



**First you know, and then so ordinary,
rob mclennan**

for Paige Ackerson-Kiely,

First you know, and then so ordinary,

I wanted to say: the big dumb
excuse of me,

the phone rings
all the way from lakeshore,

Toronto Island Airport

a school bus with its top down,
subtracted,

slings that holds

if the power of thought
could actually move the sky,

the earth, long enough

dare to pick at raw skin
, call it

first heart she tied her horse to

remember to be pushed
alive,

To be entertained, in such release

months from now, the sounds
of birds, particular

, aghast; the oldest mention
of a village

I want nothing from you now
but faith; a question

of degrees

was humming a tune for emptiness
, it knows you

last night's full moon; betrayed
a threesome, reduced

to two; the ghosts of Preston Street

a row of pebbles, designed
to purely fail

, basement-rattling chains

For the rain between us, sheets

I see nothing new
in the whole of this country; bitter threads

pull at my edge;

a larynx & throat-sound
that you find beautiful, there

for the life

distract a prelude; you there,
& for good reason,

unhappiness strikes; more often than not,
it has a still heart, there

& stillborn,

how low the morning, sun
butters your shoulder-lengths,

milk-heavy breasts,

Indecent angles + sour consequences,

constructed entirely of small moons,
a dust made couplets

, what colours my hands

no longer held
the best card; immaculate,

straight-laced words of a wound

I would shadow you here
, leak particles

a radioactive circle-moon
clockwise, drain

dark side the room,

not even the stars know
, of what they are made

Dawn of the superlative

a rigorous fact
of systems,

break-or-make me,

or when did synonym,
streaming down round glowing face

attended; kiss,
to not go blind

to which the rain alone,
forgotten

& the sun,

an idiom of dead trees,
fallen leaves,

so close to this; a signature,
your exile,

Getting ready for the long bike race

swings it, leg around
and over,

, the universe is flowing, in

a circulation built from strands,
skeletal & flames, swift

pass through the air,
some pillows

, a cohesion

quantum tongue, to Mercury,
to Mars,

a harsh rebuke,

you make mouths of torso
, trickle, tide goes

or pass made,
easily

I would attest this: swimming,

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DUSIE

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Born in Ottawa, Canada’s glorious capital city, **rob mcLennan** currently lives in Ottawa. The author of more than twenty trade books of poetry, fiction and non-fiction, his most recent titles are the poetry collections *Glengarry* (Talonbooks, 2011), *kate street* (Moir, 2011), *52 flowers (or, a perth edge)* (Obvious Epiphanies, 2010) and *wild horses* (2010), and a second novel, *missing persons* (2009). An editor and publisher, he runs above/ground press, Chaudiere Books (with Jennifer Mulligan), *The Garneau Review* (ottawater.com/garneaureview), *seventeen seconds: a journal of poetry and poetics* (ottawater.com/seventeenseconds) and the Ottawa poetry pdf annual *ottawater* (ottawater.com). He spent the 2007-8 academic year in Edmonton as writer-in-residence at the University of Alberta, and regularly posts reviews, essays, interviews and other notices at robmclennan.blogspot.com