

Everything good so far.  
He panse stan up in front im too,  
an de ole rum start jumpin in e head.

Well, ah tell yuh.  
Outside yuh could hear music.  
Crapau an cricket playing mass  
weep weep weep poonganak  
weee . . . weee . . . weee . . . poonganak

One o'clock in de mornin.  
Santapee, scorpion, an snake chasin rat.  
Porcupine an manicou fightin in ah hog plum tree.  
Yuh could smell de plum,  
fus dey ripe.

Ah bat fly in an out de house  
an make ah lil breeze ovah e head.

As e stan up e start tuh study e wife Carmen,  
in de house jus up de road,  
doun de hill.

She brown face full like ah moon,  
An de long hair fallin on she big, wide bamsey.  
She jus finish puttin de las of seven chilren tuh sleep.  
Well, she she self thinkin,  
'ah hope dat man eh comin home  
with e arse full ah rum  
tuh ride my arse tonite'.

Den all de cock start tuh crow  
an de man beside de woman jump  
out of ah deep sleep,  
an in ah big voice call out,  
"Rosita, Rosita, han me de match,  
ah man in dis house.  
Somebody in dis house ah say".  
Rosita sleepy  
"ehn? what? what? man? matches?"

When e hear dat  
Sweetman sober up in ah instant  
E run across de chilren.  
E kick ovah ah wood box an ah bisquit tin.  
E lan up in ah ole kitchen an decide tuh head for de main road.

As e turn out de kitchen he slip,  
an with de same speed grab on tuh de ole kitchen wall.  
The whole broad side ah kitchen wall come down, crash.  
All de chilren wake up screamin,  
"Mammaih, mammaih, mammaih, oi, yo, yo, oi, yo, yo, oi."  
All tree dogs take off behine im  
an e head up de road for home.

De man reach home,  
wet an muddy from head tuh foot.  
Breathless, thinkin,  
'How I goin in dat house tonite?'

Well, he stan up on de board ovah de ravine leadin tuh de house,  
an e shout,  
"Woman, woman! Ah say to shine dat fockin lamp".  
An before Carmen could move  
he jump down in de black mud in de ravine.  
Dis time Carmen strugglin wid de twine to untie de door from de nail  
she fling open de half ah door  
lamp in han.  
"O god boy ah din hear vuh".  
Well, is now e start tuh cuss,  
an Carmen stan up dey, lookin confused,  
an all de time thinkin, "Ah wish e arse drown in dat fockin mud."

### COMPLETE SUBJECTS AND PREDICATES

The complete predicate is the simple predicate  
The complete subject is the simple subject

Example:

The young girls went  
Monday was  
He wanted  
He practiced  
boy was  
Everyone was  
heart was  
Somebody snickered  
It sailed  
boy felt  
everyone cheered

### Nicholas Power

#### Betty's First Bike

It happened

It was the prettiest bike  
I've ever seen in my life

If I hadn't won that bike  
I'd never have had a bike at all

I had my good dress on  
but I picked the boy's bike  
the red bike

My father didn't believe in bikes  
but when I brought it home  
he rode it

If I didn't get my work done  
I didn't get to ride the bike

I got up early  
I listened to my father  
I shared it with my sisters  
I washed it every night  
I shared it with the neighbours

I rode it every day

My mother kept it  
after I was married  
My husband is an independent trucker

Now I wear jeans around the house  
and teach my kids to ride

My daughter rode it  
My eldest son rode it

Having the bike  
didn't change my life  
all that much

I've never been more than five miles from home  
But it rides with you  
through life

I just threw away the frame last year

fascination with the roots of plants specifically  
designated for human consumption is a sure sign of  
infant delinquency. A twitch of personality which will  
no doubt be set in context later with some more  
mature psychosis all of which can probably be traced  
to some genetic aberration.

As convincing as this conclusion may be, there is  
always the possibility of an error in logic on our part  
yes one must acknowledge the possibility that Owen  
may have been enticed into folly, deliberately led  
astray by some as yet unacknowledged other. From a  
particular part of the room this does indeed seem  
plausible. Perhaps he is guided by some psychic  
imperative, a supernatural recommendation defying  
the constraints of a unified place and time. In this case  
Owen can only be considered guiltless yes if this  
second view should prove to be true Owen can be  
considered largely powerless, open to the influence of  
the environment a victim of suggestions from unseen  
strangers.

No.

No there is still no clear cause for Owen's  
fascination. Each explanation can be easily countered  
with an equally plausible counter-explanation. And  
there certainly is no explanation for his rising when  
Owen decides to rise from his heretofore prone  
position rising on his hind legs with his eyes now the  
source of suggestion suggesting the imminent arrival  
of a thought. Or if not a thought then some pre-  
rational impression of a certain strength strong  
enough in any event to raise Owen from a heretofore  
prone posture his cheeks flushed with purpose.

And imagine everybody's surprise. Given all the  
assembled variables all the assorted tubers the various  
laws of probability yes imagine everyone's surprise  
when Owen not only rises but utters first a moan and  
then quite legibly one clear indicting statement:

"The Yams have forgotten us!"  
Each word is spelled perfectly.

Paul O'Donnell

### A Farmer's Death, 1841

Between the earth and the machine  
a farmer lies, matted red hair,  
eyes stare at the tall trees  
at the blue sky

This is Canada  
a myth  
I am moved by the sound around  
the image I have created  
I am moved by a lie