

# Poetry

# Poésie

It was not a  
same impress  
little thinner  
beside her  
fiancé and he  
vanished. W  
dress which  
still but ~~was~~  
mule, and no  
the harness  
were wound  
where (the m  
idle) they cl  
strange inju  
curtains and  
been born; s  
sweetheart, w  
brothers and  
least with cert  
Henry and Bon  
Bon, not even  
butterfly of a fo  
the substance  
of dissolution  
be buried: just  
peaceful afterno  
grove, to lie in  
pounds of marbl  
now, since Sartor  
regimental offic  
forage wagon fee  
the faint grassy d  
grave. And then  
up in his own atti  
come out to Sutp  
ing, waiting, too,  
word from Bon  
buried him, too, t  
to town herself, ir

scratch, something, something that might make a mark  
something that was once for the reason that it can do  
while the block of stone can't be it because it can't do  
because it can't ever die or perish... and your  
mother watching her, the impenetrable, the calm, the  
tully serene face, and crying:

"No! No! Not that! Think of your -" and she  
watching her, comprehending, still aware, not even  
"Oh, I? No, not that. Because somebody will  
take care of Clytie, and father, too, soon, who will  
something to eat after he comes home because it was  
much longer since they have begun to about now  
now. No. Not that. Women don't do that for love. I  
even believe that men do. And not now, anyway. Be  
there wouldn't be any room now, for them to go to  
ever it is, if it is. It would be full already. Get  
a theater, an opera house, if what you expect is  
getting, diversion, entertainment; like a bed already  
if what you want to find is a chance to lie still and  
sleep and sleep" -

Mr Compson moved. Half rising, Quentin took the  
from him and beneath the dim bug-fouled globe  
carefully, as though the sheet, the desiccated paper  
not the paper but the intact ash of its former shape  
stance: and meanwhile Mr Compson's voice again  
while Quentin heard it without listening: "Now you  
why I said that he loved her. Because there were  
many of them, gallant flowery indolent frequent and  
sent by hand over that forty miles between Oxford  
Jefferson after that first Christmas - the metropolitan  
idle and delicately flattering (and doubtless to him, coming  
less) gesture to the bucolic maiden - and that bucolic  
with that profound and absolutely inexplicable tragic  
clairvoyance of women against which that metropolitan  
gallant's foppish posturing was just the jacknape  
small boy, receiving the letters without understanding  
not even keeping them, for all their elegant and  
tediously contrived turns of form and metaphor, until  
next one arrived. But keeping this one which most

reached her out of a clear sky after an interval of four  
considering this one worthy to give to a stranger to keep  
not to keep, even to read or not to read as she strange  
fit, to make that scratch, that undying mark on the  
face of the oblivion to which we are all doomed, of  
she spoke -" Quentin hearing without having to lis  
he read the faint spidery script not like something imp  
upon the paper by a once-living hand but like a s  
cast upon it which had resolved on the paper the  
before he looked at it and which might fade, vanish,  
instant while he still read: the dead tongue speaking a  
four years and then after almost fifty more, gentle a  
and incurably pessimistic, without date or

how I insult neither of us by chiding  
and even, let alone from the dead. By  
should deduce and derive a curious  
and augur of the future from  
our hands - a sheet of note-paper  
french watermarks dated seventy  
shaded (taken of the 18th, from the gutted mansion of  
aristocrat; and written upon in the best of stove polish me  
not twelve months ago in a New England factory. Yes. S  
we captured it: a story in itself. Imagine us, an as  
homogeneous scarecrows, I won't say hungry because to  
lady or female either, below Mason's and Dixon's in  
grace 1865, that word would be sheer redundancy, like  
we were breathing. And I won't pay ragged (or even st  
we have been both long enough to have grown accustomed  
thank God (and this restores my faith not in human na  
but at least in man) that he really does not become inured  
and privation: it is only the mind, the gross omnivorous  
soul which becomes inured; the body itself, thank God, ne  
from the old soft feel of soap and clean linen and some  
the sole of the foot and the earth to distinguish it from  
beast. So say we merely needed ammunition. And in  
scarecrows with one of those concocted plans of scarecr  
which not only must but do work, the reason that the



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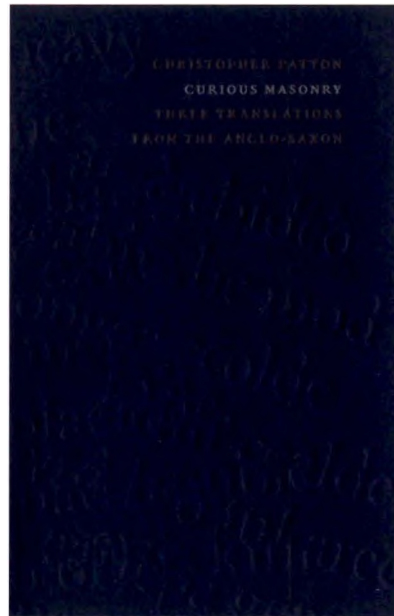
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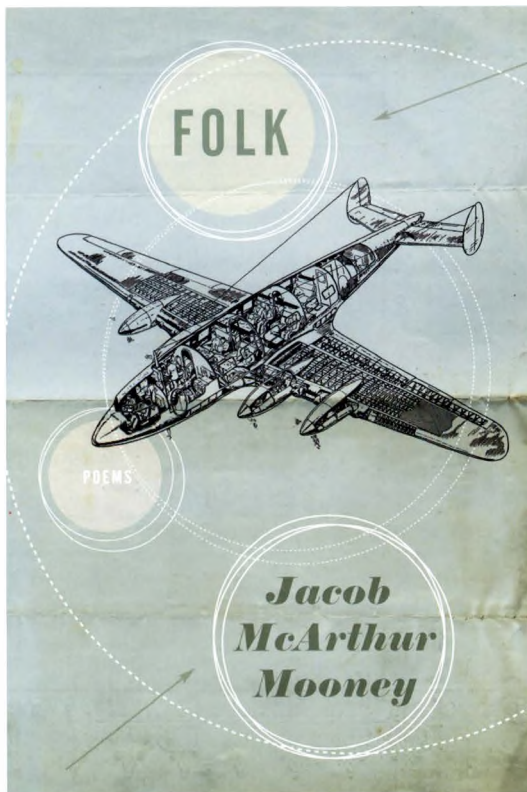
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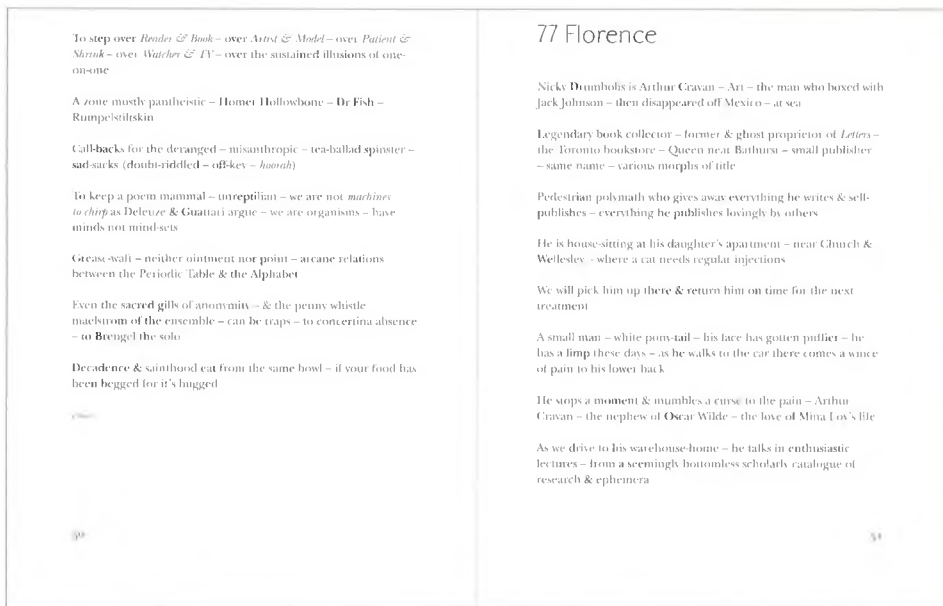
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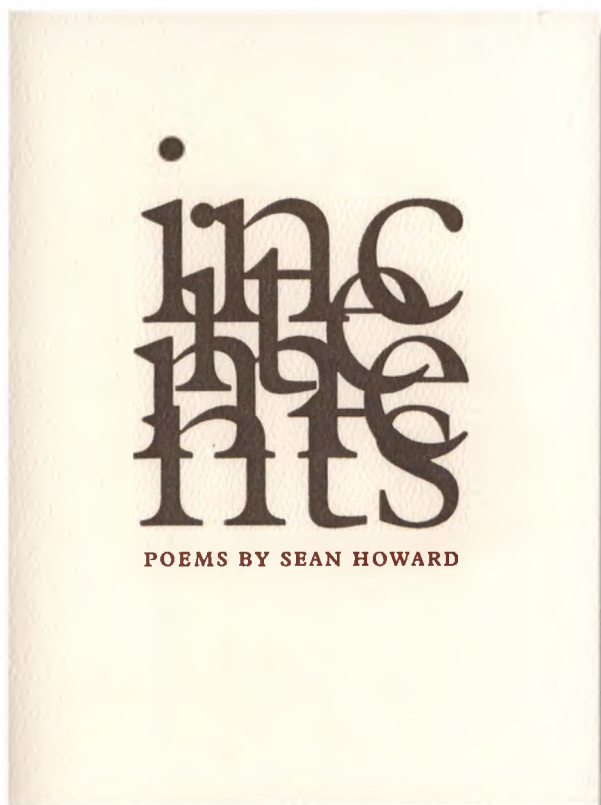
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poem listening to my daughter at  
a distance of some thousand miles

From the five good emperors  
I have learned that there were five good emperors  
— Liu Jiamo

the first casualty of travel  
the sweep it creates

& sometimes provides

the wind out a breath  
we would otherwise make

ontario snow up a wind chill  
of alberta depth, some minus fifty

in your eighteenth year, a measure  
, a bootstrap

you would yourself pull

a word from childhood  
to measure, bare miles

14

a possible film treatment  
for the rest of the afternoon

There is | no sense to beauty,  
— Ed Dorn

to ask 'winning aint anything'  
but to her & to her & to him

neil young may be loud, but they  
have a remote

what else drink suggested

& the lights all behind

the pull,  
& the pull

of her fine boots & her  
fine legs, poured

in the dark  
& then into the dark

from whence they came

the ringing goes deeper  
, deep

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Designer | Conception graphique  
*Marvin Harder*

Author | Auteur *Rob McLennan*

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