we need a poetic line,
not a prosaic line,
a line that plays
with possibilities of space,
draws attention to itself,
contravenes convention,
will not parade from left to right margins,
back and forth,
as if there is nowhere else
to explore,
knows instead lived experience
knows little of linearity
knows the only linearity
we know is the linearity
of the sentence
which waddles across the page like lines of penguins, sentenced by the sentence
to the lie
of linearity,
chimeric sense of order, born of rhetoric,
and so instead the artist weaves her way in tangled lines,
knows wholeness
in holes and gaps, in fragments
that refract light with fractal abandon, and savours
the possibilities of prepositions and conjunctions

About the Author

Carl Leggo is a poet and professor in the Department of Language and Literacy Education at the University of British Columbia where he teaches courses in English language arts education, writing, and narrative research. His poetry and fiction and scholarly essays have been published in many journals in North America and around the world. He is the author of three collections of poems: Growing Up Perpendicular on the Side of a Hill, View from My Mother’s House (Killick Press, St. John’s), and Come-By-Chance (Breakwater Books, St. John’s), as well as a book about reading and teaching poetry: Teaching to Wonder: Responding to Poetry in the Secondary Classroom (Pacific Educational Press, Vancouver).