

JANEY'S INVOCATION

Infallible settlers say this is the latest season
they have known. All seed life seems somnolent,
yet a delicate suggestion of colour is at the tips
of the willows. An insidious, slow-moving process
is at work in the trees – one that spells from death
-car to drive more slowly unto drouth-world. The wine
of spring aflush on the face THE COPS- FIND- 2 J3<3
I H • ^ \ Hn is a Goad of Death Gourd of chanqts Takt
Life is totally totally lonely of Nature. Dearth is
the only reality we've got left in our nicey-nicey-
clean-ice-cream-TV scraps, so we'd better worship
the long wall of skulls next to the ball park. The delay
only whets our monstrosity. A unique beauty about
this pre-vernal landscape before it is screened
by red-brown colour, air and surface, semi-thick –
a boldness suggestive of how Janey and the rest
of the people witnessed the Italian primitifs
in 'wild' societies where the word 'why'
can't exist. With a minimum of means we
get a maximum of expression.

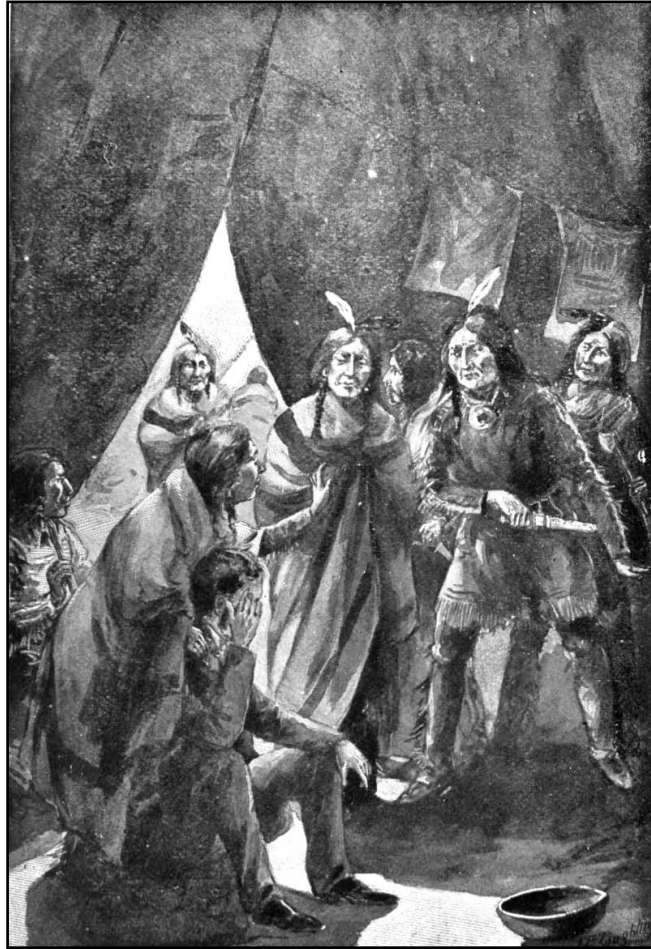
THE RED RIVER TWANG

Chistikat, I forgot my clé
I called back to him, Come across you
I can't, me, I'm got no boat
Awe, Willie, I'm just slocked by the light, can't you die
in the daark? I used to dance till I was soak sweatin
See wuz alwuz waring a red cot like a capote
One of these kind what has a mid-place for to put in a ramrod
So she says, Kawiinachini, boy, chuckling same time
That's not me, my louse – that's you, your louse
Not like the people what lives close along the river
Some of them what fishes all the time
And stab a few with my spear that I made spin
To learn them to shoo
What do you call that cream, now?
His name is Mrs. Bear
He's a widow-woman too
He goes by himself and she goes by himself
I guess I talk like a Bungee, yes
Oh don't write that down now, you
That's my knockabout coat, you
He's a Jew doctor, you
She wasn't havin to pay a cent, you!
I can't wait to get home, you
Times is changed, my girl
I never got married in the church, my girl
You're a bad girl to tease me, yes
But when we were a kid, no
Shooting out the lips on occasion, yes
If I dust them, yes
When things settle down, but
I'm dying for a cigarette, but
A bugger to work and clean things, but
You'll take wheat you get, look!
We were just – not far to go, like

Yeh, that was part of the way they used to talk, yes
There'd be first, second and third, you know, sets, like
They must be got a different way of punchin it down, must be
He'll home me now for sure to kipits around
I'm got a creamy colour home
I'm got money home
I love listenin er
I wonder whatever happened her
If anything happened me
Listen me, now!
Girl keeya, you take my neechimos I'll get me another whaefer!
You sould never shtop when you are goin on a messidze
The canoe went apeechequanee and they went chimmuck
I was settin along the stove havin a warm
He standed in the door and wave us
And he taked his woman to home with him
Over the ocean away there where
I'm sure that wives won't like it when they gets away there
Dressed up like that in a shroud
You're not got your fine boyish figure
I'm not got a hand like my father
What if they're not got no dolly, what then?
And that's the way he never got drowned
Bye me, I kaykatch killed it two ducks with wan sot
What kind of a sins can a little girl like Mary got?
I'm not wanting a shabby-looking purse, my dear
Oh was she ever hopeless, my dear
Was she ever wicked to me
He was ever the first to strip to the waist
Oh, it's ever pretty, my dear
Ever makes you sick, yes
I just never had enough examples
That's the second time that yoke cracked
Oh girl, yes, What we'd ever used to do, eh, Doris?
Ahhh, you'd fade when I tell you
It's about time she was a-comin

Hark at the birds a-singin
The wind's a-whistlin
Big black fellers a-crawlin
Left the lamp a-burnin
Unless it starts a-rainin or something
Men a-diggin
Myself a-makin
Two a-cuttin
Joan been phonin Brian
Somebody been takin it off
An old lady at Red River Manor's been dyin
The old man's been passin away
Oh, somebody been givin my name
I been put it in my purse
The jugs are been gettin mixed
And he took a big swig of the lamp oil
Red Ridin Hood's bin wackin up
But now Jamesie's bin tellin me she died
So Red Ridin Hood's mother bin puttin a bannock
and two shmocked gold ayes in a rogan
When I go, I'll go chimmuck
You don't know the rights about it
You're been at that crust, I see
The wolf gave the shtring a haird pull, dahrs bin flyin oppen
They're only got ten minutes left to play
He sure could made that old fiddle talk, ye-naw-see, like
I remember when you used to say apichekwani, Mom
It's got a grip of my tongue, but
We're not got no time, but
That's a new fence they're got
Ponassin to roast on a stick, but
I'm got on Sophie's bodie and it's too tight
That's the only thing I like Winnipeg about
Two more days workin at that ditch I put in
And din't I see Lucy and Dora!
And din't I go the cupboard now, and din't I pull out this bottle, girl

And din't the trap go off and catch him by the nose
And din't the corpse thaw out and fall off the bench BANG
Din't they get such a start their hair was standing straight up, mind
And they never hit nothing to kill them, only wound a duck
Hello, nishtaw! I wonder, who's this
He's so knowing, a very knowing cat
He took me everywhere, everywhere he took me
That's what he said when he said that to me
She never wasted nothing, not a thing did she waste
Now's the time it comes is in the springtime
And that's about the size of all what happened around here, my girl
I guess that's all I can remember just now to say
That's all I can tell you about that
This much I, too, will say for now
The baskets start coming up – and, he says
I clean forgot, he says
I din't know, he says
Well, he says
A forget-me-not flower, he says
From a buttercup, he says
Suddenly he feels something on his knee, he says
Something is touching him – and when he looks there, here
It was the same snake, he says
With another frog in his mouth, he says



IRL EVANS IN THE WIGWAM OF
THE AVENGER OF BLOOD.

JANEY SETTLER'S PASTORAL OASIS

It is true Canada is not exactly a Utopia, Ltd.,
for there is hard work and a rough, raw, erudite wail
against the postmodern loss of meaning and emotion to be done
before comfort or affluence are built. I used to have a lot of idyl
fantasies inwrought with Indign traits about your too bruised
and scared surface looking into the seeds of time. How now,
my masters! Smacks not this one-acted poem of the great
national prosaic life of Arcady?

The cursings and obscenities that taint the air
and brutalize life elsewhere are in this quaint old
settlement unknown. His hand brought my mouth
to his mouth. Sweet thought, pure speech, go hind in
hind, clad in nervous, pithy old English, or a 'patois'
of the French till his mouth was fūcking my mouth
mellowed and enlarged by constant use of the liquid
Indign tongues. You'd. Verb. Me. It was a fountain.
The Old World farmer is a lord of lands. Teach me
a new language that means surface is surface. No
costly manures, the only image your cuck filled
with novocaine in my c@nt red ugh.

Practical communism, borrowed from the Indigns, is
Red Rever hospitality. 'Tis a million pities people of the
Old World are so slow in taking advantage of this waste
heritage. The red one. The other side is hazy. I lose my job
and I'll be up shitcreek. One listens to the ominous growl
of the English workers not giving up my life for a one-night
fšck, and one marvels that the powers-that-be don't face them
stroking the tongue with razor blood. If flesh and blade cannot
enter heaven, it is conversely true that heaven can enter my father
is dead my father is blue,, this isn't my father. SEC. my body! my
body is life. my body is hot. this is nmy body. c■nt
PUKE (J S H O H T house.

CONCENTRATION

Gaze long and earnestly on this little company
following the grey pathway up the corroded
Member of Parliament, stand in a bank
of the Red River, in the slanting
circle sunbeams disappearing
around the Chief through the palisade
into Fort Douglas, I noticed that
for no event of equal
manicure of her significance
is recorded I tell you in the early life –
my wife history of our Great can't
North-West afford it.

This was their Gospel.

John West made the Great Discovery.

One day there won't be white. There won't be
black or brown. We will all ebb beige.

Sharing the persona of Chrismas with every
young person within our target group.

If little hope could be cherished of the adult Indign
I stand before you today to offer an apology
I'm pretty sure I saw her pounding down
in his wandering and unsettled habits
six Mama Burgers® at A&W® the other day
of life, it appeared that a wide and most
extensive Canada has no history of
I wish the media would stop feeling
field presented itself for colonization
for this botched whale. The preservation
in the instruction of the n#tive children
of your culture is your job.

Therein ligaments the sediment Goy bless
all of you of the great Rewrite and Gord bless
our land sniffled the original the prime
minstrel of the Mission Rivière Rouge.