

An Ode (Upon the Occasion of Myself,  
My Sickness)

For a nickel I might  
open my veins & drift  
past being. It moves down  
(doesn't everything?)  
into my lungs & I am not  
pleased. But I sing best  
underwater, wavering  
groans of pressure.

I might sing the cigarette,  
the grapefruit, the girl  
in my head. But I sing  
the ashtray overflowing  
in spite of logic. The dirging  
at the end of rhyme  
apologizes for imagination,  
the demanding beyond.

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