



Susan Steudel

**NEW
THEATRE**



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for Jeff, Chris and Wil

'New theatre can exist; judging by many signs, it is near. It is symptomatic that, instead of directors' theories, plays appear; instead of productions we get dramatic works which dictate how they are to be produced.'

– Nikolai Punin, *Iskusstvo Kommuny*, No. 2,
December 15, 1918

'There were so many things that didn't exist.'

– Lisa Robertson

SOUND LIST

Leaf.	Лист.
Quiet library.	Тихая библиотека.
Soft whispers.	Мягкий шепот.
Bedroom away from traffic.	Спальня вдали от шума транспорта.
Normal conversation.	Обычный разговор.
Quiet office.	Тихий офис.
Sewing machine.	Швейная машина.
Vacuum cleaner.	Пылесос.
Noisy restaurant.	Шумный ресторан.
Average city traffic.	Среднее городское движение.
Alarm clock at two feet.	Будильник на двух ногах.
Subway.	Метро.
Motorcycle.	Мотоцикл.
Truck traffic.	Движение грузовых машин.
Lawn mower.	Газонокосилка.
Garbage truck.	Мусоровоз.
Chainsaw.	Бензопила.
Pneumatic drill.	Пневматическая дрель.
Rock concert in front of speakers.	Рок-концерт перед динамиками.
Thunderclap.	Раскаты грома.
Gunshot blast.	Звук выстрела.
Jet plane.	Реактивный самолет.
Rocket launching pad.	Ракетно-стартовая площадка.

SOUND LIST

Leaf.	List.
Quiet library.	Tihaya biblioteka.
Soft whispers.	Myagkii shepot.
Bedroom away from traffic.	Spal'nya vdali at shuma transparta.
Normal conversation.	Abychnyi razgavor.
Quiet office.	Tihii ofis.
Sewing machine.	Shveyeinaya mashina.
Vacuum cleaner.	Pylesos.
Noisy restaurant.	Shumnyi restaran.
Average city traffic.	Srednee garadskoye dvizheniye.
Alarm clock at two feet.	Budil'nik na dvuh nagah.
Subway.	Metro.
Motorcycle.	Matatsikl.
Truck traffic.	Dvizhenie gruzavyh mashin.
Lawn mower.	Gazonakasilka.
Garbage truck.	Musaravoz.
Chainsaw.	Benzapila.
Pneumatic drill.	Pnevmaticheskaya drel'.
Rock concert in front of speakers.	Rok-kantsert pered dinamikami.
Thunderclap.	Raskaty groma.
Gunshot blast.	Zvuk vystrela.
Jet plane.	Reaktivnyi samalet.
Rocket launching pad.	Raketna-startavaya plashchadka.



**NEW
THEATRE**

Night. Drier than bone, an hypnotic windmill.

Morning. Shears silver and heavy in the hands.

Noon. A grumble, a black currant.

Afternoon. Eleven years after the child is born.

Tea. The stain in the iris.

Evening. River ice clinking into water.

The hour. Catkins erupt silkily from buds.

Bath. One end of a skipping rope lowered into a birdhouse.

Tea. A city of channels.

Evening. The fact of a studio in Amsterdam where photographs
are hung.

The hour. Description of night in another city.

Night. Two bricks on ice.

Morning. A gold jacket.

Noon. A book given; a soft black cover with silver lettering.

Afternoon. Sour walnuts.

Tea. A bridge spanning a river where fish spawn.

Evening. Recorded movements of mule deer.

The hour. Graphite on paper, a blunt glide.

Bath. Giant, silent elk.

NEW LIFE

The dead give way –
want to curl against you like a new life,

want to carry
the bowl with you and me in it.

A penny hidden in a teacup,
teacup turned upside down.

Where the lake was once. Evaporated.
A flame cups into wax
new phased
(faced).

MANIFESTO

The spirits must write.
Paper, a break in cloud.

At the start there was a fire.
Ink caked, disintegrated.
Feathered ash.

It is first heard through a cup pressed to a wall.
Your cup.

Maybe I am imagining a different country
or non-action.

A lie pulls a scarf from my mouth.
It has never been proven that such a world exists.

CITY

The city is a folk tune.
The city, mirrored in night sky.

Listening to the revolutionary poems.

The old venue creaks under our feet.

Reality a roofless house.

A small dog wanders into the poem,
slinks out.

Some dogma makes out with itself.

I can navigate this.
I don't know you but it doesn't matter.

A MODERN PAINTING

I wake in darkness
thinking of an Edward Hopper documentary
narrated by Steve Martin.

I see in detail
a corner of theatres and taxis,

an orderly photographer's studio,
and invent motives

for the noncommittal postures.

Facades,
muddiness of concrete.
A simple dress.

I wake beneath dark lamps,
my window fractions into deeper darkness.

A flooded road,
faces of the brown deer and limping buck.
From an antler
grass trails by the roots.

The cloud, a

linen tea towel

thrill at a

short message. a

mist of male elk A miniature notebook

a study of channels

Grace in the

noon water

Love from the coal bird. I

love that

s he says that

to me.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Susan Steudel's poems have been published in journals such as *The Fiddlehead*, *The Malahat Review* and *Vallum: New International Poetics*. She is the recipient of several awards for her poetry including a 2009 Mayor's Arts Award for emerging artist. She lives and works in East Vancouver.