



November: Fossils

There is an earthquake
and then ashes
he pulls down his pants
It matters
doesn't matter anymore.

Lillian Necakov

To All The Dead Dads

This is to recognize all the dead dads
I myself have had two.

Two dads, both dead now
two men, two brothers, both my fathers,
they have shaped me into
what you see now,
a future dead dad.

My first dad died when I was five,
he said I was his favourite, but that wasn't enough,
reincarnated with a wife north of here
breeding more,
perfecting life the second time
at fifty, he learned too late
but had his tool fixed anyhow.

My second dead dad drank scotch
and worried about his sons
he policed our puberty
checked our eyes and frisked us for drugs
waiting up past twelve, putting a chain on the door
we couldn't sneak in at two,
the older we got, the more he worried,
the more he drank
when I turned twenty-one, he couldn't take it
he lost control, his heart stopped.

Now, in retrospect, I have chosen not
to join the dead dads, at least
I hope it never happens,
I forgive them (my grandfather must have been
one hell of a dead dad).

And I go to all dead dads' funerals
I slip bottles of wine into their coffins
I raise this glass and toast them:
This is for all the dead dads
who gave up their lives
in the line of duty
procreating the species
perfecting their kind.

Paul O'Donnell



**In The Late Great Decon
Structive Spirit of Post
Modernism I Attended.**

It was all very inter
esting, synchronic metonyms
differential abysms, intertextual
with a fly in my eye
lumps of snow in my boots
hi lillee hi lillee hi lo

masturbatory closet-click scat
ology very serious grey like
Ontario like Canada like roofs
falling in, audience
tour de force, ooh and aah
and beer in my ear, boots
in the snow, jada jing jing jing

a calorie reduced archival
epistemology four-and-five
letter wasteland Angst, sort of petrified
concoction or passion, new and improved
rehash, first time since ancient antiquitee

in my boots, lumps of snow fal la la
build up the fire and let the cold wind blow.

DL Simmons

Rituals

These were rituals. Many thought they were some
sort of affectation.

On the fourth day of the seventh month I became
aware of a growth on my chest. It allowed me to
breathe more freely and I became more involved in
the rituals than ever before. It was only after I had
resolved to tell them of the growth that a letter
came.

They were aware of the frequency with which I
performed the rituals and had become furious with
my requests to be left more & more alone.

On the sixth day of the ninth month I would be
hung, they would all be present.

Most of my time was now spent imagining the
hanging. Often I thought of it as some kind of
sacrifice. But more often I would imagine a splendid
scene of hundreds. All gathered to witness what
they so secretly wanted to get close to. The silence,
the solitude. In a way I was proud they had chosen
me.

The growth had become larger and soon I found
that I could breathe with both my nose and mouth
tightly sealed. I also found the need to yell. Not out
of any fear or frustration but out of a need to
exercise my lungs. I did consider the possibility that
my yelling might scare them away when the time for
the hanging came. But that would be something
they would have to overcome.

Soon my impatience for the event became
unbearable and I could sleep for only moments at a
time. I became exhausted.

Some days later I heard a slight tapping at the
window. And then voices. The window was smashed
open & two of them climbed in.

There were no hundreds, no ceremony. One of
them produced a heavy metal object which I
presumed to be a pistol. The other stood silent and
then turned to the window.

When he fired I was still breathing.

Lillian Necakov

The Kitchen

Ruthie didn't like the kitchen. It was hot, seemed
to cling to her, like polyester in the summer. She
thought the same thing about Ed. Ed likes games. He
would sneak behind her as she was pounding, or
peeling, or scrubbing some vegetable and he'd grab
her and he'd kiss her with a kind of anxious licking
motion like a sheep dog. She would think of that old
saying about keeping the wolves from the door
when he did that. She knew that that wasn't what
the saying meant, but Ed was an animal in any case.
He wasn't fit for her kitchen. Or maybe he was.
Perhaps if he stayed there long enough the walls
would grow around him like a great natural coat. At
last he would be in his environment.

So Ruthie stopped using the kitchen. She would
mash potatoes in a pot on the verandah. Light a
match to pieces of meat. Squat on the driveway to
toss salad. And she would set the front lawn for one
with her best dishes, and dine on that green velvet
table cloth.

Then one morning as she was frying an egg on the
pavement in front of the house, she noticed Ed
leaving for work. His hat sat atop a mass of black and
white fur. He held an attache case in one paw and
he waved good morning with the other.

Ruthie set the lawn for two that evening. She
found Ed more tolerable, less pretentious, more
civilized. She didn't mind that he was an animal now
that he really looked like one. After their meal,
Ruthie was even bold enough to suggest washing
the dishes in the kitchen instead of with the garden
hose as she had been doing recently.

When they had moved all the dirty dishes inside,
Ruthie began to load the dishwasher. When she
finished, she turned around. Ed stood smiling, he
wore a grey pinstriped suit, a black and white fur
outfit lay beside him on the floor. He barked once
and lunged for her. Ed liked games. He was a funny
guy.

Ruthie had her coffee by the flower garden,
beside the house that night. Afterwards, she
hummed "You're Nothing But a Hound Dog" and
washed her mug out with the garden hose.

April Bulmer