started  
to diet, I  
had me a plan,  
to cut down my  
weight and to get  
me a woman, so I gave  
up potatoes and ice  
cream and cake, and  
I dogged through  
the days when  
my stomach  
would  
ache.

Now my  
flabby  
old fat  
is the  
think  
that I  
miss--  
for I  
ended  
up  
looking  
exactly  
like  
THIS!



### XXII

I fell out of love: that's our story's dull ending,  
As flat as life is, as dull as the grave.  
Excuse me-I'll break off the string of this love song  
And smash the guitar. We have nothing to save.

The puppy is puzzlee, our furry small monster  
Can't decide why we complicate simple things so-  
He whines at your door and I let him enter,  
When he scratches at my door, you always go.

Dog, sentimental dog, you'll surely go crazy,  
Running from one to the other like this  
Too young to conceive of an ancient idea:  
It's ended, done with, over, kaput. Finis.

Get sentimental and we end up by playing  
The old mellerdrammer, "Salvation of Love."  
"Forgiveness," we whisper, and hope for an echo;  
But nothing returns from the silence above.

Better save love at the very beginning,  
Avoiding all passionate "never," "forevers."  
We ought to have heard what the train wheels were shouting,  
"Do not make promises!" Promises are lives.

We should have made note of the broken branches,  
We should have looked up at the smoky sky,  
Warning the witless pretension of lovers-  
The greater the hope is, the greater the lie.

True kindness in love means staying quite sober,  
Weighing each link of the chains you must bear.  
Don't promise her heaven - suggest half an acre;  
Not "unto death," but at least to next year.

And don't keep declaring, I love you, I love you;  
That little phrase leads a durable life-  
When repeated again in some loveless hereafter,  
It can string like a hornet or stab like a knife,

So - our little dog in all his confusion  
Turns and returns from door to door.  
I won't say "forgive me" because I have left you;  
I ask pardon for one thing; I loved you before