

# The Goose

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Volume 18 | Number 1

Article 18

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3-8-2020

## Two Poems

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### Recommended Citation / Citation recommandée

Martin, David. "Two Poems." *The Goose*, vol. 18 , no. 1 , article 18, 2020,

<https://scholars.wlu.ca/thegoose/vol18/iss1/18>.

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## Plastiglomerate

This mountain  
    swells  
with unfurled  
    terrane tides.  
                            This mountain  
pickets the continental  
    divide.  
    This mountain lords  
                            its frozen  
    obligatos over  
range-road staves.  
                            This mountain writhed  
out of the surf to stack  
  its fins.  
This mountain corrals  
                            river riots  
and breakers battering  
  the roots.  
    This mountain  
bullies ocean  
                            airs into gambling away  
savings,                            crows  
    as they sulk  
shirtless,                            parched  
                            down the lee-side  
exit from town.  
    This mountain's  
a suck-up to sun's  
    aspect angle,  
  self-conscious of its  
latitudinal rusticity.  
    This mountain  
syphons lung                    bellows.  
                            This mountain's the shredded

sin-shell  
    marooned after the yolk  
            flooded a mundane  
            world.  
This mountain coerces  
    gorgon        wannabes  
                    into fermenting  
mineral memory.  
    This mountain  
    chaperones  us  
                    to a vacated beach,  
            where we ransack  
forensic rucksacks  
                    and sacrifice a drained  
    Fanta to the flames  
    of a new fate.  
    We fret the plastic  
silhouette in fishing nets,  
                    torture form in fire,  
            bury the effigy  
under sandcastles so it will  
                    hatch molecular  
            hook-hands to wrangle  
    bilious basalt        cloak its hunks  
of coral shivs  
                    and snuffed shells.  
                    While we doze,  
    bottle is abducted  
                    by subduction,  
and in deep-time  
    dreams the artificial  
                    moment is  
our contribution to the lithic  
    record, signing  
            a hale and farewell  
from the bedrock  
                    to the future.

## Plastiglomerate

(a metamorphic translation)

thismountaingrowswithwavestoprotestdivisionandhangsitsicy  
notesoverbackroadsthismountaintwistedoutofthewatertomas  
sitstailsandlockupriverfreeforallsttackingtherootsthismountai  
ntroublesseaairsintokickingawaymoneythismountainsabrown  
nosertosunangleselfconciousofitsdistantssimplenessthismount  
aindrainsbreathwindsthismountainsawastedcoverleftafterthe  
eggyellowsbursttheearththismountainforcesthosewhodesired  
angerintocookingupjewelmemorythismountainguidesustothes  
andwherewecombbookbagstoofferadrainedbottletotheflame  
swelineitinfishingnetsdamageforminfirecoveritundersandhous  
essoitwillgrowhookhandstoroundupangledstonedressitsbodie  
sofseabladeswhileweresteearthplatesrunoffwiththebottleandin  
deeptimesleepthefalseminuteisourpresenttotheicerecordsigni  
ngagoodmorningandsolongfromthebedtothefuture

## **Note on the Text**

“Plastiglomerate (a metamorphic translation)” is an adaptation of the preceding poem into a simplified language called Basic English (created by linguist C. K. Ogden), which contains only 850 words. The poem mimics the crystalline structure of foliated metamorphic rocks that have been subjected to extreme pressure and heat at tectonic zones of subduction.

**DAVID MARTIN** works as a literacy instructor in Calgary. His first collection, *Tar Swan* (NeWest Press, 2018) was a finalist for the Raymond Souster Award and the City of Calgary W. O. Mitchell Book Prize. His work was awarded the CBC Poetry Prize in 2014.