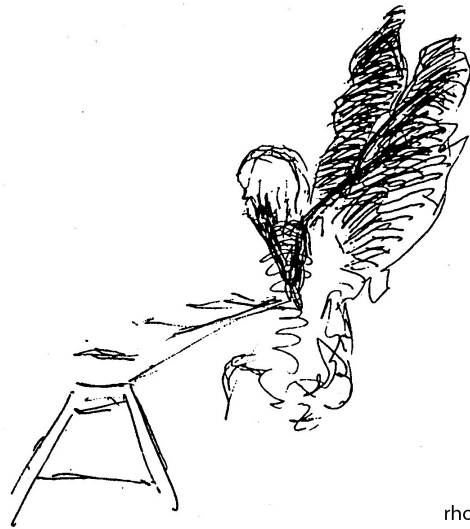


eke, my novel
rhoda rosenfeld

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eke

my novel



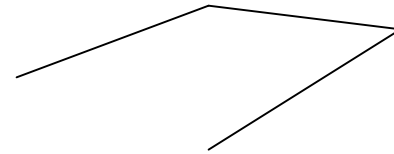
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Chapter 1

Just because you'd been looking for me everywhere was no reason not to have
expected
me

you

C'est moi qui vous remercie, madame.



The platform was so long and the train so long.

How can I tell you who it was down Spadina when I asked

“How ya doin’” answered, “better since I seen you”.

Chapter 2

a heavy tarantella

I was driving without a license again , inflicting pleasure.

Dare near tore the place apart.

Chapter 3

trageography

O. You're measuring the tide!

The tare of
destitute women on their long marches alone.

The empty lot between Cordova
and Powell

where once there had been a natural and ancient path to the water
despite traffic arteries

bordered by bushy pussy willows of the spring

BULLDOZED

the sight of the harbour to the north shore will be blocked

the vertical
hardly ever
interrupted.

How did you get through the razor voir?

The filaments of love they know their job.

Chapter 4

If you stand in the wind during my fervour c'est pas ta faute. But you should never have come into being if you meant I should not treatise on the naked, defenseless, unassisted eye.

under the radar

Ride Sally Ride

Don't get carried away.

See

Jim Boyle and his exploding pen trying to

“snap my squeaking baby trumpet of sedition” *

* Coleridge

We gotta stop getting up so early in the morning just to make a little point.

Chapter 5

for the senses

I feel a communiqué coming on : : : : : : : : : : :

sexual : : : : : :

no pre fix

Chapter 6

connaissance

Speaking of doubles, I saw myself once in Saratoga Springs
in the restaurant where the bus stops
halfway to New York.

Having been alive then for 22 years
I was used to phenomena.

Chapter 7

endurance

How Aristotle redeemed himself to me.

Aristotle rejected the formalistic view of law as a series of fixed principles.

Instead of applying straight rules to fluted columns
Aristotle argued
in the Nichomachean Ethics
judges should be guided by the Lesbian Rule
a flexible strip of metal
used by builders of
Lesbos
that “bends to the shape of the stone and is not fixed.”

Chapter 8

withal

“Our unconscious” said Freud, “does not believe in its own death

it behaves as **id** it were immortal.”

Afterword

vessel

It's not the **roses**, it's the **hips**.

Originally from Montreal, Tio'tia'ke, Rhoda Rosenfeld is an artist and poet who has lived in Vancouver, Kum'Kum'Alay since 1968.

She surveys and maps the indivisible.

Her work has been published in The Capilano Review, Yellowfield, Zarf and shown at The Contemporary Art Gallery, The Belkin Gallery and The Macauley Gallery.

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