

poetry by a.f. moritz

Homage to Sleepy LaBeef

*"Darling, let's turn back the years,
And go back to yesterday."*

People of yesterday, turn back the day.
And I don't mean you allegorically
or any harm, I do not want to make you

only a phrase for the imperishable
and everywhere past. I intend exactly you.
You of the day before this morning

and the redonning of these clothes,
turn back. I need to touch you.
Something was left undone when night came

To your burnt fish, your dead pets, your resurrections
of the mermaid myth, your reading Jung
as the bus slops past

stuff in the gutter and the shop
of undrinkable vessels in cat-eyed glass
and unclasable bracelets

and unwearable fins for the vice element
and unparting curtains. I have to see you again.
You'll be hatefully familiar and I may vanish

when among you I touch my primitive double,
but there's something not done, your day
wasn't finished and may never be

and the me there with you isn't getting the idea.

During 2002 **A.F. Moritz** published *Early Poems*, which reprints his first four books of poems, and a biography, *Stephen Leacock: His Remarkable Life*, co-written with Theresa Moritz. He is 2003 Jack B. McClelland Writer-in-Residence at the University of Toronto.