

shadowgraph 72: to ask for a superprinciple
(poetry detected in eugene wigner's nobel physics lecture, 1963)

i

plutonium: tomb
essence... (mechanics

furnishing your home?)
tragicomic: state as super-

man. *precise beyond*
anything reason-

able

ii

businessing our
own minds. (ejacu-

quations.) oath: *by no*
means natural... christ

knows – ‘more &
more about the

cross’

iii

‘god’ – remains
significant? science:

reorganized religion. (the
correctly chosen people.)

uniform – *the be-*
lief in conform-

ity

iv

bohr’s ghost: ‘all we know, the
nature of the *discussion...*’ (orbit-

uaries.) little boys: ‘the super
position in the plane!’ ham-

let’s prescience: *silence,*
the state’s conclus-

ion

library cards
(taken from cape breton university)

i. utopia and reform in the enlightenment

taught
lines. the Other

hand. new school; the
governing *class*. Rea-

son's carry, sha-
dows from the

wood

ii. adolescent coping

the heart's
locker. corrid-

or rain. 'does *God* go
to Church?' drugs still

high school...
drivethru

life

case-
study: black-

box. pervasive ambi-
violence. all she

left, note in
the lock-

er

iii. greece: the struggle for freedom

war's
drill. tank-

track hand. Acro-
polis swastika. Ath-

ens 'calm': Ges-
tapo cell-

ars

rose-
garden: hun-

gry eyes. gun-
pit guts. Stu-

ka shadow:
iron cr-

oss

iv. ireland her own

Connacht
rain. bled em-

erald. the shipp-
ed fields. Clare

starving,
grass &

ash

tideline postcards (main-à-dieu, cape breton)

may 23

clear
skies,
fleet
turn-
ing,
back
with
the
clou-
ds

june 7

litter,
beer
cans,
par-
ty
of
gulls

july 14

thick
foam,
wind
cutt-
ing,
flee-
ce
on
the
sa-
nd

august 29

loo-
se
kn-
ot,
plo-
vers
cut,
o-
pen
on
the
wa-
ve

september 16

break-
ing,
backs
carry,
shoul-
der-
ing
sea-
ls

october 3

waves
dan-
ce,
gulls
hov-
er,
pull-
ing
the
st-
rings

epiphany (the twist)

air canada, april 2012

when i flew as a child
i imagined a man
living alone on the

clouds. (i twisted the
poem, *i wandered
lonely...*) who, &

how, i couldn't say,
but there he was –
for a lifetime, i

guessed – alone
in that atrocious
peace. now i see

how wrong i was:
they're *both* gone –
man & boy.

unmarked poem

in the parking lot of the *future*
shop a woman wanders, lost or

waiting, oddly reverent, stopping
& moving between the graves