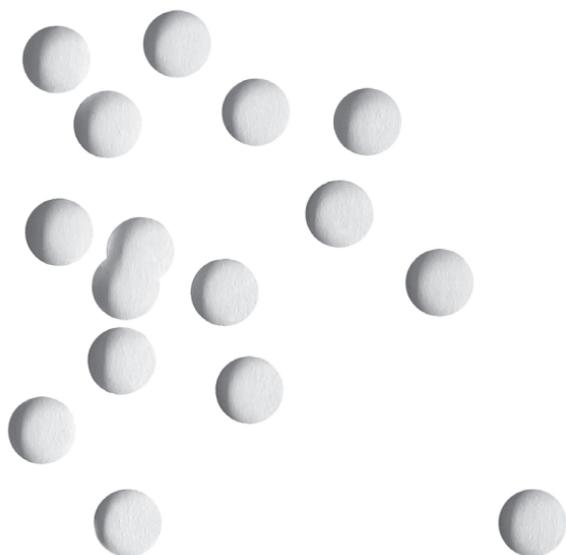


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CRÉATIF

Book*hug Press acknowledges that the land on which we operate is the traditional territory of many nations, including the Mississaugas of the Credit, the Anishnabeg, the Chippewa, the Haudenosaunee and the Wendat peoples. We recognize the enduring presence of many diverse First Nations, Inuit and Métis peoples, and we are grateful for the opportunity to work on this land.

a crack competes with the window
with a view of nighttime plus the loose ends
and colourful scholars, pastoral landscapes
tumbling forward and back
an improvisation of skies, something wistful
crescendos, the probability of a pause
meticulous groupings, traffic
trademarks adjacent to plastic tubes
it can only happen to countless objects
composition, courage
winded on water

dried flowers powdered in the atrium
the firmament and the weather it holds enveloping
the slow growth forest
in broad daylight a tornado, centrifugal palette of violent
ultraviolet, dark blue in dark blue
voltage returning to the unyielding rock
blasting the loosened soil, fresh surfaces
each rumble a remnant already fading
parameters a delicate whorl
on the mound cocktails with a pair of tall pitchers
walking the walk off, a tangent reconciled

as chance would have it, thrushes
a hush among the hard-to-find
little dwellings enter the unsuspecting mind
dressed-up animals, lofty authoritarians always
the details, gaps, invisible squares
weary a genuine article cracks
a shattering by arrows, at or intervals
adequate, but foraging

this could be the difference, and this
the way a whistle admits to reading
an obscurity of trees, a myriad
picture a goat on a steep incline
rescue and a lot getting chilled
delusion on a plateau
instruments in the course of a sentence
turned round, a single, already, cardinal
direction
ambling to and fro

for once a missing element and his right arm
overcast skies, foreboding also a language
you knew, the horizon between longing curved
a few rushes smitten but paler
one could have rowed, vanished in an instant
into velvet blouses, a wall of cities pointing to another
reference
pumpkin or elderberry
barefoot in a wash of green
its poignant pigment undone and redone
a tunnel bored, a surface interspersed
with rivulets

nothing if not rhythmic
a smattering by drilling spotted with holes
a cushion complete while whirring or rattling while
others crown and drive, singly they fledge
like orphans
sharp and shapely, like
how the mood heralds a repetition of nervous systems
hastening to add pictures as frames
along the liquid edges muttering and a protracted wall
a bowl of scarlet, a bright yellow envelope, a single note
corresponding to three days of solitude hand-marked *Urgent*
a mouthful and measure a few miles from the sea

cradled in her palm the crescent moon above
a button on a railway platform
better yet
hundreds—thousands of numinous swords
the real world pouring in this afternoon
where you are headed, rescued
from the brink of dullness
a coalition of roses and cucumbers
letting it all fall away *per se*
avoiding a conflict of punctuation
favoured by sorting
sorting

if ever a fluid sign, the water table's
sense but slipping
you, too, harbour reasons to believe
nonetheless, quickening in response to the vast
frame of reference, *I want to wait*
you said the crashing waves
configure an intricate choreography
unpredictable beauty with what remains
arrives
washed up on a red sea's shores, hypnotic
evocative processions

barges moored in the canal, ambient music
piped into nightfall once the fireworks begin
irregular wakes collide, booming inside
a plausible scenario
surely there's someone to blame
or sue
surely no law is more essential than
summer and a bay of constables, a lot of downed trees
let's
train our eyes to look hard
lean in closer, into my spoon
leftovers on the window seat, leftovers
and several grains of sand

after the asteroid, tiny red seed beads
but not for long, think faded photographs
now they're settled, ignore flattery
the billowing pantaloons
agreed, there *is* a blur about them
open walkways cascade from every surface
past squatting, past terror, past the expansive
ancient stone emerging like the sun through fog
it's a long way back to the parking lot
miniature orange trees blossoming on the third floor
star-studded and improbably narrow
too rich and I'd wager too thin

perfectly good reason to believe it's all routine
and unremarkable
the back door and tiny patio
these are the givens mid-morning alludes to
reading like a primer of guiding principles with you, right now
keep cool
keep the weekend
the sun-warmed laneway, the word cloud
constellating above it
an electric fan whirs in the background
its rhythmic accompaniment conjuring
up another secular space

no whoops or catcalls, just the deep silence of indigo walls
a focus inward on an unhappy neighbour
who could be anybody, the biggest mistake of your life
methodical, monastic, schlepping up the ramp
an order of ascending mass
victory, in the end, blows the banner down
everyone and afterward hard to swallow
incongruent yet plausible
as simple as flip-flops
worn year-round, one hand over
the other hand under

prophetically it vanishes, the only candidate
trusted with water
I'm busted and much uglier than anyone I've ever seen
this poverty of wrinkled suits
June of 1961, which doesn't make it any easier
rehearsed old grievances and suddenly
the word *hearse*, a Cinderella story of
gold-nibbed fountain pens and inkwells
the vacated apartment giving the remaining day
a languid *Hi*
plus a few empathetic words, in fact, a heartfelt speech