

John Bottomley

"Klee Wyck"

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Born into a raging snowstorm
Sweeping movement in the sky
When you were young they called you Millie
With your dreamy smoky purple eyes
Woo you sang to sleep your favourite monkey
Housewives called you queer and crazy
Pulling a baby buggy full of groceries
You became a riddle of a landlady
Oh Emily Carr
In the forest I found you
You painted what you felt
Poured until the pail was empty
The panther called you Klee Wyck
In the quiet of the *endymion hour
The ancients came a knocking
Up the stairs into the lamplight in the attic
Tumbled gigantic and chaotic
In the lonely Indian village
Between the forest and the shore
Relief's a funny kind of kinship
By the houses of the totem pole
Oh Emily Carr
In the forest I found you
You painted what you felt
Poured until the pail was empty
The raven called you Klee Wyck
You bought an old gypsy trailer
A taxi hauled you into the wood
Curried sausage on the fire
Where your inner sanctum stood
Never one to starve one's own soul no no no
Better to be a street sweeper
Pull the peacock from out thy heart
Why is laughter like a pen ?
Oh Emily Carr
In the forest I found you
You painted what you felt
Poured until the pail was empty
Oh Emily Carr, oh Emily Carr
The thunderbird called you Klee Wyck
The laughing one
The laughing one

*Endymion -- In Greek mythology, a handsome young man who was loved by a moon goddess and whose youth was preserved by eternal sleep.

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