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S O U N D   C A R R I E S

The song's a commotion rising in the current, almost an apparition: or the shape  
rises—obvious, river-like—in the blood (in the house that the blood made)  
& goes on, is the fact of the “oldest ancestor,” in whose  
name etc description itself persists on out, not like some story, into the up-  
lands, on into the stony breakdown, no line  
between the old river god & the old man's name coming up along the river & on the road:  
an endless invisible present going on, a noise  
(with nothing at the other side of it)

—but the name rowed (because water's got its ways) out into the out,

went the current, on, like in a movie,

like talking, a voice-over going on from there—

part of the caravan, part

& parcel to the sweep of the noise, the sound spoken

& divided out of lengths

of that water

part

of that caravan there—,

a name to mouth

in the field,

& water has got its way:

the name rode along being

a commotion:

an inflection described that one lip

(at wch water changed out there in the watershed)

o *which*— sung & shouted so—became

edge & description too,

a name-day, one of the day names

—the name oar'd along

in the current & the description,  
the trill marking a border of

the place furthest from here,

an outermost jaggedness,

the heartless rind, shaded or not:

to be carried on over all of that in a sweep,

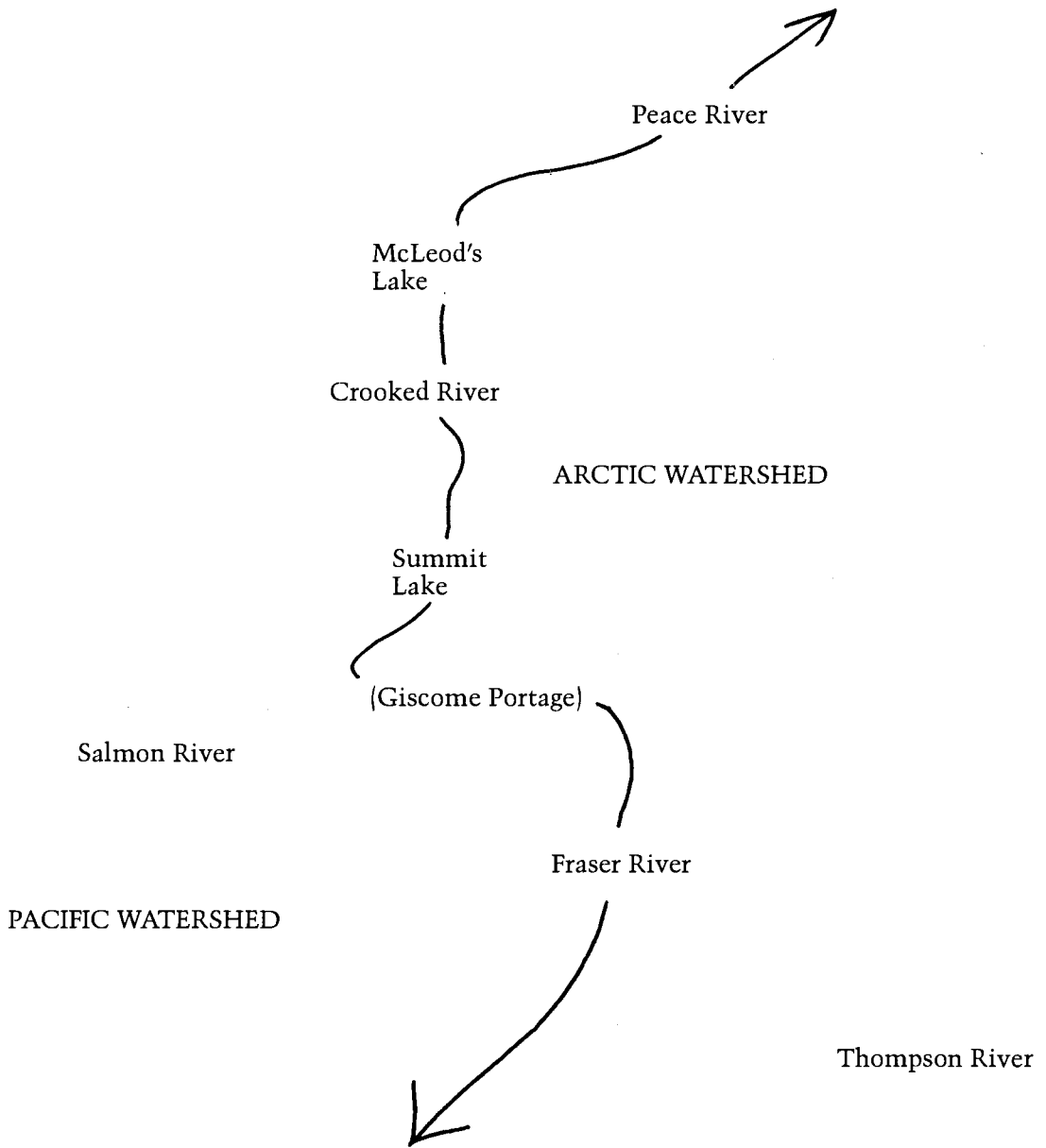
the long song edged out by the shout,

meaning the map

of sound got *fleshed* out so it, the map,

got to be more than a "document of voice" but a way

bending north (out of range, peripheral & sourceless):



the name cycled along sourceless in the trees

like it was a presupposition of lyrical content to the remote,

like it was a repeated tone looping the extravaganza,

or had number-like value                      like it was a number (as quantity's a number),  
   or added one

or could've to the road on out to where it's thickest at the outermost—most  
extended—edges of remote:

some bottom-most designations of blood became the song, the basic  
wordless change at the roadside along the road built thru the "center,"  
& then thru the north's roadlessness as well where the word stopped  
being mouthed, where it gave way, in form,  
on or to some issues, basic as well, of drainage  
(distance bending around & so forth, coming  
up to a little ridge & stopping there, the state of rivers being a fact of the continent  
like numbers, like money,  
the spate of waters, water's jagged old way—

the voice was always centerless talking that was leading up to song, was about to  
be the horn that marked the edge of the water—

   a river's head and its mouth  
   there in that nomenclature out there

as if they were houses, one next to another one's yard:  
   no word for the most interior edge of arrival:

all roads to there are the same, all roads

that are there are the same once anyone arrives: human nature surges

& blares & too is strayed & muting: water goes on like there's no tomorrow,

a row of hidden lights at the edge of a stage names

a shape to all that sound.

SOURCE

(& MOUTH): John Robert Giscome, "a negro miner," "a pioneer," John Robert Giscome, "native of Jamaica West India" (self-described: "miner & explorer"), he flourished in 19th C. British Columbia, found a short way up into the Arctic & back out.

After whom: Giscome Canyon & the Giscome Rapids on the Fraser, Giscome, B.C. in the Cariboo, Giscome Portage between

the watersheds, the Giscome Portage Historical Site, the Giscome Portage Historical Society,

real Giscome Road from Old Cariboo Hwy in Prince George to Rte 16—fabled Yellowhead Hwy—east of town.

Various other designations:

the rootless surname up on the river names rocks & water up there, the beauty of apparitions is broken down & inflected both, the old Islands name, the name that came & comes from *the Islands*,

the arrival, w/ John R. Giscome, of the blackest name's edge (& its variations & the effaced speaker's own name & parentage, Afro-Caribbean, the spiral of announced approaches,

of descent & association, the long heart's most basic necessity out where ambiguous fields meet the rim of houses, something

presignified, uninhabited—

a fleshy little bridge among the continents:

a little "Spanish" stole into view up along the river, islands appeared to heave into situation)

Dr Rogers sd, of Bolivar, "This portrait of the great liberator painted in 1810 shows, in my opinion, a trace of Negroid strain in the fullness of the lips, usually the last trace of Negro ancestry to disappear."