

Dalhousie Gazette

Vol. 103

Halifax, N.S.

Number 2

Custer
had it
comin'

Register me

I have stood in your lines
waiting for an open invitation
to come into a guilty ivory tower.

I avoided telling you
my ancestors were speechless
children of the land
and I am not really middle-class.

I turned my eyes upward
like a tempered sinner
at all the wall urinals
in those few dangerous moments.

But it doesn't really matter.
Register me.

Tear my carefully acquired knowledge
along the perforated line.
Tear marx along the perforated line
and camus
and gräss
tear him along the aged dotted line.

Slip me into your computers.
Register me.

Register my soul.
Register the warm clouds
that came in with me.
Register all my intimate friends.

Register my body
my polio shots
Register my appendix
lying in an unknown hospital.
X-ray my penis
Stamp it
keep one-half for your files.

Enroll me in all your buildings
I'll take them all
Just leave a return address.

Register me.
Register me.
690696

Register the faceless numbers.
Register the warm friendly womb
I sleep next to.
Register your computer.
Register me.

But remember,
I am angry.
Yes, I am angry.

maclennan

