

DOWN FROM THE SUN

by

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ACCEPTED

We accept this thesis as conforming  
to the required standard

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The fifty-six poems in this collection are a selection of poems written over a period of two years. They are concerned with defining and describing a personal, perceptual, space. They possess a unity of mood although the subject matter ranges from the personal and the historical to the most abstract. In form, the poems vary from free verse to stress and rhymed verse.

The poems have been arranged in five sections, each of which is grouped around a single element-symbol from which the group seems to derive its character: earth, stone, animal, moon, sun.

The poems in the first section deal with a search for roots, for the sources of the self and the poetry. In this "earth" grouping the reader is introduced to the voices which develop in the following sections.

In the second section there are experiments with persona. Here mythic-like figures stand for certain human types. In each it is apparent there is some deficiency. There is, on the whole, a conclusion of powerlessness and loss - personal, historical and religious.

The third section, "animal", enters the area of personal mythic configurations. The poems are concerned with death and choice and the predominant images of death-life, darkness-light, black-white, underline this. They portray those characteristics of the self and mankind which can be represented in the guise of an animal. These are also poems of isolation and are concerned with the direction of forces.

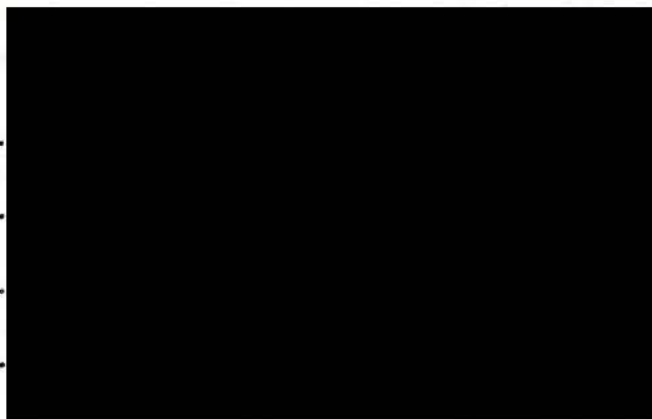
The fourth section, "moon", is a response to the death-choice. These are love poems, often ambiguous but sometimes a celebration of human sexual-

spiritual relationships. They integrate the discoveries of the "animal" section with specific human experience.

The poems of the last section explore the area of mystic perception. They are the "sun" poems, poems of initiation ("Baptism") and of new life ("Awakening"), and make use of knowledge gained in the preceding poems.

The poems of DOWN FROM THE SUN are specifically "Western" poems. They are the outgrowth of life in a society where Old World mythologies no longer function with any immediacy and the individual is forced to re-create from the old a personal mythology from which to "work out" his own salvation.

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.....



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I wish to express my thanks and appreciation  
to Professor Robin Skelton for his teaching,  
encouragement, and inspiration.

Earth

when the body's numb  
name is best



On Imagining. . . .

I am not afraid of my soul.  
It is a tunnel,

it ends.

I believe parables  
and lies;

voices of joy  
leading to a feast

of pleasure

and intent,

final

victorious.

## White Vision

L

Sky split,  
steel -

going

to crosses,  
trees,  
to heavy lids of birds passing over  
snow stooping hills.

Overhead  
dead moths  
against the sky,  
the same height  
as thin breaking blackened trees:

the clouds, I watch them,  
keeping still  
in no motion, music,  
pain smashing through the window  
and its glittering bark.

The tree,  
distant,  
slowly bends  
towards me.

Birds  
keep flying over,

engineering  
disappearing.

cont.

The second day  
 on this wave,  
 breath  
 like weeping;  
 with sunrise  
 flowers of pain  
 open in my stomach.  
 They flourish,  
 petals and thin stems  
 drinking,  
 draining the body of my earth.

II.

Sleep is a germ multiplying  
 in erotic waves,

forms a trap,  
 each breath the beginning of a long voyage.

I am a citizen outside of all mysteries:

pain following pain  
 the suicide gasps his knowledge out,  
 a hand putting out the light.

Now, the dance  
 changing direction  
 the sandman in, travelling light,

a section of time  
 which turns away  
 unrecognized.

cont.

Changing direction.

Images align

burst -

one whole blank day, sleep and falling back,  
visions of an army resting, camping on snowbanks,  
internal walls thickening,  
an unhealthy balloon.

In front of me trees, old houses, gardens.

The birds are fighting over nests,  
food, trees.

## The Closet

I have  
five men - gods, daddy.  
They are my collection.

Calling  
    softly  
they occupy me,  
my men,  
and they lie sometimes.

In the castle  
is a village,  
in the castle ghost  
a face.

Five voices on a cliff,  
the closest of friends

inbetween my eyelids;

are they friends to me,  
daddy, are they friends to me?

## Voice #1

Loneliness is a wind, weightless.

I am drawn from my mother's soft vagina  
swimming, drowning,  
beating back from this trick.

Jesus  
help me not to cry, breathe.

## Voice #2

The needles that hold me together snap.  
 I am the centre, a sunburst of sharp steel,  
 a weight, a stranger.

It's lonely here.  
 No one talks or sings  
 and they work on Sundays.  
 The west hurts me - I am a builder of boats  
 not a farmer. There is no rhythm away from the sea.  
 When I get some money I'll come home.

\*

In Winnipeg  
 I stood in the middle of Portage Avenue  
 looking at the house  
 where I thought I was born:  
 crying for the wrong house, the wrong street.

\*

My grandfather knew the Eskimo word for salt,  
 fished off the coast of Labrador.  
 "One time she blowed so hard  
 the boat turned over.  
 There was me and Sam and another fella.  
 My brother Sam drowned but we held on,  
 God surely saved us.  
 My son, my son, you've never seen a day like that.  
 God surely saved us."

\*

cont.

I follow someone through the streets.

I am led here

then

somewhere else.

I follow someone.

### My Grandmother's Hair

My grandmother's hair  
was brushed to her waist  
when I came in  
to hold her once more  
before going down  
to my dark room;

no one could hear me call  
from there.

My grandmother's hair  
was cut off and curled  
for her strange young face  
when the aunts took her down  
to that country rest home:

and one morning  
the aunts  
combed her hair back

and oh,  
with those curls in my mind  
they opened the coffin, my grandmother there  
how did they get my grandmother there?

The Inevitable Result Of Spurning  
Good Advice And Scripture.

I am afraid of the harm of an  
unknown dog and  
large black ants have blackened  
all my dreams.

I have chosen my companions falsely.

## The Doctrine Of Grace

If I were  
forty years old,  
having an abortion,  
I'd hardly think  
"Vivas in Deo" enough direction.

God bless mommy for her faith  
in the forgiving quality  
of her own  
particular foetus,

and  
keep me and my love  
from the dark tonight.

## January

In the summer  
everything is pale-eyed,  
touched with the grease of seaweed -

and the glory of dogs! wave after  
wave entranced in the whole sound

of tidal fur -

and the house where we lived  
sending music to the islands  
no one ever did care to see.

It's got to be the rain  
and wanting so much more  
than I want;

                  hearing the constant branching  
                  of Gary oaks  
always in silhouette

and discussing religion too often.

## Voice #3

I have been caught by this power;  
death is significant.

hide - hide - hide.

A heavy presence  
walks the wet rock hills.

Please....

my dreams are all falling deaf children.

Forgive me.

My love is incommunicable,  
sadness, futility, time.

If I'd known, I'd have hidden.

The earth walks.

The earth is the earth no longer.

In the room are all kinds of powers.

Faces.

There are two Algerians,  
grown together, beautiful plants  
feeding each other.

They are brown, and lean their waists together.

They are hurt by the way I watch them.

I must be reassured. All the beautiful things disappear.

When I was twelve years old

I spoke with tongues, "as of fire".

cont.

After that there was nothing.

At the camp meetings, Nanoose Bay,  
they chanted hallelujas  
over the tops of the fir trees.

At night everyone walked on the beach  
to see jelly-fish in the waves.

In the morning mine-sweepers would cross  
back and forth over that water,  
practising paths among all that blue space and sky.

I'd remember that in the winter, and the trees,  
and the hallelujas reaching high,  
higher than I could see,  
and fall into a dream thinking

I should hide in the hills  
but I'll fall  
from the rocks  
from the earth.

## Observations And Conclusions

There is too much moisture  
closeness.

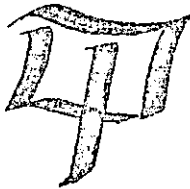
Sterility      Oasis      Rest.

To be a hot gasping bone  
a Craftsman beyond his means

wish I was pure.

Stone

one shall break  
frost's fetters  
free the grain  
from wonder-lock



## Esdras

I went into the forest  
and the trees said

"Let us make war with the sea,  
it will move before us  
and we can make more woods."

And the sea said

"We will defeat the woods  
and there  
we will have another country."

And the fire came  
and consumed the wood.

And the sand stood  
and stopped the sea.

Our life is astonishment and fear.

A man takes his sword  
and goes his way  
to rob, to steal,  
to sail upon the rivers and the sea.

He looks upon a lion  
and goes his way in the darkness.  
And when he has stolen,  
spoiled and robbed,

he brings gifts to his love.

## Job

In the madhouse  
sits Job, morose,  
reading Faustus,  
cursing his God.

Sadly he turns,  
pale as ash burns  
black with yearning,  
calling on blood.

"Tin box of stone,  
bird head of bone,  
hard as a shell,

Devil, fever,  
blood receiver -  
make the giver  
of plague afraid."

Hand made of lead  
twisting my head,  
bone is my hell.

## The Eunuch

## I.

The eunuch  
is back  
from a walk  
early morning.

He sleeps,  
hands clasped  
against his neck.  
A dream -

a lover,  
children  
running  
loose  
as the motion  
of fingers.

He is held  
in waiting.

At last  
there is this:  
space  
and comfort  
to lie in.

## II.

The eunuch  
brings friendship,  
  
touches my hair.

cont.

He crawls  
to my couch,  
taking from me  
the last ritual.

\*

Only a fool  
spends the night  
looking for a place to rest.

The wind  
turns him around  
and he doesn't know it.

\*

In his dream  
he breaks  
knee to ankle,

a long bloody slit.

His thighs  
make connection,  
bitter  
resolution.

### The Lament Of Ishtar

Ishtar falls like weeping corn  
to Hades. Bring me to Tammuz.  
He has blooded the river with dying,  
his reddened tears seed the ground  
and fertilize the land with sorrow.

Bring Tammuz to me or I die cursing.  
My wailing is for the herbs  
that cannot heal. My wailing is for the children  
swelling in hunger. My wailing  
is for the empty house and the people  
who grow pale as bleached sand.

Is there any beauty but under his hands?  
I weep for the desolation of the soil,  
I weep for my own loss.

Water of life, plant of life  
let the dying god drink.  
I am wasted, blasted to dust since  
Hades' queen stripped him from me.  
Like garments and jewels she tore him away  
in greed. I am diseased with nakedness.  
Bring Tammuz to cover me.

## Journey

We stopped at the bottom of the road  
to watch men  
dig graves, machine graves  
through the snow.  
They are unsure of this act,  
the first of its kind,  
and hurl ground from hands  
coiled also to strike.

"There are trinities in everything",  
said my friend, John Donne,  
and pointed to the three circling machines.  
They are grey, as staring as a raped corpse,  
objective distance without end.  
They clang, stripping paint and metal,  
closer together with each shovelful  
of mud, gravel, snow;  
nowhere have I seen such purity.

We move on,  
discuss the seven last words of Christ  
significantly at first,  
later less so.

We move on,  
the snow is flat, grey plastic,  
it falls, seeding the air with plastic crystals.  
Our bodies are crystal, snow,  
a different one each time.

He holds my hands, they are wrinkled,  
they are the hands my grandmother  
left in her coffin.  
Eyes wide under her steel spectacles  
she pretended to be wax,  
pretended to be Madame Tussaud.

cont.

He holds on to my hands,  
we look back, Lot and his wife.  
The men cannot climb from the grave.  
We move on  
we move on,  
wonder how far we have travelled.

## Samurai Meets The Gun

Samurai  
in black and white  
flowered robes  
moves with the ground;  
warlord's man  
against men.

His sword takes a head,  
sword point dipped clean -  
his bright arm  
a silver slice  
where sighs whistle out  
the light silk cloth.

Samurai rests,  
bare head sighted;  
far away gun  
starts  
wading his body.

## Old Man Wolf

Old man,  
wolf  
moving jaws and eyes,  
moving mask,  
cannibal, with men inside;

you turn your cunning look  
like a golden box in the light,  
shining at eagles

or

wild, lost women,  
shining, blinding.

He sat beside me,  
"a lot of rain but not like on the coast,  
my daughter and son  
are graduating,  
I had to wear a suit,  
this disguise,  
I do not like it",

and others turn around to us  
feeling the ancestry, angry.

Going home  
I met him, Old Man  
Wolf. I keep the secret,  
keep the secret.

### Divinity Stoned

So we prayed and told her about the tragedy.

"It's nobody's fault", she said and  
wandered back to the angels  
full of sleep and breadfruit.

## Poundmaker

"I was sick at heart when I came home  
for I could see that it all must begin again.  
The long, long fight for a better life for us  
in this land  
that once was ours."

Poundmaker  
watches for sun  
on Stony Mountain walls -  
rations cut again,  
no gratitude, they say.

The Grandmother's land  
is crowded with hangings,  
burnt prairie  
hunger  
cold.

## Photograph

Choctaw girl  
stands  
against bronze

her hands on trade beads,  
old stones;  
blood high as earth,  
brown sand.

Behind  
a white flower  
creeps  
in slow shadow.

She  
falls asleep  
hand ready  
body  
turned away.

## Lamentation

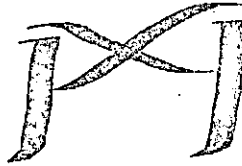
Force is gathering,  
iron and stone  
drawn  
as an axe through milk,  
grey rats  
through toes, streaming.

"How solitary the city  
that was full of people",

they sigh,  
deserted lovers  
captive as stone.

Animal

earth shall breed  
ice shall bridge  
water a shield wear



## The Grave

This moon is a grave  
    rolling  
through snow,  
a spirit  
    wrapped  
in stone.

It is bone  
living  
among dead trees,  
dead light  
and the snow.

The light dies -  
    snowflakes rising  
    running from waves  
    falling along the sea:

I have seen the moon  
in light,  
in water,  
sailing up and down.  
I have seen the trees  
and graves  
    and believed  
in them.

On Free Will

Dried birds plummet  
white feathered to the sea,  
silent among silent shell and the listening  
shuffle of crabs.

And they meet, air and water  
intersecting, white and resolved.

In the cold centre of the  
tin brittle skull, bird and  
crab shuffle, beak in claw  
beak in claw.

## Serpent

God filled me, a bowl  
of fresh crushed grapes,  
with resentment of darkness,  
fermentation -

exploded fruit:

sent a trail of white army ants  
to break the ground of a white arm  
for the music of it just  
the music.

In his garden are vines leading  
to the oasis root,

fetid brown nature.

There was no need to explore all those worlds,  
those trees!

On the way down  
from the sun  
I saw  
velvet and star.

## In The Bower

The caprice of Armadello senses her  
finger-tips with bonds of great  
or less  
    passionette.

And love is the picking of oranges,  
gilded in rapt sensitivity  
by the similar motion of apples, oranges,  
lemons, limes,  
    papaya,  
and disregard of waste.

After an expectant night she is  
intent on programmed birth-control,  
mouthing responses to her  
    principal drama.

Bathed and oiled in lists Armadello left her,  
    she gathers paper in her arms  
achieving the most  
    charming of disarrangements in the case of  
    his arrival.

And the freshly watered banana stems grow  
upward in her kitchen,  
just as they might on any  
native tree.

## Pyre

The crows are all  
on the ground.  
It will rain soon  
and they watch you

turning to ash.

You stand  
in cold flame,  
breathing,

still,

waiting for the sound of wood burning;

and the crows watch,  
the crows watch.

On Going Out Continually  
Without Looking  
In The Mirror

If a spider had  
wings he would  
fly  
from your mouth.

As it is,  
an occasional one  
falls to his  
death;

and I see you are  
missing .  
the horror.

## For The Dead

They are stuffed  
with leaves  
forests of them  
gathered  
in a pile  
for burning.

But for bones, for the dead,  
there are no flames.

A plume of spray on the water  
shreds white,  
spotted with birds  
like kleenex and blood.  
The dead are there  
in the flat space  
between log and log,  
in the foam  
on the sand,  
silver and beige.

They press me hard,  
to the bone  
to the ground,  
lean against me  
in desperate hunger.

## Sun Going Down

Swans ride the lake  
to the floating sun.

\*

Dusk hollow,  
sun going down,  
the rising of darkness  
quicker than horizon -

Look where the moon goes stealing my lover.

\*

Flowers couple,

listen to the wandering  
below the earth.

## A Sea Call

Rock falls  
to the sea,

the bird song  
lifts high  
from the waves.

Lone, lone  
calls the bird,  
I am rock and sea  
but live as one,  
lone  
as one.

Rock near the sea  
falls  
to night;

night comes  
from the sea,  
runs to the rock,

lone, lone  
cries the bird.

I am wide and white,  
the end of black sky.

The end is song,  
the end is new song

the end is the sun  
that brings the night.

cont.

The land goes from me,  
I go from the land  
to the sound of lean rock  
to the sound of fast sea,

Lone, lone am I  
calls the bird.

## The Black Wolves

At the end of every walk there are  
black wolves,  
satin tongued with cellophane eyes.

It was early morning when we saw them  
across the field -  
father walked with me -

the wolves,  
watching the early walkers;

and the quiet, the quiet of side by side,  
paced by shallow breath behind  
to the rim of the field;

and the attack, expected, with no killing.

They disappeared, we  
stayed to contemplate direction.

## Bird

Morning bird  
on white  
wheat-born acres,

flat proportion,  
Rising,  
black  
a point  
to the long  
ended horizon.

White earth, dark flowers,  
and between them  
distance,  
colour,  
perfume.

Bird flies  
at the sun  
burning  
the long way down  
to light.

Moon

frost shall freeze  
fire eat wood  
love's need is met



## Separation            for David

i.

I saw a bird once  
with wings like yours.  
I watched him go  
so high, I forgot it was me  
that couldn't fly.

You're like that:  
always up,  
towards the sun.

ii.

I can't even tell  
the separation.

I've never seen the sea  
or climbed into heaven.  
The wind and cold  
open on me -  
a gate of fire,  
a malignancy of the root,  
the heart.

iii.

My womb is a chamber of souls,  
unwelcome and old,  
a part of earth,  
of nothing.

cont.

iv.

My path does not blossom,  
it is emptiness in deep  
waded pools.

I am my own burning,  
my own consumption,  
the reflection of a star,  
distant and white.

This is a sacrifice of hands,  
a cutting short  
for the sake  
of music.

## After

"There are mice running at the edge of my shadow.  
They slyly peep over, facing the moon."

What should I say -

against the song of birds?

I see his face  
and it is  
sweet to me.

Eyes of silver and orange,  
he has sighed whole nights  
into my mouth.

Sorrow is a mouse,

old things,

I am finished  
with old things.

## L'Animal Furieux

My skin is white paper,  
my bed  
a lamb's thin stomach  
of innocence, milk.  
My love is a lamb  
with white paper skin.

Je suis le menteur.

I burn in this room  
with the thinness of my soul  
and take my rest  
with any dark.

My love is an animal  
hiding too.  
His eyes shine  
    black  
with fire.

## Poem

The sight  
of your emission  
displayed,

like children

engenders love.

But the moon, my dear

the moon!

## Haunting

You: the reflection  
on night wet pavement,  
the wind on my hair,  
the movement of grass  
just behind as I walk.

There is no escape  
in the long spaces,  
white mist of sleep,  
the voyage away.  
For you creep even there,  
soundless and slow  
into every shadowed opening.

## Angler

The somnolence of your voice  
constantly  
seduces me,  
weakens.

You have always been  
the beginning  
of illumination,  
inevitable      possible;

a fastidious disappointment,

awakening in recoil  
at discovery,  
exploration.

## Marriage Dream

everything white  
a palace  
underground  
sunlit  
cold.

I brush with thick paint,  
orange and brown;  
it slides  
from the pillars I touch  
like my husband's touch on me.

This task  
keeps me here

and the lover  
I long for  
away.

### A Song For Goodbye

Your eyes are so old,  
like nothing I've seen,

they are orange and apple  
lemon and green.

From years of evasion  
they've picked up the sheen

of a morning too sudden,  
a sun lightly mean,

of a dazzled and staring  
refusal to see

what you've lighted and honeyed.

This knowing,  
I'm going.

## Love Fragments

The Hindu stares at me  
from the window  
across the courtyard,

his red turbaned head  
a brilliant sign  
through the falling snow.

I write this for him;  
for the dark thoughts  
travelling my thighs.

\*

I move towards you  
like a snake round a tall Brazilian tree,  
dropping in silence  
to orchids, vines,  
and devils' back.

\*

.... then the snow  
and falling  
lids frozen shut  
your scream -  
Oh your beautiful hair -  
my body  
that time  
moving exactly.

## Africa Song    for my love

The leopard moves over me  
Sweeps over me.  
His fur smooth over me, sleek over me,  
The leopard moves on to the night.

His taste is over me, over me,  
His tongue slits me wide  
Leaps over me,  
His brightness falls over me, carries me,  
Over the mountain floor  
Home:

His flowing is over me  
Into me,  
Claws padding softly to home.

The leopard's bright haunches  
Will carry me,  
The leopard's deep shoulders  
Will carry me,  
Carry me  
Carry me  
Home.

Sun

the deep dead wave  
is darkest longest



## Baptism

I go to the water  
the black man  
holds me  
takes the voice  
of the water

draws me down

voice over me  
saying

the sun  
is passing over  
the sun is passing over  
the sun  
is passing over.

## Valley

Mist covers  
the valley entrance.

I go forward  
taking nothing;  
no healing  
and no desire.

The black man  
walks there,  
burns the sun  
with the paleness  
of his blood.

He sees an oriental woman  
seated  
on the path,

stands over her  
seeding the ground  
piercing the sky.

There is the whole earth  
to travel.

## Message From The Coming Year

Witchcraft will illumine the darkness -  
 a coded message from a doomed civilization,  
 like a dormant seed nurturing its quest  
 for awareness.

Only the forces of nature are stronger,  
 sprigs of woodruff cut  
 just before the blossoms have opened in the bowl.

Refuse to conform.  
 Dare anything.  
 Watch the moon rise, walk in the forest,  
 feel the earth  
 drink the water, breathe the air;

do all things backwards.

The moon is a sacred place,  
 a cosmic graveyard;  
 go alone or with that person closest to you.

There is but one of you  
 in all time.  
 The wind is white,  
 gold is trapped, it grows in earth.

Magic remains in the oral sphere:

life  
 wealth  
 collateral  
 family  
 children health marriage death  
 religion honours  
 friendship  
 enemies.

## Grand Mal

All the men here are fags  
and the girls  
fuck your soul out  
then recant -

a raven screeches  
even  
from your mouth;  
I tire of singing  
and fighting off  
small-scale monsters.

There is a man  
in leather coat  
singing close to tears;  
cigarette trembling.

(Can he dance  
dance?)

Wives in puff hair  
go by him,  
eyes wet but dark,  
shoes making trails.

One husband leans  
to the quivering girls  
his hands and cock held back  
to where his wife sits  
thighs rocking,  
watching.

cont.

The circling raven  
cuts these lives  
into spiders descending  
to paralyze, kill.

This  
is whiteness, eyeballs turning up,  
a flowing rain  
in the cadaver where temples, churches, libraries  
disappear

or

this -  
timing, blind,  
like a nun who stands praying  
in a landed, open elevator  
at the last grand seizure.

## Possession

i.

The temple,  
a runic form  
of child fingers,  
lifts  
the distance of earth  
to heaven.

ii.

It is defeat,  
love.

iii.

Weight on the world.  
None here.

iv.

The temple face -  
no face,  
a flashing god,  
a white cloud.

v.

No answer  
to a gift,  
there is no gift  
given.

## The Death Of Lampião

A forest grows beneath  
 his walking feet, toes separating  
 with growth,  
 the crashing of these trees  
 just below his hearing,

afraid of the falling he feels.

This could be Lampião -  
 not a good hero, a poet,

who made an old woman  
 dance naked with a cactus bush,

who made his friend  
 eat  
 a litre  
 of salt

and listened hard to these unions,  
 ears following when death walked in  
 the quieted bodies;

it could be him.

Yes,  
 there will be reprisals,  
 black banded men moving through the streets,  
 the gods' hands  
 slipping, graceless,

holding up weapons:  
 stones; bottles,  
 pieces of iron grating.

cont.

But now, Lampião walks  
in a dry stream bed,  
his magic leaving; "strong prayer is no good  
in water" - how else  
could they have killed him?

Lampião,  
where does the pain go?

Wanting  
calling  
drowning, dying like a large bird,

trying to rise  
while they tie the feathers  
to dog's teeth  
and raven beaks;

who is it then,  
letting sleep come  
and the covering, covering  
tide,

arms  
held  
together.

## The Shaman

There is a great dance.  
Come into the dance.

i.

Mink went to meet his father  
Walking-Out-Over-The-World.  
He walked for him  
and made strange  
the cloud women.  
He drove them away,  
burned the trees  
and cracked the mountains;  
so his father  
threw him down.

Many people saw him  
fall to earth

watched him flee the sun.

ii.

Making-Alive  
sings his sacred song.  
Cedar bark around his head,  
he sucks the sickness  
from the chest  
of Place-Of-Home-Coming.

The wolf sitting on the rock  
rolls about  
on the rock.  
Making-Alive eases his pain.

cont.

He steals  
the new born children,  
puts them in rows  
in the purifying house.

The spirit of the wolf  
brings whales to the beach.

He walks from the grasses  
to lie down.  
He brings a great treasure -  
wealth that grows.  
If I forsake my love  
to lie with him  
this invisible one  
will give  
his secret.

iii.

The Mouth Of Heaven  
takes the sun  
and moon  
from their walking.  
He swallows them,  
darkness is everywhere.

iv.

The dream came  
a night  
and a morning.  
In four days  
blood filled my mouth.  
I was not saved.

## Winter Poems

Old woman  
scatters leaves,  
reaches out  
with gnarled wood hands  
under cold  
soundless sky,

keeping  
the land  
from rest.

\*

I look for sun  
see  
snowfields  
and birds dancing through  
to duckpond water.

They rise  
high  
dancing,

beating air sculpture  
from earth  
to moon.

\*

Why does the winter stop?  
Why  
does the sun break his rest?

Our own sleep is not over,  
our dreams wait.

## Firesong

From the mountain  
 into flame  
 dances

Firebird -

winged feathers  
 aflame  
 whole mountain  
 singing.

Firebird;  
 ice breath  
 ice wings  
 shines cold  
 in the dark mountain belly.

Sky breaks  
 mountain moans,

Firebird flees  
 from the high canal  
 breath smoking  
 spiraled  
 into  
 song.

## Eve's Dream

In my dream  
of silk  
and porcelain,  
the birth  
of a golden snake.

A palace of peacock and red  
enters me.  
I am a countryside of women, a flame.  
There is beauty and the sun  
swinging from my arm, neck,  
a roaring and penetration.

I am black with time  
and wrap around women  
bleeding,  
pushing,  
a fresh opening, dead.  
I am the trust, the focus  
of rocking clasped knees.  
I will not be touched,  
am clear in darkness -  
a fountain.

This is age and loss,  
to tear beauty away.

Let me watch from the distance  
of your feet, your back,  
whispering  
of rest.

## Triptych

i.

The lion walks  
through the grass.  
    He is here  
    close  
    under my arm  
as long as I move on.

ii.

I learn  
to catch silver fish  
with a stick  
thrown into the water.  
It rises from the marsh bottom  
shining with silver.  
There is nothing I can't find here,  
nothing that can't find me.

iii.

There is a song  
I can sing  
to the teachers:  
    "The ox  
    lies  
    on his grave.  
    He sits there  
    and sits there  
    lies  
    on his grave."

## Age #9

Old world  
face up  
floating,

the moon

open  
wet,  
flowers over the wood

seeding death's pollen  
in the dry earth.

In the centre  
a tree,  
in the centre  
a well,  
in the centre  
the root rising  
to the tip  
of leaves,

to the cool drowning entrance,  
bright sky hole.

The sweet well,  
the tree springing  
to quickness,  
the root's green moisture,  
die away  
in a sigh  
of brown grass.

The earth, the moon, the elements  
are loosed in circles.

## Awakening

i.

The entrances  
of the world  
are narrow.

                  The mountains  
melt away.

                  The earth  
mourns the fall of many  
that grow on her.

                  There is no remedy  
                  in death.  
                  It is a shadow  
                  of hail -

                  From the field  
                  the seed,  
                  From the flower  
                  the colour.

                  There is one entrance in,  
                  one  
                  going out:  
                  a candle  
                  and  
                  a dark place.

ii.

I run where I cannot see  
and the sound is a dry tree;

                  They have taken the leaves  
                  and left vengeance for my food.

The crippled beg for peace  
then run both ways into death.

cont.

iii.

He says, "I am a circle",  
and  
my body  
curves.

I  
am a line,  
a line -

but  
the nature  
is love.

"The necessity of decision  
is the nature  
of prostitution",  
he says,  
and leaves out only  
the want,  
the want,  
the want.

iv.

Awakening:

black tide  
and fish -

I am aware  
of drowning;

a sea anenome stretching,  
prickled,

bathed by the flood  
into fire.

cont.

v.

The water moves,  
the dead arise.

The earth is open  
and the dead greet  
with hands  
with song,

Rise in the air  
crying  
a desire  
to stay,

And sing:

We are turned from the ocean  
turned from the ground.  
In the grasp of the sky  
we are lifted from rest.

APPENDIX I:  
Notes on the Poems

1. pg. 1 - The short poems at the beginning of each section are based on the gnomic verses of THE EXETER BOOK. See Michael Alexander, trans., THE EARLIEST ENGLISH POEMS (1966; rpt. London: Penguin Books, 1969), pp. 87-89.
2. pg. 23 - See the Apocryphal books, Esdras I and II.
3. pg. 24 - The poem "Job" is based on the Rhupunt form, one of the twenty-four official Welsh meters. See Rolfe Humphries, GREEN ARMOR ON GREEN GROUND (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1956).
4. pg. 33 - Poundmaker was a Cree chief who was sent to prison for his alleged participation in the Riel rebellion of 1885. See Norma Sluman, POUNDMAKER (Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1967).
5. pg. 79 - Lampiao (?1898-1938) was a great bandit-hero of Brazil. His real name was Virgilion Ferreira da Silva. He was also, in his youth, considered to be an expert poet. See Eric Hobsbawm, BANDITS (New York: Delacorte Press, 1969).
6. pg. 81 - The source for much of the material in "The Shaman" is Franz Boas, KWAKIUTL TALES (New York: Columbia University Press, 1910).

APPENDIX II:  
Poems that have appeared elsewhere

The Inevitable Result	.....	Karaki 1970/71
Job	.....	to be published in Tuatara
Journey	.....	Introductions from an Island 1971
Poundmaker	.....	to be published in Tuatara
In The Bower	.....	U. Vic Writing 1970
On Going Out Continually	.....	to be published in Tuatara
Love Fragments	.....	to be published in Tuatara
Africa Song	.....	Introductions from an Island 1972
Firesong	.....	Karaki May 1972
Triptych	.....	Introductions from an Island 1972
Awakening	.....	to be published in The Malahat Review

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U. of British Columbia ..... 1968 to 1969 .....

... U. of Victoria ..... 1969 to 1970 .....

..... to .....

Degrees, Diplomas, Etc., Awarded, with Dates and Names of Institutions:

B. A. (first class) 1971 University of Victoria, Victoria, B. C. ....

.....

.....

Honors and Awards:

U. of Victoria Alumni Scholarship 1966/67 .....

Government of British Columbia Scholarships 1966/67, 1967/68, 1968/69, 1969/70 .....

U. of Victoria Graduate Scholarship 1970/71 .....

U. of Victoria Graduate Fellowship 1971/72 .....

Canada Council Grant May 1972 .....

Publications:

About fifteen poems published or soon to be published in various small magazines. ....

A Book titled "The Liberation of Newfoundland" to be published by Fiddlehead .....

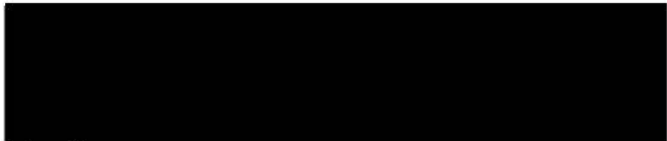
Press at the University of New Brunswick. ....

A review - article in the Malahat Review July 1972. ....

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