



**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**

**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**

**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**