

“You’re Not Mad, You’re a Poet” - Transcription

That was Robin Skelton, he came and he met my psychiatrist, Charles Gregory, at a drinks party and I guess they were talking and Charles told Robin that I was writing poetry and Robin had a magazine called the *Malahat Review*, it's still going today. I babysat for the Skelton's—that was it—and he came to visit me in the Bay pavilion and he said you're not mad you're a poet. And I didn't think much of it then at the time because I think I was mad, except I lost my voice, mostly I didn't—what do you have to compare yourself to when you're fourteen? You know, it's like a child abused at home, they don't know that there's any other way and I was just in my brain I thought that's how other brains were.