



Voyager
Garry Cardinal

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The Visitor

From out the sky
There falls an angel
Coming home to Earth
To smell the air;
To taste the grass
And maybe have a bath.

When he is done
He takes his all
Leaving not a sign
To mark his notice;
To show his visit
Or promise his return.

-1972

The Toy

The toy lay neglected
on the middle of the floor.
Battered and twisted
the toy there lay
wanting to play,
to do it's masters bidding
just once more.

Along came a stranger,
a pretty little stranger
who with small, gentle
hands, to which there still
clung a tear, allowed joy
from the toy to pour.
Oh, but her eyes were shining!

All too soon the gears
stopped spinning.
Battered and twisted
the toy there lay
never to play,
never it's masters bidding
any more.

-1971

It Isn't Easy

I say it isn't easy
 isn't easy, man,
to think and to remember
but I remember once a while
when I will proudly wear
those tarnished silver wings
my father once had worn.

He died drunk and in the gutter,
he was broken, he was lame.
I really loved my mother
 loved my mother, man,
but you know she never came.

They'd like nothing better
 nothing better than
to flush us down the drain
but the physics of the problem
isn't really physics quite
when they roll us to the room
they once had painted white.

I'll come back and fly the heavens.
My dad would be so proud
and I'll wipe those tears away
 wipe those tears away
and to God I'll only bow.

-May 1972

Images

I was sitting on a bus
watching images contort
as the world streaked by my window.
I thought of the laser's
transcendent light.
A glistening beam so
coherent it has become
a symbol of purity.
But, by this perfect nature,
a frailty is implied.
I saw through the corner
of perception,
a transient image
too rapid for recognition
to be but a memory.
It looked a lot
like you.

-October 1972

A Lesson

I had thought the attitudes of others toward myself was governed solely by my own attitude toward others and my personality as an individual.

I learned that personal appearance has a great deal to do with the first impressions of the general public.

I have learned that regardless of my own idealism Canada is a racist country and I am an American Indian.

-1978

Just Baby And Me

Forgetting all my toys among the sand
Am I trying for a vision
From a dream that won't let go?

I guess I'm just another crazy fool
With a heart so badly broken
By a love that's long been lapsed.

Honey, won't you please stay here with me?
Please don't go out all alone,
You don't need to be so free.
I just want you here at home,
To recall the you and me.

Lost again, I don't know who I am.
I don't want to have arisen
From a time you loved me so.

For the pain I'd tear apart these wounds;
To be with the one I'd chosen,
If not now, then in the past.

Honey, won't you please stay here with me?
Please don't go out all alone,
You don't need to be so free.
You don't have to run from home,
There's just baby and me.

-March 1979

Golden Hall

In a dark passage grows yonder paradise glowing gold
This damp key makes solid the vision of beauty beyond
Heat on shoulders and chest presents the demon's breath
He lurks to steal entrance and destroy all good and beauty
The key now thrown safe through gateway does protect but
condemn

Ready to taste my blood I turn to face the demon

But I am alone

The air from my nostrils is hot upon my chest

-December 1979

This Man

His hands were big and warm
when he shook my hand.
I felt the honesty of
long years of hard work
and he looked into my eyes
for a long time,
looking right at me.
Warmth and acceptance
and years of patience
glowed there in his eyes.
His voice filled my ears
with a mellow calm
that gave praise and approval
and closed the bleeding wound
and soothed the savage soul.
This man.

-January 1980

One Small Bird

I saw one small bird flutter on the ground,
Struggling to fly.

It's broken body could not obey it's
Small and frantic command.

Soon it quietened,
Sinking effortlessly into the fascination
Of it's pain.

It died silently,
It's feathers gently soothed
By the warmth of summers breath
Amid the flowers of the field.

-April 1980

Promises

You asked for an apple,
I gave you seeds.
Your hunger was immediate
and had to be satisfied.
I provided your future
with an abundance of apples.
I didn't understand
you wanted the interaction.
You didn't see
I believed in promises.

-May 1980

Questions To Michael

Do I hear you weeping in the rain
Through the barriers of time and space and pain?
Is there comfort for the hundred million hands
That are reaching to a far and sterile land?
Do they understand the message he conveyed-
Only memories of instants can remain,
And when he asked that each of them confess-
They are less alive to moments they arrest?
And are these salty drops that cross my face
Wasted smiles simply falling into space?

-12 June 1980

Short Quips

Sex without love is like looking at
life through a nineteen inch screen.

-11 August 1980

Pity the earthbound angel,
Engrossed in affairs of the hand,
Can only speculate on it's true nature.

-04 September 1980

O rganization of
G enerally
R otten
E nterprises

-13 September 1980

Transition

Change by affection,
Change by fear,
The innocent.
Time now,
Time beyond,
Tutor.
To command change,
To grasp time,
Is power.
No,
I don't want your body,
I want your soul.

-28 July 1981

Angels In Brazil

Did you see what I saw?
Did you see the star fall?
Why do you look to the sky?

Are there more here like me-
Thinking as I do
Looking to find a way home?

You've been to Paris on a jumbo jet.
You've seen the tower and Napoleon's set

Can you see what I see?
You're living beside me.
Why do you look to the sky?

Do angels reveal me?
Can they see what I see?
Do they know how to get home?

My angel lives in a run-down house
Speaks broken English and limps about.

Can I see what she sees?
Where are there more like me?
Why do I look to the sky?

I watch out the window-
Flying with swallows
Eight thousand miles to get home.

-31 March 1982

Motion

A flag waves in the wind

Does the wind move the flag

Does the flag move the wind

Or both?

No

The mind is the motion.

-1982

Short Quips

"Burnout" is the term often used by managers when they are not equipped or willing to face a morale problem.

-17 January 1983

Beware the genius peon who knows not of peons.

-08 March 1983

Thank You

I
could not have
believed
how good
it was
just
to see
you
smile
.

-13 September 1990

In Time

(For Karin)

Where do I begin?

It was an ugly time.

It was a brutal, unforgiving time.

Locked within the heart of a boy who could no longer cry.

Believing a beautiful lady and a gentle man would come from the future
to take him far away.

My love.

It isn't easy being reborn.

How do I feel? I don't understand.

An answer is required. The question is meaningless.

Order dissolves. Chaos. Oh God, help me. I'm scared.

My precious love.

Was it your laughter, your smile, your voice, your toes in beige nylon?

Was it when I watched you on the carpet cuddling your son?

Was it the way you looked at your husband?

Can Karin come out to play?

I press my fingers to the window pane and caress your image as you
walk down the long corridor, away from my life. Forever.

I couldn't say goodbye. I knew that I would cry.

Thank you for being all of the wonderful things that you are.

Knowing you has enriched my life, more than words can ever say.

-18 September 1994

This Time

Did I hear your voice in whisper call my name?
Have I felt your spirit's presence comfort me?
Have I held you in my gaze adoring you?

In our lifetime we are destined to be.

I know you. I have built our home, bore our children, kept us safe.
I have held your dying body and grieved my loss, seeing your
spirit away for our next life together.

How long has it been?

This time I've been too long alone, deep inside
protecting that hidden part of me
now awakened yet unscarred, yet burning, yet alive.

Now more than half my life is gone.

Would I do you honour to acknowledge myself?
I am haunted not by the evil imposed on me but by my own device.
How can I forgive the unforgivable?

My love.

I await the kindness of the dark
when the passing of this life will bring with it another time.
Perhaps our lifetime.

-17 March 1995

Venus Across The Cafeteria

Sandro, or Alessandro di Botticelli was a fifteenth century painter. Among his contemporaries Leonardo da Vince is most recognized. Botticelli also worked on the Sistine Chapel leading a group of artists who frescoed "The Last Days of Moses". Of his works one would stand to this day as a masterpiece and immortalize his name.

He painted the image of a God.

Imagine, if you will, what goes on in the mind of an artist during the act of creation. Perhaps a member of the Medici family posed for the picture as they were known to be his patrons at the time.

He was painting Venus, The Goddess of Love. Venus could only have been the epitome of female beauty, her very countenance commanding the hearts of men and women from creation to the end of time itself. The image could portray all the things he loved of women, his mother, sister, wife, daughter and every woman he had ever known in his lifetime.

Sandro Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" was painted for the Medici family villa at Castello, it now hangs at the Uffizi, in Florence.

It's you.

One day you may have looked across a room and noticed a lonely man who may have held your gaze for just a fraction too long, and then, caught, quickly looked away in embarrassment.

Perhaps he saw Venus, the mythical Goddess of Love, and was patiently awaiting her command.

-24 September 1995, revised 07 June 1997

Footsteps

In a dream I cut through the casual conversation
of a brash intruder who steals away our customary time.

I hear your gentle laughter, amused by my unexpected jealousy,
as quickly transforms my aggressive state to this.

The dream, years ended, still draws my hearts embrace.

To anticipate your footsteps confident approach.
To lift my eyes upon you and hold you there in love.

-23 March 1996

Desire

If we were to share some time alone
I would listen to what you say
I would speak my mind and voice my hearts desire

If fate permits, to hold you in my arms
and caress you with soft kisses in my gaze
and you will know that I adore thee

I would wish this life away to be with you
becoming something wonderful beyond
more than just the me and just the you

-05 April 1996

Cupcakes

High heeled sandals clicking on tile
Beautiful blue eyes squint as she smiles

Long cotton dress that drapes from her lap
Toes in beige nylon rhythmically tap

Coins dance with fingertips held in her hand
Glittering her finger, their wedding band

Green hooded jacket walking away
So much unspoken that I could not say

Candle in cupcake celebrate the birth
Of a wonderful angel who lives on this earth

-12 April 1996, revised 18 July 1996

Samurai

You take your katana and approach
This man called "Master"

As your blade gains forward momentum
Your hand is stung on the pommel of your
weapon by his walking stick

Before your mouth can form an "o"
He strikes forcefully across the opposite side
of your face

You
Fall

Will you live
Will you die

He takes responsibility for his world
No aspect of his existence is without purpose

-19 April 1996

My God

In the mist of a late springtime morning a string of tiny
ducklings are guided across a busy freeway by their parents

Near vehicles slow to permit their passage

Farther along, wheels lock as drivers attempt to
avoid the unexpectedly halting traffic

"Stupid ducks" he mutters, chuckling hearing the
story recounted at morning coffee

Stupid?

A duck's brain will hardly fill a tablespoon and weighs about 15g
Every neuron used, adaptively recycling some cells to survive

An average human brain weighs 1.4Kg
Eighty five percent unused

Your God smiles as you rape the landscape with your freeways
Keeps the tin unbent on your shiny personal conveyance
Minds the politics of the sweep second hand
Makes the coins jingle in your pocket

My God includes the duck

-17 August 1996, revised 06 September 1996

In Pantomime

A moment carefully misdirected
from the senses of scandals purvey

Appease the ache, the yearning of
a shackled hearts infatuation

These soundless words
spoken in pantomime

-06 November 1996

Guardian

A boy reached out
beyond the hatred and the shame
coaxed by an angel
from so far away
in the future

Propelled and protected
by the power of a guardian
ever present but imperceptible
traveling in dreams
singing softly in the dark

The fusion
of all three
made a man
who will walk the distance alone
minding a place along the way for another

-11 January 1997

Jelly-Man

My name is Kway-meyh-kayos
I am the great grandson of Lulalo
Lulalo was old

Knowing him was the closest I ever came to knowing
the ones who fashioned the simple oval stone
with a groove cut around its center
The ones my grandmother called "The Old People"

He stood tall and proud
His hair was done in braids and he wore moccassins
general-store rubbers over them when travelling
He walked great distances

He sang to me with a deep gentle voice
His speech was full of life and humour
generosity, wisdom and honour
He spoke in Cree

I don't remember him speaking English
except, my being serious beyond my years,
greeting me by my English name
He called me "Jelly-Man"

My name is Kway-meyh-kayos
I am the great grandson of Lulalo
A beautiful man of the Cree Nation

-25 January 1997

Touching An Angel

Do you know how much pleasure
I derive
from just looking at you?

The motion of your fingers
the caress of the fabric
that contains you

Of all of this
I most adore the air
that can surround you

And long
please please please
touch me

-22 February 1997

I Fear You

How long have I spent
in the confidence
of solitude

One act of trust will
interlock our hearts and souls
in mutual embrace for eternity

I know that flesh will fail in time
and I must look into your eyes
to say goodbye

-01 March 1997

Lyrics

Many times I tried lyrics
to complete the song I wrote for you
so many years ago

The song will remain incomplete
until the words are expressed uninvented
as I sing in your sweet presence

Remember that wherever you go
there is a place in my heart
that belongs to you

-08 March 1997, revised 08 April 1997

Photograph

A photograph of an American Puma
Gingerly moving down a snowy slope

Blue eyes
pierce the image

Caught in the moment of recognition
Halted mid step, Pursue? Flee? Fight?

Affected by the creation of this photograph
A creature completely alive

No domestic docile fool
No animated cartoon

With claws and teeth and power
And an instinct to survive

An aspect of God

-12 April 1997

Facets

A crystal spins in space
Promising a star

It's motion restrained
By a force of will

Invoked to conceal my adoration
From voyeur eyes

As facets of you
Sustain me

-20 April 1997

Illusion

God
Is The
Universe.

Everything.

All Time.
All Known. All Unknown.
All Believed.

Unbounded.

The Felt.
The Order of chaos. The Chaos of order.
The Id.

The Beauty.

The Form.
The Symmetry. The Asymmetry.
The Motion

Of Thee.

Awaiting approach
silently presenting a self
to my person.

-05 July 1997

Oh Marilyn

I walk my distances alone.
Filling my life with activity
Trying to communicate my
objectives, motives, feelings.

Trying to grasp kernels of reality,
understandings of the universe,
that can be known without argument

Like how alone I felt looking at
the picture of Marilyn Monroe
that made me cry.

-06 August 1997



Marilyn reading James Joyce's Ulysses at a
playground in Mount Sinai, Long Island, 1952, by Eve Arnold

Beware

Beware the genius peon
who knows not of peons
the nature of his own being
is concealed by veracious deceit

Beware the short lumpy humans
with sway so smooth and shape so curvy
they will rip at love with polished sibilants
to rend her naked for caste and rank to flee

Do not interfere with the humans or their deities
designed to justify their bigotries and commerces
you are assigned to prepare their weapon systems
and to see them on their way

-09 August 1997

Say Happy Birthday Garry

Drinking sake from a small ceramic cup
A gift from a married lady friend
Half a lifetime ago

She invited me in and upstairs
While she bathed
Get your mind out of the gutter

I loved her
Everything that she was and is
I washed her back

Hello?

"Hi Dad."
Hi Chris.
"What are you doing?"

I'm flying over central Europe in a Tornado
I've missed my primary target
and I'm running out of fuel

"(Laughs)
Happy birthday, Dad.
I love you."

I love you Christine.

-24 August 1997, revised 26 September 1997

The Way It Will Be

(An agony in three fits)

Pretty little white girl meet
Pretty little white boy live
Pretty little white life

The way it will be

Arrested by silence
Sustained by silence
Dying alone in silence

The way it will be

Perhaps one final moment...
carry along a voice...
so dear...

Task Held. System Failure.

-20 September 1997, revised 24 October 1997

He Said

An unusual man.

Him.

There.

He said,

"I don't fuck,

I fall in love."

Kill you as soon as tell you the time.

Hard. Alert.

His eyes.

There.

Him.

A most unusual man.

-11 October 1997

Star Light

Is there a love with the power to coax
a boy more than thirty years into the future
to rejoin a soul and restore a self?

Is there a love with the virtue to sting a beloved
to protect the perfection of her station
from the disgrace of stolen desire?

A star once shone brightly guiding the way
then exploded into a burst of imperceptible
fragments diffusing into the darkness of the night

Could this light persist to illuminate the day
sparkling eyes and glittering polished fingertips
tinting voice and colouring the melody of laughter?

Existing in anticipation of footsteps approach
and gathering in my gaze as I look upon you
igniting once more into a star when spoken in silences

-03 November 1997, revised 12 October 2001

Interlock

The fabric of time
retains that
held distinct

The day I fell in love

All she ever did
all she ever did
was

Talk to me

-06 December 1997

Stride

Stiletto

Footstep

Heel strike tile

Crystal resonance

Click tap, click tap

Confident perfection

Fabric sway

Embraces motion

Embracing thee

As Love

In

Stride

-04 April 1998

After All Of This

The unique sound of
Footsteps approach

The glitter of starlight
Sparkled eyes

Fingertips
In motions frozen arc

The soft rise of
Voices breath inhaled

The curve of form traced
By phantom caress

As memories
Momentary glimpses

Artist's brush detail
Facet live animation

A guardian of a princess
Exiled by his own command

After all of this
He wants you

-22 April 1998

In Dreams

I hear sobbing
in the darkness
sounding like a child

Sunlight or company
in darkness
all alone

Teddy bear
named Tippy
childhood confidant

Tippy knows
I was married once
she was my best friend

-07 May 1998

Sentinel

You wouldn't recognize him
As anyone different

A guy going about
His business

But he is engaged
With a mission

You wouldn't know it
Unless you understood

That you are protected
Welcomed to his domain

His Princess will be nothing less
Within this his command

-16 May 1998

Caption

Do you think that
When I'm famous
I'll still remember
What it's like
To be me?

-30 May 1998



Marilyn reading James Joyce's *Ulysses* at a
playground in Mount Sinai, Long Island, 1952, by Eve Arnold

Rules Of Engagement

"How's the battle going?"

-(Pause ignoring inappropriate context),

What can I do for you?

When he engages in battle

Someone is going to get hurt

Someone's gonna bleed

The Prime Directive

The Rules Of Engagement

His God exists in every moment of his life

-Will you marry me?

"Yes," she whispers, choking with emotion.

-Don't you think we should at least be introduced?

-04 June 1998, revised 05 June 1998

Pacing

One cup of coffee in the morning
One cup of coffee in the evening
One cup of cocoa just before bed

One extra pillow held just there
One arm cradles phantom shoulder
One body spooning a phantom form

Limbo buzz into ragged breathing
Passion wanting trembling taking
Stealing her need from my dreams

-07 June 1998

Everything But The Girl

Thumbing the "Rewards" catalog
Got some points to spend

There's a girl on page 47
Holding a book and smiling

Everything's for sale in the catalog
Everything but the girl

Now I've spent my points
But I keep turning to page 47

Because I want the girl
Not the girl on page 47

-20 June 1998

Victim Of Love

I'm sorry Melinda
I can't do this anymore
Sex is nice but I just...

A person is lucky, really lucky
To be in love... To love
Just once in their lifetime

I've been in love...
I've been in love...
I won't settle for anything less

Hello? Oh hi Melinda! What a surprise
You look great in that dress...
Sexy heels... Nice hose...

No hose?
That's all you then...
Leaking down your leg

-09 July 1998

Regeneration

No game to play
No urge of insinuation
No whiff of hormone conciliation

A woman child
His princess in involution
He stands and guards her chrysalis chamber

When she awakes
Enchanted moon illuminates
One crystal frog witness to time passing

Unresponsive
To caress and coaxes the frog
Looks out to space with silent crystal eyes

Then space unfolds
Placing the frog on her finger
Hello my love, I've been waiting for you

-15 July 1998, revised 18 July 1998

To Serve

The most perfect of locks
Is fashioned with the power
Of contrary action

Motionless with wings ready to fly
Silent with so much love left to say
Hoarding the object of ones desire

Stations of royalty
Painfully unaware
Of their desperate need

To serve

-22 August 1998

Progression

How far removed
The cuteness of painfully shy
The shame of merely defective?

To have my love...
Too late, it's already happened
Without a grope or harassment

Without a trick
No hint of silk delight under
Morning masquerade selection

So what is love?
Nothing but communication
Looking at you looking at me

So we begin

-31 August 1998

Voyager

That bright star
In the south west night
That's Jupiter and her moons

She's brighter than usual
Merging orbits with Earth
At close approach

Just
Four AUs away
Six hundred million Kilometers

She was photographed at escape velocity
By Voyager two years from Earth
En route to Saturn, Uranus and beyond

Twelve years from Earth
On close approach with Neptune
And the edge of the solar system

Nine more years hurtling silently into space
Blinking radio waves to a diminishing star
Into the darkness of the night

-14 September 1998