Poets Corner

THE LAND OF CANLIT

I must learn to

write about dead

horses with myt

in my mouth, de

birds and frogs

that I shot with

tears in my eyes

and compassion

because I'm hum

and was born to

my heart just

original sin.

I must lear

sing the j

their freq

the glorio

of blow job

how avant g

is everything i

London Ontario

they will then

maybe mistake for a 26-year-ol white protestan

anglo-saxon-or-

duddy-kravitz-o

type-jew-a man

someone who a

reads comic be

and was once

indian or a wi

Dear Nelly Saddear Nathalie

isn't there any

you can teach

about how to write better in Canada?

eskimo.

penises a

SAD WINTER IN

I tell myself
I am sad because
it is winter;
but Nelly Sachs
lived through
many such winters
and poured biblical
summer through the
blackest chimneys.

Madame Nathalie lived through them too; she comes from Moscow like my own grandmother and now she will visit Toronto and speak to us in English. Will I learn anything from her?

There are many things I must learn in order to write better in Canada. I must learn to write & for and and wll for will: to put: at the beginning of a line instead of at the end: to spell everything my own swt way just to prve my indep endens of all thr shtty authrty.

Poems by Miriam Waddington

THE LAND OF THE UTMOST

here I am in the land of Utmost (rock me daddy eight injuns & a crowbar) enlightened, arrivee, ongekommen at last, a blasted greenhorn in violence, buggery, non-standard spelling & whatever Utmost they haven't invented yet; what a land (\$) of wonders, sunrises, student murders, entertainments! wow! loup garou! mamma!!! in grossinger's catskills it y never leave you unfed or un ptertained for one

in grossinger's catskills
dev never leave you unfed
or une ptertained for one
rip-van-winkle graveyard
minute, unfed jewish appeal,
singing rabbis (6 they charge
a marathon,) but
its free, gloriously
stars and striper
free for al.!

all we can't inn vancell, or be all, or all be all, or be all, or all be all, or all be all, or be all, or all be all nost) and evel U most is not all nin tear wild swooning-pool we rats; edgine's grows need at all in the west, growls, keep our Mis Escelle from Pip is a Chas. Dickers grip, is not beautiful in case you need if face to face in unclaimed arctic space—may we evolves grunt you grace! (I wou din want to find he sloe that belong to the eet that go with that but nost etc. face under my had in a dark light on in indsummer pink night) but don't go by me, con mitted, sentenced to first-chas false-brass

umanprison

POLEMICS I am not interested in the polemics of art, you can keep your cosmic gossip I don't care if poetry is dying if the language is debased if you stuff people's ears with bananas and their mouths with dead elm trees; to hell with style! I'm in favor of living, I reject dying while I'm still alive I don't want to analyze the process of how we disappear from the world; I care only how we appear; I want to build apparitions a million monuments to the future completely uncool, to shout from the rooftops: history is not so fleeting! There were heroes, wars were halted, men were healed, children were born, people sang, worlds were changed; I don't want to be ashamed of the word courage or choke on the word love or deny the category of being human anymore; I want to say brother and see when I close my eyes not ploughs of riot or fields of burning people or the bones of smoking cities; I want to see vistas of all that is being made impossible civilization.



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