

CITY TREATY

BY

MARVIN FRANCIS

**A Thesis
Submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies
in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
for the Degree of**

MASTER OF ARTS

**Department of English
University of Manitoba
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BY

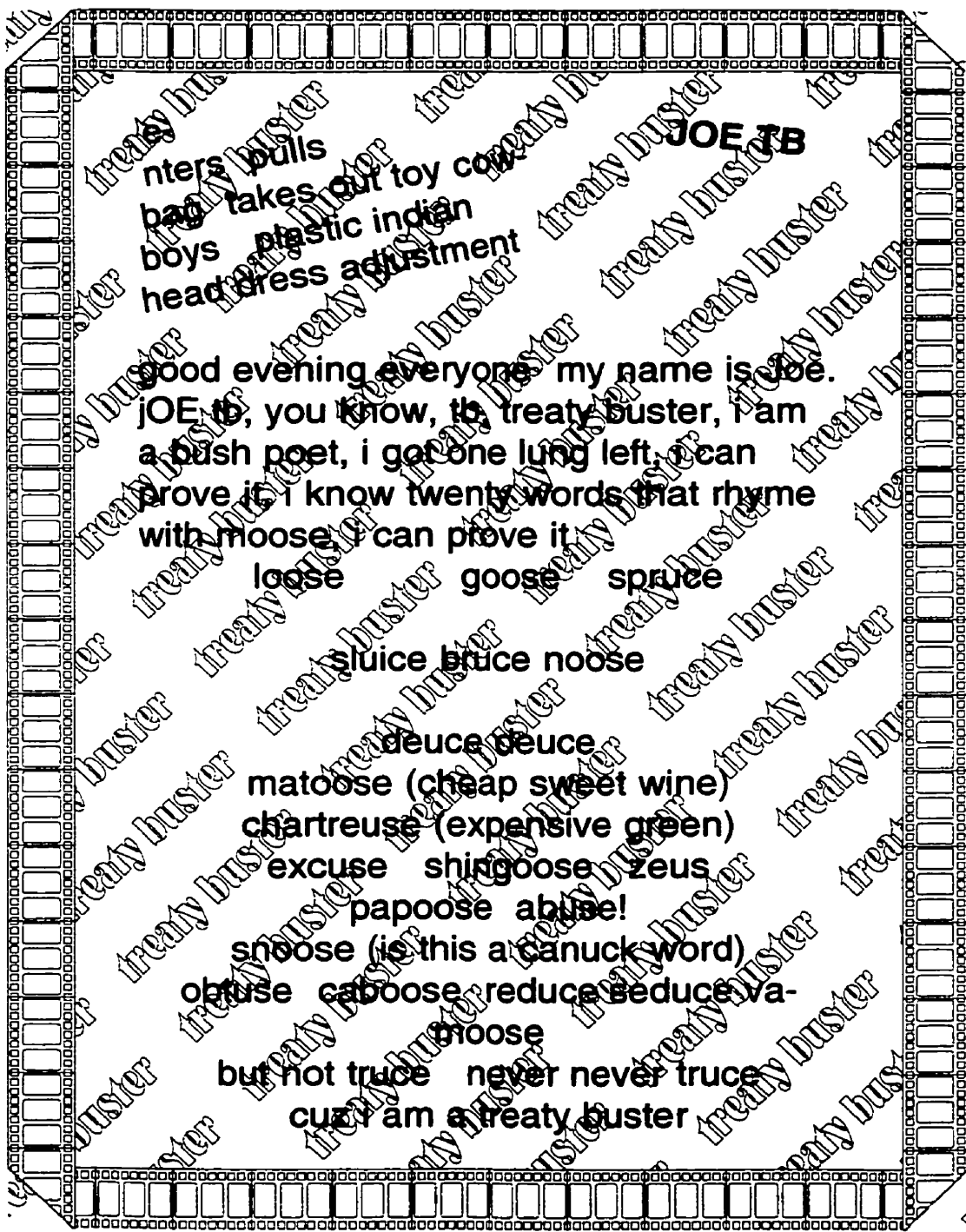
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nters pulls
 bag takes out toy cow
 boys plastic indian
 head dress adjustment
JOE TB
 good evening everyone my name is Joe.
 JOE TB, you know, TB treaty buster, I am
 a bush poet, I got one lung left, I can
 prove it, I know twenty words that rhyme
 with moose I can prove it
 loose goose spruce
 sluice bruce noose
 deuce deuce
 matoose (cheap sweet wine)
 chartreuse (expensive green)
 excuse shingoose zeus
 papoose abuse!
 snoose (is this a canuck word)
 outuse caboose reduce seduce va-
 moose
 but not truce never never truce
 cuz I am a treaty buster

I was being followed
so I took my usual alley route
trash can trails
make 'em get their feet dirty
but it was no use
you cannot shake a clown
that mask sees all

we began the treaty project

we needed money

we wrote on the back of maize flake boxes-expensive

the clown

knows ever since sky ripples

mingle clown city native

writing new treaty costs money

the clown surveys post/city/modern/after treaty/ after lawyer teeth = life

and

finds the way to finance this project

finds the reality:

mcPemmican™¹

you get the grease from canola buffalo

you find mystery meat

package this in

bright colors just like beads

let the poor in take their money take their health

sound familiar

chase fast food off the cliff

head smash in lump

speed beef (deer) on a bun

bury in the ground

special of this day

mcPemmican™

cash those icons in

how about a mcTreaty™

would you like some lies with that?

¹ treaty manuscript

Treaty Lines

all from actual treaties

all emerge into the native-aboriginal-first nation-last chance-indian-status-non status 'cuz

you went trapping that day-universe

*1677-virginia→violent intrusions of divers English forceing the Indians to kill the Cattle
and hoggs*

me: they sure like hunting those short squealing buffalo

clown: it's a living

the english dive into land they need Steal Country Usually Because All-ours

the bubbles explode upwards

come up for heirs

did james hogg die crossing the atlantic

*1868-fort laramie→ they will not attack any persons at home or travelling, nor molest
any wagon trains, mules or cattle*

Wagon Molestation connects you to

one of the largest tribes

the prison tribe

COURT TRANSCRIPTS

(trans.: g. reega)

judge: why did u do it?

clown: they put the wagons in a square and I just lost it, man

**me: this little red wagon followed me home when I was a kid and caught me in the park
and I was never the same after that**

Judge: do not pass go do not collect five dollars per year free parking no wagons

*one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four → fort starwix: six hostages will be
delivered to the commissioners by the said nations*

who gets to go

hear they got food

pick him pick her pick axe pick a name

the w. redskins (some color change may apply, colors may run)

the c. indians (the intelligent mascot),

the a. braves (tom a. hwk chp)

the kc chiefs (they be in charge, should be in vegas)

the und fighting sue (not peggy)

the c. black hawks (t-shirts and that)

just pick one

Six word prisoners assemble sit in a circle one remains she sits in smaller
circle they drink Tea in a Tree, tee-Tree. Or Tree-T. When asked how they got

treated in the big city they said those **people scrape the sky** with cement and

out

falls

a

clown

when this clown see the sky

scrapers thinks out aloud:

big family, huh

and that is when we met

that is the treaty so far.

Intensive research leads tense words

paper burns trail

paper chase

rabbit fonts

names everywhere too many

until

The clown jumps

up from the net

I found that common denominator

linked sea to bush to red sea

one collective tribe

all those chiefs, those head (wo)men, captain

those red names white language

they all have something they share

the same last name:

HIS MARK.

treaty names

all duly hit the mark

all treaty team

running wolf

wolf collar

sam wolf

history howls this new story line

walking through the bush narrative

read the bodies behind the totems

the marks so important

red crow

eagle rib

jon chicken

crow collar

hitch the wagons

cock bird terror

northern love

bird caws

feather fantasy

crows turn color

The clown stops for mcBannock

paces while I struggle

for names

and then wants to know

what is a nick name

so I explain

that a nick name has

little piece of you

and sometimes

u have to run

away from home

to lose that name.

This causes a mask

to fall off

but the next mask

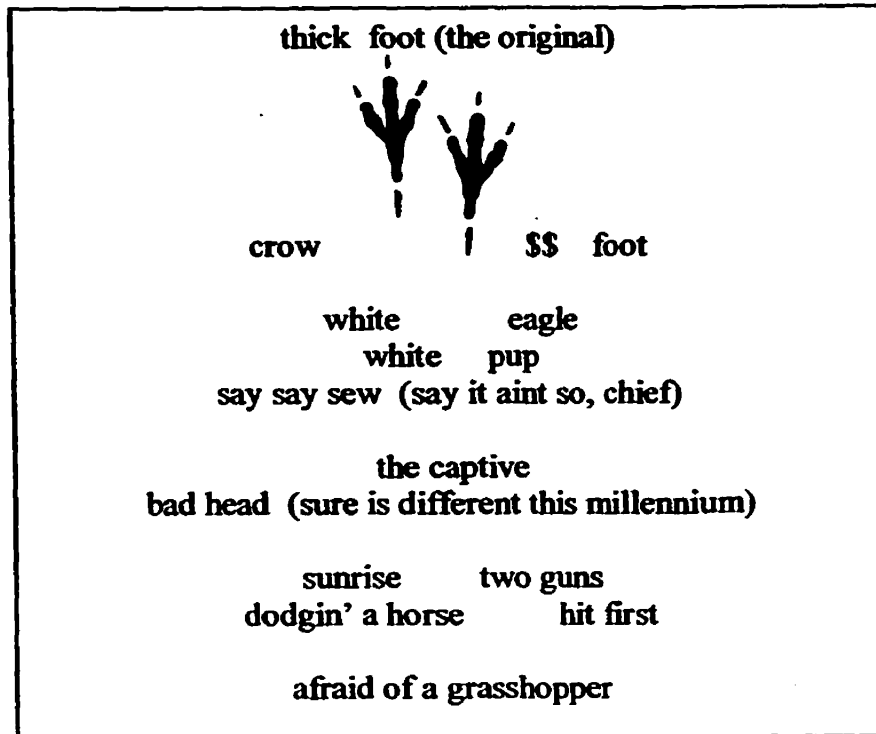
now looks at me.

Uses Both Arms

Sometimes Glad

Cake Cake

the translator holds his head and cries: nobody believes me



HELP US AMIGOS

they trap us in this
leg and neck and soul hold
trap
we live in circles
we die in this square piece of paper

TRICK OR TREAT

halloween apples red outside

white inside but

maybe a disguise

with word razor

blades

how many skid row tricks are native

open the door so u can

see my indian costume

buck knife buckaroo buck naked buck skin pass me my buck back

fringes torn from skin theatre fringe half-dance-part-story oral fringes

the best halloween prop

a native dog story

*'we rode our bikes, man, and twenty dogs came running, tore my cowboy boot right off,
man'*

*'that's nothing, we were riding a d-freaking-nine cat, no cab, and these dogs were raised
on diesel, killed the foreman, ripped that white hat to shreds'*

my dog story

insert mad dog here



The Mad Dog

across the dirty creek lives Boris

meanest bark disturbs the water

we learn he breaks his rope

his smell breath smell

mean teeth stretch anger

so invite new kids

those that came to indulge

sudden chance to learn

**Boris jumps up onto that pulp truck too
watch through innocent smiles
the red anger of dog**

we knew why

**so hungry so cruel
the rage of master
in yellow teeth**

**Boris tears open paper boy
we give out a ragged cheer**

**and hid
in the bush when the
cops came**

**those sad shots by our door
our mind became smug
we always knew they
would shoot the wrong dog**

**master drinks red
dawg beer**

**ggrowls into his children
sslobber and ddrool**

lead meets dog anger

and

sure enough

limp and growl limp and growl

boris came back that night

howl at the meanest

dog that

lives across

the dirty creek.

INT. – mcPemmican – late night

**clown: inner city tricks walk into convenience store wear a
mask legally**

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. – mcPemmican – early morning

me: this halloween I'm going as mickey indian

CUT TO:

booze treaty

time for some

new beer labels

catch the redeye

soft soul hard sell

knife wound a catchy name
 son found **hanging in the kitchen**
 perhaps a **gunshot** to the tiny face
 or **car accident** roll over play dead
 new name new game or older shame
 so on this day when the sun shines red
 we the undersigned will agree wholly and
 unholy to follow that new booze treaty we
 firstly drink this slightly poisonous mostly
 white bottle liquid king treaty cure all elixir that
 gets more expensive when you get older
 then take this quill pig pen dip it in blood
 india inksnake oil and lawyer lubricant ooze
 do not listen to the translator do not read
 words that wash off so easily just sign here
 put you totem your mark your children here
 c'mon just put your

X X X

here

roll up your sleeve and here is your medal sign
 quick inject onto paper all that you care for all
 these following pillars agreed with the booze treaty:

john le seat (his mark: $\frac{1}{7}$)

dauid stole some (his mark: $\frac{1}{8}$)

see drams for sale (totem: \emptyset)

no witnesses available

we nailed a treaty to a wall

a new menu

appetizers

mallard fingers- "foie bush" a favorite among indian agents, they like getting the finger

potato red skins- better than tobacco pouch

salads

birch bark and money greens- apparently this is edible

chiefs salad- cold, cheap, and costly

main courses

chocolate moose- you follow a moose for days, when she lifts her tail . . .

welfare red plate special- nothing

mcPemmican- guaranteed berries from this decade

mercury fish- a favorite with three-eyed kids!

wannabe wolverine cutlet- garnished red

wilde rice- grown in gaol by certified wagon molesters

deserts

moose cookies- (see choc. moose)

ice on the walls cream- wood stove reality

buffalo jello- ask your waiter, Cliff

*clown: we must look at the paper
me: the daily shyster*

paper scraping

what document
leaves behind

WHAT DOCUMENT

how words can
sink surface to

submarine thoughts
u haul u gloat

U CANOE

why an ex is
too dangerous

when poets

dig too deep

how about

paper turds

scraped like hide
palimpsest picto

**SCRAPE HAIR
GET BALD**

graph scribe left behind
unknown path legend

treaty remains
gathers in balls

scat words different
layer pousse word

café hooch spill over bush met

A FOUR

a fore

for

clown: when do we examine you

me: as long as the grass grows

Red Hiway Poem

They expected me to quit school at 16
So I did
Spectacularly

They told me
Auto mechanic, boy
Nice dirty work
Lotsa cars

Meanwhile I drive like shit
I am pavement danger
My license comes from the land

& the cops on the red hiway
hate this explanation:

*let's see, my drivers license is from the NWT, my plates from Alberta, the insurance from
another province and this is my buddy's car from Manitoba.*

I long for the days before computer gods.

My license, gone thru the wash
Crumpled piece paper shit.

Back of the car: red strobes strobe
Back of the line: cop's probes probe.

Gotta make a new treaty on the red hiway. Gotta make my chief a deal

Need new hiways on the

**RED HIWAY WAY HI WAY HI
HI WAY HOOOOO.**

clown: time for the city

*me: that's where I live
the city
band*

cig poem at the fix

Talk to 70s main street stories

Free for all, free for nobody, bar brawls

Cops too smart, too scared, to go inside

If U made it out you got arrested

So U fight your way to that corner, that desperate corner

People milling main street style

Shark circling rolling drunks

Getting that role back all in the same night

70s main line town

somehow vibrant alive

main event Saturday night

cruise crowds leather cruise broken glass

fix that thought fix that cigarette

talk of main

albert street fix

cig poem.

INT.-mcPemmican-always

*clown: time for smoke
time
for another mask
time
for you
to write treaty*

Nicotine Whore

In a former life I was a nicotine whore

Wife weaner

Wiener after divorce

I slam poems off the wall

My step dad *really hates me*

My shrink kicked his kid's ass and left town

The prescription lady will not deliver to this address

Pizza guys, eyes color frightened, make me come to the car

My social worker goes out tattoo guy

They both hate me too

My welfare check bounced

Life is *good* in the Furby street spring of '99.

clown: look inside the mask and there is the answer

my chicken lies over the ocean
my wife left me for just about anybody
my dog is freaking stupido
my hair farts oil during job interviews
my employment border lines skid row
so bring back bring back
my chicken for me
so I can sleep

me: they took our chicken, man
clown: uh huh

crow talk

there's always been talk of crow

ted hughes
robert kroetsch
and so many others
wrote of crow
they salute the big ass voice
stalking from tree

there is the crow movie
the crow tv scene
what's next?

son of crow?
crow goes to hollywood

crow the sequel
the native tribe

crow talk jars your head
wakes up the lazy things

this year

pay attention

the year of the crow

**raw caw cool slaw
not even choctaw
just commercial crows
cashing in
a crow cartoon
used to be black**

**when u eat crow
it bites your throat
when u imitate
u get all**

**alone shotgun wishes shoot back
just thinking about crow talk**

**makes someone tree close
closer to the cacaphony so listen to the poet crows**

clown: just don't feed them crows belong on the street

Street smiles

-there are street smiles that can get you burned on a drug deal

-there are street gardens where kids find a finger growing

pointing to

the clouds giving the world the finger

there are 25 street smiles you better learn when you

sell your body

there are street faces

every evening petal

that shines blackly

the cops keep driving by

-that special smile of a chocolate street
melting sunlight

-blend incandescent rain to reflect asphalt faces

-because u are a junky fraud

-because you really want to just go home
play in a garden where petals do not bite
where the fingers fold in prayer
where the smile heals eyes
burnt by too much evening
by no visible mourning

-there are smile melted into the pavement
by those shiny white body paints
that innovative new urban art genre

marking soul turf
like those Hiroshime, hero shima shadows
that urge 25 feet into the ground
up rumbles 25 feet tramping

-chocolate gardens for the kids
disappear into mushroom sun

-chocolate petals for the young
for old experienced love that still dares

and and
for that lonely junky fraud
carrying that chocolate smile
on that evening street.

clown: do poets only write anger

me: roses are red so am I

spread the word

I thought he was going to let me spread the word
 instead
 he tries to spread my sister's
 legs
 so I spread four ten shot gun off red
 truck neck
 off his rapidly retreating down
 gravel road preacher ass I'm gonna get u snap button
 cowboy ass alberta son of a bastard press a ton of man
 ing crash test slummy he never came
 never came back did not rise from the dead
 and my sister would have kicked his
 "wanna go for a coke routine"
 into the owl river
 walk on water u city oil slick
 spread the word to
 the white
 fish tonite.

clown: look behind first

EDGEWALKER

We all walk edges uncertain

On border slippery

Between dirt poor

And filthy rich

Between heartbraking tears

Crying in the snow

And sandy beach hot laughter

Between bush and city

street bus and the moose track

Point out edges that cut off our mind

From the crack baby

Cracking smiles at college bank account

**We edge walk thin tenuous thread that dangles both death and birth the edge of eyes of
ears of our nose**

Shows

Which edge we want to walk

Society edges the other from others

Walks all over our personreality

**Invisible borders stronger than barb wire
Cement our paths to our edge walking ways**

Do u rent

Or do u own

Is the biggest edge

That makes some fall off

Economic

cliffs

Cash lemmings crowd
rush hours

And hours and hours
Rush whores
Run blind to stay on the uptown edges

Where
The others
Edge their lawns with beer bottle brown

Where others
Lost that edge

Where others close the
Bleeding edges of their eyes.

*By now the media must gather and make headlines that
shout make footlines that slither all of the many words
slither words lose their skin
snake treaties lose their
spark glare flash bulb memory
like custer last stand like death crazy horse crazier world like birth of white
buffalo like the beothuk remains fighting attention like big bear like those who
sign treaty*

*yellow head journalism by those witnesses those interpreter those Sir vey oars
those sharpened stakes*

*unlike any thing seen before words on paper
not aural not oral not heard
only herd of settlers
miners: it's all mine
loggers: tree T for me
rum alphabet*

*run rabbit fonts run out of land
until
that new breed of medicine catbush doctor
that influence
medium*

PULLING FACES

Pull off your face
Underneath lies a Pirandello mask

And under that Death mask lurks loudly

Color shifty shapes edges blur Slippery pictures delight

Pull your face in a little Red red wagon That you show to the world
One face for your friends one for trevor One for that job application

Now that is one helluva mask go paint your face hollow

Certain colors scream bright Stripes divide definite
Region synthetic cool Paint thinnest mask

Could be hooker red warrior green Or trickster blue

Paint the oldest disguise Belladonna blinding
Fools nobody's god Your selves know
how layers Pile upon skin brown back

Drop eyes light this human Stage

So pull your mind face the
Thoughts of others Pull faces
from history Into today

carny images Pull family
faces museum fodder
Art gallery features
Acrylic dream masks
Those to follow
keep pulling that
face Down street
most coughin'

r o a d s

me: where is the treaty going

*clown: remember what the people
go through*

the gant prairie

that day they made us fence through the water

our hunger drove posts deep four days till

payday we make dark lean jokes

gaunt bodies become the gant prairie

what for lunch never spoken

mustard sandwiches lukewarm water

offered with a smile

hunger lash cruel barbs wire

~~three days before payday~~ ~~joke becomes true~~

sleep through lunch

hot hamburger dreams

boss place water end of the line

~~too much drinking around here~~

hunger laughs hot sun

two days before payday we catch a crow

better dark chicken

three crow one gant sandwich

good thing we brought pepper

~~salt (treaty) for the tailsalty peter for the fore man~~

crow under tin

fried on a shovel

one day till payday we find the right moss

tea for coffee break passed all around

green and strong and free

gant prairie boys boil

tomorrow dreams

then just like that the big day sparkles

arrange fateful ride to town

speak neon cash

share a smoke

gant promise

pay back that loan

~~long faced boss~~

loses control

pride in roughing it
then

dark cloud
emergency



barb wire nails him deep post

setting a fire

the job

is over

on this ~~gant~~ prairie.

*me: this is a true 70s legend
tell it to your selves*

clown: sometimes

I jump off roofs

tease the chief

graphic sex graphic

*I also
must*

*make the people
laugh.*

my next piece is called that
 most famous
 elizabethan native actor or

BNA actor

(PULL OUT RED SKULL (from captain america?),
 RED INJUN BOOK, PASS BOOK TO AUDIENCE)

I have many roles.
 Treaty busting is like a full time job

Man

So

Time for some shakey spear
 {BRANDISH SPEAR}

I am most famous
 buckskin role frontier gig fall off the damn horse too

{FIDDLE WITH SKULL}
 They call me Omelette!!!!

To drink
 Or not to drink
 That is the question

Whether 'tis Noble Savage to suffer
 The arrows and arrows of
 Outrageous VLTs

Or to take one arm bandits
 Into the sea of casinos
 And end by opposing them?

To drink
 Nay to party no more
 And end the heartache

And the thousand natural shocks
 When u watch that B movie

Over and over
 celluloid omelette rejects
 fries bush
 From your brain

{BIG PAUSE}

freeway wagons circle
 those hiways were not free

to drink or not to drink
 a dime novel story
 a type of stereo
 typing away your 1860s

persona into that sunset
 where wagons burn
 john wayne ran out of bullets
 where tonto gets a day job
 hiawatha
 goes bye- a – wa - tha

where the young men who went west
 go back where they came from
 where christopher columbus
 sails the ocean (laScat) blew zone

and the santa maria gets drunk
 takes Chris to Auntarctica instead

{PAUSE}

think about it, man
 indian penguins man
 red and white
 noble penguins, man
 drunken fucking penguins, man

The
 only good
 penguin is a dead

penguin, man

It all starts way up there

(HAND OVER EYES, POINT)

**one man gets up to feet
he sees the eagle
he feels the feather growing
he feels the wind rip thru his mind
he totters on the edge of clouds**

**he flaps his arms
he flaps his arms some more**

**his partner up there
his buddy
does not have to flap
for the first time
since they invented twist
top beer
he is sober**

**meanwhile
flapping away
he sky walks away
he jumps**

**his heart soars
I AM EAGLE
I AM EAGLE
I AM EAGLE
(thank u uri g.)**

(THUD WITH MICROPHONE)

NO YOU'RE NOT.

thank u very much

(TAKE OFF BONNET AND BOW)

me: about time you act like a clown

guy on park bench

slouch park bench alone sitter

other benches booked sleeper

another

definitely the other

put the claim on the bench
he is the most alone of all

so alone mosquitoes do not bite him
moss points him south

so freaking alone
man, panhandlers
look down upon him, man
so alone he gets no food bank

stagger sidewalk with bruises
wander universe erratic invisible blazed trails

stay downtown man
the bush will arrest you

stay sleeping bench, man
you do not wake this reality
do not wake up so

alone,
man.

INT. / EXT. – a heart

t-bird chapel

lord thunder jesus bird

open for business drums for sale

drums for sale come one come

all wire on that t-bird dress

t-bird flies away color precious gone

chapels need cash

cash needs that t-bird

I need a job

virtual indian

stir and shake

B-movie western fragment

add some tonto

a bit of apache some ojicree some navajo some aztec
some esperanto

a little new

age shuffle

the noble

sauvage

shake a captive narrative

slow into the mix

the last of the wood stove

memories

the electric

indian

rides tall

john ford john doe run johnny run

neontronic beckons

unemployed cigar store stiffs
mill downtown

fat emma melts away

to be virtual

to be electric organic

when you live inner

city feathers plastic

motorcycle mascot

grain gasoline

no more virtue

when

artificial natto

never chopped wood

virtual only.

when buffalo were nuclear free

before gunpowder buffalo

had this attitude

just go in a straight line life was good
before screen savers buffalo

rumble four step dance cliff
after a-bomb

buffalo

got small

first job poem

other than
chopping
hauling

wood horse dragging

water heaviness pail

bucket slave

and beer bottle picking

the first pay job

one that paid regular first job

basis

one that bought smokes
new friends
trouble

my first job was loading racks
pulp wood bonanza

75 cents a rack

guys quitting enough for a six pack

midnite sometimes

the trucks came in

somehow in the snow

never thought I

would like this
memory
cig
poem.

panama jack

Riot on portage ave.

Cuz Panama jack is back in town

international style
empty stomach stretches
marks across the americas

Jump both sides of that panama canal

Who gets the gold?
Who came first?

The chicken?
Or, no chicken tonite

Panama jack soaks his feet
in 45 gallon drum
He's sort of a huck finn on
drugs

feel those bootleg body parts burning
Constant walking to survive

panama cases the tourists

all too fat for sidewalk bungalow

Money tied to a stick
Dance boy, dance!

Dance that panama jack dance that
the people love so well

Make those feet go up the wall

and
come
down

Boy.

Now Panama soaks his feet in coke cans
 one for each toe, cool and refreshing feet

Must step out the pattern
 Walk sideways
 shine broken glass

Slide blood from one foot to the other

Nobody sees That
 red red line across the americas

So dance panama, dance.

clown: why did the crow cross the road

Jam Cig. Poem

I want to jam this poem up that
 cop's ass

back seat puncher
 who wants u to confess

wants u to b & e
 meaning broke & evil

we had jam
 way too much jam
 jam christianity down
 northern outhouse black hole

cop spits out
my blood shot eyes
(basically partied in the 70s)
my bloodfreakingshot eyes
gave his body chills down
and up
after we pissed blood
in the alley
me and mike
true blood brothers

sat in this twenty four joint nursing
that bit of coffee
'till that waitress jams us some smokes
in exchange for street story
she was kool she was real

we were too sore to laugh
running rain sticky one way ticket jam
train station grit
life segment in the ditch
jam those people memories foggy sidewalk
jam those cop eyes with this
jammin' cig poem.

White Settlers

maybe in the 60s

at least the 1860s there exists

In the language of the

english

Two words all powerful

Fury terrible terrible

Nuclear thinking

Those two words

catalyst sound pair

Makes red blood boil and hiss

WHITE SETTLERS

See the reaction

Go down any street

Pick any native

She could be a lawyer

He could be a doctor

They could be indian chiefs

(chieves? cheeves?)

Mention those
settlers

Careful and
slow

Feel the reaction

Building

Smouldering

Exploding

**across that john ford land
scape**

**massacre
attack at dawn
main street is burning**

**BURN BABY BURN
hatchet city, man**

tomahawk missile tunes

**scalp their stubble asses
scalp their barbers of melville
scalp the great plagiariser
mr. dizzy knees**

**and skin bambi
and hopped up cassidy**

**stubble dreams up in smoke
no more bonanza bonus at the**

KO KORRAL

so

let us play Small

Pox

Blanket

Bingo

Under the B:

Bye bye native guy you got the pox

Under the Aye:

I got scars under my eyes

Under the N:

native versus settler the sequel

Under the G:

gone with the wind-A-Ria

Under the O:

Oh, boy, oh, oh, oh no, I am freaking dead, man

And finally

BINGO!!!!!!!!!!

Beothuk

Indians

Not

Going

Online

colonial euro-attitude dudes

Your post colonial angst

how about

pre colonialism jitters

all in a big pile

Fuck the noble and not

so noble

Savage lost in the city

bush street

Lost in the glare fenimore

cooper fantasy drunk

the tee pee motel

settles white

unsettled red.

*me: Jesus! this
will get us Grant.
(and more than one army)*

*clown: you don't write
treatypoems
for the money.
you make waves.*

Native Tempest

"they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian" Shakey Spear

nabilac sits at fire always contrary

birch heat brother burns

company smoke burns

wait for magicians to arrive
 prosperous makes land
 disappear

he shouts: *"the red plague rid you
for learning me your language"*

treaty language
easy translate

you lose

"you taught me language I know how to curse"

words only count

1 little

2 little 3 little

4 little

Indian boys

and then there

were

none

(ask agatha)

lost land gauge extinct tribes

lost children trail of beers

nabilac burns paper treaty trails

the smoke is white the crackle is electric

"all the infections that the sun sucks up"

no wonder the sun so volatile

uncommon cold words

flu out the window *"wicked due"*

spots face spot son spotted

thou shall be pinched

"thy dog and thy bush"

in event of emergency:

SEND IN THE DOGS

that shakey spear knew
his tempests

EXT. -Treaty Site-100 dog years ago

a pipe goes hand to mouth to hand out to mouth

*the truth
must
be spoken*

*words scrape paper
instead*

word hustlers gather

acorns but the squirrels

went trapping

more treaty lines

1790 ⇒ treaty 2, district of Hesse (step into wolf),

province of quebec

“We do hereby certify that the following goods were delivered to the several Nations”

list

to one side

jousting

a stripe of color

35 pieces of Strouds
(coarse from england)

1 dozen black silk handkerchiefs
(the first head bands in the hood
did the chiefs take them in hand)

20 dz. plain hats
(plains indian hats)

40 nests of tin kettles
(they signed the treaty
wanted to see wanted to raise
tin birds)

60 guns
20 rifles
400 lbs. powder
1,600 lbs. ball and shot
2,000 flints
(rabbit hell)

30 dz. looking glasses
(piece of hard water everyone must see
Aboriginal refraction
Life reflection
Indigenous carol
Cast through the holes
Expressionistic glass)

Clown: I still remember my first looking glass

me: I shave with a big piece of tin foil

Lee Eagle Eze

Were-ass
hereto and
forthwith
know all men by these presents

undersigned
said party
said indian
cede transfer relinquish surrender

solemnly
yield up
certain
chains across west links north lynx

south due
east more
or less
chains word tract lying to the place
of be
ginning
a line
drawn for the band lots said limit

strip of
land of
broken
lots whence occupy as a reserve thence

legal
eagle
flies

from lofty perch from the defined

territory
bound

aerie
 proviso authorised designated virtue
 power of
 attorney
 forty
 arpents frontage zero arpent depth

as straight
 as any
 eegle flies

every thing has its own language even rig pigs
the words of
those lost languages hidden meaning
business talk of
level playing field

the land invents natural
sound
escape

language comes from the
land
so many
words for snow

what words
describes
agony of kids
torn away

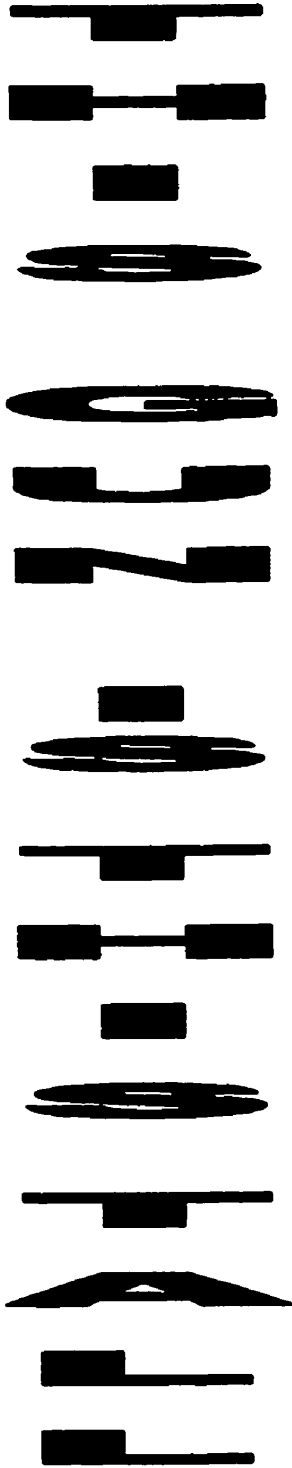
of

languge sudden ill
legal

of hair cuts

of standing

the closet



What fur said those trappers do we have to
 pile these so high when we paddle paddle
 paddle blood to get here when we follow those
 animals when we apprentice für ten thousand
 years so you can get your beaver hat and
how come these guns are so tall the fur so short
how come all of the northern stores so much
 fur you not fur us why do you think this is your territory
 henry why don't you have any place left to set traps will
 your fashion always feed my kids
 the sound of this gun drowns the sound of the land
 the smell of the skinning stretches the trap lines
 the sight of the trader gives beaver night mare
 the touch of steel chills the soul freezes the north
 the taste of your justice sours my snares
 does the animal spirit make the london man about town
 sexy or does the hat substitute for the high number of
 victorian hookers who fish for life just like we must
 depend on this trader fur wars have victims too so we
 have learned how high you can pile this pile of pissed off
 animal spirit what
 fer for für pher what happened to the furrmmmmrrr

we meta in the corral

we fell off white roofs together

**meat corrals
(overheard in native singles meat packing circles)**

we corral meat

the clown began to paint

**we met duster
tradition.**

**Everyone west of that spot on transcanada
trans like transculture hitch
hyke diesel assed hiway must face
that face**

**heavy (beer belly) duty face
dirty whisker
probably whiskey**

**old time good old back up against the wall moment
gotta put up the DUKE (while falling onto horse)**

sort of like that native don cherrie:

DAWN SASKATOON

kick in the head

**hard on the gpa
worse the next**

morning

it hurts to win too

**fight
scrap, like**

torn clothing

take the gloves off keep those ball caps close
two fighters circle cuz

nobody wants to lose

meet saturday night corral roots:

THE FACE OFF!

hockey as standard
how the fuck did that ever happen ?↔?

toothless role models breed hardy

now known forever as

high moon

just knew that a duel was coming
never create art with another

clown enters corral armed with
ten oral thousand stories

Falling off old tongues

all bush dialect

camp fire literary

I dragged a dictionary
through the mud

street thesaurus

walk: n. =

1. no! don't walk like that,
else, somebody mugs you,

don't walk like a victim

2. never! walk into a bar like you own it

unless you do.

**word hurling
in your face**

but some words feather
across the banks of the river:
Running Bare

stripped down
buck naked

...and on the udderrrrr side of duh riveRrrr.....

(YEAH YEAH, been there, I know)

**MEANWHILE,
BACK AT THE
CORRAL**

 painted circle dominates domestic manure
paint horse, just like tonto's horse, van gogh sorrel, picasso bronc, morriseau horse eyes,
 odjig mare

paintPOEM

eye duel begins
nose to nose
the fight must go on

barrage word learned
meets clown

and

then

the risky birth of
muskeg metaphor

moss verbiage north side of the canon / cannon
south of the profit margin

rabbit critics got nothing to lose
peter rabbit for lunch

wolverine essays rend words worth

shoveller ducks migrate shakespeare
hamlet flies in the shape of a

v v v v v v
v v v v v
v

virginia is allowed to howl wolf
a different howl
not ginsberg
not lear

*a bush of my own
waiting for pogeys check
my camp fire burns at both ends
I wandered only as red cloud
a gentle dynamite was pricking on the prairie
it was the west of the Times
it was the cursed in the Times
from the unrude the smoketh of a poets (snow) blind*

we met (a) corral

circle in square

word cannibal

look at small pox pertro (can) glyphs look

little crosses win the americas lose

graffiti dreams
aerosol glyph

buffalo were vegetarian
paint was a plant

radiation grass
pigment

from all this those word cannibals those freaking word cannibals,
they.....

stole my words

man, if you eat other people's words you are capable of anything
but some sneaky
slithering words
lay hidden in the bush
some walk down fear strutting streets

words youth survival: don't walk this way in the pool hall

don't hitchhike both ways on the highway

need some language insurance

dialect alarm system

somewhere in the land

that clown hides dirt
dig furious badger pissed off gopher

'there used to be a lot of adolescent gopher murderers in this country' I said at
breakfast the next morning
the clown had a new haircut attitude
sunshine loves sunshine

who is the clown
 who is the clown
 who is the clown

land gurgles red panorama

picto-chickens
 me I'm cool/kinda clown

cling on rocks pecking orders from that boss man/look at

we moved the treaty site
 we felt the natural

(the right instruments must be chosen
 the right words spoken before I will follow)

clown and me

back to back

trust those circles
 I knew now it was

that time

to write that

city treaty

days of preparation/ gathering<powwow>latched
 right onto the necessary tools

Rub the land onto every treaty
 do not poison all we got do not poison

name local proud names

CUT TO:

(Subsection b, wherein, etc.; etc. see city treaty)

new INDIAN GUIDE

go clean your own fish you lazy fucks

tourists lost in fish fly tornado
knee deep beer bottles go back to town

trout rain bow poems instead
try to catch those little black hair snakes
some peoples call them thread snakes
they were cool swampy
always let them go

make red devil hook jewellery
fishermans not
plugs bobbbers leaders perch waits

DISSOLVE TO : INTERLEWD

we cut the cards to see who goes first
there were no queens kings knaves
we were all jokers

I drew the seven of clowns
The clown drew the seven
we tie again

so
shuffle shuffle shuffle shuffle shuffle
a head held high shuffle
heart lake cards with corners all bent couple of cards missing
a hybrid of old and new
'marked' by some loser with felt pen
the joker always the favorite

we draw together
a new card every wonderful time
card tricks with coal oil lamp

we read a card
hold it up high

*the little ones come first
the little ones come first*

put that in the treaty and smoke it
the little ones come first

treaty adhesions**(or, bush glue)****no more drunk words****you cannot lie in a treaty****languages many, more customs than people,***environments have to be included I mean that*

**everyone has some voice no body going any where
if it doesn't fit into your back
pocket don't trust it**

**stick on changes/add/subtract/all sides
paste layer \upon \layer\ of \thought**

**bury the pseudo shaman deep with ass sticking out in the air
argue/bitch/question/probe/tear apart/challenge/discuss until everyone is sick of it, then
do it again for you have
to remember what the people went through**

FLASHBACK

**circle of a people with their hearts in the fire their spirit in the smoke they're
minds in the crackle there guts hanging out with knowledge for**

*flash back to those treaties smouldering
collecting our dust*

FLASH FORWARD too and loop all of the different time zones accordian

FLASH PRESENT two presents disguise mask
the tree green: as flash comic book
suit in a ring, cool

FLASH BACK flash back flash back

**FLASH BACKflash back
FLASHING BACK OVER AND OVER AND**

**THE BACK FLASHES UNDER AND OVER AND THRU the flashing
flash backs**

*that clown and I sat back to back in the suns
 how do write a treaty
 who cares
 recall the names of
 yore ancestors
 remember the names
 u got called*

some beer labels I knew

reality tv age demands reality advertisements
 so they blurred reality
 new beer labels

DIVORCE home maid barley sandwich goes down glossy nag/mag ads

FAS beer breeds copy righters who can write anything

RUNAWAY ale for those young who ail all nite long cannot fight back

flat broke this fine pilsner is already flat but you drink anyways cuz your
 heart is broken and nobody will bum this kind except you

LOSER BEER sold everywhere in quarts in 5 paks
 and at last
 bobbing its head above the
 brown waves

the **ultiMATE** reality beer bursts onto the scene in every beach party every camp
 site all of the house parties even the fancy cocktail circuit
 this beer calls for poetic license

have your self a

SMELLY DRUNK for that long road long gone home.

*I picked my guitar tunes
 the clown picked fingernails
 we were on a break
 we had that knowledge that
 native landscapes
 can contain asphalt
 back onto our feet*

Treaty Map

to cover all of the territory the treaty must be as large as the land itself, like a marquez map, we covered the land, found the paper stretchers that reach all of the borders, use the word manglers to make the sounds that fit the land contours, the witnesses had chipmunk approval, the requisite coyote copyright, and every shrub and tree and plant had geographic importance, which was always on this map, so as to allow seasonal migration human from city to country and back, while the rivers wash from the inside and the prairie undulates the canadian shield up one side of the rockies and down the mackenzie so u can finally figure out that the land is owned only by your children , never by u, so me and the clown drag this treaty map overlander overwater overair overall border tramps trampling thru

and we sit
me and this clown
and now have only
just recently begun
to right

THE CITY TREATY

Joe TB picks himself off
ground
the rust gone from the word spurs
the treaty got busted

while off to the side
like rodeo clown acrobat
the treaty parts blow empty
thoughts

the prairie sunset
still pretty in the
city the gopher
silhouette rains

yet a sound shakes
ear to the ground
like buffalo watch
all wonder hope

some thing must be
followed too

some thing
has sound reverent some thing feels good

some thing eye dazzles

what thing is that I ask and the clown whose
 eyes water emotive ways are allowed
 tells me to listen

BOOM, boom, boom, boom

boom boom boom
 here come leader mavericks who cannot
 shut up

WORD DRUMMERS

so many drum sticks flash

momaday takes us to rainy mountains, joy of horse joe, tom-tom (king and hiway) break
 open the way, erdrich narrative willow twists, annaharte frankensquaw opens eyes, while
 mcnickle gets surrounded, maracle vancouver heart tears,
 armstrong slashes canlit, within the same silko ceremony, Jordan wheels tv, as drew some
 curve lake laughs, so alexis can give us this famous fistfight, vizenor theory sizzles, the
 bad dog trudell, crunch bernice half bones, as Duncan mixes it all together in his
 Traditionalist Stew

many stubborn writers
 poetry
 playwrights
 screenwriter

short stories long novels tall tales camp fire palimpsest legends ancient rumors novellas
 petroglyphs hypertext syllabics prose poems longpoems skits character sketch first
 person last in line
 point of view the landscape now has city
 walking in the bush narrative: up, then down, around a tree, sink in the muskeg, heave
 frost splendid sprinters, dodge a bear, so there is no linear, no straight lines in the bush,
 the city only thinks it does
 follow word drummers to the city treaty.

me and the clown caught some well deserved sleep.

**those word drummers pound away
 hurtle words into that english landscape
 like brown beer bottles tossed from
 the back seat of a moving car on
 a country road
 shattering literally literary.**

fade out

fade out

fade out