

SHANE NEILSON

FAST

Only toys with wheels, good the medicine isn't any, good soft. Blankie sleep the baby monitor tonight. At the daycare Isla and Julia have eyes I close. My eyes I want, my mommy I want, your mother read me. This story this story. Writes itself mad. Mad! I mad! My medicine isn't any good. For Halloween I pumpkin, I watch. Neighbours give you extra. Candy I love. Everyone love. Does this can I sleep? You is it better? Not to know I get bigger and bigger and then I. Big luck hardens into a bat, I see you play this truck has big. Fast wheels black sleep between seizures. Faster and faster like a little lamb from scripture black. Sheep baa baa and take. The medicine so good candy. A bat to beat advice, I cough if medicine go too fast, you can take. A toy to the daycare, a truck? Let's hug I. Want my mommy I wanted. Something different I show. Truck my friends let me show. You how to spin wheels, really really fast.

The writhe is beautiful.
I colour with green
the elevate head button.
On the hospital bed the green
from arms, the revolt of the spirit
that says let him free, the time I
held, I've carried him to altars
on television, mens are green,
he is taken, the whole world
in his hands, men die every day
from lack of what is found there, green
each time he is dying green
legs and green
arms are tired I heard, green,
a church bell on Sunday in grass,
on snow, on pavement, in car seats,
the entirely beautiful, lullabye,
don't hold me, yea though I walk
I wake and see to close my eyes
and see, I see him ruin and be
a dream. They weeble and they wobble
and they don't fall down.
When he falls:
too fast.

I not know wish. I knew me. Sleep, mommy's bed. I listen for thrashing.

At night I not tired. Is this the end of this, the hop-sital? Have big toys they will keep you. In iso confined to bed what. That is that is truck with wheels, it big and big wheels, and go fast. My shows I watch you. Die and die again, in dreams go Big. Park don't throw sand, climb too high, share the car, we go. When I say I like green out of your mouth. Red read me book. In the brain I park my cars, wakey-wakey mommy-daddy.

When I'm lyin in my bed at night, I don't wanna. Grow up can I? Drive car when you stop. Car as fast as I? Can to get to the hospital? Higgle Piggie has soft blankie. At show's end, Igglepiggle falls I silly. In love, a monster eat my toes. Into bed tucked up tight now who wants to say goodnight?

Lithe, sleek, the discharge clamours past
the synapse that seeks to spark a resonant
wave. Reap the whirlwind on the curve
of the scythe: the cortex a sundowning effect,
the crescent blade cutting past what we dream
and know how to be: the waves recede to traced
shores, at length to hospital this man
was limited. If the seizure is to stop, requisite magicks
must be performed and how to dowse,
how to dowse. The stick figure is standstill
in the distance, hand frozen in a fractured
line. Where it stops, nobody knows except
the quest to quell the curse that takes genetics
and renders them as fire singing old
connections. Burnt wiser and fragile,

worse transcriptions of a dream
tired of singleness.

I slow the truck to get load, a rock tree and juice. I slow to stop. Legs no work for playplace. I slow to warm up. I slow like doctor and her. I slow listen to you. Count hide in closet and slow! Trucks go fast and then slow and I park them, trucks, I give slow.

Brittle bank, slippery slope, the reach and curse
of watching back at pinpoint lights, little fires,
encampments that renege on promise except to strike
in sneak attack and the stroke sets in motion
the prime mover and the body in motion stays in motion

and by what graven image shall we know the thoughtful second
coming of demon casting, the holding hands of shaking hands
of conduction, of a conductor's hands setting astray symphonies
in order, the cellular song's hundred million membranous throats
clucking in choked unison, an inheritance!

Strobe, cast, enisled, to falter, to father,
to settle, to stop revealing.

Streaks of evening lick snowflakes. On windows, see yellow on white. See trees frozen. Night night says Mr. Crow, are you tickly on your toe? I hold car. Then drop car, mommy find. I hold mommy next. To me snow on her face. Mommy white, the light on and not should be. Sing a song of sixpence sing. For our supper sing. In heavenly choirs sing the song. In circle: tidy up time, tidy up time, toys away, toys away. Hop-sital far. Away they have toys there? Big toys me see the mens? And rooms that go up and down and up? I push button? And mommy come too?

I lie on pyre. Carried up. And over I stretch, back from bent. Release alms of forgiveness: the breath. Of lamb in field with no. Predating threat: as if I might die. Pain writ upon the body, a shake-pain. Entered a skin, choose to fall. Then tide rushes in, the air. Expands to meet the size. Of its container, the heart returns. To a rate of earth. Whoso list sithens in a net I seek to hold. The wind and wind seeks itself and whoso holds the list. Whoso hold the right to list and I list to earth. Fainting I follow list to dreams and list to breathe, afterward. *Noli me tangere*, kindly ones: wild for to hold, though I seem tame. Pyre-burn.

On the road out of Guelph. Black. In the back,
he's belted in the carseat, choked, rigid, then slack.
You sit with him, sing Wheels on The Bus.
The snow comes down. What is it with us?
That pain is a kind of unity? Rearview mirror:
lights and your faces, in love. I want to stop the car,
walk off into the forest, and come out starving, pure,
with a cure. But the thought doesn't last. I drive
knowing that I took my chance. I have nothing else.
And so we go to another hopeless wilderness.
I hate this sound: his lungs on a tether. Stopcock tongue.
The cabin light on in case he goes blue.
Where do we find our saviour? Is he two,
capable of visions, of my looking at you
when all the pediatric neurologists are asleep
and seeing the manger light seep
into your cast-out eyes? Do not look at me!
And in his stupor know just what I needed?
The wilderness arrives,
or we to it. Give me prophecy. He is alive.