

### Dream #39 A Call to Arms:

Eros sings:

Make nice!  
Heal the rift!  
Build bridges over hellhole's  
width, failsafe and muscular.  
Drape its rails  
with triumphant lilies  
and orchids erect  
with loveliness. Stalwart,  
  
come, kiss iceberg's tip.  
Chilled lips an inch above

arctic waters call to you,  
hot-blooded ship. Intrepid  
friend, our hold must leap  
in order that embrace might seal.  
Come, span death's abyss and caulk  
that horrid glory hole.

Forgive then —

mouth meet mouth. We two  
buffing cloths, chamois cheeks,  
are Brasso to a quarrel's rust.

### Dream #40 The Sting:

When Eros talks in her sleep,  
I hear muck, exquisitely tooled;  
jewels and gold, blender-puréeed.

This self-willed deafmute desires  
quiet but the bed's burbling half,  
Eros as Motor Mouth, badgers yet:

'Face it, Deathie,  
you, King of the Tied Tongue,  
Dullest of the Dull, are the only  
match in town left unstruck.  
You possess no talents and no  
imagination. Like a gerbil  
nervous in the crypt, you crave  
the cage's relative liberties.

I am landlady to its shell pink key!  
Sinuous custodian to all that breathes!  
*Your* recreations however, are cheap —  
claws repetitious on the wheel;  
senseless shredding of Kleenex  
and tissues otherwise human.'

The diatribe stings for I know  
she won't acknowledge that the sweet  
perversity from which she rails  
is sleep, a minute sleight-of-hand  
performed by myself. A dose of Death,  
immunization against and final  
invitation to. I am subtle  
with the batten that accumulates.

## P. FLECK

### Summer Thoughts (for Margaret Laurence)

An uneven day —  
little clouds, sun and shadow  
and sudden sun.

The sky is breathing for us  
— long draughts of light and the shadow  
is sadness breathing in — and blowing  
cloud-puffs at the snow-cool  
peaks of mountains. A cloud island  
atoll turns into a harp,  
unstrung, a swan rampant, a white  
hound high-tailing across an azure field,  
—a child-smiling kite-flying  
innocence of sky.  
Deck-chaired, hat over face, head  
full of fractals, geometry of natural  
repetitions, endless interweavings,

— Gaelic cross in the Book of Kells —  
I am lost in that maze  
looking for,  
finding,  
defining, divining  
real words for things,  
sous-text of the universe.  
It begins to come true.  
World is shifting into word, poets  
into priests or prophets, or  
diviners.  
No,  
Shadow plumb-lines to the heart  
The sky stops breathing,  
and shows what  
sunlight  
is.