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
Winnipeg, Manitoba

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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™

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
they lined up for blocks dying to clog their mind arteries everyone had at least

one fortieth indian ↓ two parts water the rest unknown

they lined up to see the real ↑ to buy the gray owl burger
to touch the other money did fall from

the sky and we had one table reserved by the window so we could write the city treaty

with country words the clown and I

pencils sharp look busy act important look out the window

so of course you have to explain who this clown is

but I won’t

I cannot

will not will not

just like him

ing way

instead

we found some
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)

court: why did u do it?

court: 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 stanwix: 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  
al 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
The clown stops for McBannock
pacess 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
thick foot (the original)

Crow $5 foot

white eagle
white pup
say say sew (say it aint so, chief)

the captive
bad head (sure is different this millennium)

sunrise two guns
dodgin' a horse hit first

afraid of a grasshopper

HELP US AMIGOS

yhey 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

\begin{center}

\textbf{The Mad Dog}

\end{center}

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

growls into his children
sslobber and drool
lead meets dog anger

and

sure enough

limp and growl limp and growl

boris came back that night

bowl 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 readeye

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

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 be sent (his mark: ☑)

  david stole some (his mark: ☑)

  see dreams for sale (totems ☑)

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
paper scraping

what document leaves behind

WHAT DOCUMENT

how words can
sink surface to

submarine thoughts
u haul u gloat
why an ex is
too dangerous

U CANOE

when poets
dig too deep

how about

paper turds

scraped like hide
palimpsest picto

SCRAPED 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

4
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.
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

clove: 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 jumpy 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

for that lonely jumpy fraud
carrying that chocolate smile
on that evening street.

c: do poets only write anger

m: 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
EDGECRALKER

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’

roads
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 tail salty pete for the force 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
loves control

   pride in roughing it
then
dark cloud
emergency

barb wire nails him deep post
setting a fire
the job
is over
on this giant 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

cellular 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 Auntafrica 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
Just think
What if Columbus had discovered himself

So
to drink
to drink
there's the rubble
walking down Main
doing that Santa Maria shuffle

Elizabethan red must be tragedy
where you talk to skulls
dead invade your living room

ghosts of dead fathers die over and over
On those late night rerun movies

So the ghost of Omelette
Still scrambles after all these years

So let us chase those
freaking Winnibagles off a cliff
Let us bury those drunken skulls
And dig up some new ones

This could be the Skull of a lawyer
Of the buyer of land
Of the skull of a jester

A joker and a clown
new age
trickster

Fooling us over and over
we see through skull eyes

{PULL APART SKULL, FIND A POEM}

it is time for the dumb show
it is an ancient legend, man

the real thing
written with big
hair eagle
claw
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.  

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
ture 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)
cloon: 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 Egle 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
as straight
as any
eeagle 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

language 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 fur 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 fur pfer what happened to the furrrrrrrrr
we met 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 bronce, morriseau horse eyes,
odjig mare

paintPOEM

eye duel begins
nose to nose
the fight must go on

barrage word learned
meets clown

and
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

\[
\begin{array}{ccc}
n & n & n \\
\end{array}
\]

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

a bush of my own
waiting for pogey 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

t picto-chickens
cling on rocks pecking orders from that boss man/look at
me I’m cool/kinda clown

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 bobbers 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 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 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,
amstrong 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