

Kind-ling: for Peter



Daphne Marlatt

How could anything anyone actually said tell you what anything was really like anyway...? Peter Quartermain, from Growing Dumb

like really *a great doorst[o]p of bread /no/ step* he wrote the vowels with acuity opening memory via idioma o my peculiarity *all wibbly-wobbly* a child a chill swelling or sore that blain in the heart would touch then as then felt *how chirpy...marching along*

when old beholden interrupts *stopped calling its hurry-up* a small cut opens under pressure the veiled in reveal its narrative naïf in the face of compulsory or customary shift with the vowel slip a ship's or *Sheep's Bell* takes its toll farther back than belling large cat Stein with acuity melodic mnemonic taps Zukofsky's number rife with typographic fingers detail as generosity initial instinct

as in curiosity for what's at back *I cringe to think of now* shriven or shriving as in scribing a cuppa sugared no less with old familiars not in vogue or vague a vagary off bounds antic in horizontal identity construct of blunder and good luck in a jam I quote jammy clatter of the domestic coal-fired to scent (period) what's latent in kin or kind both in Our Kid

close-up *it was him really* fictive as in rehearse class codes limit
nostalgic *pudding for afters* feline lick whisker'd mock King Pud's
implicit reading memory drive to re- late to suscite off-cuts risen
episodic self links history's capital aitch undone

synchronous in kind with persistent research drive to find forgotten
archive re-remember synapse a glitch dekes left to right the balance of
what's unsaid *what sort of life was it* what counts not missing a bit a
beat in discursive connect *What shall we be ... when we aren't*

still the said retold retreads what's held dear in shifting ground ex-
orbiting old bounds once taught its vivid *Come on, look alive!* is on the
move and well it *wellygogs* in time

quoted material from manuscript Chapters 1 and 2 of *Growing Dumb* and from
"Where I Lived and What I Learned For: Part One: *Growing Dumb*," *The Capilano
Review* 2:38 (Fall 2002), pp. 5-10.