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**Tada(da)! I Found it!**

Power, Alethea

*ProQuest Dissertations and Theses*; 2004; ProQuest

**Tada(da)! I Found it!**

by

**Alethea Power**

**A Creative Writing Project  
Submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research  
through English Language, Literature, and Creative Writing  
in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for  
the Degree of Master of Arts at the  
University of Windsor**

**Windsor, Ontario, Canada**

**2004**

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# Canada

## **Abstract**

“Tada(da)! I Found it!” is a collection of experimental poetry and fiction. One of the central themes throughout the work is “found material.” While the poetry cannot be classified as “Found Poems” in the strictest sense of the term they do draw on various textual sources (car advertisements, the internet, both canonical and non-canonical poetry etc.) for inspiration. In my Statement of Poetics I link my work to both Dada and contemporary Canadian experimental writers such as bpNichol, Christian Bök and Darren Wershler-Henry.

Reader accessibility is a big concern for me and I see myself as writing for a broad audience as opposed to a specifically academic one. As such I have included a process appendix which, I feel, gives both the recreational reader and the academic a way into the text.

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# Statement of Poetics

## So, you wrote a Statement of Poetics?

I didn't initially want to. This wasn't because I'm lazy (well, I'm lazy but that's beside the point) nor was it because I don't recognise the importance of thinking about my writing in the context of others (I do). The reason I didn't want to write a statement of poetics is that my writing is continually changing and I don't want to commit to one particular style. I feel as though as soon as I write a statement of poetics my poetry will be bound to it and it will limit me creatively. Additionally, I enjoy many different poets who write in many different ways. Why should I argue that my particular style is more valid than theirs?

I am not alone in my reluctance to commit myself to a statement of poetics. In "Dada Manifesto 1918", one of the early Dadaists Tristan Tzara writes that "...in principle I am against manifestoes, as I am also against principles...I write this manifesto to show that people can perform contrary actions together while taking one fresh gulp of air" (76). Tzara writes this manifesto despite his overt opposition to the idea of manifestoes; in fact, Tzara wrote seven manifestos on Dada. Perhaps, then, I can proceed to write about my poetry despite my hesitations to do so. Allow me to say, however, that the discussion of my writing that follows is only how I feel about writing presently, and will be an incomplete discussion of even that. Just be forewarned that my feelings about writing may be very different in ten years or even ten minutes from now.

## Aha! You mentioned Dada! You DO have influences!

One of my favourite writing quotations comes from a Greek poet named Giorgos Seferis who says "Don't ask who's influenced me. A lion is made up of the lambs he's



digested, and I've been reading all my life" ("Giorgos Seferis"). I, like the lion, cannot name all of the lambs that I've eaten but I will admit that in my recent past I snacked on some Canadian experimental writers including bpNichol, Christian Bök and Darren Wershler-Henry. These writers have had impacts on specific works within this thesis. My alphabet poems are in some ways inspired by bpNichol who plays with the alphabet in works such as The Aleph Beth Book and Alphabet Illphabet and also plays with the structure of words in general throughout his works. While I do not do anything as radical as Christian Bök does in his book Eunoia, the oral quality of this work does influence the Italian "translation" poems in this collection. I intentionally imitate the format of Darren Wershler-Henry's book of poetry called The Tapeworm Foundry in my "I Can't Write" poem.

Reading contemporary experimental writers has not only influenced these particular poems, but they have also profoundly impacted my work as they challenged my definition of poetry in new and exciting ways. When I reflected upon these authors and how their work impacted me, it was brought to my attention that they, naturally, had been influenced by others as well. Where had my favourite poets received their inspiration? I didn't have to look far for an answer as these authors are quite candid about their roots. Nichol, for example, makes the influence of Dada on his work clear by publishing Dada Lama: A Sound-Sequence in Six Parts, and by releasing (while working under a group of sound poets named "The Four Horsemen") a recording named "Nada Canadada." This is what spurred me onto learning more about Dada, a movement that inspired many of my favourite experimental poets.

Of course, Dada was not the only movement that inspired these authors. Christian Bök, in particular, was inspired by a group of poets known as Oulipo (Ouvroir de

Littérature Potentielle, or, Workshop of Potential Literature). This is a group who uses mathematical means to limit their poetry. For example, the “S+7 method, where each substantive or noun in a given text, such as a poem, is systematically replaced by the noun to be found seven places away in a chosen dictionary” (Taylor). While this is not the exact method I used for developing my variations of Blake’s “Tyger! Tyger!” the correlation between my method and Oulipo’s is quite obvious.

Despite the recent impacts that experimental writing has had on my work, I recognise that I have digested many poets over the past 24 years and firmly believe that there are others who have impacted my works in ways that I am less conscious of. I have been a Margaret Atwood fan for a long time and while the impacts that she has had on my writing are less obvious, I do retain from her a desire to keep my writing accessible to the average reader in a way that some experimental poetry is not. I am also enchanted by many canonical writers. Of the canonical writers, the one that has the most direct impact on the works in this text is, of course, William Blake whose “Tyger! Tyger!” poem I use as a source of inspiration.

In the particular instance of my “Tyger! Tyger!” poems, I am deconstructing part of the canon. I am deconstructing it, however, in a constructive way. That is to say that regardless of what I do to Blake’s “Tyger! Tyger!” it will continue to be a great poem. I want people to know that it is a great poem and I think that the most effective way to do this is actually to deconstruct it.

While I love many of the works within the canon, I don’t love the reverent way that they are often treated; they often are given so much esteem that they cease to be thought of as texts that were created by writers for the reader’s enjoyment and instead become texts that are full of profound meaning which must be studied in depth and

extracted. The focus, at least in classrooms (but let's be honest – that is for many people the only place they encounter poetry), ceases to be enjoying poetry, and becomes finding the true hidden meaning, which many teachers have predetermined in their minds to the point of suppressing any alternative (yet equally valid) readings by the students. By deconstructing a text such as “Tyger! Tyger!” I seek to bring poetry out of the realm of the sacred and help people experience it in a radically new way; I want them to enjoy it!

### **Ya, ya. But what about Dada?**

I realise that I started with very contemporary influences and am now working my way back. I make no apologies for this because it was my interest in the contemporary writers that caused me to trace the roots of experimental poetry. While experimental poetry, and experimental art in general, did not just “show up” with what many consider the beginning of the Dadaist movement in 1914, I feel that Dadaism is the literary movement that has had the most lasting impacts on my writing.

Part of what I love about Dadaism is its name, which Richard Huelsenbeck accounts for in “Dada Lives!” He writes:

One day Hugo Ball was seated in his modest room in a Zurich tenement flat. Besides his wife, I was the only one present. We were discussing the question of a name for our idea, we needed a slogan which might epitomize for a larger public the whole complex of our direction...Hugo Ball sat in an arm chair holding a German-French dictionary on his knees...I was standing behind Ball looking into the dictionary on his knees. Ball's fingers pointed to the first letter of each word descending on the page. Suddenly I cried halt. I was struck by a word I had never heard before, the word dada.

‘Dada,’ Ball read, and added: ‘It is a children's word meaning hobby-horse.’ At that moment I understood what advantages the word held for us.

‘Let's take the word dada,’ I said. ‘It's just made for our purpose. The child's first sound expresses the primitiveness, the beginning at zero, the new in our art. We could not find a better word.’ (279-80).

However, Huelsenbeck was not the only one who claimed credit for the name. Dadaist poet and artist Jean Arp issued a statement that reads as follows:

I hereby declare that Tristan Tzara found the word DADA on February 8<sup>th</sup>, 1916, at 6 p.m. I was present with my five children when Tzara uttered this word for the first time – filling us with justified enthusiasm. This took place in the Café Terrace in Zurich – I was putting a roll into my left nostril at the time. I am convinced that this word is not of the slightest importance and that only morons and Spanish professors can be interested in dates. What interests us is the Dada spirit and we were all Dada before Dada ever existed. (qtd. in Bigsy 4).

C.W.E. Bigsby states that since “Dada is also Russian for ‘yes, yes’ and, apparently, Kru African for the tail of a cow, it is politic not to inquire too closely into the genesis or etymology of a word which soon acquired a potent meaning of its own” (15). It is the ambiguity of the word Dada, both in its meaning and its origin, that I love. My reliance on the Oxford English Dictionary to find words to write my alphabet poems about is reminiscent of Huelsenbeck’s account of founding the word Dada in which a dictionary was opened and a word was chosen at random to describe the movement. With a couple of exceptions, such as my k and q poems, I created the alphabet poems the same way. I flipped through the dictionary and found words from each letter that served my purpose.

The historical aspects of the rise of Dadaism and its eventual death as a movement, however, are not my primary interest. My primary interest, and what I have begun to see my writing in relation to, is in the spirit and ideas behind Dada.

**Wait a minute. You can’t do Dada if Dada died!**

Okay. Before I move on to the spirit and ideas behind Dada I should comment on that technicality. Dada as a movement was officially pronounced dead in Germany in 1922 (Bigsby 10-11). According to Dadaist painter and film-maker Hans Richter, the dissolution of Dada happened “when the power of the faith began to wane and all-too-human conflicts began to appear, [that is when] these same people [Huelsenbeck,

Hausmann and other Dadaist leaders] began to lose their sense of common loyalty”

(134). In Bigsby's Dada and Surrealism, he speaks about these tensions:

André Breton proposed a Congress of Paris to be held early in 1922, whose prime objective was to be an attempt to examine the plight of modernism. Tristan Tzara accepted, but only on the understanding that the real purpose of the Congress should be to debate whether a railway engine was more modern than a top hat. In other words, he accepted on the understanding that he could deflate a project which Breton, in an un-Dadalike manner, seemed determined to take seriously. Paris Dada then collapsed in an orgy of accusations, pamphlets, excommunications, and resignations... The climax came when Breton physically assaulted the performers at a Dada evening and together with Aragon and Éluard was dragged from the theatre. By now it was evident that the small group who had met in Weimar in May 1922 and who had declared the death of Dada as a movement, had been right (21-22).

What is important, however, is that this simply accounts for the end of Dada as a movement. Perhaps in the inter-war years, the role of “a collection of avant-garde writers and artists who were revolted by the war and suspicious of the role which art and literature had come to play” (Bigsby 9) was too ambiguous to hold the group together. Bigsby writes that, “as an organized assault on public consciousness and as a resolute enemy of perverted social and artistic values it [Dada] had outlived its usefulness” (22).

What is important, however, is that, “as a state of mind it [Dada] could not die” (Bigsby 22). The spirit of Dada is still alive and well in poetic circles.

### **The “spirit of Dada” – what is this, a séance?**

No actually. That's beginning to sound a bit more like surrealism than Dadaism. Breton (yes, the same Breton who was once a Dadaist – so there are, admittedly, some connections between the two movements) felt that surrealism “was dedicated to revising our definition of reality” (Bigsby 39). According to Bigsby,

the means which it [surrealism] employed, automatic writing, accounts of dreams, trance narration, poems and paintings created as a result of random influences, art

which pictured images of paradox and dream, were all devised to serve the same fundamental purpose – to change our perception of the world and hence to change the world itself (39).

This is quite different than Dadaism, which

assumed a consciously subversive role. They [the Dadaists] ridiculed conventional taste and deliberately set out to dismantle the arts, not in any mood of formalistic inquiry but in a desire to discover the point at which culture had become infected with a tainted morality and to detect the moment at which creativity and vitality had begun to diverge. It was thus from the beginning both destructive and constructive; both frivolous and serious (Bigsby 9).

Comparing the two definitions, it seems that surrealism tackles much more abstract questions. Questions about the nature of God and reality are addressed in really interesting ways by surrealists. This is, however, quite different from what Dadaists do in their work. Dadaists question the notions of society and art around them which is also important. Arp writes, “Is it surprising that the ‘bandits’ could not understand us? Their puerile mania for authoritarianism expects art itself to serve the stultification of mankind” (39-40). Clearly Arp was frustrated by the formalistic restraints that Modernist art had imposed and felt that this imposition was related to the burden that authorities put on people in general.

An initial reading of my poems might lead one to think that they are “frivolous,” however, my poems are meant to break down a lot of the walls between reader and writer. I am deconstructing these walls, but at the same time constructing something much more important by allowing readers to access poetry in new ways. Humour, unusual form, and a process appendix which demystifies the creation of poetry are a few of the means I employ in order to serve this end.

Dadaist art challenges conventions. One of my favourite examples of Dada is a piece by Marcel Duchamp. In 1917 Duchamp unmasked a new sculpture called “La

Fontaine” – a urinal. This was one of Duchamp’s “anti-art gestures, mocking the whole idea of taste and form;” however,

The ‘ready-made’ was not simply an anti-art gesture. It was a challenge to a system of values. The positive value of objets-trovés, as seen by the Chinese, the Japanese and later by the surrealists, was not lost on Duchamp. But, in place of the smooth stone or the evocative piece of wood he deliberately chose functional products of his own age, inviting the public to distinguish between these and the art which he saw as drained of energy and imaginative power (Bigsby 11-12).

I like this piece not only because, like some of my favourite contemporary authors, it pushes us to expand our notions of what art is but also because it is an object that is found everywhere. What I love most, however, is that it is a urinal. I’m not being juvenile; I honestly think that the piece wouldn’t have been as effective if it had been, I don’t know, a sink. A sink would have challenged our conceptions of art just as much. After all, a sink isn’t art – it’s just a sink, right? A urinal, though, seems much more shocking. People will remember seeing a urinal in an art gallery. Was Duchamp being slightly vulgar by using a urinal? Yes. Will it stick in people’s mind as a result? Absolutely. This may not have been true of the kitchen sink. I think sometimes artists need to take risks in order to achieve a desired effect.

I’m hesitant to apply the term “anti-art” to “La Fontaine.” Perhaps the term “anti-art” seems too negative for me. How could any art be anti-art? It’s like when I say, “I hate academics,” which I do, though I have many friends who are academics, whom I do not hate, and I am myself an academic, yet am generally not self-loathing. So what I mean when I say “I hate academics” is that I hate the stereotypes that a lot, but not all, academics fall into. When Duchamp submits a urinal as a sculpture, I don’t think he’s saying that he hates art. For this reason I don’t like the term “anti-art.” I think that

Duchamp is pushing us to re-evaluate what we see as art. His work, therefore, isn't about destroying art so much as it is about destroying overly-limited definitions of art.

Challenging social conventions about art – and being willing to take risky (or risqué) steps to do so is what I feel is the spirit of Dada. By writing in ways that are unconventional, I seek to expand our definitions of poetry in much the same way that Duchamp seeks to challenge our definition of visual art.

**So you're a Dadaist then?**

I think that Dada has had a big impact on my writing. I never realised this at first. It only had an indirect impact on me initially as a result of the impact it had on contemporary artists that I love so much. Now that I have been exposed to Dada more directly I think that it is having a bigger impact on my writing. I think that it will continue to have an impact on my writing for quite some time – but like I stated earlier I'm not making any life-commitments here. To refer back to Seferis' quotation – as a lion I've digested more than one lamb.

**So you're a lion then? And you ate bpNichol, Darren Wershler-Henry and countless other talents?**

Yes.

**Don't you eat any non-Canadians? And don't you eat any women?**

Why yes, in fact I do. You'll recall that I discussed William Blake's "Tyger! Tyger!." Blake, in addition to not being a Dadaist, was British. One of my poems, "Twenty-Four Hours," is very influenced by American female writer Lyn Hejinian's long poem My Life. In My Life, Hejinian constructs an autobiography by writing a series of phrases which are not connected in a typical narrative structure. My poem "Twenty-Four



Hours,” uses this non-narrative structure and strings together one phrase that I overheard for each hour of a day (I stayed awake all night, turning on the television once an hour when it became apparent that there are times of the day that we are less inclined to hear phrases). For a more thorough list of authors and sources that have impacted particular works, see my process appendix.

**Don't you think it's wrong to eat people? I though poets were vegetarians.**

I'm not a vegetarian. I don't know if that makes me less of a poet or not. As far as eating people goes, let me explain. When we die our bodies become the grass. And the lambs eat the grass and so you see, we are all connected in the great circle of poetry.

**Hey – that was nearly a word for word rip off of The Lion King! You stole it!**

I didn't steal it. Like Duchamp's statue I simply took something from its original context in order to allow you to see it in a different way. Stuart Ross uses this technique in his poem “A Minor Altercation” which is a verbatim account of former Prime Minister Jean Chretien's apology for shoving a protestor to the ground in 1996.

Of course, you have to get quite lucky to find a “ready-made” poem and, unlike Ross, my poetry doesn't use verbatim transcriptions of my source material. Instead, I often base my poems around the source material but allow myself to deviate from it as I see fit. For example, in my Italian “translation poems,” I take an original poem written in Italian and translate it into English. What makes this method unusual is that I do not know a single word of Italian. My translation, then, is based on the sounds of the words. This technique is called heterolinguistic translation. After doing this, I take the same poem that has been properly translated from Italian into English and employ the strategy again by listening to the sounds of the words and finding new words that sound like them in order to create a homolinguistic (English to English) translation.

### **So where do you steal stuff from?**

I draw on and borrow material from a lot of different places. Some of my borrowing comes from poetry that is traditionally taught in schools, such as that of Blake. My goal here is to take poetry which, though wonderful, often bores countless students to tears and transform it in a way that gets them to see it in a new light. After reading my “Tyger! Tyger!” poems at a local poetry reading I had one audience member come up to me and say “I loved your poems – Blake drove me crazy in my first year course.” I was pleased that I was able to have at least one person think of the poem in a new light. In this way I think that my Blake poems, like Dadaist poetry, are both destructive and constructive.

I also like borrowing material from sources that are less likely to be thought of as poetic. In my poem entitled “The New 2005 Alethea” I have taken most of the material from various car advertisements on the General Motors and other car websites. The use of this text is quite blatant in that I have simply taken many quotations and rearranged them in an order that I saw fit.

There are also times when my borrowing is more subtle. For my Got Mail story I borrowed, of course, the format of email but I also borrowed profiles from a few users of Yahoo Personals to base my characters on. At one point in this piece, I go as far as to borrow a poem that is commonly forwarded through email.

These, of course, are only a few examples. For a more complete list of sources I will have to refer you, again, to my process appendix.

### **Aren’t you worried that you’ll get arrested?**

The issue of copyright is, of course, important. The MLA Style Manual’s section on “Fair Use of Copyrighted Works” states that “The rights of copyright owners are not

absolute” (43). According to the MLA, courts give “latitude to ‘transformative use’ – which adds to the original work something new and possibly different in form” (44). I believe that my use constitutes as “transformative.”

**This isn't poetry!**

I encourage you to read my poem “Poetry is...” which is a compilation of definitions of poetry that users of the internet have given. If you accept all of these definitions of poetry to be true I challenge you to find me any piece of writing that is “poetry.”

**Dadada Dat's All Folks!**

## Poetry is...

a political act  
complete nonsense  
a destructive force  
the drug of choice  
a sudden process of verbal compression  
plucking  
a very complex thing  
banned  
published?  
not a luxury for women of color  
bread  
no shameful disease  
sacred  
not an hermetic academic pursuit  
a joyful music to the ears  
pretty much like life  
connected to the body  
driving me mad  
redundant  
what fish won't eat  
useless  
for the ear  
in the details  
just the evidence  
for americans  
for immigrants  
not nutritious  
a report of an aesthetic realism class  
neuroanatomy  
the reason i live  
william saroian  
not something i do every now & then i do & it doesn't every now & then i am  
for sissies  
the beginning & art  
disease?  
written in the four line ballad form of rhymed quatrains  
once more the talk of the town  
psychoanalytic treatment  
pain  
a graceful dancer with elegance and flair  
not square  
often understood to be about little other than courtly love and romantic excess  
the strength of ghazal  
not my vice

## I Can't Write

I am waiting for my coffee to cool down because I can't write without having my coffee the perfect temperature and I need to finish reading the library book that is due tomorrow and I just bought a new season of Buffy on DVD & there have to be at least two episodes I don't have memorized and I should be packing and I'm illiterate and I am out of green tea damnit & if I drink coffee I will go berserk & I found a bag of earl gray but that is no good it has to be green tea – I MUST BE SOOTHED & MELLOW and I could not write to save my life not that writing will ever save my life anyways but I suppose I need to be able to do it to get a job & earn a living and I have a broken hand & a wired jaw two bloody knees & a skull fracture but you should see the other guy and Dr. Phil is on tv and I would rather fantasize about all the better things I could be doing right now like having a bubble bath a massage or a fun round of SM play and it's too cold and it's too hot and the weather is perfect so I should be taking advantage of it ie not writing and I've used up my allotment of words for the day in talking with students and random strangers & the rest of the words are still locked in the books hiding under the covers and I am too busy trying to find a job where I can move out of home and get a cat and the lady sitting next to me won't stop trying to engage me in conversation about how her ex-husband the cop delivered her baby in the backseat of her car and I'm all out of coke & everyone knows you can't write without coke - I tried once and all I could write about was how I didn't have any coke & how caffeine withdrawal was worse than the dts & how there were ants crawling all over the walls but there actually were ants cause I knocked over Gavin's ant farm while searching vainly for one last sip of that sweet brown ambrosia and hello not really a writer I write profound essays on Wordsworth Ondaatje & other people who write but no room left for any words I might want to share and it's past my bedtime and I can't afford pens because fashion is my true opiate so consequently I have a bank account that keeps on telling the salesclerk "NSF" & she won't believe that it means Newly Sanctioned Fashionista and I keep misspelling words and I'm trying to find a cure for cancer and she is simply too beautiful for words - her hips cocked - her sanguine lips and bubblicious tongue conveying invitations and inquiries that would turn the hair of the repressed snow white - black polished nails tapping arhythmically on the smoke-yellowed jukebox - a thumbprint birthmark where her neck meets her left shoulder - a template for many a hicky in high school that never saw the inside of an itchy black wool turtleneck - she has something I can't hit on or pin down but I know she'll hurt me & that I'll like it and all I can think about is how my partner and I worked my mother's china into foreplay which apparently I'd get in trouble for writing about and there is no dictionary nearby and I'm never going to be the next Atwood anyways so why bother and I would rather watch something erotic that will tantalize my taste buds not kill my spirit from boredom and I don't have any readers and the uni-browed Tim Hortons employee keeps asking me to lift my feet so she can sweep under me and my muse is a few hundred kilometres away & writing about how much I miss him degenerates into teenage angst-y bullshit which would eject me from peripheral existence on the group of the 'cool' kids and I'm writing about my life and find myself too attached to the subject and I'm writing about my life and don't care enough about the subject and I can't think of anything political to say - I can say lots of stuff about the emptiness or occupation of my bed - the desire to liberate others from their fetters and clothing but is that really worth the paper - I remember hearing on the news or Oprah or an REM record that a million billion acres of the

rainforest are destroyed every second but that just makes me wonder if there really is any rainforest left and is Greenpeace just scamming money so they can torment the French - has Amnesty International ever helped anyone - everyone they mention is still in jail or oppressed or whatever - so what worth have my words anyhow and I don't know why this is worth the dead tree that it's written on and my favourite song Oops I Did it Again is on the radio and I still haven't figured out why all bookstores have cats & I don't know if I'd be comfortable with a fat tabby sleeping on my life's work and my bladder is full - toilet is far away & my chia pet needs watering - why write when I can explore the possibilities and I'm dead and I'm in a coma and I have no vocabulary and I just cut my finger off with a butcher's knife & I'm running out of blood to write with and I would rather watch cooking shows & learn new ways to dress up my salad with fancy dijon sesame dressing and I lost the formula for writing a bestselling fantasy novel and I'm not a real writer because real writers drink black coffee and smoke a cigarette before writing each masterpiece & I only smoke after each masterpiece and I spend all my time on messenger reaching out & touching people I can't actually touch so I type inane conversation that would perhaps make more sense on the phone but I doubt it since my favourite words are now brb ttfn & smiley faces and all female writers in Canada are divorced men-haters & I don't want to be a divorced man-hater and I have to cook dinner & not something like Kraft dinner but a three course meal with salad dressing from scratch & if there's time Yorkshire puddings & do the laundry & the dishes but at least I get paid more than Cinderella did and my poem got rejected from the student newspaper & if they won't take it who will and my phone keeps ringing every two seconds & I never realized that I was that I was that important but I guess I am so I should go answer the phone right now and I've been abducted by aliens who do not know English & what would the point of writing be and I have four different songs running through my head how can I find my own words when all I hear is I'm Henry the VIII I am and English is bound to have a downfall similar to Latin so eventually nobody will know how to read this which eliminates the need to write it and language is capital & I'm a socialist and this assignment is so juvenile & I know that it is a waste of my time & I will just get the mark back and set the damned thing on fire and words don't grow on trees and writing is a waste of paper and every word I've written meaning to hide creeps out of itself to be seen by eyes who can't identify what these words really manifest and I have to watch all of the Simpsons reruns just in case something changes and my computer broke & I can't find the power button on my pen and people are staring at me - they're always staring at me and I drowned that bottle of white wine & now I feel all fuzzy and happy & want to direct my attention elsewhere and I have comebe dyslexic and I'm a paramedic & just got a call and my cat just puked on my roommate's new chesterfield & I had better clean it up since we were suppose to scotch guard it tonight and I worry that everything I write is predicated on some sort of hideously obscure pop culture reference that only I will get & that's not really what art is supposed to be because art is supposed to have gravitas & legislate the world in secret and seduce teenage authors of horror novels so that we can spirit them away to Switzerland to hang out in a castle with our creepy clubfooted friend who keeps making eyes at his sister or else we'll be kicked out of the republic for violating the patriot act & Curious George will take away all of our play-doh and Seinfeld is on & Kramer & the Soup Nazi are better than sociology any day and it's Stampede week & none of my writing is Western and I'm too busy making a mixed tape & that is a precise science - there are rules - more rules than in writing & these are ones you can't break & I

have to do this right or she'll leave me by playing "Love will Tear us Apart Again" by Joy Division as she walks out the door secreting my copy of "Teen Spirit" on vinyl out the door in her purse and nobody reads this shit anyways and there is a hot surfer over there & I would rather look at him & think of the life we could have together living in a hut on the beach while our children Sky and Summer lay in their hammocks and I have been offered the opportunity to be locked in a hotel room for a weekend with the Donnas a massive amount of stimulants & a handicam and I ache all over from my lack of sleep & from overworking my brain on lonely nights when I stay awake trying to get this damned thing done and my neurotic mother is coming over so I should try to get that six month old urine stain out of the carpet and random thoughts keep popping into my head keeping me away from the computer but they are not poems just frustrating vowels with voices that dance in my head like sugarplums and Carol Shields took the last good idea to write about which isn't fair because she's used up so many of the good ones already & she's dead so can't even enjoy it and I'm deep sea diving & its hard to write down here and the technological age tells me that there are better things to do like cheering on heroes that are accused of heroin abuse on other channels & running out to buy Right Guard Extreme body spray because it will make me irresistible to strangers and manikins alike and I'm a brain surgeon & its hard to write while operating and my nose is running & I have no Kleenex so this paper is getting too soggy to write on and I'm a write-a-holic and recently joined a support group and that chocolate bar in my drawer is calling my name and I would rather eat it in sinful delight than stare at this blank computer screen one more minute and the dog is humping the maple tree again so I should probably stop him and I can't write without coffee and a doughnut & I'm on a diet and I have nothing to say - everything has been said - even this has been said & isn't that sad - a little on the depressing side - fuck it I need a beer and I would rather go dance the night away because I am only young once & who will know I wrote my paper 2 hours before it was due wired on caffeine & splashing water on my face trying to stay awake and I don't think it is fair that many people do not have access to a proper education so to make a political statement I have decided to stop writing and the world has enough poets what we need is more readers and I am wondering what Ted Bundy would do if he was forced to write - would he murder the teacher or bomb the entire university and I cannot write about appropriate themes & apparently dogs humping maple trees is not an appropriate theme and I can't afford paper because my boss just walked in and told me that I did a great job on our last portfolio but forgot to cover my tracks after checking out porn on my company computer and I don't know much about bones and Greek mythology so I can't be a poet anyways and I'm continually distracted by my roommate having voluble sex with dozens of women on different occasions - maybe if I stop writing my life could be that blissful and I'm too busy trying to figure out who Olive the other reindeer was & what on earth was her problem and I am aspiring to be the next "New Dylan" & my time is taken up by trying to find a way to fit a copy of Ulysses into the pocket of my \$1000 vintage denim jacket growing stylishly unkempt long dark hair & trying to score with Winona Ryder and I can still procrastinate by playing games on the computer that five year olds can solve but some how elude me & no pen can be put to paper until I take over Russia or find out it was Mr. Plum in the conservatory with the candlestick and my writing doesn't have any little gems in it and I can't figure this screwy language out - i before e except after c but they built the exception right into the alphabet or is it eye before e except after see or sea & does that make more or less sense - Q can't be seen without U but U will go around

with any T D or H - I think the language is broken let's take it to a repair shop and I would rather keep thinking up excuses because they are more entertaining & fun & pass the time much quicker than my boring theory course and sometimes my mind wanders and I can't even complete a and I don't believe in process poetry & that's what all the hip kids are doing these days - no one writes poems anymore just ideas & experiments - the lyric is dead - God save the lyric AND



## Economising Poetry Production

Poetry is a tedious art that requires a specialised group of professionals known as poets to painstakingly pick each word in a given poem. The result is a piece of art which requires a very high level of labour for a comparatively small profit margin. To make the creation of poetry more economical I propose combining two underutilised tools available on the internet. I trust you will find that the combination of these two tools will make the production of poetry far more cost-effective by eliminating the need for a poet.

### Tool # 1

The Instant Muse Poetry Generator

<http://www.webcom.com/wordings/artofwrite/poetrygenerator.html>

Many poets complain that the hardest part of writing poetry is finding inspiration. This tool uses the principles of random input to write the first line of a poem thus eliminating the time a poet spends initiating poem generation.

### Tool # 2

Heretical Rhyme Generator

<http://www.pangloss.com/seidel/Poem/>

After a poet has found inspiration the second most tedious aspect of creating poetry is writing the body of the poem. This tool requires only the initial line of a poem and is then able to complete it.

I'm sure you will agree that by combining these two tools we would be able to eliminate the need for a poet. I have enclosed an example of the poetry generated by the revolutionary combination of these two tools. While this poem may initially seem disorderly, in a scientific poll conducted at three major shopping malls across Canada it was determined that 9 out of 10 average people understand the computer generated poem more than the poet-generated T.S. Eliot poem "The Wasteland."

For help interpreting the poem, a short response by Dr. Minerva Kucharski<sup>1</sup>, a professor of English at the University of Windsor, is included.

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<sup>1</sup> Name has been changed to protect identity. It is also notable that in order to obtain as unbiased a reading as possible, this professor was only told that this was a newly discovered text that was likely to be of significance to future literary scholarship.

### **Cradle of Refusal**

In the cradle of refusal the rains gain,  
Now if you'll excuse me I must use the loo  
We never sought to anger, but then we met you  
I knew in my heart it could only be you.

## A Preliminary Review of “Cradle of Refusal”

by: Dr. Minerva Kucharski

When Norman Rosette of The Windsor Star asked me to give my first impressions of this poem, I was hesitant. Why would a business writer like Rosette want a poetry review? I asked myself. I can only speculate that there is some financial gain to be had from this recent discovery, and express my sincere hopes that the original document which, unfortunately, I was not able to see, will be able to remain in the country in which it was discovered. Due to the global nature of our society, countries are very rapidly losing their historical documents as a result of international bidding; it is sad to see culture being sold over the free-trade market. This, of course, is a bit of a red-herring. I was asked to comment on the literary value of “Cradle of Refusal,” not on the nature of the sale of such artefacts.

Before I give my comments on the poem, it is important to note that this piece is such a new discovery that any comments would be merely hypotheses and a poem of such importance will necessarily warrant more commentary once its origins have been traced more precisely. My comments can only serve as a spur to what I trust will be a large volume of future research.

This poem seems to have a very significant heritage that links back to the early Dadaist movement. Due to its overt title in which a word as blatant as “refusal” was used (the Dadaist movement was an overt rejection of the previously unchallenged notions of art), I would place this piece to be at the earliest stages of the Dadaist movement. The internal rhyme of “rain” and “grains,” the alliteration of “refusal” and “rain,” as well as the repetition of the word “you” in the closing two verses suggests a concern with sound intonation and rhythm which was typical of well known Dada figures such as Hugo Ball.

The reference to the “loo” is a clear allusion to Marcel Duchamp’s famous 1917 Dadaist “ready-made” sculpture “La Fontaine,” itself a urinal. By submitting a urinal, Duchamp challenged conventional standards of art, as this poet is challenging traditional assumptions of poetry. Of course, the word “loo” in itself suggests a British undertone. Could it be that there was an underground movement of Dadaists in Britain whose work is comparable to that of the Zurich, Paris and New York movements?

One of the most interesting aspects of this poem is the use of the words “I,” “we,” and “you.” Was this poem written by an individual Dadaist or a group of them? Of course, we should not simply assume that the speaker in the poem is the author (or authors). I think that by interchanging the “I” with “we” the author(s) of this piece was/were challenging our notions of authorial presence within the work. Of course another interesting possibility is that the speaker of this poem was suffering from multiple personalities. Perhaps, then, the “you” is also the speaker of the poem and the speaker is fighting amongst various selves. In this case the word “cradle” would emphasise the young age at which the speaker’s personalities were split. The poem thus becomes about the refusal of the speaker to recognise these different personalities that have been present for so many years.

These are only a few of my initial impressions and I am sure that there will be much more discussion of this piece over the years to come. This is truly exciting new territory!

## **Tyger! Tyger! Sequence**

**Tyger! Tyger!**

by William Blake

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare sieze thy fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And why thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

## **Nounless Tyger Burning Bright**

burning bright,  
In the of the;  
What immortal or,  
Could frame thy fearful?

In what distant or,  
Burnt the of thine?  
On what dare he aspire?  
What the dare seize the?

And what & what,  
Could twist the of thy?  
And when thy began to beat,  
What dread?& what dread?

What the? What the?  
In what was thy?  
What the? What dread  
Dare its deadly clasp!

When the threw down their  
And water'd with their:  
Did he smile his to see?  
Did he who made the make thee?

burning bright,  
In the of the:  
What immortal or,  
Dare frame thy fearful?

### **Reversed Tyger Burning Bright**

Symmetry eye burning bright,  
In the hand of the night;  
What immortal forests or Tyger,  
Could frame thy fearful Tyger?

In what distant lamb or work,  
Burnt the tears of thine heaven?  
On what spears dare he aspire?  
What the stars dare seize the terrors?

And what grasp & what anvil,  
Could twist the brain of thy furnace?  
And when thy chain began to beat,  
What dread hammer? & what dread feet?

What the hand? What the heart?  
In what heart was thy sinews?  
What the art? What dread shoulder  
Dare its deadly fire clasp!

When the hand threw down their wings  
And water'd eyes with their fire:  
Did he smile his skies to see?  
Did he who made the deeps make thee?

Symmetry Eye burning bright,  
In the hand of the night:  
What immortal forests or Tyger,  
Dare frame thy fearful Tyger?



# **The only solution to Penis Enlargement**

### **Oxford's Tyger Burning Bright**

Aardvark baa burning bright,  
In the cab of the dab;  
What immortal eagle or Fabian,  
Could frame thy fearful gab?

In what distant haar or iamb,  
Burnt the jab of thine Kaaba?  
On what laager dare he aspire?  
What the ma dare seize the nabob?

And what oaf & what pabulum,  
Could twist the Qantas of thy rabbet?  
And when thy sabadilla began to beat,  
What dread Taal? & what dread ubiety?

What the vac? What the Waac?  
In what xanthate was thy yabber?  
What the zabaglione? What dread azygous  
Dare its deadly Byzantine clasp!

When the Czechoslovak threw down their dzho  
And water'd eyrie with their fyrd:  
Did he smile his gyttja to see?  
Did he who made the hysteron-proteron make thee?

Izard juvenilia burning bright,  
In the Kyrie of the lysozyme:  
What immortal myxovirus or nystagmus,  
Dare frame thy fearful ozone?

## Tableau Tableau

Abstract ballad burning bright,  
In the cacophony of the dactyl;  
What immortal echo verse or fable,  
Could frame thy fearful gathering?

In what distant hagiography or iamb,  
Burnt the jabberwocky of thine kabuki?  
On what lake poets dare he aspire?  
What the macaronic verse dare seize the naïve and sentimental writing?

And what objective correlative & what pæan,  
Could twist the quantitative verse of thy raisonneur?  
And when thy saga began to beat,  
What dread tableau? & what dread ubi sunt theme?

What the variable syllable? What the wardour-street English?  
In what zeugma was thy well-made play?  
What the vorticism? What dread utopian literature  
Dare its deadly trouvère clasp!

When the synopsis threw down their run-on line  
And water'd quidproquo with their pyrrhic:  
Did he smile his oxymoron to see?  
Did he who made the nursery rhyme make thee?

Myth lyric burning bright,  
In the kunstlerroman of the journalese:  
What immortal ivory tower or hysteron-proteron,  
Dare frame thy fearful guignol?

**Tie her! Tie her!**

Tie her! Tie her! Brim and bride,  
Ember force wrists hover Nile;  
Water tell more handle lie,  
Good fang I free fall cement tree?

Tin wad disk and seeps horse guys,  
Birth definer euphonize?  
Omelet thing dairy expired?  
Water end there sheep fly friar?

End the stroller, in the dark,  
Good toss listen dove thigh hard?  
Then one die harp beacon tube beep,  
Won drowned man? Inward trends steed?

Knot tea ember? weather train?  
Inlet for us wasp pie pain?  
Butt me handful? wondered brass,  
Duress did we tea hers class?

The one tires redound ear pierce  
Dim what turd seven was fair cheers:  
Delete small as Sadducee?  
The tea you Abraham merely?

Tie her! Tie her! Brim and bride,  
And the force of the Nile;  
Water tell more handle lie,  
Good fang I free fall cement tree?

## **Italian Translation Sequence**

**L'ultimo mese d'inverno**

by Daria Menicanti

Con l'ultimo mese d'inverno  
Si fa delicate una stagione  
già tanto mordace. La luna  
riporta con gentili eschew la sua  
transparente morte

### **The Ultimate Mess of Inferno**

Con is the ultimate mess of inferno.  
She looks delicate upon the stage  
but Gin is taunting Mordace. A loon  
reported the con. Her gentleness is the sun  
only more transparent.

**The Last Month of Winter**

translation by Gentili and Catherine O'Brien

With the last month of winter  
a season already so sharp  
becomes delicate. The moon  
brings back its transparent death  
with tender allurements.



### **Ha Glass Monk Finger**

Witther glass monk of finger  
a see-saw all red he sews harp  
beacons dell lick it. Tribune  
rings brackets rants pear rant etch  
myth tether alert hints.

## Goal

by Umerto Saba

Il portiere caduto alla difesa  
ultima vana, contro terra cela  
la faccia, a non veder l'amara luce.  
Il compagno in ginocchio che l'induce,  
con parole e con mano, a rilevarsi,  
scopre pieni di lacrime I suoi occhi.

La folla – unita ebbrezza – par trabocchi  
nel campo. Intorno al vincitore stanno,  
al suo collo si gettano I fratelli.  
Pochi momenti come questo belli  
A quanti l'odio consuma e l'amore,  
è dato, sotto il cielo, di vedere.

Presso la rete involta il portiere  
- l'altro – è rimasto. Ma non la sua anima,  
con la persona vi è rimasta sola.  
La sua gioia si fa una capriola,  
si f abaci che manda di lontano.  
Della festa – eglie dice – anch'io son parte.

## Goal

An ill porter can do a lot...differently.  
It is ultimately vain – counter to his calling.  
The fact is, no venial sin is less amiable  
than illness induced by champagne, gin, or sherry.  
If put on parole he is not a man. He's not revered.

The folly – and embarrassment – poor tramp.  
He becomes now a champ. Intolerance is his vindicating stand.  
All, says he, should call “getting tanked” “unfraternally.”  
His past moments came with a queasy belly,  
but that quantity he consumes no more.  
The day that he became sober is of more value.

Presto! The new pay rate invigorates the porter.  
His alteration was remarkable. He was no more like an animal.  
His personal vine turned into soda.  
The sober goal he was capable of.  
Bags - he carries more of them and longer!  
A delicious feast was held with eggs, rice and anchovies honouring his porting.

## Goal

translation by Alessandro Gentili and Catherine O'Brien

The goalkeeper falling in defence  
a last effort, against the ground he hides  
his face, so as not to see the bitter light.  
His team mate on his knees who begs him,  
with words and with gesture, to get up,  
discovers his face full of tears.

The crowd – united in drunkenness – seems to pour  
on the field. Around the winner they stand,  
his team companions embrace him heartily.  
Few moments like this beautiful one,  
can be witnessed under the sky,  
by those consumed with hatred and love.

Beside the untouched goal the keeper  
- the other one – stands. But his soul,  
is not alone with his person.  
His joy becomes a somersault,  
And kisses which he blows afar.  
Of the happiness – he says – I too am a part.

**Hello there !**

**On átkíns or the soùth beach diët, try our diët páтч. A new cutting edge, advanced áppëtite sùpprèssant, mètabólism bôôster, and ènérgy ènháncer...all in one.**

## Gold

Ha gold key her flinging the tents  
atlas never a gates around me eyes  
its fates, sofa snot tootsie hobbit earl height.  
history make hones needs hoop eggs them,  
withered sandwich gesture, toga top,  
disc hovers distasteful oft ears.

Thug browed – you right hidden trunk and disc – sings deport  
honour filled. Aroused a lemonade stand  
history cud pan young inbreeds in hard to lay.  
Funerals luscious plate of onion,  
candy with this blunder thus guy,  
be thus assumed whiff eight trick hand glove.

Bees guide beyond us gold thug each purr  
- a brother done – stamps. That is all,  
it's got a bone wimp pets purse on.  
Hissed joint bee combs ass hummer alt,  
hand crisp is witch he brews a fart.  
Oft me happens this – thesis – guy threw them depart.

**Jessica is...**

detecting your plug  
the centre of the universe or so she thinks  
diagnosed with a depressive disorder  
an internationally known leader in educational technology  
developmentally disabled  
the author of over a dozen books  
ready for reading books  
able to switch back into the jovial trickster as soon as bobby moves away  
a fat bitch  
one of them  
busy being single  
a hard core swinger  
suppose to share with you and have a warm fuzzy moment  
satan  
a princess who deserves more than poverty  
scaling back  
a likable heroine whose only flaw is that which afflicts so many regency heroines  
a 15 ¾ inch sable and white dog  
new to the escort world and is looking forward to meeting interesting people  
buried in garrison cemetery near george's parents  
not dead  
a very active five year old  
a quick and subtle board game for two players  
the biggest loser of all  
the "boy" in front with the white horizontal strip on his shirt  
bubba  
hoping to walk away with a grammy tonight  
a 1990 graduate of the us military academy at west point  
just \*too\* hot  
a punkass  
very grotesque  
the kind of agent one dream's about  
50 percent gay  
anxious to get out  
holding the legs of Tanya wide open  
the Baptist minister's daughter  
suffering through a nasty ol'hangover  
a ninny  
dope  
very attractive to members of the opposite sex  
a plan jane who gets picked on for her pure goodness  
a tool  
really heavy into the drugs  
a true professional and I have included some information below about her

## **Alphabet Sequence**



**Abominable**

A-bom-inable

A-Bomb-Enable

Enable a Bomb

Enable an A-Bomb

Abominable

## **Bow/Bow**

A bow is a slip knot.  
You shoot a bow to kill.

You may slip on the bow of a boat.  
If you add a wow to bow you sound like a dog.  
You also take a bow to the theatre.

You might bring  
a beau to the theatre, but  
that's different.

You can take a bow to support charity but  
can't take a bow without ruining the boat.

## **Cock**

My aunt has a cock  
and a number of chickens.  
She needs a cock-tease  
to play with them.

The British want to be  
old cocks  
(close friends – not dirty)  
You can cock your head  
(not dirty)  
You can be cocky  
(still not dirty)

A Cock-of-the-rock  
is South American bird.  
A cock-of-the-walk  
is arrogant.  
A cock-fight  
is not a pride thing.

Nobody wants to be cock-shy  
but not everybody's a nudist.

## **Doughnut**

If you buy a doughnut that is nut-free, is it just dough?

If you buy a doughnut in America that is nut-free, is it just do?

Americans do nuts

Canadians do not

Exceptions:

Krispy Kreme (American) spells doughnut right

-they cannot, however, spell crispy or cream

Tim Hortons (Canadian) spells it wrong

-they want ough-free doughnuts.

Dough is made of water and flour.

Dough is money.

Nuts are food.

Nuts are hardware.

Nuts is crazy.

Doughnuts are water and flour made by money-crazy franchises  
cooked in ovens held together by nuts.

## **Enunciate**

e nun see ate  
e nun she ate  
the nun she ate

the nun  
she ate  
your syllables

## **Found**

The Oxford  
English Dictionary:

to be  
the original  
builder  
or begin  
the building

(Is this a found poem?)

## God of the Gob

god		dog
d(og)		b (og)
bog		gob

## **Heaven**

There's a  
fine line between  
Heaven and:

Heavy  
Heave  
Heathen  
Heather

Perhaps heavy  
Heather  
the heathen  
heaves in  
heaven



## **Imagism**

So much depends  
upon

the black  
ink

still wet

on the white  
page

## **Justice**

The title  
of this poem  
is a lie.

This  
is just a poem.  
This  
poem is not just.

This  
poem is just  
about ice.

## **K nocs Silently**

Is the k in kneaded really needed?

Does k now it serves a function in now?

Do we not appreciate k's presence in not?

Could we ever send a night into battle?

It's ok k – we kneed your silent presence.

## **Laughter**

Most don't pronounce  
the ugh in laughter.

Those who do annoy the rest.  
"Ugh, ugh, ugh!" they bellow.

Americans banish the ugh in their doughnuts  
yet keep it in their laughter.

It wouldn't do for them to later  
over a funny joke.

More on ugh later tho.

## **Male Factor**

Men are evil doers.

Regardless of age they manage  
and manipulate mania.

Why is  
there a man  
in mannerly?  
Its presence  
in unmannerly  
I get.

Why should a man  
be in front of our holes?!

Men break more than mend.  
Without men nothing is menial and  
We're never menstrual.

I could stand an opause if men weren't involved.

But without men  
women are  
wo.

## **Newborn**

Isn't the word redundant?  
Can someone be an oldborn?

This word is seldom  
alone  
either.

“Did you see her  
newborn baby?”

Yes. The newborn  
baby is with  
that old senior elder.

## **Obscure**

obdiplostemonous – having two sets of stamens, with the outer series opposite the petals  
and the inner series alternating with them

onkus – unpleasant and disorganised

obganiate – to irritate someone by constantly repeating oneself

obganiate – to irritate someone by constantly repeating oneself

ochlophobia – the fear of crowds

o-lig-o-syl-lab-le – a word of few syllables

onomatomania – irresistible desire to repeat certain words

onomatomania

onomatomania

orismology – the science of defining technical terms

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WestJet: \$40 each way

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## Q

1

Do U think Q is Qt?

Sort of like an O with a wagging tail?

How about its smaller version q

the mirror image of its sister p.

Mind your ps and qs.

2

A Q looks nothing like the long pool pole.

A Q is not a straight line.

Y does an actor need a Q?

Y do U have 2 do something on Q?

Y is Q spelt cue?

## **Resort**

Everybody would like to  
go to a resort.  
But nobody likes to  
be pushed to  
the last resort.

Where is the last resort?  
Why don't people like to go there?

Maybe it's hot as hell.

Or maybe  
we need to re-sort our language here.

## Without S

All slaughter would turn into laughter.

Children would push one another on a wing.  
Harry Potter would have a car.  
A bachelor would have a tag party.  
Bicycles would have pokes – no a poke.

Pop culture would fill you with corn.

Instead of a sample, you'd get ample.  
But, instead of a shag, you'd get a hag.

You'd have no sex, but still have an ex.  
Your roommate would be a cumbag.  
You wouldn't talk smut – You'd talk mut.  
You'd sit on an eat – excuse me, *it* on an eat.

Go to the trip show – sorry – go to the trip how.  
Pray to an aint.  
Have a crap of food.  
Build a nowman.  
Hop at a mall.  
Crawl me a note.  
Nap at a poetry reading to demonstrate your love for a poem.

## **Though**

is a good word.  
It would be better without the ugh tho.

Why banish the ugh in donuts  
yet keep it in tho?

Perhaps we could rearrange  
the letters and have a  
hug tho.

Would you rather a hot hug?

From a  
thug? Oh,  
Didn't know  
your type.

## Ugh

Here's to  
not sla(ugh)tering  
the ugh in:

although  
he ought  
to have bought  
and brought  
his daughter  
enough  
to last through  
the drought  
he laughed  
at the thought  
of her thoroughly  
caught  
in a tough  
slough  
of doughnuts

and all  
other ugh  
words  
no matter how  
ugh-ly  
some people  
find them.

### **A Violent Vice**

Perhaps we can blame V for vice.  
Without it, after all we'd only have ice.

Don't blame V for violent though.  
That word's all N's fault.

## **Warehouse**

Really  
who wears  
a house?

Okay,  
that's cheating.

It's not a wearhouse;  
it's a warehouse.

I can hare the difference.



## **X-Ray**

Since we say zeerox  
and zeenophobic  
why don't we say  
Ze-Ray?

Wait.

Canadians  
don't say zee.  
We say  
zed, eh?

Shouldn't we be  
saying Zed-Ray?

## **Yacht**

Y does "ach"  
get pronounced  
"aww"?

Are the rich  
yacht owners  
denying their aches?

Yacht should be spelt  
yawwt  
Or maybe yot  
Even yought (tho  
if the rich  
don't like aches  
they probably  
despise ughs).

Or perhaps  
the pronunciation  
is wrong.

Y-acht like hatched?  
Y-acht like ached?

I suppose  
if you can  
afford a yacht.

You can spell  
or pronounce  
it however  
you want.

### Rejected ideas for Z poem

I want to make it the zenith of the collection...

I could

play with zee and zed (again)

make a concrete poem with zig

zag

make it a zillion words long

compare zoo to ooz

say a zealot has a lot of zeal

say I can't get off ze bra

So basically, I have zero ideas...zip...zilch

## **Twenty-Four Hours**

Day after day I'm more confused. Miss, we have two essays. You weren't serious about those essays were you miss? What book are you reading? My dad had to fix the front porch. Are you saying that Western society has no hybridity? I mean they write about drugs, but not in a productive way. I love him for the man he is and I love him for the man he's about to become. You had me at "hello." I don't know. How's that attitude working for you buddy? I believe the Ontario people are ready for a change in government; they just have to ask themselves what kind of change they really want. I'm going to come back and dry those dishes. I think you've got a lazy semester. Who the hell is he – some political dude? I should phone her after we're done talking – by then I'll know Opa is gone to bed. It's not even over the guy, they're just, you know, catty. My love grows deeper every day and takes a little piece of me. They just washed their hands of him when they took him out of the house. That's me in the spotlight losing my religion. The Democrats are very critical because Bush can't find bin Laden – hell, bin Laden – we don't even know where Ben Affleck is. What's the matter? Avenue's local phone services will get your phone ringing again. You need a better night's sleep.

## GotMail?

From: "GotMail Personals" <personals@gotmail.com>  
Date: August 24, 2003  
To: "Chloe Wilkes" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Subject: Welcome to GotMail Personals

Dear Chloe Wilkes,

Congratulations on completing your GotMail Personals profile. GotMail offers you the ability to meet other singles from a vast array of backgrounds from the comfort and security of your own home. Before you get started please read these tips which will help ensure your GotMail experience is as safe, enjoyable and, most importantly, fun as possible.

- 1) Lots of GotMail's fun lies in meeting your potential match. We take pride in the couples who have met and found love in real life. GottaLoveBigMamma writes:

before I discovered GotMail I thought that I would never meet a man who could meet my needs. But after just three days with GotMail I met BigMudderFer who came over and lived up to all my expectations and more!

GottaLoveBigMamma's story is inspiring, however, never give out your real address, telephone number, or even name in your personal ad or in a GotMail chat room. Let JusLookn's story be an example to you. JusLookn writes:

I was sent a message from NiceGuy telling me that his Grandma really wanted to meet me. I thought that it was sweet for her to take such an interest in her grandson's love life so, of course, I gave him my address. It turns out that his grandmother was interested in doing more than meeting me and has on three separate occasions turned up at my door 3am holding a bottle of champagne and wearing nothing more than her black rubber bikini briefs. Needless to say I am not a happy Gmailer.

GotMail regrets that JusLookn has had such a negative experience. However we assure all GotMailers (Gmailers) that when you send a GotMail message (Gmail) to another GMailer the personal information you submitted to us while registering will never be attached. We cannot, however, be held responsible for any information contained within the body of your Gmail. Any information contained in the body of the Gmail is at your own risk and GotMail assumes no liability for any problems which occur as a result of a user's disclosure of name, address, telephone number or any other personal information.

- 2) Potential places you may want to meet your date are movie theatres, shopping centres, and sporting events. It is great to meet your match at a place that interests both of you. Many happy Gmailers have reported meeting at places as diverse as football games, theme parks, church events and Star Trek conventions. Make sure, however, that you meet in a public setting that is not connected to your everyday life. If your potential match knows that you attend St. Jude's church every Sunday it may be easy

to track you down. If you are to meet at a church we suggest you meet at one that you do not attend regularly. It is advisable to let a friend know where you will be and when you expect to return. This should preferably be a friend you know from outside of the GotMail program. If you have a mobile phone we recommend that you bring it with you. NEVER RELY ON YOUR DATE FOR TRANSPORTATION.

- 3) It is enjoyable meeting people online so take your time really getting to know your potential matches. Remember though, you do not know how honest your match is being. Do not allow yourself to be pressured into meeting “in real life” until you are ready. If the person is genuinely interested in you he or she will wait until you feel comfortable.

One of the many advantages that GotMail offers is the opportunity to get to know your potential match without the hang-ups such as physical appearance that often get in the way of meaningful relationships. RuHot says:

If I hadn't gotten to know HairyEtt online I probably never would have approached her in public. I would have missed out. Well, though she may not be the most physically attractive person your service has taught me that looks are just not what matters. You cannot get to know anyone like you can get to know them online.

We agree with RuHot! Be careful though. Remember, no matter how well you feel you know the person, treat your first “real life” meeting like any other first meeting and use caution. By using this service you agree to GotMail Personals [Terms and Conditions](#).  
Welcome!

Sincerely,

Leanne Fullerton  
Head of GotMail Personals

To: “CalgrrryGrrr!” <calgrrrygrrr!@gotmail.com>  
From: “FoxyLady76” <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: August 24, 2003  
Subject: This better be worth it!

Theresa,

Well you finally convinced me. I signed up. I guess I may as well give it a whirl. You met that guy you were telling about through this right? He sounds like he's working out. What's his name again?

I'm not sure what to say in my description. I was thinking about this:

Hi! I guess the best way to describe myself would be to say that Im an honest person who has deep caring for the meaning of life.Im down to earth and have a great sense of

humour. I like to tease and have fun. I don't like to play head games and I don't like them played with me! Im more an outdoors type person, I luv camping, fishing, BBQs, and hiking though i do enjoy enjoy the days indoors watching movies or going to dinner or just spending time with that special person. well I guess thats sweet and simple if you would like to know more ! you know what to do!

Since I filled out age, looks etc I don't need to write that out right? They can see that already?

Chloe

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "CalgrrryGrrrl" <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>  
Date: August 25, 2003  
Subject: It will b fun!!

Chloe,

Yes I did meet Ryan through this and u so won't regret it! Your profile is good – it says enjoy twice tho. You don't need to put in the stats. Let me know what happens.

I have another date with Ryan 2night. Wich me luck!

L8er,

Theresa

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "SupremeMan" <suprememan@gotmail.com>  
Date: August 27, 2003  
Subject: hi

Dear FoxyLady76,

I read your profile and was intrigued. Uh, what 2 say about myself? I am 5'8 and 185 lbs and white...but I guess u can read more stats from my profile. U say that u like outdoorsy stuff. I think we have some things like that in common. I c that u have some college education – me 2. Didn't complete my degree though – wasn't happy with the outlook the department took. Anyway I'm not sure what else 2 say. If any of this interests u gmail me back.

SupremeMan

To: "SupremeMan" <suprememan@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: August 27, 2003  
Subject: Re: hi

SupremeMan,

I looked at your profile and it doesn't say a whole lot about you. I guess those things aren't very good at covering more than the surface details. What were you taking at college before you left? I took Criminology and found it interesting. I wasn't sure that I wanted to pursue it as a career though. I'm thinking of going back to do something else but I'm not sure what. I don't really want to commit myself to something I'm not fully into if you know what I mean...I guess you do, that's probably why you quit. What do you do now? What kinda outdoors stuff do you like?

Gotta Run!

FoxyLady76

To: "CalgrrryGrrrl" <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: August 27, 2003  
Subject: Ryan

Theresa,

How did your date go??????

Chloe

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "SupremeMan" <suprememan@gotmail.com>  
Date: August 28, 2003  
Subject: Hi again :)

I'm glad 2 hear from u so quickly :). I use 2 take history at the college – the perspective is pretty biased though. I kept on getting in trouble for speaking my mind...they claim 2 b so f-ing "free speech" whatever.

Right now I'm managing a small furniture store...nothing 2 exciting. I'm sure I'll do better someday. Your profile said your work is clerical – what kind of office do u work for? (If telling me that reveals your identity 2 quick feel free 2 not answer).

SupremeMan

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "SexualPete" <sexualpete@gotmail.com>  
Date: August 28, 2003  
Subject: Hi



FoxyLady76,

This is my first time responding 2 one of these ads so I don't quite know what I'm supposed 2 say. That's a great pic of u. I bet u look even foxier irl ;-). I guess I was just wondering if u would b interested in going out for coffee or something else f2f. Read my profile and let me know.

SexualPete

P.S. – A rose for u @}---}---

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "CalgrrryGrrrl" <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>  
Date: August 28, 2003  
Subject: Re: Ryan

Chloe,

OMG – he's SO sweet. He paid 4 coffee and everything. He has these beautiful blue eyes and nice straight teeth (not 2 mention the body!!). I hope he calls bakc!

Theresa

To: "SupremeMan" <suprememan@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: August 29, 2003  
Subject: Hey

SupremeMan,

I don't have any problem telling you that I work at a legal office...it doesn't really narrow it down too much. It's pretty stressful work but it's alright for where I'm at in my life. So what kind of things do you like doing in your spare time? I like window-shopping downtown (I love Eau Claire Market!), pretty much any sappy romantic movie and cross-stitching.

FoxyLady76

To: "SexualPete" <sexualpete@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: August 29, 2003  
Subject: Coffee

SexualPete,

It might be just a little early for coffee – though I did find your profile interesting. Can we just write for a while first? What does irl and f2f mean?

FoxyLady76

P.S. – thanks for the rose...it was neat how you did that

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "SexualPete" <sexualpete@gotmail.com>  
Date: August 30, 2003  
Subject: Re: Coffee

irl = in real life  
f2f = face 2 face

I think u misunderstood me though. I didn't really mean that we would have 2 do coffee right away – just perhaps sometime down the road. Hmm...I'm honestly not great at this whole g-mail thing...kinda new to it. Let's say that we were going for coffee. Where would u like 2 go? I think u can tell a lot about a person by the way they order coffee.

Write Back. :-)

SexualPete

P.S. – I don't know where I picked the rose thing up – I'm glad u liked it @}--}---

To: "CalgrrryGrrrl" <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: August 30, 2003  
Subject: Don't worry. B happy.

Of course he'll call back, hun. Y wouldn't he?

Chloe

To: "SexualPete" <sexualpete@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: August 30, 2003  
Subject: Coffee Location

SexualPete,

Where would I go for coffee? I haven't been doing this long but I don't imagine that that was a typical question. I'm not sure. Maybe Tim Hortons...what does that say about my personality? :) Where would u go?

Your profile says that u r in the oil business. What exactly do u do? I work in a law office. U also say you don't stress on sillytendency. What on earth is that?

FoxyLady76

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "69xylp69" <69xylp69@gotmail.com>  
Date: August 31, 2003  
Subject: Hey Foxy!

FoxyLady76,

Hi. I'm Jim. I'm into long walks in the park, candle light dinners and giving it up the ass. If any of this interests u g-mail me back.

69xylp69

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "SupremeMan" <suprememan@gotmail.com>  
Date: August 31, 2003  
Subject: Hey

FoxyLady76,

I think Eau Claire is pretty cool the shops they have r quite different. A good hockey I 2. If I have 2 get dragged shopping at any point in the future it may as well b there \*lol\*. My hobbies? I coach a soccer team for boys ages 8-12. I guess I would say that I'm into sports – I watch them and play with my buddies. I'm a big Red Wings fan. Do u like any sports?

I'd love 2 see your cross-stitching sometime. :)

SupremeMan

To: "SupremeMan"  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 1, 2003  
Subject: Re: Hey

Supreme,

Ugh – u wouldn't believe the gmail I got from this freak. He essentially told me he liked candle light dinners and giving it up the a\*\*. Seriously – do u think that would ever work?

I'm not hugely into sports – though I do like swimming. I used 2 watch hockey growing up and occasionally go 2 the Flames games when my boss can't make it (he has season's

tickets) – the seats r pretty great when I do get 2 go. I guess I gotta support the home team myself...even if they kinda suck – but like I said I’m not that into sports. I think it’s great that u coach soccer though...that must b really rewarding. :-) Anyways I gotta go...I’m supposed 2 b finishing off this affidavit.

What’s your real name? Mine’s Chloe.

Chloe

To: “FoxyLady76” <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: “CalgrrryGrrrl” <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 1, 2003  
Subject: So...

Chloe,

Have u gotten any responses yet? Have you sent any out? It turns out Ryan is a bit of a prick. Anyways I’m back in the game. This time I’ll try not to choose by the pic.

Theresa

To: “FoxyLady76” <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: “SupremeMan” <suprememan@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 1, 2003  
Subject: Meeting?

Chloe,

It’s nice to use your real name :). My real name is Charlie.

You’re working Labour Day? Slave drivers! Mind u I’ve got my staff working so I can take the day off so I guess I shouldn’t talk. There have 2 b some perks 2 being the manager though – don’t u think?

Do u want 2 meet sometime...Maybe lunch at the Eau Claire? They do give u a lunch break I’m assuming...r u close 2 downtown?

Charlie

P.S. – u can block him from gmailing u again by going into the “preferences” tab...there r certain kinds of people out there who don’t think.

To: “FoxyLady76” <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: “SexualPete” <sexualpete@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 1, 2003  
Subject: Tim Hortons

FoxyLady,

I think that Tim Hortons would say that you're cheap and easy – just kidding! :-p  
Actually I think it means that you're not prissy or high maintenance. Great characteristics if u ask me! Where would I go? Where ever u wanted 2 go of course. :-) (See I don't even need training.)

I work in seismic which means that I'm out in the field a lot. It's alright – keeps me in shape. There aren't a lot of girls on them though and the ones that r a little butch. Hence me using this service. What brings u 2 using this service? Lawyers not your type? :-)

SexualPete

To: "CalgrrryGrrrl" <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 2, 2003  
Subject: Hey

Theresa,

Y is Ryan a prick? U sounded so positive b4... Yeah right u won't chose by the pic!  
Check out HotShot74's profile...he's kinda cute. I'd send him a message myself if he wasn't a smoker. :)

Chloe

P.S. This guy named SupremeMan just told me he wants 2 c my corss-stiching....what a line, eh?

To: "SupremeMan" <suprememan@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 2, 2003  
Subject: Re: Meeting?

I'd love 2 meet sometime. I have lunches noon to 1. What's your schedule like? Can I throw next Tues out as a possiblity?

Chloe

Download Underground Zoo Movies Now!

To: "SexualPete" <sexualpete@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 2, 2003  
Subject: Cheap?!

Pete,

Cheep and ez huh? You're lucky I'm writing u back. ;) U do seem well trained other than that though...

No. Lawyers r definitely not my type – bad enough having to work with them. Can't trust them. R seismic guys ne better? ;)

Chloe

P.S. – I'm not butch

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "SupremeMan" <suprememan@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 2, 2003  
Subject: Whassup?

Chloe,

How's your day going? Mine is ok. Stock guy dropped a mirror – 7 years bad luck 4 him right? Par 4 the course 4 me.

You're gonna make me wait a whole week?! U better b worth it! J/K I'm sure ur. Where do u want 2 meet? They have this great little Mexican place called Berryhill. Do u like Mexican? Do u have ne other suggestions?

Let me know,

Charlie

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "CalgrrryGrrrl" <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 3, 2003  
Subject: Re: Hey

Chloe,

Ok. Ryan and I had 1 date and it went great. Well the other day he calls and asks me out 2 a movie and stands me up. I call the # he gave me (my first time calling it) and i got the telephone personals. What the hell?! I tried a few variations of the # in case I couldn't read his writing – but nothing worked! It was so intentional – argh!

In better news I am going to hook up with HotShot74 (yeah, I know – fast...sue me). I'll let u know how it goes.

So tell me more about SupremeMan – is he the only 1?

Yeah the cross-stitching has to be a line. Haha – better than “hey baby you’re so hot if I were a steak I’d be done” (worse 1 used on me). Oh – wait – if ne1 asks u if u want 2 c their lava lamp – JUST SAY NO!

Theresa

To: “SupremeMan” <suprememan@gotmail.com>  
From: “FoxyLady76” <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 3, 2003  
Subject: Mexican :) Yum

Charlie,

Mexican is great – I’ve seen that place but never been. Is it manageable on an hour lunch break? I can b there by 12:05 (luckily I’m close).

Chloe

P.S. – sorry about the mirror – worse thing that happens hree is a paper cut :-)  
P.P.S. – ok, 1 of us has 2 say it. Doesn’t Charlie and Chloe sound 2 cute?

To: “CalgrrryGrrrl” <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>  
From: “FoxyLady76” <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 3, 2003  
Subject: What a jerk!

Theresa,

Sorry 2 hear about Ryan – jerk.  
No Supreme is not the only 1...I’ve been talking 2 Sexual Pete (yeah I know, what a name) – maybe I’ll meet them both and then decide...no harm, right?  
I’m meeting Supreme on Tues – I’ll keep u posted.  
I thought u’d be interested in HotShit. We seem 2 have similar taste...Maybe u and I should meet irl – lol. Let me know how it turns out with HotShot.

Chloe

P.S. – thanks 4 the headsup on the lava lamp.

To: “FoxyLady76” <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: “SexualPete” <sexualpete@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 4, 2003  
Subject: Hey Tehre

Chloe (I presume that’s your name though it came as a surprise that u just – all of a sudde signed your name with it),



Sorry it's been a couple of days. Went out of town 2 visit the parents. U know how it is – or do u? R your parents close by?

Hey r u ready to reconsider that coffee thing yet?

Pete

To: "SexualPete" <sexualpete@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 4, 2003  
Subject: Coffee

Pete,

No – my parents retired and now live in Victoria...lucky eh?

Yeah – I think I am ready 2 reconsider. I'm discovering there is only so much u can learn from just email...we'll have to do it someplace pubic though – I'm a bit cautious.

Do u have a recommended time/place?

Chloe

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "SupremeMan" <suprememan@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 5, 2003  
Subject: 12:05pm (not a minute b4 or after)

Chloe,

12:05 eh? LOL. U sure u don't want to b more specific? I'll be wearing the Wings jacket (that's hockey btw). ;)

Charlie

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "SexualPete" <sexualpete@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 5, 2003  
Subject: Let's Meet :)

Chloe,

My schedule is pretty open on Wednesday – would that b ok? If so let me know a time and place. I'm well trained – remember?

Pete

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "CalgrrryGrrrl" <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>

Date: September 5, 2003

Subject: Stood up again!

Chloe,

Can u believe it? HotShot74 stood me up 2! It was SO embarrassing. Screw this meeting in a pubic place shit – I look like a moron every time.Ugh - I swear I use 2 have good luck with Gmail. Hopefully you'll have better luck Tuesday.

Theresa

BBC: "SexualPete" <sexualpete@gotmail.com>, "SupremeMan" <suprememan@gotmail.com>, "CalgrrryGrrrl" <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 5, 2003  
Subject: Out of Town

Hey,

Just thought I'd let u know that I'm out of town this weekend. I promise to email u Monday when I get back.

Chloe

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "CalgrrryGrrrl" <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 6, 2003  
Subject: Fw: Internet Friends

> Unseen Friend by Iceman  
>  
> Although you are a friend of mine  
> and letters we exchange,  
> I wouldn't know you on the street,  
> and doesn't that seem strange?  
>  
> You hold a place within my life,  
> unusual and unique;  
> We share ideals and special dreams,  
> and still, we do not speak.  
>  
> I picture what I think you are,  
> perhaps you picture me.  
> An intriguing game for both of us  
> for someone we can't see.  
>  
> So for this friendship we possess,

> we owe this mail a debt.  
> Perhaps the charm lies in the fact  
> that we have never met.

BBC: "SexualPete" <sexualpete@gotmail.com>, "SupremeMan"  
<suprememan@gotmail.com>, "CalgrrryGrrrl" <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 8, 2003  
Subject: Fw: Fw: Internet Friends

>> Unseen Friend by Iceman  
>>  
>> Although you are a friend of mine  
>> and letters we exchange,  
>> I wouldn't know you on the street,  
>> and doesn't that seem strange?  
>>  
>> You hold a place within my life,  
>> unusual and unique;  
>> We share ideals and special dreams,  
>> and still, we do not speak.  
>>  
>> I picture what I think you are,  
>> perhaps you picture me.  
>> An intriguing game for both of us  
>> for someone we can't see.  
>>  
>> So for this friendship we possess,  
>> we owe this mail a debt.  
>> Perhaps the charm lies in the fact  
>> that we have never met.

To: "SupremeMan" <suprememan@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 8, 2003  
Subject: Tomorrow

Charlie,

We still on for 12:05?

Chloe

To: "SexualPete" <sexualpete@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 8, 2003  
Subject: Wednesday

Pete,

Wednesday is fine with me. How about in the evening around 6:30?

I'm cheap and ez remember? How about Tim Hortons? Do u know the one on South Macleod between Chinook and Southcentre (hehe everything is in relationship to the malls :) )?

Is that 2 far? I have no idea where u live.

Chloe

To: "CalgrrryGrrrl" <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 8, 2003  
Subject: HotStuff

Theresa,

Sorry 2 hear u got stood up again :( I'll let you know how tomorrow goes.  
I have a date with SexualPete on Wednesday...I think – still waiting 2 confirm. I'll let u know how both go.

Chloe

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "SexualPete" <sexualpete@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 9, 2003  
Subject: Tim Hortons

Chloe,

That sounds fine...it's just a bit out of my way – but I'll manage. Well trained u know.  
;).

Very excited,

Pete

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "SupremeMan" <suprememan@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 9, 2003  
Subject: ??

Chloe,

I was at Berryhill 12:00 and waited until 1:05 – did u get tied up at work? :(

Charlie

To: “FoxyLady76” <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: “SexualPete” <sexualpete@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 10, 2003  
Subject: Where were u?

Chloe,

I was at Tim Horton’s 6:30. I was absolutely alone in there except some strange couple that kept staring at me. Where were u??

Confused,

Pete

To: “FoxyLady76” <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: “CalgrrryGrrrl” <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 11, 2003  
Subject: How did it go?!

Chloe,

Just thought I’d give u a shout (perhaps I should have had that in caps :) ) 2 c how it went. I hope u r having better luck than I am.

Theresa

BCC: “SexualPete” <sexualpete@gotmail.com>, “SupremeMan”  
<suprememan@gotmail.com>  
From: “FoxyLady76” <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 11, 2003  
Subject: Sorry

Hi,

I just thought that I owed u an apology. I got a terrible case of the flu and was pretty much bed bound. :( Can u forgive me? Can we reschedule? Maybe noon this Monday at the Pied Pickle in Bow Valley Square??

Let me know and sorry,

Chloe

To: “CalgrrryGrrrl” <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>

From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 11, 2003  
Subject: Re: How did it go?!

Theresa,

It didn't go. I go SO sick. :( I don't know if they'll want 2 reschedule. :( It probably looks really bad. :( Hey do u want to meet irl? Could always use a friend :).

Chloe

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "SexualPete" <sexualpete@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 12, 2003  
Subject: Re: Sorry

Chloe,

Well, I suppose I'll give it another shot...I wish u had of emailed b4 or something...R U feeling better now?

Pete

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "CalgrrryGrrrl" <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 12, 2003  
Subject: Another female friend

Chloe,

That sounds nice...as long as you're up 2 it. Being sick sux. Where and when?

Theresa

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "SupremeMan" <suprememan@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 13, 2003  
Subject: Re: Sorry

Chloe,

It's alright – we all get sick sometimes. I thought for a minute that u might have just had a sick sense of humour...I feel bad for thinking that now. This Monday sounds great.

Hope you're feeling better,

Charlie

To: "SexualPete" <sexualpete@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 14, 2003  
Subject: Feeling Better

Pete,

Yes I am feeling better. Thank u for your concern. Sorry about the whole thing last week. :( That's not like me at all. I look forward to meeting u 2morrow.

Chloe

To: "SupremeMan" <suprememan@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 14, 2003  
Subject: Thanks

Charlie,

Thanks for another chance...I'm looking 4ward 2 2morrow.

Chloe

To: "CalgrrryGrrrl" <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 14, 2003  
Subject: Re: Another female friend

Theresa,

This may b 2 short a notice...so let me know if u get this in time but how about meeting at the Pied Pickle in Bow Valley Square at 12:15 tomorrow. I'll b checking gmail in the morning so don't worry about how late u send a response.

Let me know,

Chloe

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "CalgrrryGrrrl" <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 14, 2003  
Subject: Short notice, but sure :)

Chloe,

Alright...I can take my lunch break around then. Looking forward to meeting irl.

Theresa

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "SupremeMan" <suprememan@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 15, 2003  
Subject: WTF!

Listen lady – I don't know what u think you're doing – but it's not funny. These r real people using these things and its not right to toy with them. I'm blocking your address from my list.

Charlie

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "CalgrrryGrrrl" <calgrrrygrrrl@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 16, 2003  
Subject: Thank U

Chloe (or whoever the hell you are),

Just thought I'd let u know that you're little mind game failed. Sure – you stood me and those 2 guys up – but I've gotta date this Friday with Pete and you're missing out on something really special you could have had. I have a gf who I think Charlie will like 2 – so you lose.

Theresa

P.S. – I am SO sorry if I'm reading this wrong – but u know how much I've been screwed over by this thing. :(

To: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
From: "SexualPete" <sexualpete@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 15, 2003  
Subject: Reporting U

Chloe,

I don't care if u say u were sick or what – u did it 2 3 people (that I know of) at once. I'm reporting your abuse of this system to GotMail. Don't bother gmailing me back – I blocked u.

Pete

To: "GotMail Personals" <personals@gotmail.com>  
From: "FoxyLady76" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>  
Date: September 16, 2003



Subject: Closing Your Account

To whom it may concern,

I would like to close this account do to a number of harassing Gmails I have been receiving.

Chloe Wilkes

From: "GotMail Personals" <personals@gotmail.com>

Date: September 17, 2003

To: "Chloe Wilkes" <foxylady76@gotmail.com>

Subject: Account Closed

Dear Chloe Wilkes,

As per your request we are closing your GotMail account effective September 24, 2003. You are welcome to start a new GotMail account at any time.

Yours truly,

Jo Ann Harwood  
Secretary of GotMail Personals

**Sex is...**

a hot topic  
better than religion  
poetry  
like a box of chocolates  
your guinea pig?  
the preeminent form of bringing love into physical reality  
better than school  
the usa's fault  
rampant  
a comedy film review  
life energy  
ok if done for the cause  
better than gods  
free  
best wet to avoid condom breakage  
dull and boring  
best when you lose your head  
for combating parasites  
way more complex  
necessary and proper  
the main factor in hiv infection for men and women who inject drugs  
optional since our son's birth  
a 13 letter word  
a process of leaning to arouse your partner  
a rare event  
killing our kids  
the other way you can interact with live women who are eager to talk to you personally  
and want to masturbate with you  
repulsive  
a stab in the dark for octopus  
the most affordable and highest quality option  
god's joke on human beings  
like having dinner  
costly  
an infringement on my right as an american to watch public sex  
okay to be performed on a girl but nasty and bad to be done on a guy  
the secret of young businesswomen's success  
like a typewriter  
a religious experience  
keeping her slim  
no trip to Disneyland  
10 minutes and nothing fancy  
not killer wireless application  
what drives the internet

## **Title Poem Sequence**

## Writing Down the Bones

word  
running wildly after beauty with fear at our backs  
it is the way the mind first flashes on something  
to putting a word on the page  
it is the way the mind first flashes on something  
no perspectives  
go straight to the typewriter

down and write  
over  
word  
no perspective

to putting a word on the page  
hour  
explore writing

but I knew if I cared about the muffins, they were usually good  
over  
no perspective  
explore writing  
sometimes we sit down to write and can't think of anything to write about

**Misled**

my white skin, Jurassic  
in Capilano Review, absinthe, West Coast Line, Hot & Bothered: Short Fiction of  
Lesbian Desire and Fireweed  
soft perfume and I'll wear  
looked with longing at the bare  
-  
deer press.

## **The Chick at the Back of the Church**

thrills, chills and aspirin pills

-

eyes like the glass ones

chick

-

I read a wall said you rub

chick

kids outside Future's Bakery

at the back of the church

thrills, chills and aspirin pills

thrills, chills and aspirin pills

-

eyes like the glass ones

back of the church have previously

at the back

chick

kids outside Future's Bakery

on the bar

fit to be tied

thrills, chills and aspirin pills,

-

eyes like the glass ones

chick

-

-

-

chick

-

## **Personal Effects**

purple in the eyes

-

romantic and she is cold

she liked metaphors; they were safer than dogs

-

-

-

-

-

-

-

-

-

this poem contains nudity

she liked metaphors; they were safer than dogs

## **The Night the Dog Smiled**

the symmetry of the universe

-  
-

nothing is left but song  
in your letters

-  
-

the symmetry of the universe

the symmetry of the universe

-  
-

data  
on the edge of the bed

-

small human figures and fanciful monsters  
men  
in your letters  
last of the triumphs

-

data



## **Days into Flatspin**

down from a shelved row of preserved I-didn't-know-whats  
a badly tuned tuba  
your insistent, years-long stooping could be taken for the weight and waiting that will  
    come with age  
skewered on wants

in the day I was proud of my vast palette  
necks gathered sun, tightened itched.  
That dog padded home wearing a rip  
out from the not-yet-thought-of

free translation of hardy's darkling thrush  
leave it at the door  
a badly tuned tuba  
that dog padded home wearing a rip  
skewered on wants  
perhaps the balance of good and evil in the world as we know it had been disturbed in  
    favour of evil  
in the day I was proud of my vast palette  
necks gathered sun, tightened itched.

# **The only solution to Penis Enlargement**

## **Green Girl Dreams Mountains**

gravity

-

-

-

no deer there

gravity

in the bones

-

-

Dumont

-

-

-

my brother wasn't born

smooth darkness

my brother wasn't born

old school house had long divided windows and

university classroom

no deer there

to think that that sky stretched

-

in the bones

no deer there

smooth darkness

## **Bluebird's Egg**

basket of baby chicks for easter  
like chicken pox

-

each passing year, and possibly moth-eaten  
basket of baby chicks for easter  
it comes from another world  
rabbits with faces and clothes of coloured icing  
drum, a church, it amplified  
symbolism and anecdote

each passing year, and possibly moth-eaten  
go to church every Sunday  
go to church every Sunday

## **Beneath the Horse's Eye**

-  
endlessly argued  
numbers on the clock blaze red  
endlessly argued

-  
to strap  
he's crying for me

to strap  
he's crying for me  
endlessly argued

he's crying for me  
over to assurance  
rented Buick  
stare at the desert  
endlessly argued  
stare at the desert

endlessly argued  
-  
endlessly argued

## **Shakespeare is...**

elementary  
born and dies  
japanese?  
now able to offer an unbeatable range of publications for the library  
all in the family  
not boring  
a magical combination  
completely boring  
in the park with 'much ado'  
a pervert  
in love  
the order of the day in school  
rolling in his grave with laughter at goodnight desdemona by redlass  
fun  
just one part of rainbow theatre  
dead  
bowdlerized  
meant for the stage  
as unread as musty old erasmus  
mostly lost amid the glory of the old west  
sacrosanct  
highly subjective  
as valid today as when written  
strained by indecision  
recognized as an actor  
unidentifiable  
the order of the day in theatre production  
alive in the modern world as his themes are central ideas about human behaviour  
going to be banned  
het genie zonder voetstuk  
assumed to have been educated  
not always precise  
outdated; he is not applicable to today's lifestyles  
a god  
difficult and boring  
a man who lives in a congested city and has to confront disease  
auditioning actors for his new production  
a master of plot  
our contemporary  
both fact and fiction  
in the southwestern part of the us in the state of new mexico  
cool  
a unique anthology

## **The New 2005 Alethea**

### *Appearance*

Looking for a ride that will set you apart from the crowd? Alethea is a sporty little number with a stunning combination of style, and performance.

Alethea was rated number one in appearance due to her distinctive oval headlamp treatment and smoothly curved bumper. Other pleasing qualities include:

- bug eyes that are easily recognizable from a distance, and have become a familiar part of America's landscape
- a bold jewel like exterior highlighted by a power retractable hardtop that hints at the power that lies beneath
- a unique chunky wedge shape with a roomy interior that is both aerodynamically efficient and attractive
- a simple and functional dashboard with large, easy to reach controls
- big and legible instruments
- a high roofline that adds to her interior spaciousness providing ample headroom

Alethea's looks will remain fresh for years after purchasing her

### *Performance*

Alethea's dependability is based on longevity and she has been reborn as a premium high performance ride. She delivers spirited performance, thanks to her low curb weight and plentiful power. Other performance features include:

- a loud engine geared to those who like the neighbourhood to know they're coming
- proportions which allow for large doors, with wide rear doors for easier entry and exit
- handling that is nimble and making the ride quite comfortable on the Highline version
- a Sport model, which has stiffer shocks and springs, providing even crisper handling making her best suited for weekend romps

### *Other Highlights*

Alethea has been praised for her "delightfully well-balanced and nimble character," No wonder many call Alethea, "downright world class." She's chock-a-block with personality. And, if you like pep and personality, Alethea delivers more than anything in her class.

Yet even with all of this, Alethea is still cheap. If you have a spare \$20,000 lying around, she could be yours!

*Excerpts from Reviews*

“Clean and contemporary” *New York Times*

“Fresh, Bold, and Distinctive” *The Globe and Mail*

“Alethea outweighs most of her competition” *The Auto Channel*

“...has seen daily service, and cosmetically has held up beautifully.” *The Toronto Star*

“Pleasant, Responsive, and Satisfying” *Chicago Tribune*

“Noisiest in her class” *Detroit Free Press*



## **Future Scholarship based on this Document:**

Outraged Desire and the Attraction of Homophobic Culture in Alethea Power's *TaDa(da): I Found It!*

Alethea Power, *TaDa(da): I Found It!*, and The Lesbian: Colluding Ablast Pathology

Be-guiling, Demarking, Feminizing: Fragmentation in Alethea Power and the Tyranny of Margins in *TaDa(da): I Found It!*

Alethea Power Perverting Illness: *TaDa(da): I Found It!* and the Madness of Dissection

Tolerance as (Author)ity: Fetishizing Anal Hybridity in Alethea Power's *Tada(da): I Found it!*

Demarking Erotics: Oriental Borderlines in Alethea Power's *Tada(da): I Found it!*

The Frustration of Re-vision and the Sexist in Alethea Power's *Tada(da): I Found it!*

Performativity and Class in *Tada(da): I Found it!*: Alethea Power Unlocking Outraged Literacies

Production and Pleasure in *Tada(da): I Found it!*: Alethea Power Defamiliarizing Primal Ideology

The Heterosexual Speaking The Lesbian: Alethea Power, *Tada(da): I Found it!* and Semiotics

The Demo(li)tion of Collusion and the Fragmented in Alethea Power's *Tada(da): I Found it!*

Speaking, Excavating, Representing: Ethos in Alethea Power and the Marginalized Dis-ease of Protest in *Tada(da): I Found it!*

The Racist Reproducing The Oppressed: Alethea Power, *Tada(da): I Found it!* and Margins

Peoples as Womanhood: (Re)reading Feminist Textuality in Alethea Power's *Tada(da): I Found it!*

Engendering, Writing, (Re)producing: Territories in Alethea Power and the Existential Dialectic of Xenophobia in *Tada(da): I Found it!*

Colluding Boundaries: Critical Seduction in Alethea Power's *Tada(da): I Found it!*

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## Process Appendix

Page	Description
19	Search term entered into Googlism.com. All lines come from search results, yet not all search results are included in poem.
20-23	Format inspired by Darren Wershler-Henry's <i>The Tapeworm Foundry</i> . Also a collaborative poem. See <a href="http://www.geocities.com/aletheap">http://www.geocities.com/aletheap</a> for details.
24-27	Poem "Cradle of Refusal" was really created using the method outlined on page 24.
30	Original poem with nouns removed.
31	Original poem with nouns in reverse order.
33	Original poem with nouns from the first (and then last) word of each letter of the Oxford English Dictionary.
34	Original poem with nouns from the first (and then last) word of each letter of Beckson and Ganz's <i>A Reader's Guide to Literary Terms</i> .
35	Homolinguistic (see page 16 for definition) translation from original text.
38	Heterolinguistic (see page 16 for definition) translation from original text.
40	Homolinguistic (see page 16 for definition) translation from translation.
42	see 38.
45	see 40.
46	see 19.
47-74	Mainly inspired by words in the Oxford English Dictionary.
75	One overheard phrase taken every hour for a period of 24 consecutive hours.
76-96	Fiction inspired by real profiles found on Yahoo! Personals.
97	see 19.
98-108	<p>For these poems, I took the title of a book and added a numeric code to it. To determine this code I assigned each letter a number (where A=1, B=2 C=3 etc.). After I did this I turned to each of the page numbers (as determined by the numeric code) and found the first word on that page that began with the letter found in the title. I then, commencing at this word, copied the rest of the sentence/verse. So if the title of a book was "Oh!" I would get the following code: "O=15, H=8." I would then turn to page 15 and find the first word that started with "O" and copy the rest of the sentence/verse. Then I would turn to page 8, find the first word that started with "H" and copy the rest of the sentence/verse. In those cases where there was no word that started with the desired letter on the desired page I would simply insert a dash into the poem.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Authors of Books Used:</b></p> <p>99 – Natalie Goldberg  100 – Susan Holbrook  101 – Billie Livingston  102 – Ronna Bloom  103 – John Newlove  104 – Ken Babstock  106 – Marilyn Dumont</p>

	107 – Margaret Atwood 108 – Dale Jacobs
109	see 19.
110-111	Found and (somewhat) manipulated text from online car advertisements.
112	Select titles generated by PoMo English Title Generator - <a href="http://www.brysons.net/generator.html">http://www.brysons.net/generator.html</a>

### **Vita Auctoris**

**NAME:** Alethea Power

**PLACE OF BIRTH:** Calgary, Alberta

**YEAR OF BIRTH:** 1980

**EDUCATION:** Henry Wise Wood Sr. High, Calgary, Alberta  
1995-1998

St. Mary's University College, Calgary, Alberta  
1998-2000

Augustana University College, Camrose, Alberta  
2000-2002 B.A.(S)

University of Windsor, Windsor, Ontario  
2002-2004 M.A.