



Fred Wah, Pauline Butling, at Wah's reading.

Poems, selected by Louis Cabri for
reading at Alley Alley Home Free

Fred Wah

How To Do This

If you only do it once
you will remember that
so it becomes a river
more often present and gone
than done or will do

a mountain sits
think it a flower
blooms and dies
all of it
once carried is also held

fill all the space you can
just to do it
then imagine it
what a trick
once you move you can't stop
flowers mountains rivers
do dies did
done again
push mind wind
think of it somewhere
a given
maybe
just once.

stomach

inging
day song
instrument

aying it
each time
throat

ing lip
lip

eyeing
for sure

bells
long, long days
in the mountains

ringing it
wire

ight
all day
sun

ing
near foreign
music
mming it
to myself

the build up
how I listen to myself make it
hold on
so that the day remains open
the next collision in the light
and catch up to the breath
breathing somewhere
the air

as it comes out ahead of me

wahh, wahh

How does she know that
How does she do all that walking
through the forest
How does she know the bears won't get her?

HOW TO HUNT

Colour it brown
 think about it
 ahead of time
 think about it
 afterwards
 listen to you
 how alone you are
 sitting on a log
 in the forest
 look at it about to happen
 completely in your mind
 and the world
 all the trees
 even the sky
 size
 surrounds everything
 did you remember
 did you forget
 say it
 "sheh"
 how heavy the task
 I've tracked myself
 to this log
 nothing else nothing waits
 get up (later
 you'll get lost.

THE SEANCERS AT DEANESHAVEN

On a hill above green water
 which is a lake runs by
 becoming a river down or
 further off to the south

still within this green valley
 because it is July
 left on the hill to the right
 of Deaneshaven among trees

he
 is a painter
 of reason
 for cash of his Roccoco things

and there for magical purposes
 it is he and his friends' hill

and I and my wife
 are on ours
 as there is that renewal each summer
 to look down upon the lake

what ritual on the other side
 for evening thunderclouds
 to ride us both as rails
 down the range of peaks
 which cup the lake going south

the lightning
 cuts up the dark valleys

reveals them dancing among tall trees
their cabins the mysterious
Roccoco canvasses jump
to the forks of the sky fire too

and it ends with the night everywhere
where we in the Queen's Bay orchard stand
I come into myself with the mountains
the dark paintings fall into me
across the green water on this side.

Music at the Heart of Thinking 62

How did they stand as an exercise and how did they
move out of your way or did you touch when you
walked through the crowded door- ways what was
their breath like did it make you think of a world
breath under the sahari how was that did you find
your eyes wound up in the saffron cloth what if you
had married a girl from Abbotsford would your
children have to leave the country is memory a
horse or an elephant and was it monkey play or
monkey business in the Garden of the Maids did
you find any solid evidence of transcendentalism in
what way did Dal Lake resemble Cultus Lake how
often did you think of Victor Coleman when you
were there or Allen Ginsberg could I hear that
egg curry raga please perhaps with a cup of
chai what's a Ghat was the paralogical
condition legitimized did you consider becoming
an orange-robed sannyasi and never coming
back? How would you relate this spiritual
experience to a life of therapy or crime?
