



**easy
come**



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by
EARL COURTNEY





Who having spied
The crested eagle soar across the sun
Will grudge jackdaws their quarrel o'er a crumb?
They have their place too, in the scheme of things.



Homage to William Hickey

Miss S. de B. "deb. '63"
gaily shops in the Strand.
She buys a gem. "Please charge Lord M."
How it graces her shapely hand.
"We'll be married in May..."
"Oh yes, frightfully gay..."
How charming her smile as I bid her goodday.
While on the ground below her noble knees
slide out the soft warm feces
oozing from her straining Pekinese.

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Last Tango in Toronto

Her underlined ochre eye  
*a two buck guarantee of Circe's charms*  
winked across the dance floor.  
So we danced the ritual courting jig.  
Below me bobbed to the beats  
Her smoothly parabolic teats  
*vulcanized size forty-four at seven ninety-five.*  
My nervous hands together gripped her girdle  
*encasing all except her body's sweaty wind.*  
I marvelled at this manufactured symmetry  
of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
until, alas, I tried to nibble  
her pock-marked greasy ear  
and her nose fell off.

~~~~~

Ballad of Highway 97

Oh you've heard the tales of the mighty West,
Of Fargo, Calamity, and all the rest,
But they're all tame, mere infant's play,
Compared to the story I'm gonna say,
A tale of grit, of strong men's hell,
It's the Saturday bus ride from Quesnel.
You take your seat and your whisky neat
In the back five rows where the loggers meet;
You drink your rum 'neath the midnight sun
And quaff dessert through the evening run.
The engine roars while the he-men cuss;
The widows quail in the front of the bus.
For loud is the noise and strong the smell
On the Saturday bus ride from Quesnel.
The spew in the bog's one green inch deep
With Frenchie Joe on the floor asleep;
And the Indian Tom's got a royal flush,
He's ahead of the game; in the steaming rush
The tempers flare, and the knives come out.
The fight is on! Another bout
And we're back at the games we love so well
On the Saturday bus ride from Quesnel.
There's Sweet Marie, the queen of the lot,
By Hixon for love we all have shot
Our saved up wads in her warm embrace;
And we'd do it again, but the driver's face
Grows grim and stern and he starts to yell
On the Saturday bus ride from Quesnel.
When you've had your snooze and finished the booze
And without your shirt you've no more to lose
The lights ahead grow near and bright,
Through the Prince George smell you sense the night
Life pulse on the street by each hotel
That's it - the end of the bus ride from Quesnel.

Nihil nisi bonum...

Reflections of the death of Daniel Johnson

Death don't let the rats
kiss my arse
fetid icy quivering tongues
dripping glycerine tribute on C.B.C.
Let a clipped, lit, smoked, crushed,
and kicked butt rest
in the slime - beyond
power of public wind and posthumous rhyme.
Or let the glib enemy eulogize:
"The sonofabitch took my money, screwed my kids,
and stole my job. I hated his guts,
the bastard."
Tension lasts.

Afflatus Canadensis

or

The Poet's Public Reading

Let's read the crap,
then rap
an hour or two;
talk of my life
brute strife,
the hell I've been through.
Wrote it all here
over beer
I'll chant it to you;
girls I have laid
and paid,
What rhymes with fuck you?
One more time, one more time,
for each rhyme and line
one dime.
Au revoir and thank you.
For man does live by bread alone.

The Cure Addresses His Flock On The Text *Ecrasez les Affames*

Contraception, my children, by plastic or pill,
sheath, coil or abortion, contravenes the Lord's will.
Lord Paul, I mean, for God's will was done
by giving a pill to each Congo nun,
absolving raw terrors of African cock;
black bastards in habits corrupt Rome's pure stock.
Besides what use is faith without blocked works?

God needs not man's seed, else were I damned
except for occasional lapses by hand.
But the church's foundation will soon overturn
if no Catholic egg meets the Catholic sperm.
My sheep, your wholly fertile duty do not shun,
for Christ's sake, who was an only son.
Et que les anges vous donnent beaucoup de con-sans-science.

And so he reached his thirty-second year...

Tonight? Turn the page again.
Let's see: a travelogue on Spain,
a game, two films, and three late interviews.
Enough for me.
A slender guide before the show,
a case of beer, a pack of weed,
and thou, nodding beside me in this wilderness.

Was there not a time
before this cold dissolving mist
crept into everything?
Was there not a time
we did not sit transfixed thus, you and I?
We felt a warmer pulse behind our eyes,
between our thighs,
no matter now.

Yes, yes, I know I wander. Life
is so unkind, and Time
comes by subscription now.
You stare. You find me playing a foolish game?
Then switch us in to sunny Spain.
Again? We saw this show last year.
Never mind.
Familiarity breeds content.

Before me now the images begin to raise
the mist. I breathe the makers praise
who fashion me a world I know and love,
where Perry wins and old Ed smirks,
where Julia marries the boss of the works,
where missions impossible really win,
where virtue relentlessly drives out sin,
where gals and guys
live out clear lives
in black and white before my eyes.

I watch all out to the last late show.
The anthem thunders in the end. Reality
contracts to one pale quivering
dot
and dies.

Come my love. We'll go to bed.
I'll bring our guide; we'll see what's on
tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow...

It's Hard to Kick Against the Pricks

or

A Hard Man is Good to Find

A prick, mused Alex,
is a very strange creature
with a definite will of his own.
Sometimes he'll hang limp,
like a day old rose in a hot room
stuffed in a shot glass.
Sometimes he'll crawl suddenly erect
climbing the lovely lady's sleeping thigh
at 3 a.m. against her soft complaints.
A prick will just not be told what to do.
He'll spitefully droop at the flowing breach
bowing when he should charge,
or, for rage, he'll drop his hot load
before coming all the way home,
or impertinently, he'll poke away
until she cries, "For Christssake, Alex,
drop it anywhere -- I want to sleep.
Roll me over when you're through."
Or, at last, he'll move at quickening length
forth and back and forth and burst
into the last long and loving sighs
between her thighs,
and then, like a worm,
dissolve in his own juice.
One really wouldn't want to be without him,
but a prick is a difficult comrade --
frustrating, joyful, angry,
never dull.



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