

there were motor cars, I shall plant gum trees. Where jack-hammers hammered, I shall rear jabirus. If it shoots, I shall move it; if it chops things down, I shall do it in.

And some day (I conclude while Alan pours me a cup of evil-smelling healthfood brew and Phoenix ticks his way up to the zenith over White Rock Bay) . . . some day the Great Canadian Novel will get written. In Australia.

**GORDON SPEIRS**

### **SIGNALS FROM SIERRE LEONNE**

Here he comes, alive, aloud,  
Burning up the earth with his enraged grief.  
A radiant jetness, this new wild dream,  
Born, explodes, into a creation danse,  
His feet signal a self, leaping high above.  
His is no puddle-vision nation, no view in a cracked pond,  
But a music combing today with beyond.  
His chains dissolve into liquid coloured robes  
Bleeding, blending, into red, yellow, gold, and green.  
Overthrow, overthrow, his feet pound,  
Burying his simmering frustrations into the ground.  
Snakes leap from his heels,  
Round and round go his terrible toes,  
Forward he reels and reels.  
Danse he must, backwards his river flows,  
On into the purity fire he goes  
Into the mouth of the ashes.  
Whirling, writhing, sailing, rattling,  
Up the ladder of smoke he dashes.  
O the rhymns in his eyes  
O the raging inarticulate sighs,  
The spasmodic interpretations, buried calculations  
And silky ejaculations,  
Signaling the birth of new nations.

**DIANE CASTLEMAINE**