

go greyhound





I

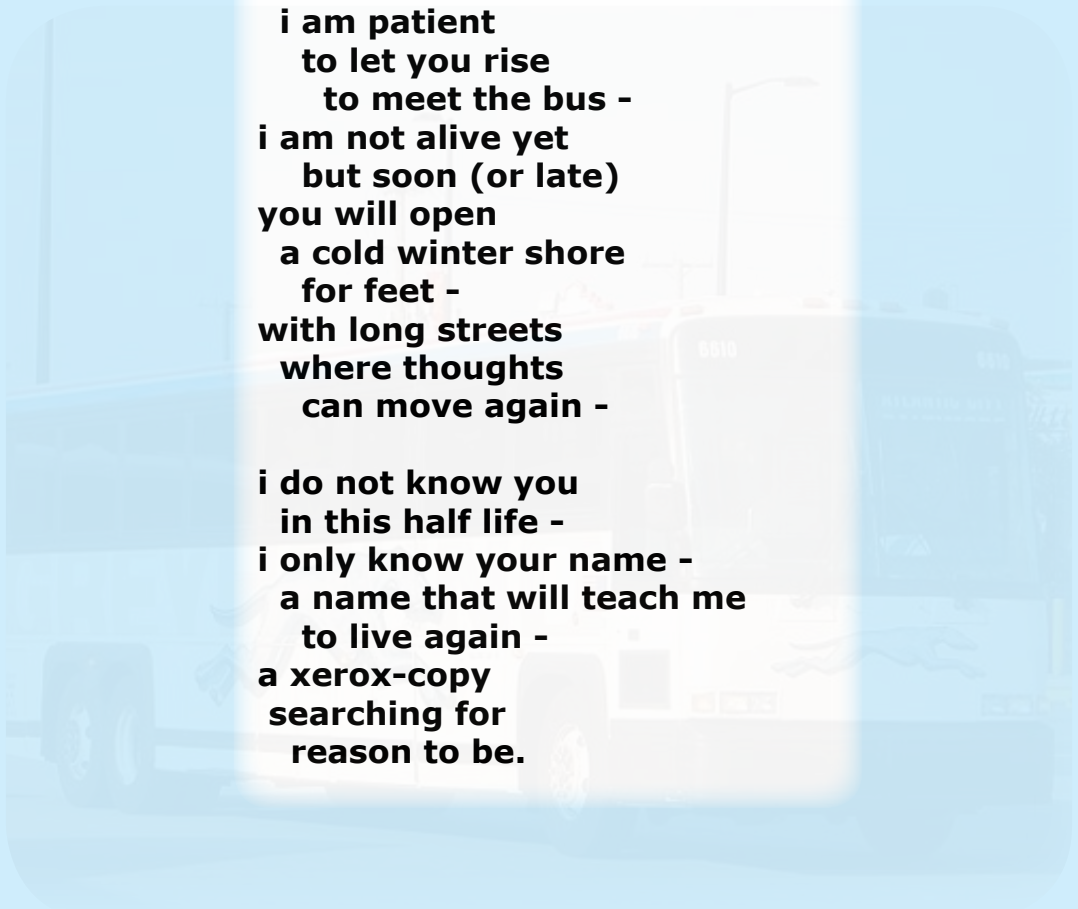
**i think i've forgotten how to
write -**

**forgotten tomorrow -
 forgotten yesterday -
it's easy to live in sleep -
eyes pace a roadway
going nowhere
 among the masses
 headed somewhere -**

**running away
on a bus
 to the end of the line -
days of empty dreaming
mingled seats
 (go greyhound)
mindless moving
 to wake up
 some place new -
to wake up
 not knowing
 who i am -**

**halifax -
i am patient
 to let you rise
 to meet the bus -
i am not alive yet
 but soon (or late)
you will open
 a cold winter shore
 for feet -
with long streets
 where thoughts
 can move again -**

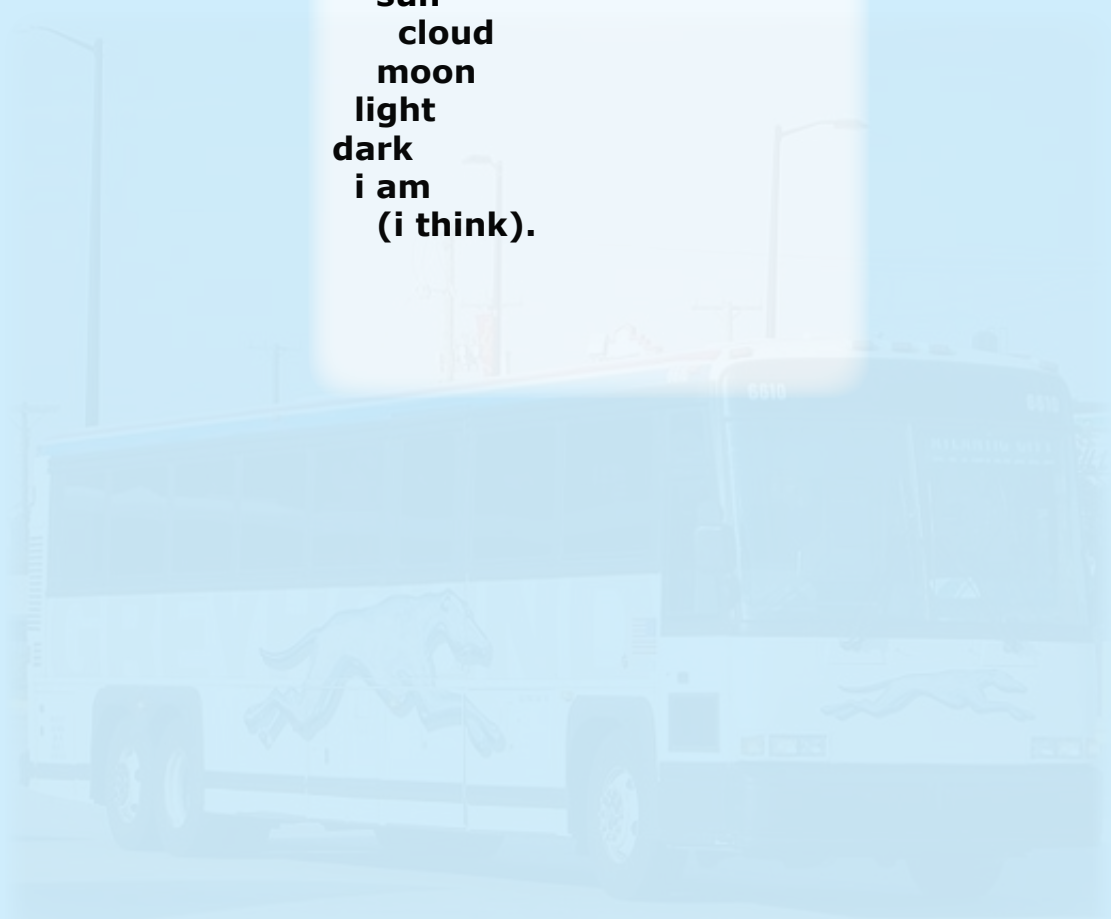
**i do not know you
in this half life -
i only know your name -
 a name that will teach me
 to live again -
a xerox-copy
searching for
 reason to be.**





II

blank face
blank floor
blank staring windows -
i sit staring
at the glasses on my nose -
they keep me
inside the body -
face numb -
fingers stroke cheeks
that do not feel -
ears hear voices
that seem not
to speak -
newspapers
radios
gone -
i sleep
removed
from reality -
rain
snow
sun
cloud
moon
light
dark
i am
(i think).





III

**in one life past
was love
and love
and love -
in one life present
is not
is not
is not -**

**knees ache
in this coffin
on wheels -
feet inert
in sleep -**

**frozen
without the freeze -
no continuity
of dreams -
i go
wherever
nowhere
anywhere -
no song
no tune
no air.**





IV

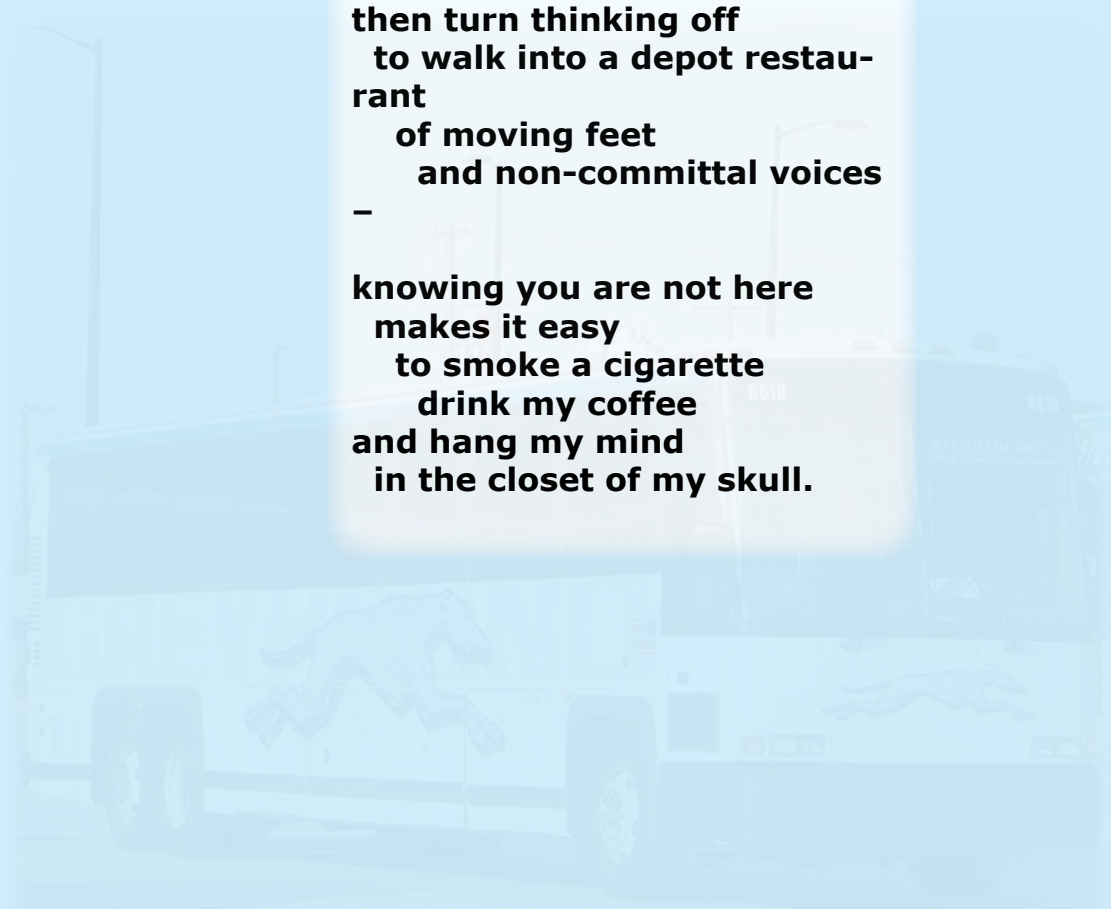
**i let thoughts
walk backwards
to find their error -**

**i see
prairie grey
reflections
of you -
reflections
of green pastures
blue sky
cattle
laughter
and you -**

**working
gardens
tree and hills
and you -**

**i let thoughts
go forwards
following a highway
that cannot see -
then turn thinking off
to walk into a depot restau-
rant
of moving feet
and non-committal voices
-**

**knowing you are not here
makes it easy
to smoke a cigarette
drink my coffee
and hang my mind
in the closet of my skull.**





V

**wandering
in and out of
nothingness -
ideas
infiltrate
a dull head
i am breathing
reason to be
alive -**

**out of a long black
night
in sleepless rain
i find
a handle
on my senses
once again.**

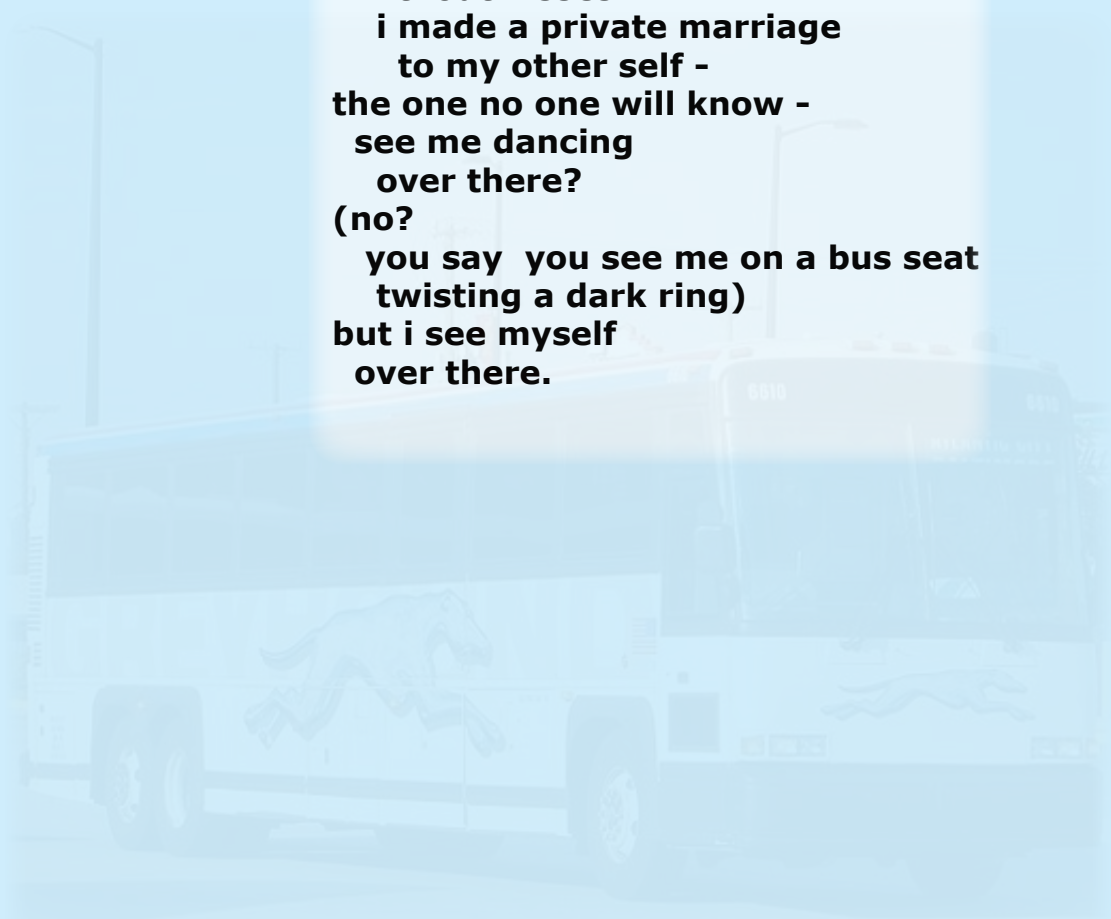




VI

**a bone ring
binds the finger
of my left hand -
see -
a wedding ring -
(no it doesn't mean
dearly beloved i do)
it means
keep clear -
there is a chain (invisible)
attached -
to break the chain.
breaks me -
i am too used to it
to want to be free -
don't try to cut to the ring -
my life's blood seals it -**

**without ceremony
without kisses
i made a private marriage
to my other self -
the one no one will know -
see me dancing
over there?
(no?
you say you see me on a bus seat
twisting a dark ring)
but i see myself
over there.**



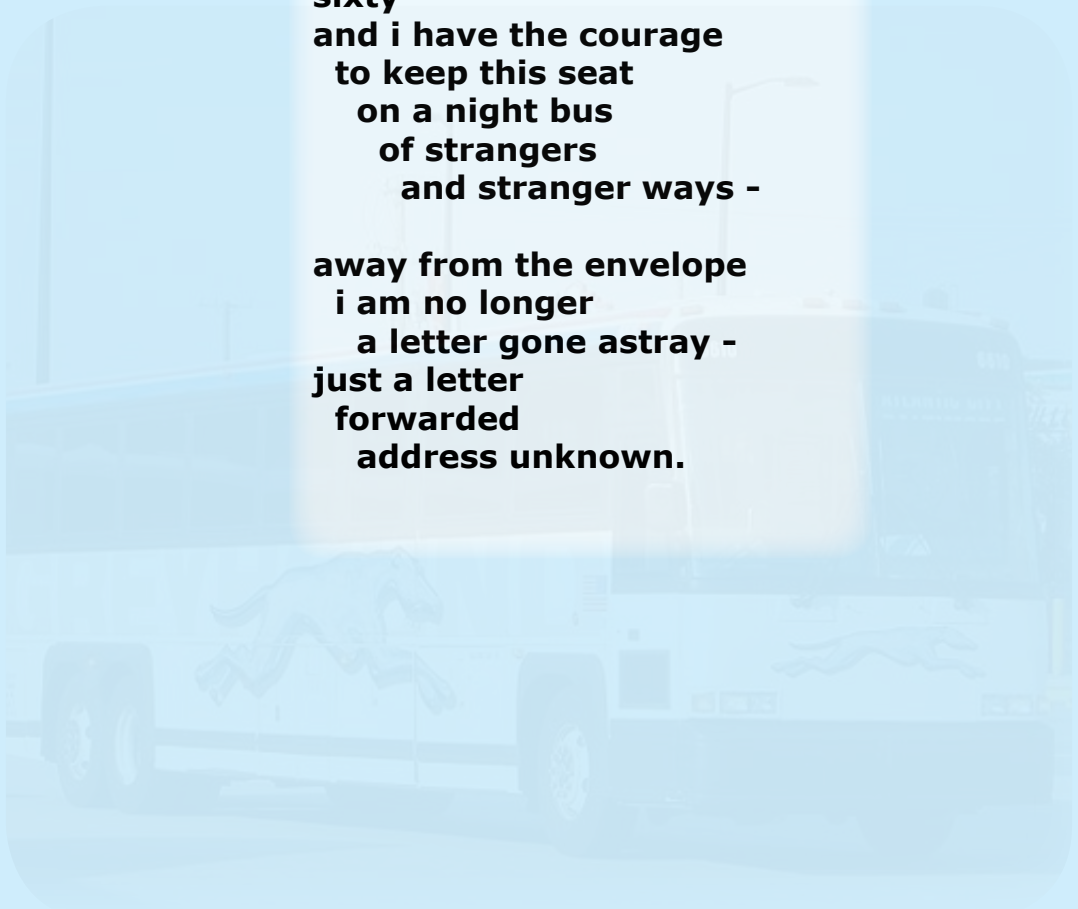


VII

contact
in the space age
of motors
and machinery
i try a one sided conversation
with stars
no UFOs in sight -
then i hear
one voice talking
and i know
i have left for good
the country is full
of lonely people
wanting to hear one voice
telescoping
their individuality -

one minute
out of twenty-four-times-
sixty
and i have the courage
to keep this seat
on a night bus
of strangers
and stranger ways -

away from the envelope
i am no longer
a letter gone astray -
just a letter
forwarded
address unknown.





VIII

labour disputes
threw a shore away -
buses crept into their de-
pots
without me -
i opened my hands
empty
to watch toronto
close them -

i caught a dead room
flying off yonge street -
why care?
tonight is bright
tomorrow far gone
and i am accustomed
to tombs -

hear me
neon day -
complete my emptiness -
paint a smile on my
face
and don't
go greyhound.

