

# making elbow room for poetry and that last bus down sergeant

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Volume 31, Number 1, 2006

"For The Love of Words": Aboriginal Writers of Canada

URI: [https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/scl31\\_1art17](https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/scl31_1art17)

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## Publisher(s)

The University of New Brunswick

## ISSN

0380-6995 (print)

1718-7850 (digital)

[Explore this journal](#)

## Cite this article

Francis, M. (2006). making elbow room for poetry and that last bus down sergeant. *Studies in Canadian Literature*, 31(1), 46–47.

*making elbow room for poetry and that  
last bus down sergeant*

I used to think that poetry corrals words  
imprisons them but leaves enough zigzag space for freedom  
    ricochet against those sound fences  
words that shake, rattle and troll thru meanings  
    poetry capable of nose-diving cognition  
of wrestling words that grapple you by the nose  
while the other words, those not chosen, perspective unknown,  
    are the ferret words wiggling amongst literary canons  
    sticking in the air like that silver garbage can  
    alley free from the word rats  
at least the right word in the wrong place is alive, is noticed  
invites and deflates you across well trained valleys of thought  
    mountains of BS  
    guide by walking-thru-the-bush-narrative  
    some words that might smell the truth  
    that was poetry I used to think  
Now I'm not so sure  
    Now words arrive like prison jail break  
    they have to scream red to be heard  
    scream to be quiet  
    create rickety mind jazz  
while shrill/huckster/hard sell/soft sole words  
rocket from those all-seeing billboards  
Ads on the bus      radio mumble Internet ill-bred spy TV creepy late nite  
    commercials slap your intelligence  
Sometimes even words from actual people  
new word age explodes, implodes, and Tec nodes  
laser the poet-scapes      set your words to stun      images must run  
hit U over the head overkill      words do not count      just the space U fill  
word fodder for the info age      sucks like sour slurpee<sup>1</sup>, man, and these  
words  
they may settle into your poetry  
lightly brush your ear lids      your mind skids      detonate  
your inner words pour outer

*john wayne's ghost smiles Texa-like in the hot sun*

*U don't smile back      U just reload*

Then you catch that last bus down sergeant  
mumbling poetically.

Then that last bus down sergeant catches you  
mumbling poetically  
making elbow room for poetry.

*Marvin Francis*

<sup>1</sup> Winnipeg, slurpee capital of North America; go figure.