

# THE SIMON POEMS



Allen Bell

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Allen Bell

*Bayeux*



*Arts*

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## BAYEUX ARTS

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Thy Harry's Company

Puppet Poems

The Simon Poems [1976 - 1980]

## The Simon Poems [1976 - 1980]

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## SIMON

Looking at your golden body  
The dross  
Seems vague  
The nonstop seconds  
So far removed  
From any terminus  
And now resembling always  
I have a cough Daddy  
I have a fever  
Innocuous  
Devoid of import  
Part of the toxic charm  
Every third word Daddy  
Your Daddy's cough and fever  
Keep him from hearing the pain  
The dissonant changes

## SIMON

When Simon cries  
Tidal waves crash against the world  
Statesmen are engulfed  
Banks inundated  
Buildings totter and capitulate  
The salt in Simon's tears  
Plays havoc with automotive bodies  
Rust and corrosion pour onto the streets  
Even the pavement occasionally bifurcates  
Even weapons are appropriated  
Spare parts perish  
When Simon cries  
The tenuous day to which I cling  
Loses its elasticity  
Those tears threaten my world too

## SIMON

Simon

The 'burning to sheathe it'

The generic imbroglio

The carnivorous fears

The compulsive manipulation

Daddy worries

You will be caught in the maelstrom

Swept into the vortex of

## SIMON

Simon

I liked Judy Goodchild  
She had brown eyes, brown hair  
I met her on a blind date  
I heard about her in a delicatessen

It's a funny thing about delicatessens  
I was hungry  
And had gone to buy some food  
The wife of the delicatessen owner asked me who I was  
And what I did  
And I told her  
And next thing I knew she was giving me a phone number  
Just a minute I said  
What does she look like  
She's pretty  
And a nice Jewish girl  
Okay I said  
And bought some corned beef  
And pastrami  
And a rye bread  
I didn't know delicatessens were so dangerous  
Or there was so much misery  
In a corned beef sandwich

## SIMON

Simon

I like Stravinsky's music

I love the brutal sounds

And melodic panache

And I like Penderecki's Violin Concerto

And Kosmogonia

And De Natura Sonoris

Conductors are wrong to prettify Stravinsky

They should listen to how he conducts

And not be asses like Haitink

Simon

These composers

And others

Write violent music

And fantasize

But they don't hurt

They give pleasure

Pulcinella hardly shoots us

And the bloodletting

And corporeal maiming

Of l'Histoire du Soldat

Is just pretend

The violence is subsumed

And charming

And nice

And that is the violence

Your Daddy likes

Simon

All this is by way of preamble

Because I worry

Because I am your Daddy  
And you are a child  
And not all fantasies are innocuous  
And not all violence is art  
There are so many people  
And some are destructive  
And hurt grown-ups  
And children  
A few years  
Before you were born  
Millions of adults and children  
Were slaughtered  
In concentration camps  
But I can't talk about that  
And I can't talk about  
The children being murdered  
And the countless children  
Maltreated and brutalized  
What Dickens called  
The heap  
Spawned for violence he said  
And growing up to be violent

Simon  
The feeling is undistinctive  
I can't particularize  
And I don't have the distance

Simon  
Shakespeare took Hamlet out of Denmark  
Insight through oversight  
The character needed some distance

Then it was okay to come back  
Denmark was rotten  
But now he had distance

Simon  
You're good  
And gentle  
And for your age  
Quite intellectual  
But you're four years old  
And you don't understand  
That Daddy worries  
And to talk  
About things  
That are bad  
I have to look for an incident  
The particular incident  
That elicits a subjective reaction  
And has the requisite distance  
And with which one can cope  
Comprenez-vous  
In other words  
Violence is ubiquitous  
And a bubonic plague  
And Daddy's poems  
Can't cope  
With generalities  
Except indirectly  
I have to latch onto an incident  
One such occurred  
In Port Moody, British Columbia  
A year before you were born

Simon  
This was a fantasy that went askew  
A twelve year old girl  
Abby Drover  
Was kidnapped  
And sequestered  
In a neighbour's bomb shelter  
And kept there  
For 181 days  
The neighbour  
Donald Alexander Hay  
Was known to the child  
As was the woman  
With whom he was living  
And the woman's children  
The families were friends  
And went on outings  
And visited  
And he seemed a nice adult  
And the child assumed he was  
And when he phoned  
And said he would drive her to school  
And would be in the garage  
She walked the distance  
That separated  
Their houses  
And when she was in the garage  
Donald Alexander Hay  
Overpowered her  
And forced her into a bomb shelter  
That she didn't know existed  
Nor did anyone else

Simon  
There was a cupboard  
With a false bottom  
And underneath  
A ladder  
That led to a plank door  
One and a half"  
In thickness  
And lined  
On the inside  
With two"  
Of foam rubber  
And locked  
On the outside  
With a two-by-four  
In brackets  
The bomb shelter per se  
Was seven' by eight"  
And six' seven" high  
And complete  
With bed  
Chemical toilet  
Shelves  
Wash basin  
Mirror  
Lengths of chain attached to the wall  
Metal handcuffs  
Belts  
Dog collar  
Etc  
All the accoutrements  
Of a bomb shelter

Abby was handcuffed  
And chained to the wall  
And Donald Alexander Hay  
Attempted to copulate  
Standing up  
She remained  
In the bomb shelter  
The aforementioned 181 days  
And the one person  
To whom she had access  
Was Donald Alexander Hay  
He would come to the bomb shelter  
For intercourse etc  
And threaten to kill her  
And in the lining  
Of her boot  
Abby concealed a note  
And said whoever this may concern  
If you find me died  
My killer is Don Hay  
Of 1601 Gore Street Port Moody  
He kidnapped me March 10 1976  
In the morning  
I also died if so  
After my thirteenth birthday

Abby was often unattended  
Donald Alexander Hay  
Being absent  
Sometimes for days  
And once for two weeks  
She was fed sporadically

Usually chocolate bars

After the disappearance  
Donald Alexander Hay  
Was questioned  
And denied all knowledge  
Of same  
And participated  
In search parties  
And was a good neighbour  
And citizen

On or about  
September 6 1976  
Donald Alexander Hay  
Said he wanted to die  
And would waste himself  
In the garage  
And the woman  
With whom he was living  
Called the police  
And the garage was locked  
And they forced the door  
And no one was in the garage  
And they left  
And the woman's daughter  
Said something was under the cupboard  
And the woman went back  
And opened the cupboard  
And lifted the false bottom  
And looked down the shaft  
And saw feet

And surmised he was dead  
And called the police  
And the dispatcher said go back  
And they went into the garage  
And Donald Alexander Hay  
Had climbed up the ladder  
And was doing up his pants  
And the police heard a whimpering  
And looked into the hole  
And Abby was trying to climb up the ladder  
And was completely hysterical  
And said she wanted her Mom

And Donald Alexander Hay said  
Why don't you guys blow me  
And at the police station he said  
Let me out the back door  
And blow my head  
And the prosecutor said  
It was a tempting request  
And he said  
It spoke well  
For the discipline  
Of our police forces  
And their regard  
For the rule of law  
That the request was not acted on  
And the judge asked about Abby's condition  
And the prosecutor said  
She had a vaginal infection  
And her personality had changed  
And she'd lost weight

Otherwise she was okay

And Donald Alexander Hay  
Was charged  
With unlawfully kidnapping Abby Drover  
On or about the 10th day of March  
A.D. 1976  
At the City of Port Moody  
Province of British Columbia  
With intent  
To cause her  
To be confined  
Against her will  
Contrary to the form  
Of statute  
In such case made and provided  
And he said he was guilty

And Donald Alexander Hay  
Was charged  
With unlawfully having sexual intercourse  
With Abby Drover  
A female person  
Not his wife  
And under the age  
Of fourteen years  
Contrary to the form  
Of statute  
In such case made and provided  
And he said he was guilty  
And the judge said  
He must not be allowed

To get his hands  
On another child

And before the trial  
He was questioned  
And he said the morning it started  
She came  
For a ride  
To school  
It just so happened  
She came  
At the wrong time  
And got tangled up  
And ended up  
In the room  
She didn't go down voluntarily  
But I didn't mean to keep her  
But once I started  
I didn't know how to stop  
I told her  
She should write a story  
And sell it  
And she would get money  
I only used handcuffs  
The first few days  
But once she got out of them  
She's a clever girl  
After a while I didn't use force  
We were on good terms  
And had a good relationship  
It didn't do her any good mind you  
But it didn't do her any harm

Sometimes we'd talk for two or three hours  
I started seeing her less  
When the room got messy  
She wouldn't clean up  
And the garbage spilled over  
And she plugged up the vent  
And the smell got terrible  
And her clothes smelled  
I didn't buy her new ones  
But I brought her my younger daughter's bra  
Because she had outgrown her own  
During the summer  
The wife and kids were on holidays  
And were around all the time  
A policeman interjected  
Did you make sexual advances  
And have intercourse  
And Donald Alexander Hay said  
She's all right  
She's a healthy girl  
And then talked about blackouts  
And said he didn't want to remember  
Some things he had done  
And when asked what things  
He said a variety of things

Abby was also questioned  
And said after Mom left for work  
Don phoned  
And said he would give me a ride  
To school  
And to come to the garage

And I went there  
And he grabbed me  
And pushed me into a hole  
And made me go down a ladder  
And when I was in the room  
He said we are going to play house  
And took off my pants and underpants  
And my top  
And tried to put in his penis  
But couldn't get in  
And handcuffed me  
And chained me to the wall  
And tried again  
Then he went out  
And came back with my books  
And took off my chains and handcuffs  
And let me get dressed  
And he came every day  
And used chains and handcuffs  
To keep me tied up  
Sometimes he'd talk about letting me go  
And sometimes he'd threaten to kill me  
And he said if I made any noise he would strangle me  
He kept me in the room all the time  
And used boards and chains  
To close the door  
He kept promising  
To let me go  
Finally I didn't believe him  
The night the police came  
He came down  
And made me take off my clothes

And entered me  
And climaxed in me too  
And sat there afterwards  
Touching my breasts  
And smoking with his pants off  
Then we heard noises  
And he put one hand over my mouth  
And one around my neck  
And said don't make a sound  
And if I did he would kill me  
Then he went out  
And left the door open  
And I climbed out  
And the police helped me  
He was always saying he would kill me all the time  
If I did anything bad  
He said he would strangle me

Simon  
Mommy and Daddy are here  
And we have to love you  
And look after you  
And keep you away from bomb shelters  
And Donald Alexander Hays  
And we will be here  
Till our trysting days  
And we want you to be secure  
And not need us  
And of course we worry  
But though she worries  
And is very protective  
Your Mommy has a lot of common sense

But your Daddy is an out of control worrier  
And now that I've gone on ad nauseum  
I expect it's time  
As when I visit you  
At your house  
In Victoria  
And it's windy and raining  
And we want to go out  
And I tell you to put on a sweater  
Or a warmer jacket  
And you say don't talk Daddy  
Stop it Daddy  
Or when you scare me  
And I say Simon I'm scared  
And you say don't cry  
It's just pretend Daddy  
I expect it's time to say stop it  
And it's just pretend  
And to play a scary record  
Pulcinella  
Or Kosmogonia  
Or one of the other records  
You like to listen to  
With your Daddy

## SIMON

Simon  
Paper money is burgeoning inflation  
And metals oscillate wildly  
Governments don't know what to do  
Or what they are doing  
Keynesian balderdash  
Cartesian crap

Simon  
In addition to the sundry other conundrums  
Of this capacious century  
One's currency is enigmatic

## SIMON

Simon

When my mother died  
I was a bit upset  
Had it been my father or my brother  
I would have cried  
But it was mother  
Not father or brother  
But mother  
And I was a bit upset  
For though she was coarse and vulgar  
And a neurotic on the side  
She loved me  
And though her love made me incapable of love  
She was, as it were, my fellow conversationalist  
Someone with whom I could talk  
When there was nothing to say  
In her harmless way  
She spoiled my life  
But she told me I did not appreciate  
What she had done for me  
And was doing for me  
And though I assured her  
She was never convinced

The cancer was a surprise  
She had been “full of life”  
And now the doctor said “a few months”  
And in those few months her body changed  
And she lost not merely her strength but appearance  
And she become not merely old but ugly  
And no longer functional  
Her legs stilts on which she could not walk

And the arms that had inflicted  
So many remembered beatings  
Were now hopelessly inept  
And I had to lift her out of the bathtub  
And into the bathtub  
And . . .  
And she knew I was not at ease

But I wanted to tell her I loved her  
And would miss her  
And was sorry . . . a waste  
And wished we could have a few days of health  
And we would speak with calm voices  
And I would be eloquent  
And she would be kind  
And the past . . . a mirage  
And the present a masterpiece

A few hours before the hospital phoned  
She phoned  
And I said no  
And slammed the receiver  
And she phoned again  
And told me to listen  
And I listened  
And she repeated herself  
And I said yes  
And she told me to promise  
And I promised  
And there was silence  
And I said goodbye  
And she said goodbye A  
And we put down our receivers

## SIMON

Simon  
Your Mommy and Daddy  
Have had their ups and downs  
The downs on the whole  
Predominating the ups  
She treats me very badly  
And belabours my presence  
And makes it hard for me to see you

Simon  
She has gone out of her way to be bitter  
And has told all and sundry  
That I betrayed her  
Though it was your Mommy's idea to have you  
I did not know  
When I saw her burgeoning body  
When I waited out that long gestation  
That she was bringing forth my son Simon  
I thought you were another baby  
One who cried  
And with whom it would be difficult  
To live  
And your Mommy was so hard to be with  
She demanded a commitment  
That was not forthcoming  
And so she changed  
She no longer liked  
Or had time for  
The grown-up baby in her life  
And when a job in another city came up out of the blue  
I encouraged her  
And she acquiesced  
And blamed your Daddy

Simon  
She has tried to hurt me  
And to some extent succeeded  
Because you are my Achilles heel  
Because of you  
She can throw me into a mud puddle  
And make me apologize  
Because a drop of water  
Splashed her  
And it hurts me that strangers see you more than I do  
That she begrudges your Daddy his time with you  
That she doesn't listen  
When you say you want Daddy to stay with you forever  
She begrudges me even one day with you Simon

Simon  
Sometimes I wish your Mommy had inserted her diaphragm  
Had not decided to run the risk of Daddy's semen  
Which could then have been protected  
From your conception

Simon  
She once tried to like me  
The Jewish professor she believed to be the object of her quest  
We did it every day  
Often several times a day  
With polymorphous abandon  
Your Mommy has no inhibitions  
And she knew how to hold me  
She used to write me notes  
And bring me food  
And call me darling  
Once she was in bed

With the flu  
And told me not to come too close  
And I got into bed  
And we talked  
And were very close

## SIMON

Simon

In the course of the conversation she said she would like a child  
I did not reply  
But thought for several minutes  
Then said I would discuss it with him

She said she already had  
And he was of a like mind  
I said why not let him be the father  
She said they had tried for years  
Unsuccessfully  
Well why not adopt a child  
She said they would prefer my being the father  
Did he say that  
She said he had

For some reason I was angry  
I wanted to hurt her  
I would have like to have bloodied her nose  
I wanted to clobber her  
And punch her stomach  
The idea of her writhing on the floor  
Appealed to me  
At that moment  
I might even have kicked her

But . . .  
There was so to speak  
A contract  
No emotional predilection . . .  
She could screw with impunity

## SIMON

Simon

Once Daddy was arrested  
By the RCMP  
And photographed  
And fingerprinted  
And charged with damaging  
The University of British Columbia

Simon

When Daddy is in Vancouver  
He stays at the Sylvia Hotel  
Always the same room  
A Friday morning  
Sleeping in as usual  
A pounding on my door  
Who is it I yelled  
More pounding  
This was not the first time  
Daddy had been subjected  
To pounded doors  
So to speak  
So with more equanimity  
Than the circumstances warranted  
I opened the door  
Then I opened it wide  
What happened I said  
Who did that  
I'm leaving him  
I've already packed  
Don't do anything precipitate I said  
I'll go and see him right now  
Went to his office at UBC

And made a shambles of same  
Including his Eskimo carving through a window  
Also verbal pyrotechnics  
Shouted something about interfering  
You mean you don't like your children  
No of course he didn't mean that  
Well the prerequisite was impregnation I said  
There had to be interference  
The children come under the rubric of interference  
Said he meant interference between a man and wife  
Shut up I said  
And threw something on his desk  
Against the wall  
If you do that again  
You can forget about this man and wife crap  
She'll leave you I said  
It's already touch and go I said

The noise and commotion  
Pervaded the adjoining offices  
And a small crowd gathered on the lawn outside  
And attracted – or someone called –  
The security people  
Three of whom barged into his office  
And to some extent  
Roughed me up  
Then subsequently the RCMP  
And the aforementioned photographs  
And fingerprints  
But the damage was paid for  
And the charges dropped  
UBC not wanting the publicity

Simon  
Things are better now  
I don't get dinner invitations anymore  
But occasionally go there  
Albeit infrequently  
She has told me privately  
That things have improved  
He's different  
I see her once in a blue moon  
But what with the children etc  
She doesn't have time for me  
Nor is she interested

And Simon  
I am gradually losing my friend  
We don't play chess anymore  
And seldom see each other  
Our friendship has encountered desuetude  
The last time  
I had occasion  
To be  
In Vancouver  
He said to me  
In a nice way  
It would probably be a good idea  
To call  
Before I dropped in  
In case it wasn't convenient

## SIMON

Simon

You're spoiled

And intemperate

And a four year old potentate

And tell Mommy and Daddy what to do

And are always peremptory

Sometimes your behaviour drives me up the wall

And it is hard to recall

That you are perfect

And sometimes nice

And put your arms around me

And say you love me

And call me Daddy

## SIMON

Simon

It took so long

For the race

To evolve

So many years

And a few seconds

To create a technology

That may destroy it

In minutes

Simon

The nuclear guillotine

Will chop off your head

And there is nothing Daddy can do

Except worry

Even heroic fantasies are impotent

Penderecki wrote Threnody for the Victims of Hiroshima

But there may not be anyone

To write

Anything

And there is nothing Daddy can do

Except talk about how the ball bounces

Before it touches the ground

## SIMON

Simon

The ologies are very much in vogue

But don't succumb

But run if necessary like hell

And be wary of ologists

Theocratic practitioners

Putrid minds

Committed to jargon

And linguistic destruction

## SIMON

Simon

Once at university  
Having missed a few classes  
And not knowing the seating arrangements  
I inadvertently usurped a chair  
And she sat next to me  
And said you took my place  
And of course I apologized

Simon

That woman left Winnipeg  
And didn't answer the phone  
And doesn't remember  
Or like me  
And I have forgotten her  
But Simon  
She is a wound  
That festers  
That doesn't heal

## SIMON

Simon

If you are married  
And haven't eaten for days  
And your wife is deprived  
And your children are crying  
And you visit your friends  
And they don't have enough  
But still want to share  
Then say you're not hungry  
And wait till they're sleeping  
And go to the garbage  
And look for potato peels

## SIMON

Simon

If you are old enough to read these poems

You will not know the boy I wrote about

But I wanted to write you a poem

And talk about things

And tell you that I was your Daddy

And loved you

## SIMON

Simon

I can write sonnets

I can write villanelles

I can write heroic couplets

And I love these forms

And it's a relief to have a ready-made form

And Simon

I let them go

And opted for poetry

The voice . . .

And I hope you find your voice

Simon

That life is 'scary' is secondary

What is paramount is that you find your own voice

That is the gesture

That will sustain you

## SIMON

Simon

When Victoria is wind and rain

We like to walk

We like walking in the rain don't we Daddy

And I say my feet are wet and you laugh and say I don't care

And we walk

And when we cross a street

You hold my hand

And sometimes you talk about Castlegar

And I reassure you

And say I don't have to go there

I can stay in Victoria for awhile

But you don't have to go now do you Daddy

And I say no

Not for a few days yet

We have lots of time to have fun

And you hold my hand

And we walk in the rain

And you say we're having fun aren't we Daddy

And I say we always have fun when we're together

And you say I know Daddy

We always have fun Daddy

And we hold hands

And talk

But sometimes it's too windy

And my eyes water

## SIMON

Simon  
Daddy lives  
In Castlegar  
Years ago  
I realized  
My life here  
Was not satisfactory  
But at least  
Before you became extant  
I pretended to be free  
I could live or die  
I wasn't beholden  
I was free  
Now I have this godawful responsibility  
I'd always been able  
To jettison entanglements  
To extricate myself from  
Now I'm enthralled  
Simon  
I was goaded into marriage  
But I let that marriage go  
And I shied away from living with anyone  
Including your Mommy  
And I fought off manipulation  
Many women  
With whom I would be happier  
Than I am being alone  
Have moved outside the parameters  
Of my life  
And Simon  
The truth is  
I don't like being by myself

In Castlegar  
There isn't anyone  
With whom I can talk  
Your Daddy is an anomaly  
And interloper  
In the context  
Of Castlegar  
And I can't find a sensibility  
That appeals to me  
And it is a couple-oriented society  
And for a single person  
The social focal point  
Is the High Arrow Arms beer parlour  
All in all  
The place  
To put it euphemistically  
Is a bummer  
I've ended up in a hellhole  
But Simon  
As the years evolve  
A residual agoraphobia  
Makes me want to stay in my house  
And read  
And listen to music  
And sleep  
And not encounter that species  
Of which I am one example  
I've tried to leave Castlegar  
I've taken unassisted leaves  
They've cost me a lot of money  
Not to mention all that lost salary  
But eventually there is tension

And to some extent fear  
And I look forward  
To Castlegar  
My sanctuary  
And Simon  
It's hard when one is in transit  
And if something does stick  
It quickly dispulverates  
Once in Israel  
A beautiful woman  
A teacher  
Became fond of me  
Her husband was gutted in one of the wars  
There's a shortage of men in Israel  
A lot of the young ones are in cemeteries  
And I think she found me a change  
From the macho Israelies  
And it was a relief  
To meet a woman  
Whose sensibility I liked  
But as things became serious  
I began to pull back  
The day before Pesach  
Her father phoned me from Tel Aviv  
I had moved to Jerusalem  
And asked me to come to the Seder  
And I said I'd get back to him  
And hung up  
And packed  
And a sherut to the airport  
And flew out of the country

And continued flying  
Till I was ensconced  
In Castlegar  
And Simon  
This is where I work  
And I need my job  
On one level it's demeaning  
A mediocre community college  
Dottards and clods for students  
Illiterate shit for essays  
And I teach a semester  
Of composition  
They can't comprehend  
A poem  
And I have to teach composition  
But Simon  
The job compels a routine  
Without which I'm disfunctional  
Some people need leisure  
To write  
But I need the pressure  
Of a job  
Some semblance of routine  
Otherwise I flounder  
And the job is easy  
I like talking about books  
And it's nice to have a captive audience  
And the pay is okay  
When I think of what some people do for their pittance  
Which is less than mine  
It amazes me  
That this college

Pays me to talk  
A dollar would be exorbitant  
So I can put up with  
The inanity of composition  
The acts of administrative absurdity  
My horrific colleagues  
These 'students'  
Because I can talk about  
Chaucer and Swift  
And other people I like  
And have something  
To look forward to  
And I have my paycheck  
To look forward to  
Daddy's salary is thirty-seven thousand dollars  
And it goes up every year  
Perhaps it's not that great  
But at the present time  
It's enough to live on  
And I have my investments  
I've made piles of money  
And am probably more affluent  
Than one Billy Cain  
The resident Croesus  
Of Castlegar  
And every few years  
My net worth doubles or trebles  
Though I keep few assets in dollars  
Having a jaundiced opinion of paper money  
So I live  
In Castlegar  
Letting time dwindle

And you  
Materialize  
As Claggart says in Benjamin Britten's opera  
Billy Budd  
Would that I ne'er encountered you  
Would that I lived in my own world always  
There I found peace of a sort  
There I established an order  
But alas alas  
The light shines in the darkness  
And the darkness comprehends  
And suffers  
Simon  
You are playing havoc  
With my life  
Can your four year old brain  
Assimilate that  
Everytime I visit you  
At your house  
In Victoria  
It takes me a month  
To partially recuperate  
It entails readjustment re Castlegar  
Last time I visited you  
You wanted to see the ocean  
Which you stared at for twenty minutes  
And then said  
Daddy the water has wrinkles on it  
Simon  
I don't want to hear things like that  
Say something  
That might make me dislike you

Keep me from dwelling on you  
I have to think about the stock market  
I'm in the middle of a real estate deal  
Don't say things that endear me to you  
Try to make things easier for your Daddy  
And don't jump on me  
Or say you want to play a scary record  
Or go to a scary movie  
Or to Sealand  
Or the museum  
Or the bus depot  
And don't cry so much  
When Daddy has to go  
To Castlegar  
Simon  
Daddy is mad  
You shoved your way into my life  
I was free  
Now I'm enthralled  
Alas Alas

## SIMON

Today I went to the College  
Where I work in Castlegar  
And talked to my students  
About books  
And I told them about you  
And about how much I miss you  
And love you

Simon  
Sometimes Mommys and Daddys  
Don't live in the same house  
Or the same city  
But you know how much Mommy loves you  
And you know Daddy loves you  
And we will always love you  
And take care of you  
Because we are your Mommy and Daddy  
And you are our wonderful Simon

And if you want to talk  
Then call me  
On the phone  
And when I fly over the mountains  
And come to see you  
We can go downtown on the bus  
And go to the bus depot  
And get a drink  
You can have orange juice  
And I will have soup  
But Simon  
If we go to the museum  
I don't want to see the scary lady

But I don't think she is there anymore  
Because she was in the movie  
And they are showing a different movie  
I miss you

Love Daddy