



**Christine Stewart**

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ALBERTA SERIES #3  
above/ground press

# The Trees of Periphery

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404 *What soul.*

*What form*

*This Piece required*

*of space*

Minus

*spate*

Minus

*world*

*It would endanger his soul To read a poem.*

406 This is a science: a call between stone—the object copper and its bone. This  
science:

In the stitches of habit we wore its oath. We said

that iron is glass,

that glass was hope

that value was visible

that everything is moving and marking

As it was. As it were. And we did. As such. Think of dark. Think of fur.

*You were born full of knowledge: Bark into those bushes.*

407 We said Muse: We said My sirens: gorgeous, hairless. Smooth bodies like beetles  
with penises. Waving.

*A firm nod to the hose and suddenly Everything is singing.*

408 As such. As such. As if you knew the stone.

409 We said, No Plato, No word, no lace.

No chairs

in space,

We said

What's not isn't what you weren't dreaming.

Words count

in threes

As if we knew the stone

410 Carless finch

behind an eye.

Iniolate.Forgotten.

Iniolate Begotten .



411 This science: Heaps, here

beloved space

wind.

written

We gather

together

circumference

think: bitten

412 All flood and gush. All salt and spray.

Suck it up. ( We'll not be sewn for these spurts and trickles).

Tragedy, washed us thus.

And God, we quelled the rhyme. And Jesus, we fettered the ascension. And Shit, we came  
off all contrived. Take off the trace. Swallow the white intuited schemata.

As Bitter.

As bitter

413 The taste of trees.

with black nuts

with bruised air

from fields.

of seeing.

414 Clearing.

Inside. The human body and its clear parts.

Enter from behind. Touch the bright flecked mote. Extend its note. Suddenly some constellation. Suddenly some sudden universe.

les armes. The brilliant. The often.

We will flourish

In mud

In the pricked light

In the deepest shit of the forefathers.

Single ochre. Single sky.

Move dusk.

&

Follow

Throw off your clothes. Like Oedipus.

Do not see.

Do not make out

The arms. Between these hands.

415 This is a science.

416 Stagger with words. Lilian for mercy. Leslie for one.

The branches inside sent (hurtling) outside.

The Lilac. Sharp & Single.

As if

It makes You cold. This cold. Writing nowhere. The stone. Parfois.

417 This science: Part World. Part Rat. Frozen in tubes. Lucky & Olfactory. As if we  
knew the stone.

418 As if this weightless world could see: beautiful and sick, its beaten and stitched.  
Its parts. All grammar.

418 Through a late sun –lean the trees. Under ever a pile of wire. An eye scene.



419 A science: The faces, les figures. Shudder. The Human.

421 This science: Parted were we then from unwaving. Surrounded by thunder. Parted  
were we then from unbeing. Under a sky of blue mire, these words in threes.

423 These trees of periphery—through a late sun.

leaning.

Kissing, we will never say provincial nor swollen with promise.

424    And this science: With heads we will .

wrinkle or go moist in the transcendental pinions of freedom. We will face each. We will

fly

A braided rim.

The rippled skin.

The pointy gods &

their misty fruit.

425    These are the trees bruised by the thunder, torn by the sun, born by the clearing,  
seized by the eye through the late light streaming

latent fathom

oh peerless trees

of periphery:

426 The corner of fourth and fir is pleasurable.

A car apace a bus is pleasurable.

Under a bridge is pleasurable.

The rolling bus is passional.

Without sex we would not line up like that.

The extension is not the body; it is the relation: this is pleasurable.

A fox is relation. A fox suddenly in a ditch looking like a cat is elation.

The extension is not the body, but sustained relation moved into memory.

This is pleasurable.

As thinking is sexual, we line up.

A dim pleasure. The beauty of a long nose is not reproachable.

The body is not known. What the body knows is not the body, but elation.

Thus, a hill has shoulders.

Thus, the needle eyes.

417 Luminous memorialize. Nothing Corollaries.

Encircle these: the latent ankle, the gentle gymnasium.

Bend the tropic scar. Close the lobe and kneel.

An assassin leaves dreams underscored in fluorescent writing. Suggestions are flowery like

Aristotle.

428    Bend the

blue bunched

Tenerous.

Earth.

Libraries make us sick.

His visage is different with it



429 A turn and return.

while someone is awake and unraveling.

trace the baked

hand.

Shatter

Description's expulsion.

A Witness digs a Whiteness.

In the slow cave of a ceiling. Penetration is simple. Warm ink. Skin Sliding. And Sliding.

430    Submit. To it. Hands flat with words. In accordance. Like culverts. Spell cunt  
thus. Spell tree us. Spell bleu wit and fit dark. These genera. This morning, its pricks of  
light.

431 Tabled. Pillowed. Splayed. The rounded edge of a rib. The blooming nipple.

Truth as unfirm as a tree.

To say nipple and then blooming is astonishing and yet we may still have a pleasurable acquaintance.

432 This is a science. I repeat. The blown brow of a thrown hill flickering. The sticky weep of a ripe vine dickering. Resinous. I repeat. Je répète.

432 The red scarf is memory. The red scarf is memory to be set in the low light on a deep sill.

All leaves unbidden. All words unbroken. Of black lilac unspoken. A hand. A mountain. Taste the space that is sensation. Taste the window. Its Axis & Spate.

434 In a stillness unshed. In a darkness unbled.

My metaphor is your.

Your wrist.

Your visit.

These trees of periphery.

Come visit me.

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**Christine A. Stewart** is from Vancouver and currently writes and teaches experimental poetry and poetics in the English and Film Department at the University of Alberta. She is researching the work of experimental women poets in Western and Eastern Canada, and exploring alternative forms of scholarly analysis. She is author of the chapbooks *Pessoa's July: or the months of astonishments* (Vancouver BC: Nomados Press, 2006), *From Taxonomy* (Sheffield, England: West House Press, 2003), *Daddy Clean Head* (Vancouver BC: Lumpe Presse, 2000), *A Travel Narrative* (Hamilton ON: Berkeley Horse, 1994) and *The Barschiet Horse* [with Lisa Robertson and Catriona Strang] (Hamilton ON: Berkeley Horse, 1993).

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