

The Life and Times of BF Gardner

by

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BF Gardner was first published in 1985 in a limited press run of 50 books.

B.F. Gardner was born on the lower East side of Toronto in 1953 and was immediately put up for adoption by his invalid mother, a 16 year old Jarvis Collegiate student. He began his writing career in the washrooms of Riverdale Collegiate in 1970. In 1975 he married his high school sweetheart, Lynn Walmski, a Pollock from Beamsville Ontario.

In 1980 he went for psychological evaluation at the Harry Hardin Psychiatric Institute in North York next to his wife's store, Buy Mea Boutique. In short, Harry had this to say: "He is lonely and depressed..lacks self respect..prefers solitary activities like writing poetry..lacks financial and occupational ambition..and has episodes of voyeurism. Full score I.Q. tests fell in the Above Normal range with evidence of anxiety. Tests show he is an avid reader and collector of information. Personality testing showed Mr. Gardner to be a shy, seclusive, non-confident intellectual man with sensitive aesthetic interests and evidence of emotional blunting and shows indifference to significant people in his life. He detaches himself and avoids close relationships because of strong sexual impulses. He is a sociopathic schizoid type personality with delusions of grandeur and mild ambulatory excursions where he finds himself following people because he thinks he knows them."

B.F. Gardner spent two years as Writer in Residence at the South Borden Building on the West side of the University of Toronto. He was in the steam tunnel connecting the South and North Borden Buildings with a young Co-ed (reading poetry??) when a wall collapsed and crushed the Co-ed like air being sucked out of a beer can. B.F. got up and ran over to the Silver Dollar to call the police when he was stabbed to death by a stripper who "saw a crazy man coming at me yelling and screaming."

IS THIS ALL YOU'VE GOT?

It's getting cold out here.
I'm a stranger at your door.
I raise a weak fist, a knock,
hard enough to hear.

It's getting lonely out here.
I see a light upon the floor.
I raise a weak fist, a knock,
shadows move in fear.

I've walked a fair mile
along the winding road.
I raise a weak fist, open up!
Feed my aching smile.

Is this all you've got?
Bread through the mail slot!
A morsel of chocolate!
Is this all you've got?

You can trust this old man.
Please don't throw me out.
I'd rather have the whole loaf
than eat the crumbs of doubt.

It's getting cold out here.
I'm still at your door.
Unlatch it. Open it wide.
I want so much more.

I'S DE B'Y at Univ of Toronto

I's de b'y dat feeds de grass
an' I's de b'y dat cuts 'er
an' I's de b'y whose brudder works
wit' de sand an' mortar.

Well I been workin' here so long
dat I begun ta wonder
after all dees years o sluggin' me guts
how I still breaks wind like tunder?

(Chorus)

Hows about a piece of ars
I'll stick ya wit' me pickle
an' pull yer dress up over yer face
all 'round Hart House Circle.

Oh I's de b'y dat drives de truck
an' dats jus' fer starters
I listen to all me Uncle says
an' carries out his orders.

Well de foreman works jus' lik' de men
an' de Unions gonna git him
fer I been keepin' notes ya see
an' if I were a fag I'd screw him.

(chorus)

Well I's de b'y dat stands outside
in all kinds o' weather
while de rest of de gang are all inside
a fightin' wit' each other.

O' I'm de best as best kin be
Uncle Bobby's out 'ere too
an' when it's lunch or coffee time
we'll stop an' have a brew.

(Chorus)

Hows about a piece of ars
I'll stick ya wit' me pickle
an' pull yer dress up over yer face
all 'round Hart House Circle.

I KNOW A LITTLE DUTCH BOY

I know a little dutch boy
who ran away from school,
he could not plant a garden straight
or learn the golden rule,
he'd try his very best
to make the others see,
you don't need an education
to work at the U. of T.

Why there's people here he'd say,
that can't even spell,
and some who talk so much
you could shove 'em down a well.
There's people here from 'round the world
with names as strange as soot,
we've even got one here
that calls himself the Big Foot.

There's Spics and Mics and Jiggaboos
Wops and Dagos tall, Kanuks and Yanks
and Krauts of course,
we can't have named them all; there's
Japs and Chinks and Dykes and Fags
and Frogs by the slew, Ukes and
Commies and of course we can't forget the Jew.

Well that is all for now my friends
I must get back to work,
I've just started this job
and the foreman thinks I'm a jerk.

TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE XMAS

Twas the night before Xmas
and all through the Grounds
the men were all sleeping
for none could be found.

The Lead Hand was busy
as busy could be
like a grey haired old elf
under the Xmas tree.

Now Gary was scrounging
and Julio too
while Richie was dancing
up on the flue.

Well up on the rooftop
there came such a clatter
the Portugese all looked up
to see what was the matter.

Well what to our suprise
if it wasn't Capt'n Bill
holding onto BigFoot
who was screaming so shrill,

Merry Xmas you all
and have a good life
I was up on the roof top
with somebody's wife.

Now the foreman asked him
when he came to the ground
why he'd waited 'til Xmas
to make such a sound,

and how did he know
that the wife he was in
was plump as a pudding
and not Italian?

Well you know what she said
and she said it to me,
I have two assholes and
one of them works at the U of T.

THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES

Never before have I had them
I don't know what to do with them.
As I grew, so did they too...
You say you know what they're for.
They really give me the pits,
so you take them you can have them.
What can I do
with such big tits.

NOT MY JOB, BOB

Hey dats nota ma job Bob,
dats nota ma job.
If ya git some glass
stuck uppa yo ass
I can't calla de nurse
cause dats nota ma job, Bob.
De Union says so,
sorry, dats nota ma job.

DON'T SPEAKA MA NAME

Don't speaka ma name.
Don't speaka ma name.
You smeared my face
all ova da place so
don't speaka ma name.
I know I was caught
red hot ona da spot
but I am notta insane,
it's just a little habit I got,
so don't speaka ma name.

NEWS FLASH

Hookers were seen this evening standing on street corners talking to customers, when all of a sudden their heads exploded in a totally sporadic show of carnal carnage. Witnesses claim to have seen hookers at water fountains, beer joints, milling about waiting for tricks when BAM, the hookers heads exploded, spreading what little brains they had, all over passer by's, grass, trees, and cars.

NEWS FLASH UPDATE

It's an epidemic. Hooker Head Popping is on the increase! It's worse than Aids or Herpes or the Plague. Towns and cities across the nation and continental Europe report large scale exploding hookers. The worse deaths were double deaths involving hookers giving head at the same time as they became an exploding head: a painful death I'm sure.

SIT AND HAVE SOME TEA

I know you'd like to come to my house
and sit and have some tea
but it is that time of month you know
and I have a cyst on my ovary.

All my clothes are in the laundromat
while some are on the line
and now I seem to scratch a lot,
you know, where the sun don't shine.

I'd like to be more friendly
and go out on a date
but there's blood in my stools
and I fear I'm losing weight.

I've had those silly lumps removed
from beneath my sagging breast.
The warts on my toes have disappeared
and I think you know the rest.

Just wait a few more days until
the cramps are gone
then come over for tea
but just remember one little thing
I still have that cyst on my ovary.

HEY MAN

Hey man
we got de sun
a way down here
in Grenada man.

Hey man
we got de sand
on de beach
in St. Georges Town.

But hey now
what dat sound
a way down here
in Grenada man.

Hey man
what dat sound
de planes dey come
in my home town.

Hey Man
what dat sound
great big planes dey
bombs an' kill
de Cubans dey run
into Richmond Hills.

Oh man
what dat sound
whole damn place
now Yankee Town.

GUIDO

Why can't you be
in total control
you self efacing
laboring mole
you sit and smile
at me all day
why can't you work
you rotund gay.
I'm always busy
can't you see
don't bug my ass
you old hippy.

BFG

BF

Bullshit, Bullshit
that's all you talk
you pick your nose
you scratch your cock
you're just a turd
like all the rest
you bend my ear
you fukin pest
and you have got
the bloody gall
to knock me down
and bust my balls
look to yourself if
you're so damned concerned
my friendship really
must be earned.

Guido B.

LITTLE JACK SPUNK

Little Jack Spunk
sat on the bunk
feeling his girlfriend Mary.
He stuck in his thumb
and pulled out a plumb
and said, Hey Mary...
where's your cherry?

IF YOU CANT GET A GIRL, GET A NURSE

O what fun, the life
of a nurse must be,
watching Dr. Spock perform
a cerebral appendectomy.

A long long wait 'till graduation,
sitting on my glutius maximus
studying ventricular fibrillation.

You can bet your femur that
if you don't pass the test,
it'll be a burdon on the pecterolis major,
if not a burdon on the chest.

Teachers want us to study,
I know what to tell 'em,
I find it hard to understand
the hymen from the cerebelum.

Time will pass and so shall we,
it's a strain on the cranium though
to think that they can tell
that the patella is the knee.

MY NOSE KNOWS

My nose knows of many a hose
in this hospital room
my mouth has three
my nose has two and my ear
I'm sure has one.

One hose feeds my right arm
and one hose feeds my left
and they shove a hose
between my legs to relieve
to relieve the pressure at night.

Now I can say without a grin
that these hoses
bring things from without
to within, but my nose knows
of one living hose
that would fit inside the nurse
who brings those ice cold bed pans
and makes my stay even worse!

MICHAEL BRUSKIN

Between the
real world grey and
ochre colored skies
someone
killed me
instead of my love
now I'm free.

MICHAEL GRIFFITH

Given the
real time
I've spent
finding the perfect girl
finding a love
in this city
thoughts of you returning
has me running.

MICHAEL BROADRIB

Bending over
really drives the
old pain deeper
and sends spasms
down to my toes
reaching for your love
is just about the
best I can do.

CHRIS COMPTON

Can you sing the blues
open your heart strings
mouth the lyrics
push out
that rhythm leave
out nothing and
never think twice.