

**rob mclennan**

**Four poems for Michael Dennis**  
(1956-2020)

1.

A blue fade: tarantula arms across  
Yukio Mishima's

sleeping beauties, petals; these  
diminished leaves, another

white wall, poem. Where you sketched  
Wayne Gretzky; lifting out, and up

his latest record-breaking win.

2.

Canvas on hardwood; two bare feet,  
a claw-tub bathroom and

expansive bookshelves. A period  
of morning, mourning

across every battle, the nature  
of desire.

3.

The rain, you  
wrote, it fell

like rain.

4.

What day of the week did you write  
your poem about spiders? Where

did light fall, and in which  
direction? I imagine

you by third-storey window,  
facing Bank Street, possibly

nineteen eighty-six, or eighty-five,  
cascade of businesses long emptied

along the Somerset to Laurier  
corridor, dust clouds tunnelling the absolute.