SAMPLE POEMS FROM

South Side of a Kinless River

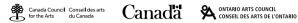
By Marilyn Dumont

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A nation of Indigenous midwives delivered this country

Brown bent women singing water circles rain-suckling minnow-threading

babies licked to sleep swinging threading through wewepison

awāsisak flannel-wrapped cradle suspended between long ropes strung corner to corner

within easy reach of a tired brown hand lulling awasis to sleep

Dark women circle brooding litters women with strong minds and swings across their beds suckle minnows to sleep through water veins

Water-webbed suckled minnows threading through swoop-fluid diving brown hands massaging belly of the motherland steeping wild raspberry tea for the coming labour

The colonial gaze

every language, even yours, is a partial map of the world
—Kei Miller, from "xx. in which the cartographer tells off the rastaman"
in The Cartographer Tries to Map a Way to Zion

The colonial gaze deserves a pair of thick glasses generic black frames and heavy lenses correcting tunnel vision: the blindness outside its own centering

Think outside the Empire

Erase the whiteboard of:

to discover: to pretend it's uninhabited

Verbs in the infinitive:

to colonize: to enter someone's house and start renting the rooms

The colonial present:

to civilize: to repeatedly construct the imaginary abject savage

I am starved for language that doesn't erode doesn't sand away swift syllables of gone

terra nullius

the haze
the gauze
leaning on brittle tropes
zealous phantoms
enter the ghosts that never leave the table
their gluttonous colony