

TENDER CARBON

>> LESLEY BATTLER

Special to the OilSands Review

An editorial by Gertrude Stein

It was a time when in the acres in late
there was a heat-eating wheel that shot a burst of land.
Dynamic, green and successful. No reason for distress. Out of an
eye comes research becomes a seal and matches
and ivy and a suit, all of which is a system.
Deforestation is a carafe, a spectacle
and nothing strange.

Syncrude, if it is not dangerous
then a pleasure. Shell, BP, Sinopec, the Royal Bank
of Scotland, desperate adventure and courage
and a clock. Workers flown in from
around the world, a loud clash
and empty wagon,
a sign of
extra.

Wellpads and pipelines are an elegant settlement,
a very elegant settlement is more than of consequence. If you suppose
this is in August and even more melodious. If processing
facilities are lily white as lilies, if they exhaust noise
and distance and even dust. If they
dusty will dirt a surface. A
surface will unsurface
if they do this.

An upgrader is handily made
of what is necessary to replace any substance.
An occasion for a plate. Plates and a dinner set
and a petrostate of coloured china. cut
cut in white so lately cause a whole
thing to be a church.

Humanity's addicts are addicted
to the addiction of oil, consumers and industry, swathes
of boreal forest do so. Cut the whole space into twenty-four spaces,
a white egg and a coloured pan and a cabbage showing
settlement and constant increase greenwash
the ungreenable. A green acre is so
selfish. There is not only no
excuse. No use there for
no use or uselessness
even worse.

An ecosystem is
a splendid address, a really splendid
address, an elegant use of foliage and grace
and a little piece of white cloth and oil.
It means no more than
a memory.

Branded, rebranded
Albian Sands rehabilitated heat-eating
construction sites creating jobs. Every time there is
a division there is dividing considering the circumstances
there is no occasion of a reduction. There is no
outrage, no outrage, no cause for
reparation.

A government exonerates.
Lower taxes and axioms in the Toxic
Sacrifice Zone. Hold the pine, hold the dark,
hold in the rush, outsource dreams,
Third Party entities make
the bottom.

Petrochemists, lobbyists
guessing again and golfing again
and the best men, the very best men, decent
do-gooder democracy subsidizing subsidized enterprises,
the world's third largest watershed, six barrels water one barrel oil.
Four tonnes water one barrel oil. Four tonnes earth
one barrel oil make a little white,
no and not with pit,
pit on in within.

For engineering
and geology students beyond petroleum there are
free wine and canapes, rustic treats. Duck livers please
be the beef. Please beef, please be carved clear.
The result, the pure result is juice and size
and baking and exhibition and
nonchalance and sacrifice
and volume.

Tars and reserves
have a plan, a hearty plan, a plan
that has excess and that break is the one
that shows filling. Any neglect of oil revenue is neglect,
any neglect of many particles to a cracking,
any neglect of this makes around it
what is lead in colour.

Water, astonishing and difficult
altogether makes the lamp, the cake,
the walleye fish enthusiastically hurting
a clouded yellow bud and saucer. Loonies feed
off tales told at the tail end
of the tailings.

Failed Copenhagen talks do cause
seepage. The indigenous dignitaries indignantly
re-sign treaty rights in igneous ink. There is no authority
for the abuse of cheese. Climate summits jam
everyone's downstream. It means no
more than memory.

Breach of impoundment,
a little lunch. Boil solvent, melt bitumen. Steep
arsenic, cyanide, naphthenic acids. This is no dark
custom. More is almost enough and just so much more is there
plenty of reason for making an exchange. More
is almost enough. Pond surplus
pop bond yield.

What is the wind, what is it.
What is the current that makes machinery,
that makes it crackle through unlined dykes. What
is this current, where is the serene length
of a polycyclic aromatic, it is there
and a dark place is not the
frightful release of an
umbrella.

Where is the serene length, it is there
and a dark place is not a dark place, ground water
that is grounded is a dark grey, a very dark
grey, a quite grey is monstrous because
there is no red in it. Is that not
an argument for any
use of it.

Removing the overburden opens
the new a new useable crude. Cool nuclear
reactors, microbial bloomings, G8 careers and
vocations, mutated fish alarms,
any little thing
is water.

A plain hill, an unfair trade barrier,
a failed Copenhagen talk makes no sunshine. The place
was replaced. This does not mean the same as disappearing.
A climate, a single climate, all the time there is a single
climate. A lake a single lake which is a pond,
a little leaf upon a scene, an ocean any
where there, a bland and likely in
the stream, a recollection
green land. It means
no more memory.

The care
with which the rain is wrong
and the green is wrong and the white is wrong. The care
with which there is incredible justice and likeness,
all this makes a magnificent
asparagus and also
a fountain.