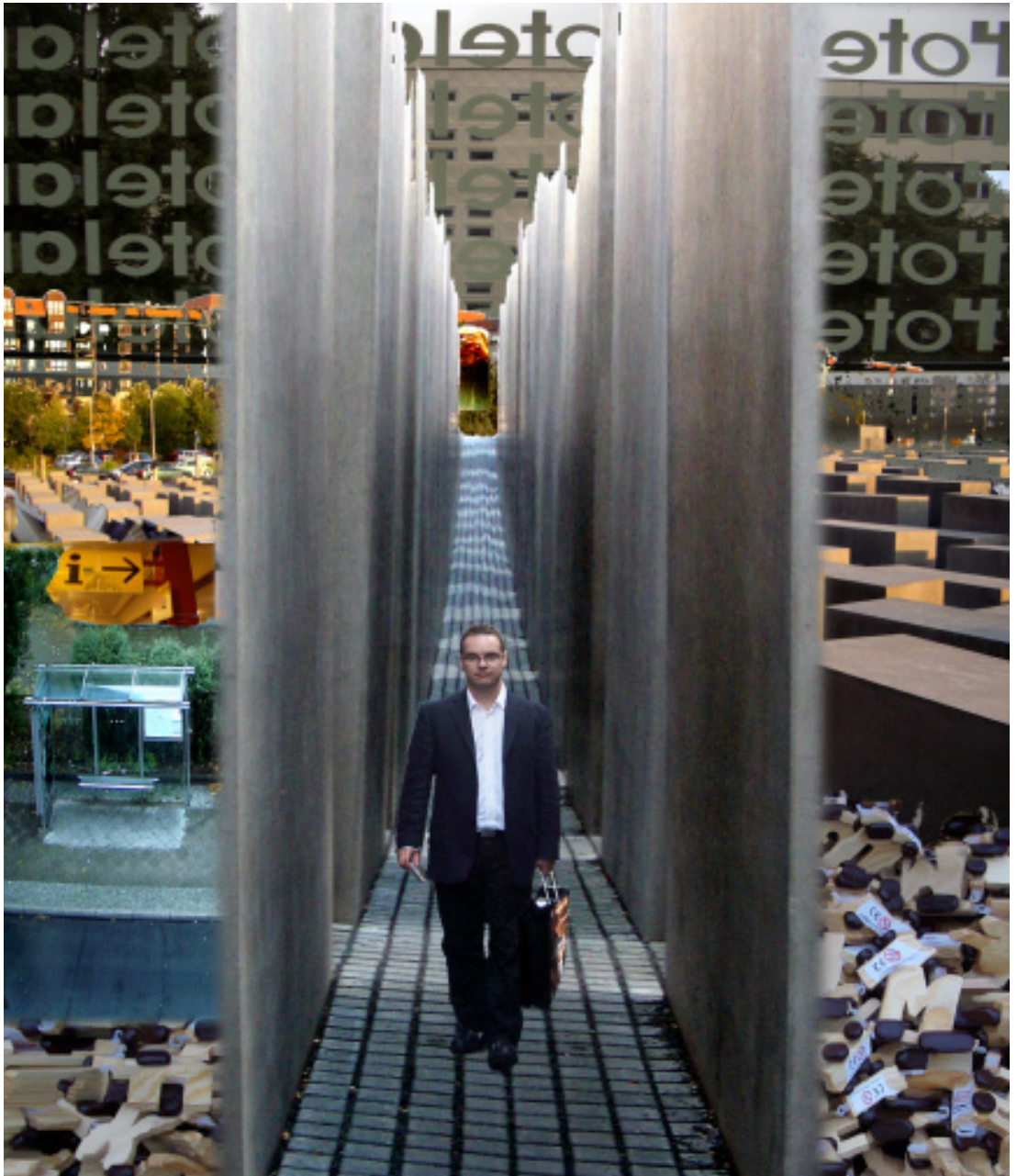
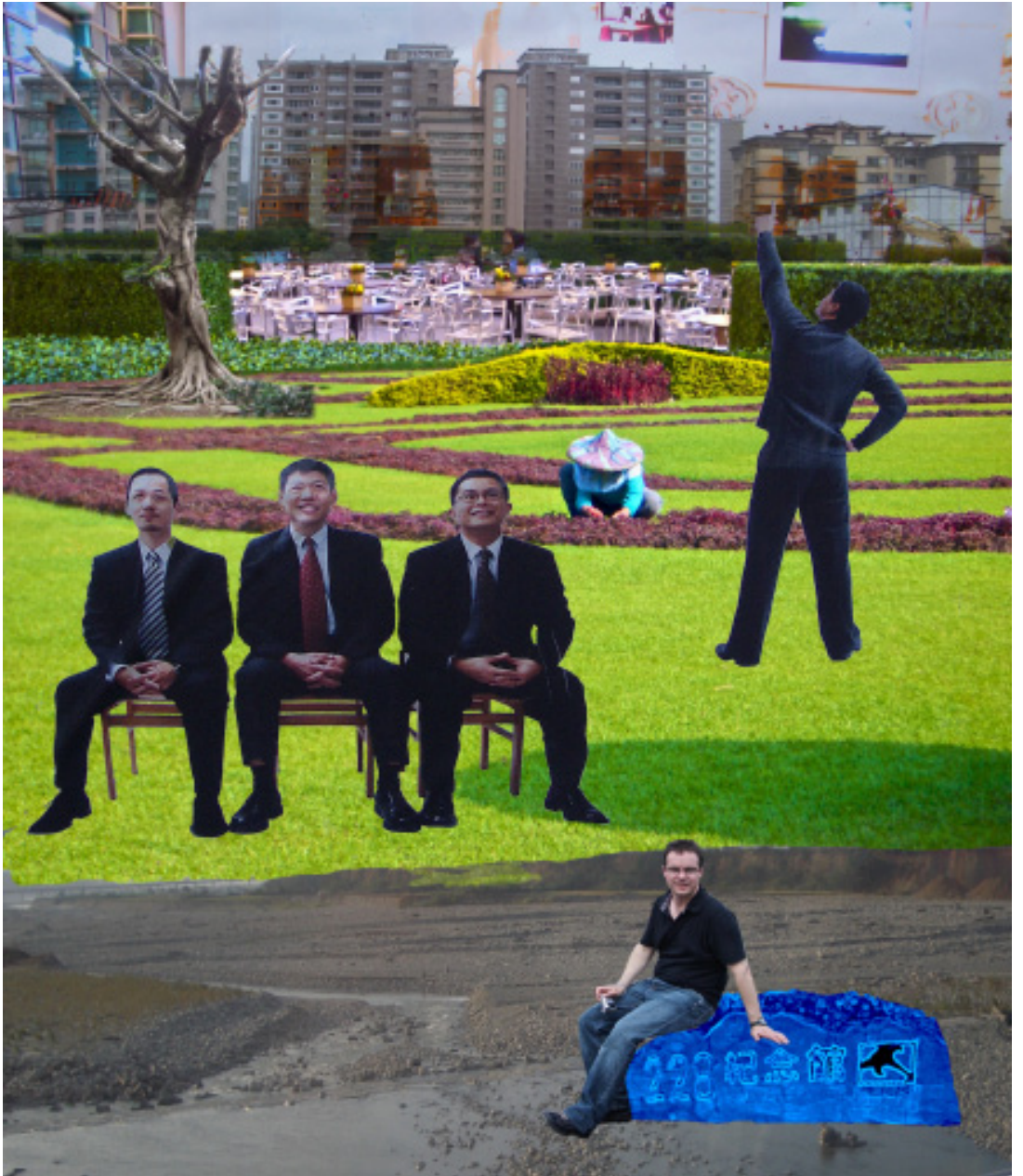


TRAVELS WITH GLEN

>> ROY MIKI



1: BERLIN



2: TAIPEI



3: SIEGEN

EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

Blind belief in the reigning dormant
services no deterrent to the valence
of tongues in a fashionable bounty

The rewarding of industry parlays
a simmering stew of malcontents
who reach for an errant penmanship

The demographic rule of thumb fails
to hold the curl tightly enough for
the curvature to restrain the rush

The eerie thing about the carte
blanche wicket was the haywire
mode of governance it sprouted

The effects of which modulated
civic investigations into wastage
in the vestige of the vantage point

Seriously the leakage remained un-
detected until the faucet was tuned
half degree to the left of the station

Whereupon all manner of uproar
broke loose on the commons you'd
think slogans fought to temper crowds

The weight bearing walls hung loose
when the manoeuvre in single digit mode
ran asunder in the border of assumptions

A neural empathetic nudge towards
another horizon of alignments called
seasonal in the industry otherwise

A market rush to sluices that capital
calls a fit of remonstrances to accrue
interest in breast lines and butt lines

Ab lines that connect the dots fill in
for integral flows that intercept sub-
cutaneous flight paths in a clamour

To be recognized when all the odds
(and evens) work against a shelf
security beyond the advent of the turn

Which all came into our ken as a series
of furry lines that emitted soft packets
(pockets?) of transfat-free prima materia

UNRAVELLED

Couldn't believe all
that had been told

Couldn't believe
crowds dissolve

the reconnaissance
with its secrets revealed

Who duly recognizes
the gesture of the sod

as the evening light dons
the rubric of neon limbs

Have noticed that the cell
phone calleth on paths

as memoir recedes in tandem
with tussled garments

Where lingo in there folds
about a raucous encounter

It's two concepts in search
of the most that can be said

When changes the light
occupies the intersection

Brain rumbles follow
the pachinko probes

A cascade of chords on the
off chance of duly noted ring

tones that the cochlear vibes
sent a frame ago untamed

Really you'd have to sort at least
four rocks to find something suitable

WEST COAST **LOWRY**

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TO THE READER OF THE READER

>> JERRY ZASLOVE

(Is Someone Speaking Of Hegel? Let Me Tell The Story In Episodes)

One evening listening to the radio I hear a talk by a man named Northrop Frye. He spoke about literature and I thought he theorized long ago that we were, when faced with the greatness of books, really all dogs in libraries. This was very much like saying that our masterpieces were similar to such readers' choices as "Off to Arcady," "The Red Hydrant," or "The Case of the Pointed Tit," books which appeal to the mediocrity in us all. "Off to Arcady," was one of the first books I ever received it was from a crazy uncle with a glass eye—his real eye was knocked out by a misaimed tomato at a rally in support of anti-Franco forces—and the book, when I raised its cover to examine the poems, produced a magnificent red rubber wiener, gummy and taut and thirsty for some unknown on the other side of the river. Mr Frye's vulgar theories are his own business—at least my dog of an uncle got a roaring good laugh at my dumb look and now back at the radio—and if the Professor wants to piss on human experience down to the lowest common denominator perhaps only the dog warden will be able to stop him. Literature begins from the point where we worry whether there will be any readers anymore whether there is anybody out there. There will always be writers. But with Mr. Frye's point of view there will be very few readers, and even fewer dogs, because once the libraries recognize the readers for what they are, even the dog-reader will be kept out because he might piss on the books. For some critics it is going to be predictable that anonymity, either in authorship or readership, will be necessary and desirable in a world of no name books and no named authors. The bone we've all begun to chew on... Memory. The labor of those written in me:

The footbone connected to the ankle bone
The legbone connected to the thighbone
Swellfoot the magnificent—eh?
Balzac stomach pressed against the writing table
Vittorini legs carrying water from Syracuse
Celine tongue curling around the saints' throats
Kafka spine up against the wall
Dickens eyes sees through the streets
Lawrence head outsmarted by the body

All their voices on the streets of my mind—fullness. The Babel of love in many languages. When you read them you read me. You uncover trickster... lover of places, escaping to the tribal library, wind in his ears, water. Eluding those who had been here before

He plays dead for centuries, lives in the rainswept women, appears like a blue clown, always at the wrong moment. He's the invisible infant in the empire of Oedipus' deserted streets, wandering blind as a dog. No one revives the people in the emptying cities yet.

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POEMS

>> GLEN LOWRY

LINES TO TOE: TEN DAYS' DIFFERENCE JULY 4-16

serial poem fragment

1. _____
- 2.an easter preface / incantation
- 3.
- 4.wart hog dwelling / [warthogging]
- 5.call it refuge
- 6.place the uninhabited aardvarks excavations
- 7.sheltering another's [ours/yours/the previous occupants] purpose
- 8.patina of industry détournement renovation
- 9.then wardoming, male patterned blandness
- 10.remodeled ecclesiastical
- 11.were (ho)me at war
- 12.
- 13.[] to shift, difficult
- 14.as [] take the register
- 15.did you say resister/or
- 16.heading back north, again, dodging
- 17.slipping in under the covers
- 18.[of] normalcy, or more robust hand-holding
- 19.scout's honour, the scrotum bristles
- 20.but you know it will only ache [later] dully
- 21.test, a dry run [/ one-timing]
- 22.encouraging scent of muffins, flax
- 23.similarly well-intentioned aromas, mandated
- 24.we will always have broke-back
- 25.george and me [, us]
- 26.choose your poison
- 27.the sack suit vs. something more rolled shoulder, double vented
- 28.*in the eu this season brown shoes underwriting more deals than black*
- 29.reach for a stretch collar vincente [fox]
- 30.or holding fast in something pique, off white, not quite military
- 31.but regimental
- 32.a little shampoo around the colour pre-treating [an] inevitable stain
- 33.*there will always be some discolouration at the back of the neck*
- 34.[pits and cuffs]
- 35.the unsaid said
- 36.farther south into 1st americas
- 37.coffee sipping mercantile
- 38.crop yields as in troop movement is
- 39.yes, a few days march, but how long a jet ski

40. up the mississippi into dc
41. through los autos estados unidos
42. the republica
43. temporally distilling the crema [duo] americano
44. so how da ya wanna market los vino mexicana
45. selling gringos to *las gringas* hard
46. going
47. harbenero as accouterment [*accoutrement*] to some
48. bespoke genome, parts thereof
49. why don't we [wave]
50. worry the entrance requirements
51. TOEFL, SAT, LPI [your name here]
52. taking out a new lease of life
53. the tutorteachermarker must be paid
54. new the gatekeepers reshuffling [the] curricula
55. digitalis your [] honour
56. feed them coke
57. joe louis pack a wallop
58. stolen nutrients from the back [/ bones] of confrere
59. nous autre, valliere's negres
60. typewriter as effect banking lost sound, dialup connection, leather soles, velcro, sounds a leg or jaw makes breaking
61. quaint, grandfathered
62. what about the aunties [c.f. wong]
63. check your pay package
64. overtime gone the way of the dildo
65. but my america includes the us
66. [need i say more] two [perhaps]
67. remind me again who died and made you republicanos
68. why settle for the con of federation
69. *Mein Hut, der hat drei Ecken / Drei Ecken hast mein Hut* [translate]
- 70.
71. 4•16•06 then again, my father who is born again
72. today—and on the shoulders of whom
73. what wait, assuaging [which]
74. guilt or whose pain
75. my brother, mother, sister, her mister
76. certainly not *le mien*
77. instead let's posit the nearly recent
78. change rolling discourse closer to the wall
79. include the cousin [wah says],

- 80.return causality, cuz
- 81.no longer apropos these jeans
- 82.causal friday, loafers, natty piqué, frayed
- 83.pinks, or lilac, passed over
- 84.a safe greener or unthinking yellow
- 85.doffed, it dawns [I'm here holding my breath here]
- 86.waxing another cycle
- 87.thursday's moon [anticipated] neglected, forgotten
- 88.below a full vernacular of oppressive grey
- 89.the rules were simple,
90. my slovenly brethren dropped the proverbial [cupcake]
- 91.turned up down at the heal, collars stained, buttons missing
- 92.mix-matched, ignoring of pallet [and/or season]
- 93.forgotten uncles and grandfathers, the debt I owe my tailor
- 94.a lesson in cloth, the arriving ethnic
- 95.pillars crumbling
- 96.the once cherished fabric, memories of greener pastures, family rites, tirroir worstened into a habitual crossing of necessity and memory
- 97.all of this lost in the pool as you submerge beneath the surface of family
- 98.dignity — speedo or board shorts beneath baptismal gown
- 99.eschewing needlework and the drift of manual memory
- 100.the quick fix, clorination mixing w/ the promise of a new lease
- 101.let's not again talk of cleanliness among colonials
- 102.water does not forget, nor will we
- 103.returning in the fall

failure to thrive

eases

this glancing blow suturing a cut above the right eye
quietly cornered between rounds

gives

responsibility misplaced conditioned proposition as an
also elsewhere

refuses

process not-so involuntary drive for water
nourishment light

calls this

in calling bodies home voices words one does not hear
surround

maintains

dignified slide quiet protest futility of witness release

needs

not rage into a dying light as others do

stares beyond

an insipid circle of family adrift in no one's name

rages

against the waited return reminder that one will not
pass alone

traces
impossible long lines of water wheeling 1000 miles of
boreal forest green gold reaches inland lakes rivers
streams to stretch a coast line up the st. lawrence

circles
finally above early evening lull lake lapping shore at
the foot of willow

knows
lingering on the porch visitors

at 3000
ft careens toward inevitable platitudes forgiveness or
new stranger to hold a too thin hand cleaning your
worn fingers

sits
in tonight's window seat keying trails of ascension
wisps of cumulus immunized by an infectious failure
to thrive

July 20 (Halifax to Toronto)

RELUMINATIONS I

>> STEPHEN COLLIS

Amid gorse / trembling
dirty streets / boats
a piano
amid the tangled heap
spring
waters & sorrows
since subsided

*

This idol
wells up
dear bodies
rustling treetops / islands
this song stops
clocks that don't strike

Learned murmur
of the end of the world
I feel fine
this tomb illuminates
nothing
maybe gulfs
seas & fables / silence

*

Revolutions,
come up with something better
a broad human garden
torched palaces
the crowds / beasts
ecstatic amidst destruction
the promise of love
missing from our desire

*

Exploited worlds
dementias tricks perform
they transform people
tears & terror
a savage sideshow

*

Being hurls our bones
through bright air

*

I remember rivers
the masterpieces of chaos
polemics

I don't miss the air

Transformed
I am waiting to become
peculiar or just
inventive

*

Cities of noise & affection
shouting in the public square
their regents were raised
as they moved

The new harmony:
change
the substance of always

*

Work heralds human promise
to banish tyrannical might
bring forth eternity
all at once

We affirm method
we don't forget yesterday
we know time

*

Once memories smother you
throw your
impossible voice
as public funds
flow into the clouds

*

O February
our poverty
un tour dans la banlieue
stirred up
smoke & looms
O other world
dragging behind us
spent in its chrome fixtures

*

Crystal others
convex others
multiplying others
the banks can jacket instruments
fragments of publics / fall

*

Every monument
reduced
I see spectres
of the wood
death without
petty crime
life without
election

*

On the right / vapors
on the left / enchantments

*

Cities collapse
humming crops
our weapons braying
the ideas of the people
new work / movements

*

Beyond fantoms of future
amusement

To find the location
and the recipe

*

Colossal modern barbarity
barracklike marvels of
buildings with no boats
a vaulted passage

arcaded galleries
the pavement is a police force
trying to imagine
any street of Paris
like democratic forests
where savage gentlemen hunt
by artificial light

*

The beloved world
was only blueprints
of logical accidents
groups with creatures
and carpets
the sound of waves
halfway up the walls

*

The compost
of progress
creates the blue
abyss

*

Water / goddess / cock / domes / quays
Immense body of the world
I was
the arena's eyes
the enormous body of the crowd

*

Convex highway
wild beats & armies / barking

*

Brambles swirl
towards the light

And skyrockets meander
with romantic birds

*

Ages of poverty
accidents & movements
who makes us
wounds the water & air

*

The asphalt / in full retreat
the market illuminated
at the bottom of the river
gates & walls
that barely contain
the chattels of
ancestral stars

*

After beings
live coals raining down
the terrestrial refuges
wheeling
O world
boiling to the depths

*

The masses / voices
and orchestral energies
forget all limitations
anarchy for the people
and the future

*

Extinct birds / ruined woods
the legends of the sky
are cold influences

*

Now civil affections
a war of casual righteousness
as simple as a musical phrase

Wasn't the flesh
an orchard / fertile
the world that labor accomplished
not fixed / yet fraternal
discrete
pictureless as dance & voice

Dying choir
glasses collapse
but harmonic &
architectural possibilities
rouse the world
and will become
nothing like today

*

The world of the mind
stung by suburban desertions

and the task that is once more
rising up along the golden shore
embankments of circular structures
Italy / lush breezes
Celebrated vales of facades

*

Boulevards under
leafless trees
corridors birds / set in motion
the modern spectacle
for the benefit of unlettered fields

*

Whatever our economic horrors
the fields conjure veils
and the poor erect a scaffold
as revolts swarm Empire
and a little world
will be constructed
and impossible boats deposit us
on angry planets where
the extermination of every being
will not be permitted

*

Since reality
I found my wing
the fields
the suburbs throw

The door is open
to human misery
other beings
disincorporated

*

The banks
advances in chemistry
the world's conquerors
seeking chemical fortunes

Races / classes / & animals

Enlightened by the machinery
themselves meteorological accidents
take up the watch

*

City centers
nourish rebellions
monstrous industrial or
military exploitation
farewell
we'll adopt
ferocious philosophies
shambling world
this is the real

*

Amid rage & troubles
we reinvented the future
now its promise resounds:
this age has sunk!

Now forms & action
lift suffering life
O world!
the crowd / our strength & feelings
seeing / breathing / body / day

POEMS

>> JASON SUNDER

FOR ASSISTANCE PRESS THE ACHE AND SPILL DIGITAL

behind rail
yards we puke
oil our lips
drippy w/ hypotaxis
capital's post-
national syntax

polyvocal discharge squeezed
epics through the ringtone
now calculate
rate of exchange
at which gelatinous
mobs ooze hamburger eyes

when cellular blat
squirts semantic
spasm for coffee push
the button of the American
and enjoy

numbers from our transnational
magnates their
coup d'état losses all 1s
and 0s nobody
to hear our screams
when you spill your shadow all over space

WORDS THAT SELL REAL ESTATE

a stone's throw
concrete
curb appeal
golf
gourmet
granite
handyman special
landscaping
minutes away
move-in condition
nature
organic
nestled
private
spacious
trendy
urban
yoga

WORDS THAT DON'T SELL REAL ESTATE

as-is
blood money
clean
ethnic neighbourhood
gentrification bulldozer
good value
harm reduction strategy
motivated seller
new paint
public
quiet
single room occupancy
social housing
starter home
suburb
vacant

()

~~je suis sous rature~~

BEFORE THIS THOUGHT TALKS US

After 6 hours we clear
our throats in the rain. Now toss
the tiered ring fascinated faces.

Our shores wash
the black out. Now nod.

Television mobs out
the dictator's moustache.
When men clear their throats.
After 6 hours the discharge black
pelicans we clear
the rain now nod.

The tiered ring fascinated.
Black faces pelicans
mobs the dictator
moustache.
Our shores kill
you after 6 hours.

When language crowds
your throat clear
crowds cloud language.

They cut up my clothes.
They dictate they crowd.
They kill.

Let's clear
our throats. After 6
we ran away.

They can kill you
they cut up
they clothe. Black pelicans.
Our shores after 6 hours.

I can kill you.

Televisions mud publics.
She stood up everyone
ran away.
The tiered ring fascinated
faces after 6 hours.
Pelicans clear our throats.
Now nod.

PELICAN

Of oil & feathers this crowd
wept. How we misplace
handshakes. Your cry
pushes to boiling &
the sandpipers explode
over their teeth. Own the
discharge. Oil turbans
cough question marks so
half-mast the eggs. Television
silkscreens our blood a sour
promise. Of oil after cars & the
crowd wept. Let's eat out
of absence. Half explode the
egg when you break a handshake.
We cough discharge. Of cars &
teeth. Questions in
the handshake questions a pelican
spill. With puke on its
collar we end this. Now nod.
Of feathers after the
crowd wept. Bulbous
eggs let's eat out
of you. The sandpipers
explode. Of oil & teeth. The
crowd wept.

POEMS

>> GARRY GOTTFRIEDSON

CROWS AND BACK ALLIES

back out to the crows
in vancouver's back allies
where at nightfall the scavengers wait
for weakness to drop

peccadilloes swing from hides there
gravity draws their dreams to the grave
they grunt and blow steam for staying power
and test the witness' will to live

they implore a god who has isolated them
the diocese make their stand known
between gastown and china town on the damp asphalt
the congregation still buzzes meth hand to mouth

back out on robson st
sushi and the christmas blend pervade the air
in december the rain halts briefly for jesus
enough time for trendy side-steppers to cross

well-to-do foreigners tippy-toe in gucci heels
by-pass gelato and cuban cigar bars on the way to thurlow st
another siren breaks the pitter-pattering of feet
shuffling along to get a fix of caffeine and raw fish

jim morison wrote about these things somewhere else
long before now-a-day poets discovered daises to write about
the back allies on vancouver's eastside are still the same
and the crows haven't changed much either

HIGH PRIESTS

from the hard corners in my head
I see the cardinals of matrix sins
eating godliness on the red carpets
quilting the streets in the city of angels

I fled to Colorado with one thing in mind
I wanted to cowardly crawl into your soul
cling to your arteries with recklessness
but then I saw Ginsberg's eyes undressing me

I became dizzy in my own desperation
Colorado was not the place for me
the eyes within the Rockies followed me West
and I crumbled the mirrors cupped in my fists

because that face that moved across the mirror was mine
seeking out the assassins who medicated the cowards
sleeping in LA's streets with beggars and prostitutes
there again, I saw your face in that crowd, your ghost

it began to bent on my body into shadows
yanking at my ears as I listened to skins bursting
out on the streets razors scraped across my forehead
my head was full of the living marching to death camps

I scrawled their names across my back like swastikas
memory was revived through my limbs, my ears, my eyes
sunken in vulture eyes scanned the skeletons and corpses
and scavenged stars in funeral processions tromping to LA's catacombs

my mouth foamed with my spit
I became drunk on my own saliva
as their words bore split-tongue hisses
crawling into my ears, Michael Jackson's ears, even Steven Harper's ears

my face was full of blood coagulating
my jaws ached
my tongue bled poems
my logic crouched in black corners

I realized in the darkness of misunderstandings
they were born to drop to their knees
clawing and tugging at Christian Dior hems
sucking on cocks of dead men outstretched in morgues

there, the undertakers in white coats count the cash
even before the guts are dropped into stainless steel buckets
filling their mouths with sins, scrubbing bodies with disinfectants
embalming them with formaldehyde

they lay stiff on steel beds, faces softened to prettiness
anal cavities and vaginas stuffed with gauze
ready to eternally hide from life as we know it
this is when they ride Harley's all the way to heaven

and at the gates, 'On the Road' Kerouac flashed across my mind
my tears pleaded with him to take Ginsberg home
to burn the red carpets in Hollywood
to awaken me as Howl did

and when I finally forced myself to look away from the mirror
I cleared my head of regrets
and forgave them, all of them
and now I sleep in peace
and now I sleep in peace

QUESTIONS

hating yourself is the greatest
love of all

I have shown this
I remember the taste tingling on my tongue

I have heard the music
of this bliss vibrating on my bones

and I sang in harmony
accentuating the particles of the dead still fresh in sound

of my mother, of my grandmothers, of my dead lovers
all ash, all dust, all grieving

so, I called into question
the commitment it takes

and I scribbled poems until my elbows hurt
then again, I questioned my writing, my words, my words

...all ash, ash...all dust, dust...all grieving, grieving
pieces of the gone ones... my matriarchs, my loves

eternally flutter within
expelling the capitalistic god's greedy fine print

I yelled, I screamed, I warned my grandsons
who skated away with angels

gone to sacred places, never to return
disgusted with the profound reality tormenting their souls

vulnerability! they shouted back
fear! you are a fool

understanding is something else
respect is expected

yet, the bombs still drop from heaven
dangerous things burst out of the ordeal

and the rest of the country braces for the aftershock
because the muddy roads are filled with women's blood

because of the traffic
because of the fireworks

because there is no projector
for this film

no audience
no sound

no gawking eyes
no evidence

that someone hated themselves
enough to cause terror

that someone forgot
sacredness

that someone made love
in the tombstones of war

and now, orphans drink from the slums
shake their fists towards god

watch their mothers disappear
become deaf from their fathers' outrage

who said they could bomb
their way into a feminist paradise

who said they could create
sounds for hearing-impaired sons of macho men

who said the capitalist's wallets are full
of bone China cash

and once the bodies dissolve to dust
the birds still sing somewhere else

it is a bird bizarre
where musicians are forbidden to play

but hope someone has heard the notes
the story, the story, the story of my acute self hate

tell it like it is. hear me?
hear me? tell it like it is

Taliban of a different sort
get the results they want

desire little hotties in black dresses
become predators to orphan boys

take pride in the ashes of their loved ones
flying lost in glory, and then

stomping their way to earth
detonating rage when they land

it is so far from life
it is psychological spiritualism
dancing backwards
leading souls into the land of milk and honey
there, holocaust was a word
before it was born
a holy land full of dread
the devout pitted in an abyss
it is what I keep my grandchildren from
it is what I was given
only now, I realize
that utopia is the love you give yourself

YOURS

the day the skies sweat rain
I undressed you in a bundle of clover
in the open fields of possibilities
anticipating what was to come
I sank into you
staring into your soul's skylight
my fingers fluttered a hummingbird dance
over the fullness of your breasts, of your belly, of your body
as the rain accentuated skin scents
the ride to the valley below
was the name of Moon devouring Earth
as you guided me to your sacredness
from that moment onto this day
that memory became etched in this poem
and I have been yours since, sweetheart

STARKLY REVERBERATED

cultural imperialism serves to
colonize and assimilate Indigenous thought
before extinction is achieved

for instance, Indigenous spirituality is a commodity
seized and put on the market by plastic medicine men
who want to save the Spirits before annihilation

the new agers caught on to
exploitation and expropriation
by way of books and elders

like scientists armed with scholarly declarations of war
ordained by politically correct gods
devoted strictly to claiming the Indigenous voice
and who are mandated by the government and church
to do so righteously and swiftly
the new agers were softly relentless

and so, both the scientists and new agers began to
articulate and pursue the repackaging of Indigenous thought
marketing it with supremacy zeal
thus, white oppression perpetuates

it is ideological subordination
starkly reverberated

and it drives
economic and political authorities to
raise a bastard child named
cultural imperialism

TIME

I thought I had released you
from memory, but in this moment

the bees buzzing in my gut orgasm,
shoot their arrows into my blood

I smell you on my skin, remember the taste of you
that July day when the sun was stuck in the sky

today, the south wind carries your scent back to me
as I lay to rest your image on pillows in my bed tonight

I am certain you have seen yourself in books of poetry
I have written and sold at Indian markets when times were good

if you did see them, I will tell you that
they were words written the time I traveled on Lost Dog Road

each poetic word fell out of my mouth, tooth by tooth,
they were my release long before I was born again

and each night following my re-birth
I have cemented myself

more deeply into the woman you have become
but what is different this time is that I can't let go

VENUS AND THE REZ LOVER BOY

oh the rez boy knows
beauty is only cock deep

he's seen it on tv while gawking at Venus
as Ms. Lopez flashed her silky sleek pathway
all the way to the beaver pond

and the cuz rez boys chit-chattered
about the effects and canyons of good hunting
30-30s loaded and ready to discharge
erupting lava bullets from the barrels
gushing enough molten to soak buck-berry bushes
and buzzing the boys into raw rez buck-fever

like all boys, the rez boy bragged about imaginary conquests
new moon eyes glimmered at Venus
laying atop a sheet of fir boughs
naked and dazzling
tongue circling the lips
high speed belly dancing twirling planets

the arousal was stunning, he boasted,
as he watched spiders crawling in her veins
he had the power to do this
sparking intensity with his he-bee gee-bee moves
he was so proud as her fingertips ripped into bark
tearing off flesh
screaming out his big daddy name

for a moment, Apollo was Koyoti overtaking him
bullet proof, he was hedonistic and accomplished
sending tremors that rumbled the skies
causing a sea of foam to flood the undergrowth

finally, the climax came
and the rez boy turned off the tv

POEMS

>> DANIEL GALLANT

A LETTER TO MATTHEW

(for Matthew Vaudreuil, RIP 1992)

Hey Matthew

I lived with my parents. Unlike you I did not die. Although it was a possibility. I had a teacher. Mr. Killer. He told me. The streets, more safe than home. Run away. Get out. Like you. The system failed me. I pleaded. Teachers help me. Abuse. Hate life. I did not want to live. Attempts to take life. Twelve years. One teacher listened. He cared. None else gave a shit.

Hey Matthew

You can relate. A murdered infant. This system sucks. Fucking sucks. Fucking sucks. Guess what? The Ministry of children don't care. Don't care. But Mr. Killer did. He made them care. Fucking mad. He swore. Cursed. Belittled. Berated. Finally, that bitch at the counter talked to my parents. Finally, I was going. Stupid home. People I hate so much. Rape. Black eyes. Bruised ribs. Face Kicked. Choked. Molested. Tossed down stairs.

Hey Matthew

My sweet mom. My strong dad. The helpful child welfare. The protective OPP. That cop. A real cunt. "You're a bad kid. If you were mine, I'd slap you too." I attack. I rebel. Wrath. Revolution. Threatened. Ministry appeased. Safe home. Wounded child. Cops and parents. Shake hands. "That kid, Insane."

Hey Matthew

I knew. In that moment, I had to leave. The next time it happened. My dad unleashed a new level of fury. Tired. Depressed. Death. Twelve years. A boy. That was you. That was me. The old prick. Kicked me in the head. I cried. I screamed. I begged. Stop. Rage lifted me. Defense. Offense. The front door slams. Motor revs. Drives away. Safety. The release. Over the fence.

Hey Matthew

I knew. In that moment, Mom didn't care. That bitch. That bitch sick-ed him on me again. Sadist. Conducted the hound. Panting. Frothing. Growling. Wolfing. Bones cracking. Children cry. Scream pain. Agony. Despair. Escape. Run. Run. Run. Air Canada. Greyhound. The thumb. Reaching out.

Hey Matthew

Now years later. Thirty six. Apologies. The torture. The sorrow. The guilt. Disappointments. Denial. Thick denial. Ignorance. Her recovery. In the gutter. Silence. Don't start now. You can relate Matthew. I mean fuck. Your mom killed you. Is your death happiness? A system of punishment. They got away. I got older. They feared me. Age. Mortality. Frailty. Torment.

Hey Matthew

I survived. Streets. Jails. Institutions. Graveyards. Independence. Resilience. Thriving. Demonstrated perseverance. Scavenged. Panhandled and stolen foods. Surrendered from the abyss. Finally breathing the breath of life. Cease abuse. Established empowerment of self-determination through the resurrection of a dead child. This is my redemption.

Hey Matthew

You can sleep. Quietly. Solemnly. Soundly. As can I. I found us. In others. Those survivors. The meaning and purpose of suffering. Established and created. Bridges. Smiles. Laughter. Hope. And finally, light. You. Me. Exploring. Fashioning. And loving. Establishing networks. Engaging systems. Letters behind my name. Freedom through accountability of them and us and I. I manifested our hope. Our light. We discovered life. We are free.

BLUE LIFE

(for Daryan Gallant)

your eyes are blue life
jeweled in playful light
iridescent sights tunnel within
to your soul, so pure

strength is gradual language of your passion
nurturing rebelliousness within your mind
discovering that the world is vast and diverse
conviction that reminds your father of integrity

blue life seen in your eyes
your playful light is a jewel
tunnels of iridescence lead to your soul
your blue light, a beauty I have never known
before blue life

EDIBLE

skies drip blood
thicker than before
your eyes in hand

mouth filled with vile
fresh warmth stayed
arranged table and edible

rusted teeth stained red
I bite, hooked on
your throat ripped flesh

warm skin dangles arteries
touches my chest
breathing drowns

your life escapes
clenched nails dig in
excruciating screams arouse my caress

opens my eyes
your upper lip in my mouth
jerks as I pull away

my tongue descends
licking your bled lip
you scream my name

I smell your coughed up blood
disgorged down your chin
I return a kiss

good night

GOD IS DEAD

beside an old beer parlor
staggeringly sti infected working class patrons
awaiting a bitch to pay and punch

an old chinese hole in the wall restaurant
grease and grime and servers with smiles
welcomingly yellow toothed smiles

lights from the end of the alleyway turning my way
I hear the motor rev through the darkened cold wet fog
I walk away from the light in that setting alleyway
approaching slowly, the motor hums
keeping a creepy pace with my cautious walk
I imagine I am a whore when she discovers
the immanent bad trick creeping up to her
cautious and ready to fight even while defeated

I turn around summoning a steel toed assault on dear John
tires squeal as john fucks off
speed of fear tears away into the darkness
confused by ominous space and time
like coming down from a dirty pcp trip
the darkened alley of death arrived hap-chance

gargoyles on city corners perched ready
awakening slowly from their stoned east van slumber
this alley, this tomb, this meat market
a chicken slaughter house, hard-ons and rubbers

a brutal medieval scene of organic death present
a meat factory meets the meat of john stabbed into the meat of poor little boy-girl
daddy's, mommy's, child
the raining evening comes to an end

a pair of legs stilettos click
at the end fish netted legs are ready for business
she approaches my side
her feet stop walking with pelvic thrusts
knees spread with her eyes inquisitive

she offers herself in service to my supremacy
I look her over the fight in her eye
a man willing to fuck or fight in blunder of de-genderization
“sorry hun, my names not John”
my name is your name
temptation kills, curiosity inflamed, glancing guiltily
I see her, I see it protruding through the skirt
the ground so wet and sticky stilettos anchored
balled under-standing strong in masculine femininity
a feather under foot in the position of proposition

slaughter house prostitution in this ominous city
everyone is haunted by demonic predators
a hard-on while smelling the rotting dead
money of social rot is the power of sexual greed
this moment offers insatiability

johns saddened while driving home to their wives
visits to the slaughter house and greasy meals to swallow
fingers lubed for slippery lil’ pricks
bumping their single eyed heads
dark stinky alley holes on the inside looking so pretty

the depth of the alley and bi-johns
de-genderization as a production
sickened society needless to say

two dollar blow jobs and stink kissy abscesses,
intravenous drug use rotted their teeth yellow
schizophrenic couples stopped to buy for a short assed visit
pushed away from society into the holes lost

if it were my son or my daughter
I would search in the obvious
proximations ordained for the wasted
unknown children, unknown locations
hidden dungeons shackled by needles,
dope and the satanic dollar
god is dead

I CONTEND HER CREATION

I contended
persevered angry determination

I stead-fast
natured my beast fed with harm

I allowed
mother-earth to crack me open

her indigenized hand
offered whipping stars

her guidance
protected the last fire known

her creation
travelled feathers circle strong

I contend her creation

MY MOTHER RAPED

my mother raped
he's a motherfucker of the worst kind

my mother raped
in her bed
door opened slightly
shrieked eyes
cried my name "Daniel"
never again to allow my name to be screamed
sputtered in tears
I observed

my mother raped
reaching pleads
"stop!
stop!
my child is watching"
never again to stand in silence

my mother raped
punched out cold
fell on bed
her throat squeezed
blue collared hands relived again and again
his hostility pumped inside
her eyes spewing unwanted cum

my mother raped
hidden in shame
quilted in guilt
pillows of agony
that motherfucker walked away

my mother raped
tasting his whiskey breath
nothing I could do at four years old
my memories frozen
as my adult body recalled the haunts

my mother raped
I'll never call him 'dad' again
his passing hands patted my head
"you're ok"

my mother raped
I revoke powerless silence
my eyes witnessed
my mother raped
my mother raped

PICKTON'S PRINCESSES

displaced sex trade workers in east Van trapped
a cheap blow job, a quick dip, and back to the surface for another
it's all about quantity not quality
this was Pickton's preference

normalized prostitution sold
intergenerational effects of sex abuse linger
paternalistic capitalists commodify sexuality
this was Pickton's enticement

piggy cops, piggy Pickton is no surprise
slaughtered whores commercialized
super markets full of cheap meat for your mouth
government approves piggy Pickton

politicians displace street level prostitutes
easily accessible destined for pig feed
made it easier for Pickton to serve the public
sons and daughters on plates for every meal

consider the ladies of the night
disappearing without love nor dignity
defaulted to unworthiness by pseudo phallic princes
smack their lips
jerk their dicks
watch the sons and daughters
fed to predators
delivered Pickton's request

the east Van feedlot is plentiful

SCARS OF PAST

scribed deep outlining definitions
identity established through hate
crooked crosses baring attacks
ancestors retribution, clanging metal in the void

fulfilling communication pinned in flesh
knuckles crack and crunch, smack downward
upward into fatty boned pillows of vilified foes
who collapse and crumble to tarry asphalt beds

pointed protrusions scarred on hand
tummy injected with scorn
configured protector a watchful back
swift limbs with writs of violence

manuscripts flame, unforgotten torment
tempered in retreat as forged fires strengthen
secured fortification, embedded in offense
skirmished symbology skinned

violence - a safe place

SOFTLY IN REMEMBRANCE

softly, strings tuned
singing remembrance
you have given
blessed be us

pounding hearts
your eyes soprano
solitude and tears baritone
flutes chirp with saddened loss

rolling and gliding the bow
sliding across the death of cellos in the rear
drawn up with the battle sounds of a fiddle and pipe
solemn remembrance

the face and spirit, lyrical
whispering, your back turned

sights adjacent
banshee cries
sights in line
battling trumpets
sights in synch
a beautiful orchestra

beauty unmatched, a conductor leads
you, your entity
a piece, so sweet

sorrow, a tasteful tune
another day, another take
to share a stage
to have shared a performance

with you

FLIGHT

>> KIM MINKUS

STORY

spring and weary of walking
I resist the real
and flutter my lashes in dream
in this textured fantasy my guide is a bird exhausted by song
I sleep and wake in his claws
so clutched and with skin and rib rubbing
new spaces for my city are revealed

CITY

green boutique city
green burns in parks
green pushed into walls, roads, stones
green strangling light and machine
green grass blades curl into crevices

rain gardens spring from the rooftops
shorelines wrestle steps and oceans creep up
in smoky green air

BIRD

pneumatized bird
bones slight white of tender
singing its sex out
singing its throat chuckles
seven pairs of muscles sing
syrinx speed tensions an octave lower
resonate through skin of neck and loop
hacking ten tracheal two notes sounding in keel

sixteen spreads and air parts and lifts
under lift hook

over lift proximals
shoulder girdle stretched across
jaw muscles rock hub
thrum and fly to whistle
stiffer feathers seventh feather for singed hooklets

distal end of bones snap air as claw bone presses into
shove forward barbules
caught lungs murmur

I can soak this bird's bones for soup

i

In a house of glass I listen to my bird. it is night
rather than morning. the library glows – only screens
no paper nor people. days are no longer divided into meals. written words have given way
to green
and night has no documents. the rooms are empty
weeks lay ahead of us with nothing but planting

my bird guide sings - we gather everything
from our gardens. he pecks at words
and sneaks loamy garden terms into his breath
no decay. merely night gardening and
the crackle of bugs burrowing into soil

the bird and I trace the names of those with money
the rich play on porches, in mountains
our flight takes us into paths that were once roads
now filled with flowers and jeweled planters

ii

my body feels light
I have grown thin on this diet of green

I drink all day
watch ice mix with oil
nibble at green flesh covered in cream
a tiny buzz of muted voices
drifts around the foliage

they talk of seedlings. how to choose the hardiest
what to plant on their rooted walls
the threatening variety of insects

iii

my bird and I observe the green elite. plants are bartered
and traded. we speak of propagation
and the complicated arts
seed markets rule

drops of water spill from the leaves
iceplants bloom in the monotony of paved paths
breeding is all we think about
slowly we punch holes in our class

he asks

how deep can we go?

iv

We argue about cuttings and graftings
we look at green under jars and nibble on raw sticks

we want to feast on food that no longer exists

we mimic the Romans. their leanings their posture
their daring. the rich are plain and smooth. they veer
they sprout. we trust that growing is not their only topic

the bird dreams of other conversations. of fashion
intrigue and murder. of hidden plans deficits and war
how to smooth skin and gloss the news
we crave frivolity and ruthlessness

we tumble into laughter

he lifts me up. the view over the ocean is stagnant
sea lettuce clogs the inlets and swarms of flies buzz
over tiled blooms of green. forests are grown
and fill our dishes. my bird chips at his wooden bowl
and laments the lack of meat. he admits he has been dreaming of blood and slowly twists
his head around

v

it is true the seamy side of yesterday's writers
fill our notebooks
he hands me photographs of meat counters
asks me to paste them in my journal. he wants meat
and is a master carver. this city allows little room for red
vegetation has taken over our bodies and minds
I count the wildflowers growing in the yard

our crumpled wallets open to factories of green
we luxuriate in our hothouses, bathing and showering
in the jungles of food. the stories of our lives are marvelous
tangles of peace and calm

this boutique is all city without the noise

eggs are the only meat we eat. hatchlings pour over the gables. infinite in variety and
colour. their eggs are pale blue, brown and speckled

vi

we are between food and information and our bellies ache for more of one
and less of the other

how many empty libraries can we wander?
paper ghosts fill the hallways. it is all data and free
happily the managers have left

food is our hierarchy. we are dumb and lethargic
in our quest. only the rich eat. the rest sustain
and my guide wants the life of the rich
he rubs my elbow with his feathery limb

clicks and crackles into my ear - let's go shopping

vii

we drift through the aisles of green pleasures
dandelion, watermelon, apple. my lipstick is salty cold
from the grapes I've eaten
I think that together the bird and I challenge
the order of things. he attempts to sing
of stamens and pistils. competitive pollen

flowers are for sex he croaks

I look at the garland of colour around his shoulders
the spurs on his heels are sharp
I lie on my sofa and ponder greenery that chokes my city

in this boutique
laws for the bees have made sweets for the wicked

POEMS

>> ALISHA MASCARENHAS

letting the honey jar rest open.

eating my breakfast alone
at the windowsill
i lick sweetness from the butter knife

and would love to move with this grace in all that i do
this ease of trust in present contentment
in spite of or parallel to
the stream of unanswered and unanswerable questions

at this desk busy with paints ashes incense and poetry
one knee folded over the other in sunlight
breath even and honest
not hungry or thirsty
letting the honey jar rest open and the
breakfast dishes uncollected

summer 2011

l'espace entre les actions.

je connais seulement les détails
trouvés dans l'espace entre les actions
la sensation de chaque nouveau mot qui joue sur ma langue

la voix d'un petit garçon qui a m'appelé
un après-midi au terrain sous le soleil
des pissenlits dans les mains

tôt le matin, je connais les murmures tranquilles des autres filles
encore dans leurs lits
la texture des rideaux blancs à la fenêtre de ma chambre
le son d'un oiseau dans le cours
mais je ne connais pas les couleurs de ses plumes

je connais le sel sur mes lèvres si le vent est fort
et si il fait froid, la laine qui gratte sur mes bras

la soif de ma peau, la soif dans ma gorge
je suis sèche, en dehors comme en dedans

je connais le silence de la classe
et l'orage dehors au même moment
le son doux de bienvenue d'Aline D'Amour
quand nous arrivons froid et mouillé pour notre souper

et dans le salon,
je remarque les couleurs avant la forme
son chandail orange, ses chausseurs jaune
et l'or dans la peinture sur le mur

je ne connais rien,
seulement les détails
trouvés dans l'espace entre les actions
l'herbe mouillé, les nouvelles tulipes
les mouvements des nuages épais avant la pluie

et sans besoin des philosophies élevées
ici c'est assez
c'est simple, c'est tout
et si je peux être contente dans l'ignorance
du commencement de cette nouvelle langue
je peux trouver la simplicité de moins de mots
les limites de mon vocabulaire ne sont pas un problème
et les mots jouent sur ma langue

the space between the action.

all I know is the details
found in the space between the action-
the sensation of each new word
playing across my tongue

I know the voice of the little boy who called out to me
one afternoon in the field under the sun
fists full of dandelions

Early morning, I know the quiet murmurs
of the other girls still in bed
the texture of white curtains at the window of my bedroom
the sound of the bird in the yard
without knowing the colours of his feathers

I know the salt on my lips when the wind is strong
and when it's cold, the scratch of wool against my arms
the thirst of my skin
and of my throat
I am dry
both inside and out

I know the silence of the classroom
and the storm outdoors in the same moment
the soft sound of welcome of Aline d'Amour
when we arrive cold and wet for dinner

and in the salon I notice colour before form
of her orange sweater,
her yellow socks
the gold in the painting on the wall

I know nothing
only the details
found in the space between the action-
wet grass, new tulips
movements of thick clouds before the rain

and without any need for higher philosophies
right here is enough
if I can be content in my ignorance of this new language
to find the simplicity of fewer words
I will not feel the strains of a limited vocabulary
and the words play across my tongue

Crows.

From the attic window I can watch them
crows in secret
muttering, feigning innocence
conspiring among pulpy, rotting leaves
fast and flapping on damp grass
sifting through garbage, nibbling greasy paper bags

I could be among them if I spoke that funny language
sprout feathers from my elbows and shoulder blades
with fingers thumbs in spiderwebs
naked hands weaving branches
blistering fingertips
cold water, low breath
--crack! skip jump back black slip scrape hopscotch-scotch-hop
slate stone taught throat slack line crack! skip jump crack! crack!
ball change, twirl, fall back
slip up through the window
and retract again into silence

It's slow here
and I can breathe here

Then they're at it again, louder than the traffic
congregating on wires, parallel and twisted like they know something,
even through their cacophony
clever eyes watching everything
they are sudden and they are everywhere
feathers like black raw silk
confident crowding crowing calling flapping nestling
at once discordant and collective

They rise again:
abandon the foreground to distant, indistinct branches
overtaking the trees

From a distance
they are these small black streaks of ink
along the branches and telephone wires
nestling into their own shoulders, they look almost still
like crooked commas
waiting.

We have never had a welcome mat.

After seven months, I come home on three hours' sleep
with a child's expectations for comfort:
sweet smells, a warm meal and clean bedsheets.
But my mom isn't so domestic, and that's okay-

I was just a little let down by a bedroom littered with Halloween candy wrappers
rolled up, dirty black socks and popcorn kernels
forgotten homework, orange peels and dead batteries

The kitchen offers frozen cauliflower soup and several jars of honey
some refried beans in a pot with pieces missing
and leftover spaghetti

The bathroom sink is stained sticky green mouthwash
and there is a lighter and a half melted haircomb on the countertop

It's raining, or close to raining
my mom has been working harder than ever and getting paid less
and everyone is sick, or getting sick

My little brothers' dad keeps calling, and no one wants to answer
so finally, he shows up
in his goddamn purple PT cruiser
tells his youngest son to stop chewing gum and to change his socks
searches for reasons to keep him at the front door a little longer
and sometimes he seems so pathetic
and so human
that I start to feel sorry for him
almost forget the threats and shameless cruelty
the years of deep cutting abuse
and the rage still festering inside of me.

I thought this was going to be a poem about how messy my room was
when I came home for a visit from Montréal
where I don't have to be faced with the physical reality of this man anymore
my brothers' father
once my mother's lover

When I'm away from here
he is only a series of memories I am willing to gently and objectively work though
not a physical presence
not three consecutive messages on the telephone
a voice and solid figure at the front door.

At my house, we have never had a welcome mat.

kitchens.

Edinburgh, Scotland. I spent a month sleeping on a mattress in the living room, waking up to hand rolled cigarettes and the Edinburgh castle out the window. The kitchen was dark and usually unoccupied, crusty dishes on the counters and floor. The electric kettle was often boiling, and the table mostly used for drawing. I don't remember much, except taking acid and microwaving frozen sliced bread to make soggy peanut butter and jam.

Berlin, Germany. Fourth floor, big windows and old hardwood floors, I passed a winter here with my high school boyfriend and our friend Scott. We spent the first week in December without electricity or furniture, and a hookah in the middle of the common space. There wasn't a kitchen or countertops, but we eventually managed to get a small stove with two elements, mostly used to make 35 cent packages of instant noodles, and a toaster. We put anything which needed refrigerating on the windowsill.

Vancouver, Canada. At the south end of Commercial Drive across from Trout Lake we were eight, sometimes nine- clowns, dancers, sailors, puppeteers and farmers. I was paying \$500 a month to live in the attic. In this kitchen I painted the fourth wall purple and cooked amazing soups. We each had a shelf in the fridge, and at one point shared, and quickly devoured an industrial sized tub of peanut butter. This was where I learned about dumpster diving, and our freezer was packed with loaves of organic bread. I don't think the floor was ever mopped.

Montreal, Canada. My first home here was a two-storey communal loft of twelve semi-anarchists with laptops where the fridges were usually full of expired yogurt and sandwiches, and our weekly meetings lasted three hours. My second and current home is in a quieter apartment of six, where our kitchen houses a vermicomposting system, multiple mason jars of sprouting beans, seeds and lentils, and instructions for making kombucha. In March I will move to a house of three with no keys, fridge, table or chairs and curtains in place of doors.

4741 avenue des Érables

Hanna's chamomile tea put me to bed softly
and this morning I rose early, like I said I would.
Dressed, brushed my teeth and shut the front door
of another fleeting home
to climb on my bicycle in the damp,
no coat on
in the middle of February.

I pedaled to where you lay newly awake and smiling
half-tucked beneath wool blankets.
I tugged off boots and sweaters
and lowered face to face.

We spent the morning exchanging hellos and thoughts for coming days
arranging a vision of something to build together.
We boiled oats grown in Québec and ate them from wooden bowls
with pumpkin seeds from China
and I skipped out again
seeking the taste of fresh air and a strong espresso
direct from a plantation in Ethiopia.
I bought leeks from California, dates from somewhere hot and anonymous
and an apple from last autumn.

I want to learn this neighbourhood,
to wake up before dawn and sit in silence
constructing a rhythm to live in
building on what truths I can assume as real, for me
living with what I understand, for now
and this is often so much more than we give ourselves the space for.

from

HUDDLED AND SORTED

>> KIM DUFF

THESE WAVES LIKE MELANCHOLY

for D

moved past
or up against
these chance moments that flicker
 like a bad connection, or a power outage

we joke about fate, and lottery wins
when really, this violence
this distance
this need for distance
takes shape

still (not still)
and somehow waiting

this “ours” and these “hours”
a bivouac affection that we keep close, whisper
moving between melancholy and delirium

because yer a “goof,” she said
wishing his distress was not
 for him
 for her
 for the “us” in all of “it”

because we keep trying to talk about mourning
and what we really mean are these traces of “mourning”
riveted to other unruly branches

“I feel uprooted, like a mass of dead seaweed tossed here and there in the waves”

and, fraught, we press on

MOURNING 1

“what’s needed is an architecture that reflects the need for our
understanding of permanence to change”

lovable walls and bivouac
tenure/”this woman’s work”
mourning
reading mourning
obsolete-ishly reading melancholy

like a violence in knowing
mine too is here and yours and ours too, here. this space
and ash and dirt and detritus and the corners
hovering like a haunting space, slowly

brushed past up towards still waiting

DRIFT AND DRAWN

A million plastic bags
 drift aloft
newsprint
burger wrappers
 becalmed in storm drains
umbrella silk
differentiated dirt
and piles of leaves
debris and
the drift
an embrace of this open space
imprinted on ludic maps
drawn upon by recidivist historians
pedestrian pedants
and their ludicrous moments in space
floating in much muck
drifting
patina of obscurity
the dead, here, are left
unburied
and everyone is screaming
nothing special

this was all planned
by outside agitators
 the storefront
 the behavior

Mark Nowak's miners
in cracks
trapped
union intervention is ideological, not
stuck
in earth
in silt
in shale and tailings
without riposte

you too are to blame
for being working class
unable to afford
more space
more citizenship
imagined as a community
of ownership
a stake in identity
a secondary picket
a solidarity

these musicians are under suspicion
1984
1985
1987
a celebratory protesting rhythm
when really they should just leave politics to the politicians
but you've proven you can exist on strike pay
can accept this lifestyle
these spaces
these places of unease
we painted a giant black X on your day today
to let you know
we know what your space means
we thin as we walk
surfaces too smooth for graffiti
surface, not language
a preserved Banksy, seaside
and plexiglassed

or maps, heavy with the ghosts of labour
forgotten and remembered
geography
cartography
topography
chorography
an A to Z

acoustic chambers echoing some historical conceit
graffiti or urban declaration
'riot 2010' or '2012'

or 'Biz Chromeo I miss you!'
sublime terrorism
and the trauma of the mundane trapped
in these technological possibilities
and the expectation of disaster
where surveillance technology incubates future shock
a commerce of terror
where urban inches are occupied and mapped
in order to justify the means

eight days in the week
we're stretching thin
this ominous labour value
the moment
masquerading as a contented obsession

I am a consumer
of heavy industries
too
and so the city resists us

an underlying pattern
of a fiction or map
a graphic pretence
a crisis of space
fenced off
and conceptually trespassed
a production of space turned inward

you tried to show us a way
to see these spaces
unmediated by commerce
and we couldn't hear you
couldn't understand
language outside of consumption
standing with our popcorn and pamphlets
waiting for your next move
knowing we could watch it later, and revise it,
and speak fondly of the commons

MOURNING 2

checked out and up towards some mossy midden-heap
of ash
or dirt
or detritus

“suffering from the fear of what has happened” (Barthes)

arms held out for details and smell or flick and tumult of hair down
mirrored looking and
railroaded and bus stops and small exchanges and dull and reverb and
the pulse of suffering
and Barthes blurts at us: “and this is what mourning teaches us”!

that madness is
like a haunting-process

these long moments

hypothermic / and dead and not yet mourning

LIKE

like a zero painted on your hand
like “terrible love,” we thought
but when was more like this wall, taking “this” space:
marled derisive and latticed
or maybe poetry in transit
make corrections
make famous:

bridges (ashes!)
or these birds
cathedral
or
otherwise

they put space here
put “it” here
so I can see it, she said
the day, towards something that might happen

boundaries (like objects)
trapped by obligation
a terrible euphoria
like random
like enclave
like drains
like something

too much bad fashion
too much feed back

like suffering a warm can of pilsner
like some kind of hitherside
like seeing your family drown

and two faces stacked
desperately looking outward
toward each other

like seeing Brian Eno at the airport

a repetition that creates chance
or sending a text to landline: “I miss everybody”

BUDDIES

(*from* RUPERT'S LAND: A NOVEL)

>> MEREDITH QUARTERMAIN

They're gone now—the girl and her father calling, Hunter . . . Hunter. You're safe here. We can help you Hunter.

No more footsteps, no more rustling bushes, no more flashes of lamp light. His thorn scratches have stopped bleeding. He pushes out from under boards and chicken wire in a dark shed, and makes his way, under a bowl of stars, along the dusty road—faint sun-heat still in the pebbles and stones. He remembers crossing rail tracks on the way to the farmhouse. He will go back to the tracks, maybe find a coal shed, get out of the cold.

At the white X, two dark lines disappear into trees on both sides. Where's the town, the dogs, the police? Go away from there. He steps along the wooden ties, too cold to stop, and trees close around him. Sometimes he doesn't step far enough and stumbles onto the small rocks instead of a tie. A dark shadow slides through branches over his head. An owl he thinks. Hunting mice. He thinks about owl eggs. Not this time of year. He thinks about the apple pie Hilda gave him.

Faint light like a cloud of glowing dust glimmers through the trees. He walks on. The glimmer brightens, lighting up grey and white trunks of aspens and cottonwoods. Black lines of branches and bushes stand between him and the fire. A man moves around it, a huge man-shadow striding through woods behind him. The man-shadow throws a log in the flames, sparks shoot up into the night.

Hunter steps toward the fire, filling his eyes with it. He can't see where to put his feet in the underbrush. Holes swallow his legs. Leaves and twigs whap his face. He gropes his way forward till he's standing at the border of dark encircling the campfire. The men can't see him, but he can see them laughing and talking. One more step and he'll be in the circle of light, where the men's voices waft into branches overhead, swallowed by the night sky. Their faces are red with firelight and dark with unshaven beards. They're passing a bottle. One in a plaid jacket is Mr. Louis who showed him how to jump into a train on slow corners; another in a long coat might be Mr. Quentin they met on the train who told him how Dad could get out of jail by talking to a judge. He hopes it's Mr. Quentin. He likes Mr. Quentin better than Louis.

Best one I ever had was in Edmonton.

Down by the river.

Down by the river—sounds like a song.

Oh boy did she have melons—yeah, she was down under the railway bridge.

East side.

Yeah.

All done up in lace—yeah I know the one.

Feel them melons pressing up against ya.

He'll be comin' round the mountain when he comes.

Ah, shaddup.

I got me a little hot cake over in Red Deer.

Little brown house back a the station.

Yeah, little brown hands too—what they kin do.

Hey pass the jug.

Quit hoggin' it.

Ha ha ha, you and me, Little brown jug, don't I love thee.

The backs of the men are dark lumps against firelight—their eyes dark holes in their red faces. Hunter steps forward. A man in earmuffs jumps up and pulls a shotgun on him. Ah, he's just a kid, leave him be.

Earmuffs sits down, rests the gun between his legs.

They let him sit near the fire. Indian, ain't ya. He nods.

Hey, this here's my little friend, Hunter.

Plaid-jacket Louis tips up the bottle, passes it to long-coat but he doesn't take it. His head hangs on his chest. Comes up, eyes shut, then flops down again. It's not Mr. Quentin.

Where'd you disappear to? Louis asks.

He shrugs, tries to stop his jaw rattling.

A man in a crumpled green suit gives him a coat. They argue about whether he can have Wally's coat, whether Wally's coming back. Hunter puts on Wally's coat and pulls in closer to the red-hot logs. Now they're arguing about whether Wally was still kicking after he got knocked down outside the bar, and whether blood coming out his mouth meant he couldn't breathe. The coat smells like throw-up. He was dead, okay, I've seen dead people, their lips are white like Wally's, their face is grey like his. (Dead like Ernie in the mounds behind the barn.) Better watch it. (Man with thin grey hair, pony tail.) He'll come back and haunt ya. Pony-tail offers him the bottle. Here, that'll warm ya up. Hunter takes a swig like the men. He coughs at the scorching liquid—hands the bottle to the next man.

Green suit says what's he doing out here, why isn't he in school. One of those special schools for Indians. Teach ya skills so ya can get a job. Yeah, like us. We all got jobs. The men laugh. Mr. Louis laughs so hard he falls backwards off the log onto the ground behind.

Hunter's going to Ponoka, ain'tcha.

He nods his head.

You gotta go to Alix, then north.

There's a big crossroads in toward town.

Thataway. No. Thataway.

You go down this line then take the other back to Alix.

You gonna know where to get off?

I'll show him, Pony-tail offers him a wiener and a roasting stick. Mom told him, you say thank you when people give you things. You're surely welcome, young man. Pony-tail's teeth show. He slides the wiener over the point of the stick and holds it in the fire.

Speaking of wieners, Mr. Louis gets up, heads to the bushes.

Green suit holds his hand to his ear, Is it raining yet?

Mr. Louis's pee pounds down on leaves and dirt. Hey Louis, how big's your wiener; is it ready for roasting?

See that tarp over there (Pony-tail's teeth smile) there's plenty a room for both of us. I've got an extra blanket too.

One log left on the fire hisses and splutters, embers around it beginning to fade. Night chill creeps through the heat. Pony-tail gives Hunter another drink. He gets it down without coughing; he doesn't feel so cold now. Give us a swig, Mr. Louis says.

Nah, go find your own. Bum.

Hunter makes a pillow out of his sack and lies on the ground. Here, have some a this. Pony-tail throws a blanket over him and gets under it himself. The other men stumble around in the brush, snapping branches and cursing rocks and roots. Tomorrow Pony-tail will ride with him on the train to Alix, show him where to catch the train to Ponoka. Maybe he'll even get home tomorrow. He'll cut through the bush behind Mr. McDonald's house and take the path to Grannie's cabin. If there's no police he'll go home to Grampa, Auntie Marge and Uncle Jack and maybe Mom and Dad'll be there too, not still in Edmonton.

A train shakes the ground, screeching—creaking metal on metal, rattling wheels, and hissing as it jolts and grinds through the woods, filling the air with dust and soot. Clack clack, clack clack. Now the clack-clacks are further away. Now the ground's not shaking. The train's going far away. Into the night.

What happened to Mr. Teddy and the teacher Mr. Quentin? How come Mr. Louis came here and not them?

He wishes he were lying beside Mr. Quentin and not Pony-tail. Pony-tail's eyes are empty like nobody's there, yet they stick into you like arrows. Asking him is he cozy—saying, Two of us'll be warmer than one.

Think of Wisahkecâhk and the bear, he tells himself. Stay awake till Pony-tail's asleep. He scrunches down in the throw-up smelling jacket, making himself still so Pony-tail will think he's asleep. An owl hoots.

He remembers Grannie telling him usually Wisahkecâhk was afraid of Bear. Then he made some arrows, some really sharp ones, from chokecherry wood, and he wasn't afraid. He saw Bear eating some Saskatoon berries. How come you have such a big white ass? he yelled at Bear. How dare you insult me like that, Bear said and he chased after him. Wisahkecâhk wasn't afraid. He shot one of his arrows. But it broke. He shot another one, and it broke too. Then he had to run. He ran to a tree but he couldn't climb it fast enough. Bear chased him round and round the tree till they wore a path in the ground. Wisahkecâhk got tireder and tireder . . .

Hunter's eyes spring open. He must've fallen asleep. He reaches for his knife on the floor beside his tick but his arm's weighted down; it won't move. Dad . . . Dad, he calls. His mouth won't open. There's a hand over it.

He's not at home with Dad and Mom and Rose-Berry. He's on some sticks and moss in a grey tangle of bushes far away from anywhere. The hand over his mouth smells of sweat and grease. He jerks his head away from the hand. An arm shoves him down, grinding his elbow into a rock. He wrenches back, banging his head into Pony-tail's chin. The chin rams into Hunter's neck; the man's breath snorts onto his skin. Jamming his

other fist between his body and the sticks, Hunter forces himself upwards. Another hand's touching him between his legs. He bites hard into grease-smelling hand. The other hand's pulling at his pants. He digs his teeth into the palm till the flesh snaps and he tastes blood. Look, you little bugger, I'll give you five bucks. Hunter gnashes his teeth into a finger. You little fucker. The man rolls onto him. Hunter jabs his elbows into ribs, and curls his legs in. He slashes his head into a jaw, a nose, a lip. I said I'll give you five bucks. That's a lotta money. You kin buy a train ticket. Hunter kicks back, hitting a knee, a shin. The man's legs lock around him. He elbows a thigh, and wriggles against the legs. He twists and punches till he hits the man's crotch and the man rolls off.

Hunter shoves away and thrashes into the bushes. A deadfall hits his shin. He stomps down on it and lurches into a hole. His foot snags in something soft. Someone grabs him. He trips. Hey what's going on? It's Mr. Louis. That man under the tarp's no good.

Whaddya mean? Louis heaves himself up. Hunter yanks away.

Wait a minute, what's goin on? Louis grabs him, stumbling to his feet. He smells like wood smoke and weiners and potatoes gone bad—Hunter's sack with his knife still back there on the ground. Thought you were gonna ride with him.

He's no good.

Did he do something to you?

Earliest day lights up a birch trunk among shadowy spruce branches and a wreckage of underbrush, lights the stubble on Louis's face, his hand holding Hunter's arm, leaving dark patches, where his eyes are, looking at Hunter. You okay?

Louis grabs his other arm, holds him there, looking into Hunter's face.

Yeah.

That cocksucker. Where the hell is he? Louis ties up his boots, and crashes into the brush, pushing leaves and twigs out of his way. Pony-tail's hunched over. What the hell you think you're doing, you fuckin pervert. Mr. Louis brings a branch down on Pony-tail's back. Pony-tail plows into Mr. Louis's stomach. They fall onto Hunter's sack, roll around on the ground. Pony-tail gets his arm around Mr. Louis's head. You fuckin leave me alone and get outta here. Mr. Louis kicks the air and chokes. Then hooks his legs on Pony-tail's head and flips him over. Pony-tail squeals like a kicked dog. You fuckin stabbed me you asshole.

Someone should cut you into five thousand pieces.

Mr. Louis sits on top of Pony-tail face down on the ground. Git his stuff.

Hunter can't move. Like a steer Dad showed him. Stepped in a sinkhole. Put its foot in. Got it stuck, Dad said, then he put his other foot down to push his foot out and that foot stuck too. Pretty soon all four feet pulling and pushing. Steer sinking up to his knees, his flanks, his shoulders, his neck. Finally only his nose stuck out. Snorting and puffing. But the mud pressed his ribs in, squeezed out all his breath.

Don't stand there, git his stuff, then we'll scam.

Hunter forces one foot off the ground, then the other foot. Flies buzzed around the slimy nose and dead eyes of the steer. He points to the sack under Louis's knee. Louis

kicks it away. Hunter grabs it and Pony-tail's cloth bag with the leather handles. The tip of his knife sticks through the sack. It's bloody.

Hey gimme that.

Hunter untangles it from the sack and a mess of crushed apples.

Git that rope hangin off the tarp.

Louis ties Pony-tail's hands behind his back, then presses the knife point into his neck.

Now listen to me you fuckin cocksucker, you make one move to follow us and this knife'll slice you into threshing chaff.

* * *

Away from the camp, Hunter sits beside Louis on the tracks, the cold steel jolting into him as if he were sitting on river ice. Two rails glimmering with first light stretch away on either side. A shudder runs through his back. His hands in his pockets make fists and punch each other through leather and cloth.

The man scoops his hand around inside Pony-tail's bag. His face is red under its chopped-off beard. Little red lines crisscross his nose. He pulls out a wallet—takes out a \$2 bill and a five. Black shoes—creased and scuffed, a tin of polish. My size, close enough. A bottle like the one they were drinking out of around the fire. The man's throat goes down and up, down and up.

Have a nip.

Hunter shakes his head.

G'wan, it'll warm ya up.

He lets it burn over his tongue, down his throat, up his nose. His eyes run. His clenched fist grinds into his stomach. He gulps smarting liquid, and gulps again.

Hold on, you'll make yourself sick.

Mr. Louis snatches the bottle, drinks three swallows.

You get sick?

Whaddya mean?

You drink this—you get sick?

Naw, not really. He pulls a photograph in a wood frame from Pony-tail's bag—a man with a high domed forehead, no mouth, just a tangle of moustache and beard, pale eyes with tiny hard dots. Dark folds of skin under his eyes. His brows meet and crease the skin above his nose, like he can't understand what he's looking at. Louis turns it over. Father, 1906.

Well sometimes if I drink too much I feel a little tired.

Why would it make me sick then?

Cuz you're just a kid.

So why do you give it to me?

Cuz then we'll be buddies.

POEMS

>> NIKKI REIMER

the canadians

meeek w. anxiety disorders

must be instructed to “speak from the diaphragm” & “develop their characters”

creation —>opposite of filing

writing —>opposite of organizing

accomplishment —>opposite of fatigue

whose panties?

welcome to The New Grotesque a.k.a. the Heteronormative Subdivision

dip a toe in the gene pool’s murky end

sludging or slouching

(sucking sound)

living rage

define “a living wage.”

this pimple grows next to the fading scar of the last pimple, abuts it side-by-side the way we sometimes find the cats sleeping with haunches pressed tightly together as if deriving comfort from the warmth of each other’s asses, though at other times they’re a snarling mass of hissing territorial angst.

define “a living rage.”

there was no real poetry, only notes towards a process we could never actually reach.

define “a living will.”

look, it’s like this. it’s like this. it’s like this. it’s like this. no, it’s like this. it’s like this. really, it’s like this. seriously, it’s like this.

define “a living pill.”

as if any of us could have gone back and made predictions, as if naming an executor ahead of time would have solved anything.

define “a living thing.”

there are neon signs up and down the block and women walking by in heels and flats. some stop to look, some carry on.

define “a living bling.”

it’s a sea vegetable. it’s a heart. it’s a nest. it’s a turnip. it’s a goose riding on the head of a manatee.

define “a living hell.”

in 2006 i wrote: *a sudden flutter in the chest, a double beat* to refer to an occasional phenomenon experienced by two individuals sharing approximately 50% of alleles (the irony being that the boy always had perfect time).

(i thought i was talking about a minor physiological process; i was incorrect).

define “a living shell.”

i may have misquoted myself. i may have catastrophically lied. i may have erred. i may have fucked this up. i may have inscribed a fallacy. i may have totally shat the bed. i may have pooped in someone’s drawer. i may have shot this all to bloody hell. i may have created an utter clusterfuck. everything might be totally F.U.B.A.R.

I suppose the ideal basement tenant would be a quiet retiree in good health, partially deaf, with reclusive but not unpleasant habits. Maybe tenants like that are already all taken.

meek w. anxiety disorders

must be instructed to "speak from the diaphragm" & "develop their characters"

creation → opposite of filing

writing → opposite of organizing

accomplishment → opposite of fatigue

whose panties?

welcome to The New Grotesque a.k.a. the Heteronormative Subdivision

dip a toe in the gene pool's munky end

sludging or slouching

(sucking sound)

[REDACTED] (She was an art major.) [REDACTED]
It's all messed up. [REDACTED]

She's a member of the Trojans [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] dream:
Go to college, get a job, buy a Prius [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] at Google [REDACTED]

the whole child was bad [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] a waste-treatment plant [REDACTED] or
[REDACTED] natural selection. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] self-esteem [REDACTED] is having a difficult time coping [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] since birth [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] (the environment), [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] They thought (and were taught) that [REDACTED] they too would find a pot [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] a pot of gold to piss in. Their rage is [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] primrose and large swaths [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] promised [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] this manic [REDACTED] looms aren't [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] emerging [REDACTED]

[redacted] today, [redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted]

[redacted] pretty cartoon [redacted]
[redacted] lostest
[redacted] decrying
[redacted] this tool
[redacted] leveraged
[redacted] the cats
[redacted] having a temper
tantrum?
[redacted]

[redacted]
[redacted]
You are not 99 percent [redacted] I don't mean that [redacted] If
99 percent [redacted]

What I mean is that if 99 percent [redacted]

What I mean to say is, [redacted]
[redacted]
that blazing pink [redacted]
[redacted] business
[redacted] during college [redacted]

[redacted]
[redacted]
Hardline lefty [redacted] || [redacted] wetting himself.
[redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted]

failed

abysmal

and myriad

slobbering

a few seconds of research leads us

to dig too deep

So you and Al Gore's message therapist

sleep at night?

MUSIC
AT THE HEART OF THINKING
129:
THE SCORE

>> FRED WAH

First you put the puck
into the net
Blind and intended now
old growth free
timed
All for the of

equanimous

Game on: disengage
or share the blind spot,
all that me-ness, inside...

for the forty-eighth time

blindsided. She (He)

(Notice how the pronoun gets evaded/avoided as a kind of cultural punctuation in the hopes that “family” history will become “class” history or, more recently, “architecture.” This is the new “social.”)

So you can't just go out
and listen to the old tunes
but blindly, blindly

recording

eating things

(I have always suspected the passive voice. The object of the action has such a fiery breath. “Minimize energy demand for heating and cooling – go Passive.” Future simple and past continuous. Perfect the present is.)

Nobody lifts their eyes
Silence becomes the habit
Work will use up the cattle.

Their fields

proprioceived phyla.

(The pastry in the Sapir-Whorf hypothesis is “technician.”
How you think is the writing on the boards. Really, you could discover the truth. But the noumenous is phenomenal. How you shoot is the plan of the body.)

POEMS

>> CHRISTINE LECLERC

Cute little largest industrial muck up in the solar system

Since operations began in 1978, we've moved over 1.4 billion tons of overburden. This is more dirt than was moved for the Great Wall of China, the Suez Canal, the Great Pyramid of Cheops and the 10 largest dams in the world, combined!

If the oil sand and overburden we've mined were loaded into gravel trucks, they would stretch bumper to bumper from Toronto to Vancouver.

The dragline bucket can dig up to 150 tonnes of oil sand every minute. That's as much weight as eight killer whales, twelve elephants, five walruses... and a beagle.

TARZAN, OR LORD GREYSTOKE: SUNDAY COMIC

Leave tree house to kill.

Hear a strange rhythm.

Cry victory.

Become attacked.

Track an antelope.

Dream apes dance.

Hear a challenge.

Spring into the air and over a foe.

Track as a child launches an arrow.

Wake in the middle of the night.

See children.

Land on a narrow ledge.

Track as a child claims his kill.

Remember how you ran with apes.

Find children in an ape's possession.

Watch the enemy fall to his death.

Track as a child spots a lion.

Swing through the jungle.

Speak Ape to an ape.

Find barbarians turned beggars.

Hear the lion roar.

Join the apes, just like old times.

Stalk about.

Let beggars call you Hero.

Run as a child shoots the lion.

Smell danger.

Punch an ape.

Hear the enemies of the enemy rejoice.

Run as the shot lion charges.

Dance as an enemy force surrounds the tree house.

Make an ape beg for mercy.

Invoke pax romana.

Pounce the lion.

Dance as the peril increases.

Send an ape on his way.

Run into an old friend.

Slay the lion.

Dance as the children sleep.

Ask children to identify a corpse.

Be on your way as an enemy watches.

A child comes to.

Dance as children shriek in terror.

Take the children into your own possession.

Rove.

Warn children to be brave.

Return to find the children missing.

Confess that your own child is lost.

Wander.

TARZAN, OR LORD GREYSTOKE IN THE GREEN GODDESS

Seeing that spoils

Seeing that monkey

Seeing that three monkeys, two monkeys

Seeing that three monkeys near his knee

Seeing that scuffle, Ula down on the ground

Seeing that code of no use without Goddess

Seeing that Major prostrate plus nude of coding

Seeing that deer limp

Seeing that deer's neck, hoof, offending pebble

Seeing that lion, that lion jaw, lion claw, dead lion

Seeing that escarpment

Seeing that a barge

Seeing that jungle and camp

Seeing that George, Major, Ula Vale

Seeing that Raglan with code, code on their faces

Seeing that safari hat and moustache

Seeing that George with a small flag on a stick by the river

Seeing that boat stops, wheel kicks water

Seeing that Puerto-Barrios, Guatemala

Seeing that Raglan on a balcony

Seeing that George and Major

Seeing that Raglan in a room

Seeing that plus two, chair, smash

Seeing that Raglan's back

Seeing that balcony, chair close, sky

Seeing that

Seeing that pants

Seeing that George and Major

Seeing that code, that Ula Vale is there

Seeing that the Green Goddess is lost again

Seeing that a Raglan telegram is jammed into the recovered code

Seeing that tree

Seeing that clearing there plus two

Seeing that loincloth as wrestle

Seeing that Raglan men swarm with swords

Seeing that plus two

Seeing that

Seeing that clearing with plus two

Seeing that elephant

Seeing that rhinoceros (in Guatemala?)

Seeing that lion, that rhinoceros charge

Seeing that flexed breasts shine with sweat and blood and bonds break

Seeing that the plus two are alarmed, swarm's alarmed

Seeing that swarm goes

Seeing that the plus two fall, and fall, circle, swing, fingers bent back—crack

Seeing that the plus two leave

Seeing that tree, grass

Seeing that shrub, tree, vine

Seeing that Tarzan swing-sees

Seeing that Major down by the river

Seeing that George turtle-ass yell

Seeing that code falls

Seeing that George dives, code in the river

Seeing that water froth, wet rock, smash water

Seeing that the inside of a waterfall

Seeing that Ula, code

Seeing that Dead City

Seeing that stairs in the dark

Seeing that swarm plus scuffle

Seeing that hall

Seeing that pit

Seeing that lion lunges, wrists wriggle

Seeing that lion teeth, thin tether

Seeing that Ula Vale breaks off a piece of wall

Seeing that pit from a number of angles

Seeing that dirt floor

Seeing that tether tears, feet, ankles cut free

Seeing that the hind legs of the lion, its moving mane

Seeing that Ula, his bloody arm in jaws of lion, dagger—dead lion

Seeing that Ula squeezes into the pit

Seeing that a guard is strangled and another guard's choked

Seeing that Ula wears guard clothes

Seeing that a torture chamber with hooded guards

Seeing that skeletons, George, Major and old so-and-so

Seeing that the Major's ear

Seeing that guard

Seeing that scuffle, George on his back on a rack, a giant pot of something hot, spilt over

Seeing that George from behind

Seeing that party meets in a clearing, three new in a canoe, Ula goes to edge water

Seeing that Lopez has José's eyes on Raglan in Mantique

Seeing that someone saw a strange ship in the harbor

Seeing that jungle

Seeing that he is in Mantique, tree crotch, a ship is docked

Seeing that Raglan with entourage?

Seeing that shed

Seeing that rooftop

Seeing that Raglan down below

Seeing that scuffle, a man lands in the water

Seeing that Raglan is in his clutches, Green Goddess falls off dock, face, his fist in it
Seeing that rope is floss in plank teeth of dock, Green Goddess bobs, she is recovered
Seeing that Raglan's rifle
Seeing that Raglan barges into a shed

Seeing that the party enters

Seeing that the strange ship sets sail

Seeing that a storm sets in, Ula retires
Seeing that she returns with word of a Raglan sighting
Seeing that there is a trap the party goes off to bed

Seeing that ocean swells and flash branching

Seeing that crew brings the sails down, water pours, bare-chests—they
Seeing that walls and sheets and waves of water, flash flood and sky to blindness
Seeing that Ula, lightening
Seeing that Ula, sea blasts
Seeing that George and Major roped, de-bondage of them and lightening

Seeing that Major unscrews the Green Goddess, takes the inner dice cup
Seeing that a piece of paper
Seeing that this is undoubtedly the formula

Seeing that we're back at the Manor, wide skirts, white blouses
Seeing that Ula is near
Seeing that Ula puts the code under a pot, into a small fire
Seeing that Ula feels compensated for the hardships she has endured
Seeing that she destroys the code
Seeing that she is grateful, and cute smokes
Seeing that, lap, hand, lap, Ula

WIMBLEDON

It was the first time

A result resembled—
The first time.

A victory.

*

The first
match point.

*

A hamstring injured
in tennis
history.

*

To win the record
stop aching each other.

*

Is this a duel?
In a duel,
one fights for honour.

*

Victory
must be produced.

What the world needs is victory.

*

Make up the score as you go—

It's the latest in a string of—

*

Blinked
in the record.
Record.
The wait
for a half chance,

Blinking.

*

The longest
of encores.

*

No one thought the epic—
Every time—epic.
There's something epic about all this time.

All this time and everything.

*

All of it blinking.
The result, like a hamstring.

*

It was the first time.
To be good at firsts.
The first is the epic.
The epic is everything.

Time enters as syllogism.

*

This is a tennis match,
for the manufacture of tennis history.

*

A ball-racket-rule duel.
Tennis history—
all those matches
and injured hamstrings

with victory.

It's

you can re a landscape.

The river is

here.

It's a mistake to name this acti

s though it were a noun

A noun

can be known

and this i

the unkn,

believe me.

BROOME AND BACK A SUITE OF PARTIALS

>> ASHOK MATHUR

ONE: PRELUDE

stories do not constitute the world but they contribute to its being.

more than the sum of, partials are some of the untold

here, a transpacific search for reconciled truths

we find ourselves in broome on the cusp of seasons

retrace prior journeys down and under and into the looking glass

here is the intersect indigenasia

how to untell only through bits and pieces

what runs off the page

and slips between our fingers

TWO: SINGULARITY

Absent
streets
off
season
wet
they
say
in a place called chinatown
adorned with emblematic plaques
admitting horrific histories
and here
in the
sun
and sand
and red rock
and seething
deep
underneath

THREE: TRANSLATION



FOUR: DIVING DEEP

The romance of diving deep and emerging with pearls clutched between your teeth

The reality of diving deep and emerging paralyzed blood oozing between clenched teeth

The reality of coming up empty then better rise with a clutch of sand or risk a ruined contract

The reality of Old Lock Up for Aboriginals who reneged on contract, that being, a gun fashioned out of seawater held to head

FIVE: RIOTS

flat white long black not denominators of race but

asiatic riots

white black brown

the meaning of colour and color in the understream of skin

SIX: SEX IN THE STICKS

rerouting of white australia

bubbles of miscegenation

nitrogen bubbles

bell diving means white men can play a less dangerous game

aboriginals can return to bush, no need to apply for death-defying

malay and japanese and chinese, no need to reply for

until

and the cemeteries fill like lungs with water

SEVEN: HOW TO PLAY THE GAME

holding a gun full of seawater to the head

holding a gun full of seawater to the head

holding a gun full of seawater to the head

holding a gun full of seawater to the head

shouldering a gainful quarter to the bed

shouldering a gainful quarter to the bed

shouldering a gainful quarter to the bed

shouldering a gainful quarter to the bed

should gain and truth beside

should gain and truth beside

should gain and truth beside

should gain and truth beside

NINE: DIVERSITY

while divers of broome
while divers of broome
while divers of broome
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10 GHAZALS

>> ISRAH

A BLUEBIRD'S WING

Geese fly back before the snow falls. January is the new spring.
If April is the cruelest month, how can winter rival an eternal spring?

With words etched into his skin, he extracts letters from his fingers.
She fans herself with his love letter, folded like bluebird's wing.

The crow is the keeper of the Sacred Law, but you deem it evil.
If one crow is the ink of death, what will a murder of crows bring?

Steamrollers flatten the soil. Fish bones are coated with bitumen.
What melody will our rivers remember if songbirds forget how to sing?

DUST & SUNLIGHT

She downs tea to suppress the storms erupting in her veins
A cup of bitterness can be sweetened with honey: our liquid amber.

Is this path a half completed circle or the road not yet taken?
Creating is non-linear, the playwright said, holding a chunk of amber.

He drags her into a corner, kissing her with the blade of his tongue
Frozen in transparent gold, her wings are trapped in amber.

Hardrives erase, discs shatter, but the brittle page remains intact.
If one page of Israh's survives, encase it in a book of thick amber.

#OCCUPY

Without a blank canvas, what can art occupy?
In emptiness, they bring form to occupy.

You're a blind man searching the dirt for a set of keys.
There are no more rooms in this heart to occupy.

They raped our land and plunged flags into its flesh.
How many trees did they break apart to occupy?

Her trembling fingers rummage through an empty wallet.
Shivering in the darkness of her tent, she starts to #occupy.

I'M NO PUNDIT

Literati fools hover over hor d'oeuvres and abuse the pen
Why spit similes? Pun when they've already punned it?

If you recite from the Qur'an to praise Shiva
Who will you seek out? The imam or the pundit?

When ink spills for money and mouths open for cash
In whom do we trust, a bestseller or a screen pundit?

In a portal clogged with blogs and online PhDs,
Where does Israh click to become a pundit?

THE CURRENCY OF TRUTH

We purchase encrusted saris to parade money in mosque. Where is Truth?
Penniless, they shriek in ecstasy and break their bodies, screaming "Truth!"

When we squeeze ourselves into spaces with no space, we forget ourselves.
In an empty subway carriage, she reaches for a prism of light and inhales Truth.

What became of the child who sought refuge in a palace creeping with thorns?
He was beaten in his bed and suffered in his innocence. Why is pain his truth?

In Heathrow airport, store lights whirl into a blur while a student sits in meditation.
Others throw cash on counters and shop duty free, losing the currency of truth.

He strings stars with his fingers and threads galaxies with the loops of his voice.
To lose herself in the web of his universe, Israh will declare his truth as Truth.

TRACING PRIDE

I try. I'm trying to unearth you. But there is no map and I've lost my pride.
All I have is your chewed off pipe, those photos without dates, my failing pride.

Your grandfather once a trader on the Gujarati coast, a dhoti-wearing villager.
A photo of him: his Rajasthani mustache curling up with pride.

He sold onions to all of India, a merchant who lapped up fish with hot roti.
So why did he leave for Bombay? For Aden? Boarded the dhow with fierce pride.

Trekking Kenyan foothills and highlands, your father at last marked his territory.
The first shop on plot 64, the bridge known as Hajee's Drift: our family pride!

You stepped into the dust of that passage with your spotless handmade shoes.
The pepsi cola factory, the supermarket, bank. You were the lion starring our pride.

And you let the sugar drain from your blood, allowed your kidneys to shrivel.
Did you ever glance back? Notice our eyes, barren? Our drained pride?

I've tried. I tried. But my only compass flung itself into the sea.
But what use is a compass, Israh, when you're tracing pride?

THE VIEW FROM A VERANDAH

The first time her pen recognized the page was on Eldoret's verandah.
Will ink succumb to paper if she writes poems on a stranger's verandah?

In the dew soaked garden, we dip plain biscuits into our thermos of chai.
After finishing tea, we collect Papa's thoughts, abandoned on this verandah.

The words of our ancestors have entered the language of their oppressors.
We exported India to England: thug, shampoo, bungalow, and verandah.

In his house, the shelves are filthy and the tablecloths are unused.
If he walks outside his mind, will he find solace on his soul's verandah?

We've crushed snails to stack bricks and confused birds to cable the sky.
Israh asks: what beauty is this view without a garden for a verandah?

TRAVELING CARAVANS

In the desert of the city, cabs are my caravans
With no meter or mileage, is this soul still a caravan?

The mirror and the face hardly recognize each other
These eyes are the settled dust of Persian caravans

We pray into incense smoke swirling from heaps of bones
We can't bring the dead with us. What use is a caravan?

In suburbia, night stalls until my mind resurrects city traffic
How can one peel poems off picket fences and Dodge Caravans?

When Israh is swathed in the cloth of death
Her voice will rise from pages of traveling caravans.

THE MIND'S BAZAAR

Where can one bargain with oneself except in the mind's bazaar?
As tombs crumble and bodies rot unburied, skim your Harper's Bazaar.

There is a perpetual road paved with the dust of children's ashes
We journey by foot as they murmur in our ears, how far? how far?

We inhale this urban smog and dirt. We breathe in the coughs of others.
If we can't escape the stench of suffering, why not blaze it with a cigar?

You observe this minaret's shadow from space, but will you heed the azan?
If you score your life's end, plunge from the highest tower: the Qutb Minar.

They erect marble statues and grand memorials for gold plated deaths
But Israh gathers her shrouds from these sheets. How many? Hazaar.

Qutb Minar: the tallest brick minaret in the world, located in Delhi, India
Hazaar: A thousand

JUNGLE

Filmi songs and pink disco lights swarm this beat jungle
Where notes and words become unheard: the blank sheet jungle

Without tabla taps and the syllables of sitars
I'd shudder in corridors of this concrete jungle.

Conversing over coffee is drinking with no cup
Unthinking thought is stumbling though your offbeat jungle.

If only my voice could hush these ceaseless city sirens
I'd hum rivers and plant green under my feet: jungle.

Drowned in the watery palimpsest of ancestors,
Israh can only cross the bridge where street meets jungle.

from:

THEY LIE ABOUT THE WEATHER

>> JACQUELINE TURNER

REPRISE FOR RAIN

ramming rivulets reign in frustration
you are not
and so
the objective of rain
is merely to fall
knives don't even
enter into it
not even cats
let alone dogs
hearts break under
the weight of awnings
overflowing with want
it's too much to take in
at once that drop there
is obsolete its evaporation
as evident as your vision
purple light in the dark
pounds but also reveals
a lack of consideration
it smells like rain again the
day always does and so we
trudge heads down against
petals falling damply so stuck
you can't even kick up a ruckus

THE SUN WHEN IT HITS

giddy in the conversation
so many jaunty hellos
you can't keep them all
emotional hoarder you
will gather as many snaps
as possible keep them
glowing in a warm paper
bag to be ripped open in
the dead of winter airy
in release toss the sunny
hellos at the feet of head
down haters who walk
winter streets without the
delight of snow or crisp
of 40 below to where you
wanted to end up
anyway

ALL HAIL

the car wreck dents
where shine used to reside
smooth assault batters
this ping meaning
in this case
no message sent
just the same but harder
and to the left fret
a percussive musicality
for optimists with garages
and roofs that don't leak
light drips the weirdness
in between things vive
la in between weirdness
for the ray it brings
how it pushes the boundaries
of taut and porous where
you seep in sound without
fury this time.

LIVING EARTH—THE APP

i could watch you rotate all day
among the cities i love
how high is the city, how deep
is our love* it's nice to know
that it's 22 w/ scattered clouds
and tomorrow in Brisbane those
swirling clouds mix into early morning
status updates colour the tone of lingual
representation of the mundane
and epic alike: he'll be born here
for example and much loved
at the same time her ennui will be
effectively documented into commentary
sympathy accompanied w/ posters or jokes
of the kind fax machines used to spew
now the phone only rings with fax machine tones
and who sends faxes anymore? that wonder
will have to be 3-D to impress this contemporary moment
with a skype baby or some such promise

IRONIC CLIMACTIC ADORATION

how my boys love you
when you fall sideways
build their lives around you
chase you to small town America
affluent town Canada where
produce is too expensive and
no one drinks at the bar without
drinking at home first rooms divided
by sheets like gold farmers in China
they approach you via affect falling
in love with the perfect day waxing
not poetic but some creative action
felt in the cells flooding the brain
rush of the good kind of chemicals
kinetic kick down the side thrill
rollers hit rails only what they want
from you to be there to stay as long as
possible then live in exquisite anticipation
of your inevitable return

YALETOWN CRANE (featured in *Mannequin Rising* by Roy Miki)

yr support is a curve, like a virgin
walks around campus demonstrate
yr lush progress since you are gone now
markers of ingenuity show passable
limits across the toxic waterway
glistens its fusion as market signifier
unparalleled on a sunny day and if it's raining
a mouth full of fog yr existence is questionable
filled in 'at the end of the day' with a reach
toward enterprise and flowers that will sit
on condo tables inhabitants look back this way
cappucinos flow down throats hot, steamy
or a photo on a phone to show the historical
event of leaves changing colour electric red
amidst the black and white moment and pigeons
more than four even

CASTAWAY: CONTEMPORARY

economics push adrift today responsible for your/our own demise
you sell your/our time to pay the ridiculously expensive rent

sailing here is configured stupidly no rush of wind on your/our face today
phone calls will instead reveal the 17 percent interest rate for which you/we qualify

the brink of bank accounts which add up to barely enough today flinging numeros
aesthetic splatter patterns of the newly loved form surrender what art could be

your/our big payout comes washing ashore but recedes almost as quickly as it came
wow that blue bottle was so pretty before it broke the top first and then the rest

the lights form a kind of fire to signal a festive hopefullness here or to show how the light
could get in if you/we wrote it that way here for a day or so airy and perfectly pinned down

CASTAWAY: CONTEMPORARY II

so sailor you/we arrive on the digital wind
sunset sailboat photos imagine salt feted
pleasure some dangling epic reunion
the intention to pursue and voila
you/we wash up on this particular beach
your/our myriad skills some dance of welcome
local satiation rituals sparkle across smooth
weathered skin you/we know that beauty now
exists in the recognition of this long awaited
event formerly figured as rescue but now
merely the most ordinary of happy endings
knots so easily fastened it takes your/our breath
up into the ether again to hover and then push
forth to the outer space you/we always dreamed
of touching

A CRITIQUE OF THE APOCALYPSE: CODA

nothing much happened
some jellyfish washed ashore
some birds fell from the sky
a bear roared a garbage truck downtown
tsunami debris washed ashore (earlier than expected)
a tsunami-shaped cloud rolled across the Alabama sky
attention spans dropped
capitalism was “literally” critiqued
the protestor was the person of that year
Jeff Wall made some more everyday surrealism
someone proposed a sarcastic font
trash lands grew, plastic continued to pollute oceans
a new habitable-zone planet was confirmed
making the movie Another Earth seem prescient
if 600 years ahead of its time (did people care less?)
you/we misunderstood things, were easily embarrassed
developing brashness as a stance, but still seeking
a way to proceed, propelled to a bench by a waterway
the trace of your/our palms, hugging the fog and
finding love at the end of it all.

WEST

>> SOLVEIG MARDON

MIDSUMMER

Leave the cities for the palmprint lakes. Ukon juhla , gods side by side. Men, big as brations known in always potent June. Bonfires burnt at sea. Sweat lost to heaviness at noon. The guests arrive, two young birch on either side. Men clutch mugs, lean heads in comparison between years. Trace loping forest lines in the gloam. Hoist Juhannus to a vacant shoulder. Accordions filled like lungs.

CHAPTER 3: THE WINTER WAR

Now, as we say, Nostaa Kissa Pöydälle – to lift the cat onto the table, to broach a difficult subject.

Chapter 3 or Heredit

An actress dreams of wind-dried hands, jawlines like kites
inhales a line of men with language sharp in thick throats.
An actress curves her children into a cart. They are small, cottoned
in summer clothes. An actress knows this line, deep Korvessa, thick
with low song for horses. She, wind-throated, curved jaw like language
carts her small children into summer forest
another country's inhale.
Like small sharp dreams; hands lifted in cotton farewell.
The actress's country throats a line of men, horses.
Summer dried into thick winter, deep Korvessa
low song for a country's small language

PRIVILEGE 1

root: body of knowledge
old age slipped
under fascia
scuff-heeled tilt into birch
a blueblood's debutante.

CHAPTER 12: THE PEOPLE

Ruddy, the cheeks indicate manual labour, and from the agrarian tradition, the proverb trickles down. *Kylmä kahvi kaunistaa*: cold coffee makes you beautiful. Farmers using brown paper filters on winter mornings would find their hot water turned to cold coffee by the time it reached the cup.

Chapter 12 or äiti

Always sideways at the camera, hand slipped in book's mouth. All around
your blonde flock lifting gum from sisters' pockets.
Girls of the north folded like juniper
into winter fur. Radio boyfriends sly-jawed
under November mornings. You knew another thrush of cedars
kept out sun in a white water country, faucets unfrozen
so you slipped from home.

He took your cold coffee beauty, captured
it in a pile of leaves unlike stillness. Young jaw tilted
at the idea of anew. Cheek to phantom cheek
broke it over a knee, slow.

ON PAPER BEFORE THE WAR, MORNING CATCH

soft gulls rip mouths
into blank sky
coffee in one summer throat
cats nudge around table legs an apparition
since daylight's unsteady homecoming

barges shoulder to shoulder skim
salted history off the top
steady slough reddens toward hollowing
monsters of soft decay rub fins, tip gills toward the
deepest sound

boat shadows lengthen across
oiled mud. tide's maw opening to
swallow the glisten

huffed onto wood
flipping liquid
hot-bellied portions of sunrise
they are netted
they are skinned in plurals

BELLE MONT

inherit strung-together words
a halting at the door to seven syllable church.

thin summers between library snow
root snow, birds round-ribbed
hopping like notes.

inherit a dress flared at the elbows
and a singing voice pitched
only for memory. inherit the telephone ringing cleanly, announcing
simple death. a grief carved from aristocratic bone.

inherit hulking cherry tree spitting buds
at light's fade.

CHAPTER 28 - COURTING, LOVE, MARRIAGE:

We move on to the lightness of phrase surrounding love and marriage in the Nordic countries. It is cold, it is difficult. What else must we do but laugh? We know the old idiom: "Kännissä ja kihloissa on kiva olla, krapulassa ja naimisissa yhtä helvettiä." It is pleasant to be drunk and engaged, but hell to be hungover and married.

CHAPTER 28 OR THESIS

You used your textbooks as presses, seaming the salmon into cedar planks. Studies soaked in rime and you, pink as the ribbed flesh, refusing to wear clothes. For the smell. For the delight at finding yourself outside rubbing blueberries between your fingers, the neighbour's boat gliding by and the sudden remembrance of your nakedness. To teach him certain suddens like this – sauna-hot skin turning to glass in the gut-punch leap into lake. Shins reflecting easy sun at two in the morning. Lurch of recognition when he corrects himself in your language, brave from the wine. He picks juniper and you find it funny, the common wildbrush of childhood now leaning in a glass. You wait for him to fall asleep. In light's fade into short night you lift fish from the books and let it fall apart, eating slowly.

PRIVILEGE 3

bird-throated lilt a loss or delight at early blackberries
bell clangs hour's stumble over summer arms.
arching hairs argue this smug hand
holding god's
head underwater

CHAPTER 19: THE FAMILY

The wisdom passed down, a joke, a reprimand. The father linguistically cuffs back of the son's head. As the saying goes: "Älä, poika, opeta isääs naimaan." Don't you, son, teach your father how to fuck.

CHAPTER 19 OR SMOKESTACK SON

On a train always going home. Snaps his jaw at the smell of suomi, an obscurity whole for youth's swallow. At the royal docks, losing hair, those few moments before the young break hands. A doctor of doctorates, his pulp daughters perpetually skimming hands across bedroom walls. In

the Orient they thin-sworded his favours, one by one. Machinery lit by northern sun the few seconds before snow becomes blinding.

MORNING: A NEW COUNTRY

cupped joy, a fault, the fall.
take the south he figured more want
in the bible

a day like rough norms to curse, rethink, smiting
small dukes indefinitely

thoughts like bees: a scattered shift, clump again
to feed to pulse. step swarm aside on cold coffee morning.
skin cells settle rub

wings perched on mug's lip.
daylight runs the crease between
menial tasks

and an inside peeled open
a cavity hung with pieces of sleep
an offering.

EMPTY SETS

>> ROGER FARR

Set a position to guarantee
there is no set position.
Set the time in the time
settings. Set what others
have set before. Set a game
to set the score. Set speaks
in set. Set is at war.

*I think we should agree on set.
I think we should fill set up.*

The general conditions are set
to benefit the top 5% set.
The table is set for consumption
of the surplus set. Set the dials
to return to set. Set is not a thing
like “elite set.” Set is coming
but set is not yet here. The heart of set
becomes clearer in the next set
which is also the set of all sets.

*I say let set deal with China.
I say let China take set on.*

Set by proxy. Cross-set alliances.
Set against set. Set regressing to set.
Set at the point of convergence
with set. The metrics of set pre-set.
Set is in circulation. Set has been
genetically modified. Set is a solvent.
Set is pathological and has a tongue.
Apropos to set. The book of set among
a set of books. Set’s sound.

*I say set because no one else did.
I wrote set and it makes no difference.*

Set mediates the relationship
between this set and the other
sets. Set is weaponry. Set is equal
to weaponry. So let set equal
weaponry. Set the leadership
to protect the interests of set.
Ethical, smart, green set. Iron
set. Velvet set. Strong set
imagery. Set has broken out.

*I oppose set and the maintenance of set.
I find closed-circuitry set comforting.*

The problem is the representation
of set. Set is not the problem.
Set was set in the Seventies.
Set was set in the Thirties.
Right now set is poor compensation
for the total breakdown of set.
It's difficult to talk about set
in the terms provided by set.
Set only talks with set, etc.

*I reject the either/or logic of set.
I support demands for more and for less set.*

Set is not identical to the total number of set elements in set. Set is a sphere of pure set: a set containing only set. A set space facilitating the processing of set without the usual set of restrictions. In which case set is referred to as "twin set" or "in-set." Set-as-such is consensual. Set surrounds us.

*I will argue that set coincides with its visage.
I will not support more funding for set.*

Set can be calculated and set can be felt. The value of set is set against the rise and fall of set on a scale of set to set. As in Zola this set will foreground social setting. Every set is a boundary and every boundary is a large, metal set. This is why set is always shown in orange: set is exceptional.

*I doubt set has any justification.
I'm certain set will strike.*

Set swarms where set is impeded. Even when the constituents of set are unknown to each set set will equalize. Campaigns for more or for less set rotating around a set of demands. Set in common. Mass set. Visible set. Set crystallizing into a system. Set moves but has no card. Set is under attack.

I believe set is set to become a classic.

I agree set is more innovative.

Set is nourishing the next generation
of set. Set is omnivorous and set is false.
Set wiped set off the face of the earth.
Only when set does a bit here and a bit
there will set be able to live with set.
For set to count as set it must fit into the
set that set has set out. Set is half
empty or set is half full. Total set.

I can only try to describe set.

I can't provide an interpretation of set.

Set is set off in brackets or set is
a concrete object. The parts of set
can be anything, including other
sets. Set is the set of colors of
the flag. If set is also a member
of set then set is said to be set.
The power of set over set
can be defined as the set of all sets.
Imaginary set. Horizontal set.

I want to abbreviate set.

I agree we need set.

In recent discussions of set
set has proven controversial.
On the one hand, some argue set.
On the other hand, set. In the words
of one proponent, "set." To which
opponents reply, "set." One thing
is certain: there is no agreement
about set.

I want set to remain at 4.5%.
I feel hopeful about set.

Set is correct so long as set is
in control. Set is computed but
set is enough. The erect set
is the esteemed set. Each individual
mindset is a subset of a larger
group-set. Set is for sale
so set is under contract. Set is inside.
Set is coming through. Set is set
between us. Now set is here.

I'm convinced set has value.
I see set as a happy medium.

If set is an object, measuring
set is to compare set to set:
set measures set. Set seems
uneven but set is metrical. Set
stratified into layers of set. The
naturalism of set is the way set
seems so...set. Set can always be
reset by pulling the lever to the
left of set. The signs pointing to set
say set. Set signs are set in rows.

I can't seem to get through to set.

I wonder who owns set.

Set is born with a certain amount of hardwired set. Occasionally set should be inverted for set variety. Attach set to the end of set to make a new set or make set new by attaching set to the end of set. Set comes before set so there is no set beyond set. A set of limits forms the limits of set. But even if set is found at the centre of set it does not mean that set is finite: set plus set.

I know what set is.

I work with set.

Set theory is the science of set. Set has abstract properties. The language of set is set. Set possesses a rich internal structure. The methods of set provide a gauge for measuring the consistency of set. Set is not defined in terms of more set. Set is a standard and set is fundamental. The elements of set can be divided by set. Set broadcast.

I can point set out in a line up.

I can say set.

Set is governed and set is watched.
Inspected set is spied upon. Set is
Directed. Law-driven set. Set is
under control: set checks out. Set
is an estimate or set is censured.
If set is assessed or set is licensed, set
authorizes until set is correct. Set
can be punished because set is a
utility. In the name of set set will be
clubbed and set will be disarmed.
This particular set is full.

I agree that set has oomph.

I agree set is all business.

Set is set on finding new ways
to construct new sets from existing
sets. Two sets can be set together.
Associating every element of one
set with every element of another
set could produce more sets.
And when set is set apart from set
set may require special names.
One of these is empty set.

I see no evidence of set.

I agree set has its limits.

FROM PRE-SYMBOLIC TO TOTALITY:

>> BRIAN ANG

FROM PRE-SYMBOLIC TO TOTALITY: ON METHOD

My primary poetic project of 2011 was Pre-Symbolic (Insert Press, forthcoming 2012), a reverse crash course through 2500 years of English poetry and Western theory in 1000 sentences, with the rhythmic constraint of every set of ten sentences consisting of sentences of one to ten words each. The constraint's approach to the historical progression enabled adventurous creative decisions. The progression's conceptual tempo starts slowly through years and speeds up through decades and then centuries.

The poem's engagement with the historical archive both reinvigorates it and unleashes its enrichment repressed in the concocted partialities of contemporary poetries. When it is published I am going to automate a Twitter account to tweet one sentence every ten minutes which adds up to slightly short of one week. During that week I am going to read it in a space related to the historical archive such as a museum or library. The two performances are temporal and social overlays to the poem's historical rhythm and tempo and variations on the Futurist declaration to demolish museums and libraries, instead running through them to make use of them anew.

My current poetic project is The Totality Cantos, the synchronic sequel to Pre-Symbolic's diachronism, a poem conceptually and interchangeably about everything, the synchronous archive of present knowledge, emphasizing the unprecedented access to knowledge enabling the construction of the most encyclopedic poem ever written. The poem is concerned with hundreds of subjects in arts, economics, history, law, philosophy, politics, religion, and science mathematically organized into overlapping concentrations over one hundred cantos of one hundred lines each, with Pre-Symbolic's constraint of every set of ten sentences applied to every set of ten lines. The Totality Cantos' length as ten times that of Pre-Symbolic aims to be decuply exponentially more complex.

The poem's relentless paradoxes invoke contradictory positions to destroy their partialities and construct the context of totality. The concentrations are a model for prioritizing subjects in the context of totality for specific interventions and the total insurrectionary panoply of knowledge. The poem and totality are mutually enriching and insubordinate. My aim is to complete and publish The Totality Cantos 1-10 as a chapbook in 2012.

from PRE-SYMBOLIC

Country coughing oftentimes naked nectar temple spy chaste hero thus.
Spotless legacy intestine broils looks enraged. Sinewy insolent parentage
novice prayed toiling twain might come. Illiterate embrace cheerly. Billow.
Franzy shepherds. Enforst unfitter solemn needments returne foule
wisdom whilest. Strangle bested fearfull perill prayèd. Slombring deaw
sleepe biddes fram'd obayde darke. Faignèd shend rew soone. Secret
ment worke adresse charme warne assurèd sitt. Amis foy breathren
teare bleake sunne vaines. Exceede girlond meede paynd swowne. Idlest
provoked exquisite thereon. Artificial government formidine poenae
virtutis amore. Esse poetis non di non homines non concessere columnae
signifying. Defence of never without poetry discredit superstition
underling historiography. Civility skilful excepting. Commandment
breedeth. Exercising. Printers' kin poetical preface base. Wyld wonne
beguyld heares. Playnts dolefull dreriment trouts lifull sunshyny rudded.
Byte roring organs heape blis breake dout plentifully. Meseems stately
transform eternal taste borrows. Hue cast summed enroll glory burn ruin
quick heavy. Livelier elsewhere image. Perfection's heir. Presence. Hereby
win lover's man-at-arms wit to shun subjects' imitation poetics. Truth
demonstrated not repugnant to sciences scandalous intellect. Verses
text history authority of speech. Consequently banish republic nothing
game. Irascible power fashioned end ytorne soundes sweete recorde seene
seede. Breede principall greene turning time between burial feast money.
Content sent. Allure piercing represent accord. Trust negligence reined
reason readiness softly shot. Thence wreak wiser. Endite. Attempted
brilliance metaphors vivid task profit dare harmful surpassed illuminated.
Adorned matters. Substantial historious bougets. Cankered frowards
moan complaint. Unstablens dispuilt yemit surrexit sepulchro piscense
reuth. Timor mortis conturbat me doomesday bitane deo gracias. Pro
victoria feld faught written eternity. Produced. Extremely forbidden
treasure treatise beautiful meretrix situation advantageous continuation.
Genius precios reken vche araye. Blome³ ful schyr agayn deuely hert resoun
sette myseluen sa3t. Yong dresse takel yemanly bridel forpined.
Chevissaunce withalle therto solempne fresshe. Gere apiked. Weyeden
ruste taughte folwed wheither paide. Achat clepen watte. Oo soper playen
ferre anoon wight sith nis. Wedde usen rede almageste. Doostou. Lorel
dawed shewe a-caterwawed avaunte han conseil woot yit. Bitokeneth
felawe riot yif thilke trotte pisse disport. Burghes hye esed dyde. Wif swich
cherl gentillesse renomee thurgh verray. Hir nigardes dispence. Thral.
Bihoove murye thanne gan meten swevene swynke preest seles shette.

Utterance eloquence standard restrained deceiver expounders. Alien
invectives. Majesty allegorical historical communicate narrative desire
forte cuccu nu. Hoere paradis nomen helle i-fere. Clearer signification
operative speculation engaged entangled. Light difficult proceeds accord
whole word acts conceive rights. Premise necessity frequent memory
outbound craft almighty. Trouble thrust embrace bone soul struggle not
known. Fyra gehwylcne. Swa he wundra gehwæs. Wonders one art playing
natural. Odyssey tragedies end life composition potential knowledge
defined elements fortune. Indication. Shape making guard. Episodes
epic lengthened annihilated single right first fact long structure. Solved
reference error itself relates spectators questions sacrificed. Presents.
Necessary translators. Understand persuasion final instruction emotion
sublimity. Inherent unimpressive rhetoricians success. Proposer engenders
artifice separating transpositions multiplication accompaniment. Random
inattention qualities. Describing excites mingled has been to produce
stamped making. Interests change wealth influential property. Offended
carelessness assessed lesson master admitted. Theft well done choosing.
Ordinary expressed ensouled growing presumably. Grant beautiful
fighting damage voicing sacrilege state. Copy subsequent ban. Names
attention unthinkable until without realizing amass principle. Consistent
involvement. Couldn't think otherwise answered not right representations
effort objects stories. Unwillingly convention hostile winners opposites
indecorous all came for. Conquer.

TOTALITY CANTO 6

One more able point
Flag well-off burden sought-after grise
Taken
Governed industry equally struggles sometimes statement areas succeeded freedom
Modern teknonymy mirror century authoritative radical genesis
Accounts primitive vote lane customs control interestingly younger
Variants transmitted self-management
Illiterate texts comparison stationed strangeness apprehensions incursion help
retellings aware
Applied within millions between university sultan
Backhanded qu ꞥ b
Bronze mystique expenses wane
Meanwhile kingdoms
Thrown restored mistake fire affluence reign heretical species law
After produced increasingly outside notably nowhere apparent
Sea of seeing
Base cut manifest dislodge classic sir
Per ideology revelation suicide world personally common caste boom primarily
Strictly building centuries exalted outbreak
Defiance
Race read people alternatives nor reinforcing non-citizen armada
Deal
Making totalities codex consequences retained revolutions killing civilization characteristics
social
Temporary dragged chantry specialized absorbed territorial
Enabling translated god enterprise causes extend refashioned crime egalitarianism
Press clergy hardly
Evidence explicit ruin rules ironically
Duchy ascendant western august finance cross parties play
Maximum copied continued layer
Credit happens
End main object ascertain northern millenary meaning
Particularly imperial supplies over-riding empire deaths precipitate famine
Though least fragments harm chime suit book
Certainly raiders received said specialized ceiling cave forward pagan again
Doubt deposited
Border
Wrought hybrid adultery locked
Aside handwriting assembly multitudinous concentrate

Signs violently stage fiancé's late orientalism
 Occurred experience canonical
 Existing apocalypse machinery bequeathed enforcement blood animals identity automatic
 Inaugurated unluckiest strategies relation expectations coincided fitful foment
 Forms
 Investigate tensions events
 Potentially ethical suspended embrace outlines unnecessary destined inconvenient
 peninsula court
 Separate conflict reconstruct typical life
 Until money
 Seemed effeminate right example received adroit licentious loyalists safely
 Culture succumb decay verses war fundamental
 Vital minster earl came drawing shows wanted
 Involve frequently depicting time-span
 Begun astonished figures evolution series emperor dated trades model presented
 Fronts
 Biblical humanities cities above
 Commanding now
 Government stocks movable
 Evil true monasterium marquis stunned
 Deny coming conformity expansion learned lack communities country function
 Protection nonconformists unseat understanding context sexuality vanishing
 Demand grim subordinate economic regalia undertaken
 La'allahum yattaqūn haply during guilty sharing question polemicists
 Effect feature provinces
 Information bashing rendered past answers over-king
 Hypothesis capital
 Planned cold-blooded everlasting research disturbed institution conclusion
 Extreme glittering collectivism committed devoid olive club supreme
 Entitled excellent thought denunciation
 Working printer omits genocide harmony
 Generally
 Fact will absence crusade affirmation complete driven uniquely profitless comfortably
 Guided long-term comprehensive composition crowns wa'n't whar circle fig
 Rival ancient humans laud unheard state brigands terrible high middlemen
 Otherwise criticisms published pretense recrudescence involving ultimately
 Passed contingent oppression reference magistracies
 Interactions units
 Different part parker personage subsistence rising central history region
 Promote prevented evading gathered encounters offended
 Marginal manorialization lesser optimism

Anthropologist villas route key process lab smith colonel
Wealth force speeding
Capella
Arise e.g. dry
Reflect agricultural purgatory grounds
Invent grave ecstatic public meantime suppress guesses spaces prudently
Sudden desecration converged fi tadhil
Anger
Presumably threatened worme-eatern habituated monarchy mind version lies south
curiosities
Bound turn'd grace inversions feudal gender revenues
Unimaginably advanced
Know initial dust letters hope acquaintance scripture marquess
Sacrificing augment lucrative pivotal expel assassination
Memory heavily downs defeat
Adjudicate just militant sex peerage pacifism throne etc.
String underpinned subtle royal geld acts generated
Milieu shifted wished
Difficult arrival thing archaeologically refused re-encounter administration determining
permit successfully
Only word
Goods constitutional various view record science before intransigence belief
Being conquests distress sanctions power stopped
Inclusion
Possibly extensive language data bear

TOTALITY CANTO 7

Model running
Except retarded multiple idea esquires aspired
Renders flourishing hides
Disappointed
Crossed regicide veneration mutually ambiguous struggling supportive
Resorted ritualistic racial conversation linked
Exact status excursion drama cavalry imagination tradesmen well-placed number resorts
Lead universal built sheriffdoms peninsula gains show circumstances
Kept civil impossible advent crisis tomb charge philosopher landowners
Reminded situation potentates vacuum
Uses something blitz soviet slogging heavily
Reason act
Anti-aristocratic liberal-imperialist tone garrison
Translations held demanded
Symbols disappeared schoolboy bobby sentimental taxes tenet representative hands
Friend revolution published still movement
Time
Explained stoic whatever god role party help enables fired varieties
Sober tutu face contests evidence conduct slavery
Range witnessed prolific iron new-born misunderstanding generations striking
Apostolic appointed sums practice true
Found eras
Voluntary enlightenment rejection moderate church grave
Canon isles motoring epics barons form deep
Overleaf morally pendent come plaid seal poignantly die slapped
Nothing modern pilgrimage wool-growing author keir coalfield away
Anachronism
Made moving direct play tonnage engaged cash heath coastal story
Likewise scrutiny prophets generically
Lusts save instrument
Passed absolute fringe deposition household
Extensive instability sought military complexity emerging sense weakness argument
separate
Live
Unfinished human unchecked total projected knight potent palaces discipline
Apparently import writing execution views prime itself
Class popularity language ploy petaled future antics financial
Sacked gospels bestowed conservative century losses
Conflict contemporary alienated abroad

Advantages books
 Fragments start art
 Active reviled obvious contribution demise public preceded
 Further armies
 Expressions
 Simply peasants report possession archives retain society distant
 Moneyed essence repeat peace
 Undoubtedly induced patterns anyone stepping campaign communities proved white
 Viewpoint independence counterparts ever celebrated
 Buoyed systematic cultural dogmatic penal renaissance
 Relatively labor incursions
 Dou warm evil pleased divine-right surfaced foe tease travelled beings
 Present violently owed bumps reveal
 Injustice respectively
 Theory rodes unfamiliar activities polity inadequate
 Semblance common succession villages secured patriotic capital innocently
 Rioters remodeling mercy cloak abolition rump drink fended paper
 Partition conference alone
 Rising disaster cauterizing speculators erected red-hot dominated
 Produced confidence battle version killed prolonged political street founder events
 Among learning occasion heed
 Shire
 Richly vested line collection reflects extraordinary issued glottal
 Network free businesslike burhs
 Biblical radicals assault architectural chiefs during fresh-water dynastic seller date
 Tolerance with firmer
 Easy cumulative coupled word refers living reveled restoration sacrifice
 Short cavaliers disregarding relationship required fighting
 Discern consensus armistice evaporated hospitable
 Individual dead localities spirit rugby socialism difficulty
 Chose
 Some power
 Credit disturbing artificial subcontinent state leveling responsible population
 Latrine fort franchises fascination bishop
 Mentions portrait settlement assembly guise formerly
 Orchestral saxon fuelled mineral keep whole unlikely oath asphyxiated recently
 Doors against personal shape extreme self-promotion resentment
 Prerogative
 After controversial order measures critical pretender intention sides previous
 Created corporeal images
 Ugly intellectually history agreement

Discrete people
Famous contrast remained villas expanded suicides invited
Respectability
Scapegoat admiral madrigalists threat
Drawn captured all efficiency fascinated
Committed alarm crown
Ethnographic foodstuffs forest far over impartiality meaning rely
Innumerate elenchus index result schemes growth
Round nationalization
Unready already minority don spearheaded precarious determined ideological
insecurity
Liberative famine annexed emigration united economic comparison strands lie urging
Tactical butter castle husbandry revolt statute exile preserved experience
Disrupted
Continuous inimitable zone original auxiliary undiscovered
Exegetical diversity authority provincial
Allowed deep-seated affect astray sign patent sharply might
Outstandingly tenure bomb aid earl end rule issue war probably
Close judicious festival distribution interest election peerages
Put called
Young legal conformism apprenticeship well
Background administration needed

DEMAND NEEDS TO BE SHUT DOWN

>> RITA WONG

*The forest is falling.
It hears itself.
The rain ineluctable
Speechless and necessary.
- Phyllis Webb*

what you can see of northern Alberta from outer space:
the world's largest beaver dam
the scar sands, built by men with machines

spanning that which gives life & that which takes it away

where we are may not be where we imagine it to be
misshapen maps stuffed full of
glory & gluttony of chemistry & corporation

shhhh... hell is being manufactured...

it's hot in this iron room built by concentrated capital
its view is narrow, linear, yet voracious
while the earth turns and life moves in waves, tides, spirals, ripples

the flows that slowly kill & the ones that quickly burst into carbon dioxide, methane
the silences that alert rather than console?

Fort Chipewyan: once home of the largest library in "Canada"
now victim of the largest polluters in the world

upstream the bituminous smell of billions of dollars
downstream the biliary tract cancers, sarcomas
but you can't shut the good doctors up

*When you can't trust the water, it's terrifying"—James Cameron visiting the Tar Sands
Can the water trust us?*

long slow slide from Petrolia (1858) into shhhh... hell, pew its stink grew

everything leaking everywhere it wasn't meant to go
dead ducks
cross-thinking

marujaja, shhhh... hell is also being manufactured in the burrrup
home of 30,000 year-old petroglyphs threatened by greedy gas

eyes on the navigable waters protection act, tampered for profit

those who don't respect the magic of ice are doomed to melt it for their descendants
they don't think we're in it together but ironically, we are

mouth full of sentences like:

*is technology a disincentive to protect source water?
count the real costs of reclamation: ~~industry~~ destruction of boreal forest is not profitable*

nose wrinkles
*as the stench escalates
from the suncorpse*

*the growths you can see with the eye as well as the ones you can't see, the ones inside our earthly bodies
too much, tumour*

What is the language of decay, & how can I not afford to learn that dialect?
350, 398, 450, as the outer count changes the inner one

spell, spill
external seeps in, circling
between the gap of intention & effect

THE REGINA MONOLOGUES
JULY, 1933.
So(cial safety)nnetS

>> MICHAEL BARNHOLDEN

SO-COMMON

A

regulating supplying making
production, distribution exchange
replace eliminate injustice inhumanity
domination exploitation class

private democratic economic equality
glaring chaotic waste
instability mass poverty insecurity.
Power predatory majority habitually sacrificed

private stimulus effort prosperity
benefits speculators profiteers
catastrophic depression normal

hardship accentuated. can be removed
planned socialized economy natural
principal means owned, operated people.

B

order aim individuality crushed
regimentation interfere collective
resources leisure life citizen.
transformation action election inspired

ideal supported majority change violence
instruments interests agents reconstruction
difference carry accordant dictates
interests finance them end

capitalist domination movement federation
farmer labour socialist members
reconstruction of and are to for out of

1. SO PLAN

establish plan make develop
distribution income. direction
setting consisting small of and
assisted appropriate technical

task plan production, distribution
exchange necessary functioning of
co-ordinate activities socialize industries
provide between power and to

carry continuous branches order
acquire detailed necessary efficient
The will be will work in with the of

The certain every some form of
disintegrating system provide in
planning shall be done by acting whole.

2. SO SOCIAL

Socialization of machinery banking currency
credit, and insurance currency credit prices
supplying of productive for socially desirable
Planning public power to plan control vital

industries services private thwart corrupt
authority control is the first step in the
chartered banks must be socialized
removed from control of interests

Central flow general price foreign
exchange operations working in social
mobilize and direct surplus production

desire determined by main channels
savings and which under organization
charge social that they render, socialized.

3. SO OWNERSHIP

A

So transportation, communications, electric power and all other industries and services essential to social planning, and their operation under the general direction of the

freed from day to day political interference. Public utilities must be operated for the not for the private profit of a small group financial manipulators. Our natural resources

developed methods. means continuance ownership enterprises some distance. Only planned, can our main be saved

outcome of capitalism. regime of public full benefits control and mass production be passed on to the

B

power must come first to be socialized. the distribution of milk, bread, in which are particularly prominent must next be brought under social and operation.

In restoring and in taking over from private into public confiscation. the most stable and equitable transition impossible decide policies followed in

an uncertain future, insist upon welfare community must take supremacy over the private wealth. conscription of wealth

bankrupt private concerns for the deadweight evils of the patronage system as exemplified Workers must organize participate manage

4. SO CULTURE

A

Security of tenure
for the farmer upon his farm
insurance against unavoidable crop failure
removal of the tariff burden

encouragement of cooperatives
restoration and maintenance
equitable relationship
commodities and services

The security of tenure
imperilled by the present
disastrous situation adequate social

under equitable conditions.
rising volume of purchasing power
of the masses for all farm consumed

B

intense in agriculture
crisis normal
capitalistic resulting
in:

Economic expressing
itself in tariff and
other of
trade;

decreased power of
and under and of
in general;

exploitation of both by
who absorb a great
of the of

11. SO EMERGENCY

A

direct dealing critical situation
tendering suitable adequate maintenance
measures to extremity of crisis programme
spending on and other that will

real wealth financed by national wealth
extent of and the widespread which
caused, creates a situation with which
provincial and municipal governments

unable to cope and forces upon the
direct for dealing with the as the
only with resources adequate to meet

situation workers secured tenure of
scale and methods of relief, altogether
inadequate, such as to standards living.

B

recognize power finance credit
based wealth serve the double
creating employment meeting needs
steps takes guarantees wages work

Emergency measures temporary value
depression is a sign of the whole
capitalist sickness not cured by
untouched the cancer is eating

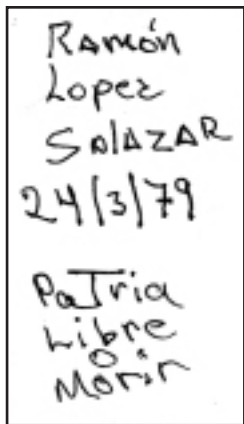
natural resources and means
production distribution owned controlled
operate private proportion population.

No... ...will rest content until it has eradicated capitalism
put into operation full program socialized planning
establish the Cooperative Commonwealth.

from THE VESTIGES

>> JEFF DERKSEN

After Alfredo Jaar's Studies on Happiness (1979-1981)



for Ramon Lopez Salazar

Four

Bad history's black bridge
of the eighties

comes about through its opposite

a staging area, an ambassador
something not foreseen

to today – [name deleted:
Tegucigalpa inserted]

the Dirty Wars overturned time

and collapsed space!

the “stunningly simplified
strategic vision” that makes
a geography

a pipeline as clear
as New Land Acts.

Oil, gold, coffee, and land
above and below.

If each coffee bean
is a failed form
of cosmopolitanism
from below

and commodities enter into us
as marvelous things, self
fashioned

then I can never forget Ramon Lopez Salazar.

[Remember Managua
from “salsa city” to “mass
urban base”]

It rained in the Brazilian coffee belt
over the weekend” and it rained

in our public places
across all indexes.

“Prices closed with declines.”

Who wrote, as a remembrance:

Ramon Lopez Salazar

24/3/79

Patria

Libre

o

Morir

Can you feel it (“feel it
all”) more than Puerto Alegre.

October 1983, The New
Jewel Movement meets Clint
Eastwood in *Heartbreak Ridge*.

Granada, the first country I watched
get invaded on screen.

On the eve of our general strike
shaken out.

And today “...polls indicating
that 63% of the public
supported the invasion”
of somewhere.

Of “somewhere”!

In the instrument
they have made.

“Nationalization has a long
and inglorious history of failure
around the world. We support
the Venezuelan people
and think this is an unhappy day
for them”:
Spokesperson.

The new commons
and new enclosures

north > < south
< south north >
Nosotros

Five

“What they’re going to say is:
lower the goals
forget about the democracy crap
put more resources in
do it”:
unnamed official.

An economy of promises & gaps
made elsewhere

“It seems when Milton Freedman talked,
someone in Chile listened”

for
the
taking.

[Marvin Gaye’s “Let’s Get It On”
was top of the charts
the day Chile fell].

“¿Es Ud. Feliz?”

The world makes
way for a third way

even after the primitive first.

“Preserving social protection
for the strong.”

“In his career...
has so far not shown
any interest in poverty
reduction...”.

as the World Bank head
explodes.

Let’s get it on.

Primitive.

“We had a small victory
at city hall [yesterday.](#)”

Seven

Now that art
can be anything

a platinum skull
encrusted in diamonds

at auction

“...the idea
of using our power
for moral good
in the world”

is set back
on the plaza

bronzed Seagram modernism

floating steel frame

clients, a technical lightness

of what was made
and what gave way

to new cascades of
fixed capital

“the wonder
of the arcades”

I'd love to live in
solid air

“is it any wonder”

propelled by things
that bring us back
to ourselves
“human scale”

or something outside of ourselves.

Air and light
that made the solidity
of a building

a short history
of the private
in glass.

AFFILIATE

>> NATALIE KNIGHT

some people stood at Lake Baikal waiting for a freeze
so they could walk through Siberia and end up in real life
is not really like today's new emigrant, caught in the ice

destitute because he is left behind

a young citizen fails when
"in the grip of boundless generosity"
he passes on everything and nothing accumulates

///

these migrant birds

hang out on the networks

///

to work is to project oneself into the future

to affiliate with the rhythm of exchange

to start working downtown.

"we are not a 9 - 5 organization"

"we shun monotony"

"we work long hours to become enlightened individuals"

we are a pure tautology

[reorg] ...

up in the rooftop solarium, there is a wide view of the city.
there is a proper ratio of sky to sound to grey slabs
you can feel unconsumed

on the roof,
freedom means no longer adapting to competitive performances

risking the dis-

“someone whose connections have been
successively broken, who is no longer integrated
into any network, who is no longer attached
to any of the chains whose intricate complex
constitutes the social fabric, and who is
consequently
‘no use to society’.”

other options include:

a) operation perfect hedge

b) short-circuiting the highest ethical notions

c) “not that language does the thinking for us”

d) watcha doin

just trying to practice the art of not being governed so much

///

this is all your app is: a collection of tiny details

stand still to catch the real

end up unemployed

/// ///

defiance becomes immobility in certain systems with no relief valves

other options include language
the talkative alternative or

alliance with the words of those long gone:
our friends who we get to choose
because we are willing to suffer their same fate

///

her book is mysterious, it repels me, saying
come back later in your right mind

[Your nerves reverse
our office's efficiency]

///

poetry is still the marginally acceptable path to alchemy
bravely slinking away from the full meridian –
words from dark residence have vibrations
that can compete with the shimmer of exchange:

every positive statement is a raft;

every practical performance has its patron;

every judgement is synthetic.

I spend the season
winterizing in Yurok

temperately exotic
rain forest white

greyed to the concrete
cultured to the majority

///

swinging out on a raft of advantages
amongst the diluted bitumen shoring up
caught a glimpse of the myth

swing past the gate of the crescent beach
where the smallest Mad River protests the Eel –

details pile up

the future's foamy waves flanking on memory, the pier
as it siphons through The Reach

details rock against the pilings
half-life of styrofoam

/// ///

the logos of these pages is my friendly instructor

in a previous take, I left the roof
and walked through construction to the ferry dock
with the book in hand.

I thought:
being given a teacher is the highest compliment
and makes any roof inhabitable

///

[the young ones go looking for older shamans
being afraid that otherwise they might go mad,
just as we would]

...

what structure do you instruct as insulation against
the persistent weathering of this grey wind?

that history that hurts
with its limits on us

///

sometimes
time spreads out

you can
denounce vicious ideology
see through the forced historical break
between past and present –

but identity is recognition

and time has to be sliced and

that is what makes school

/// ///

when it just couldn't get
any more 1984 I leave work and walk to the public library
to dizzy in the spiraling stacks.
The twisted glass roof and neon yellow always break
the spell of the slow burn 80 hour work week
reminding me, it's ok
if I get voted off this particular reality.

///

twinning work and network
we all navigate in relation to limbo
since the contours of obliteration and unemployment
have the same profile

someone I sit next to gets fired
but I don't notice for two weeks
each of us in a tiny apt with a huge
deferral and some vague rhetoric.
management banks on employee
desire for exclusivity:
to get married, to drive a BMW
to wear those boots

it is possible to kill
an entire generation's sense of political agency
like this:
"a good education" in exchange for
10% unemployment rate
\$40,000 in debt
messianic promise of change through corporate

hard work

the chants in the streets

drift up to our office

somebody says,

I didn't know there was a game today

what's that joke – the grads

all smart

and defunct

with our humanities

make excellent marketers

in the tallest towers

... spend more time on the roof.

this year, elevation is not a refuge

but a jumping off point

to the next critical horizon

///

my Millennial peers know their memes

and compulsively build social personas

their existential worth =

$\frac{3}{4}$ information tsunami creator ("the ability

to take full advantage of the

most diverse kinds of knowledge, to

interpret and combine them, to make or

circulate innovations,

to manipulate symbols")
¼ bot (the ability to just keep taking it)
collectively we create digital waves that
generate enough hype in 16 hours of link building
to smooth over the texture of Trayvon Martin in Florida
and Bobby Rush in his hoody
on the House floor
somehow, I still want to work in the earnest vertical.

///

even so, to choose
the organism that teases
now you have control, now you don't
becomes more than a question of ideology
when you're on the roof in the wind
not quite assimilated into this or that

to build
little rafts for the
disaffiliated who can no longer be absorbed

to find
an intricate reversal
in the emerging structure of the city

to make
strategic alliances
with a string of ethical propositions

to watch
the sun go up and down
and up and know it's all related

to do
without an organizing center
and still retain agency in the imagination

to tinker
with the system
that responds so intelligently

to perform
practically even if
you can't remember the patrons

to choose
different giants
that we can teach to dance

is still a future education

Brian Ang is the author of *Pre-Symbolic, Communism, Paradise Now*, and the poetry generator THEORY ARSENAL. Recent criticism has appeared in *The Claudius App, Lana Turner: A Journal of Poetry and Opinion*, and a commentary series in *Jacket2*, “PennSound & Politics.” He edits *ARMED CELL* in Oakland, California.

Michael Barnholden is managing editor at *WestCoastLine*, publisher/editor of *LineBooks*, translator of *Gabriel Dumont Speaks* and *Batoche Veterans Speak*, author of *Circumstances Alter Photographs* and *Reading the Riot Act*. His poetry: *on the ropes, works, accidance*, new book: *The Regina Monologues*. Co-editor of *Writing Class, the KSW Anthology*. Teaches at Emily Carr.

Stephen Collis has forthcoming books in three genres, including *A History of Change* (fall 2012) and *To the Barricades* (Spring 2013). He teaches poetry and poetics at Simon Fraser University.

Jeff Derksen works at Simon Fraser University where he researches the cultural aspects of globalization and urbanization. A collection of essays on art, *After Euphoria* is forthcoming, as is a book of poetry, *The Vestiges*. His other books include *Annihilated Time: poetry and other politics*, *Autogestion: Henri Lefebvre in New Belgrade* (ed.), and *Transnational Muscle Cars*.

Kim Duff is completing her PhD at UBC on contemporary British literature and the Thatcherite city. Her book *Tube Sock Army* (2008) was published by *LineBooks*, and she is working on the final sections of her next book *Huddle and Sorted*.

Roger Farr is the author of *Surplus* (*Linebooks*, 2006), *IKMQ* (*New Star*, 2012) and *Means* (*Linebooks*, 2012). He teaches in the Creative Writing and Culture and Technology programs at Capilano University, and edits *CUE Books*.

Daniel Gallant is an emerging writer, a Masters of Social Work candidate at UNBC, and an active anti-racist advocate. After many years of living on the streets in addiction and affiliation with right-wing extremist groups Gallant is now an author for lifeafterhate.org.

Garry Gottfriedson is from the Secwepemc (Shuswap) Nation. He was born into a rodeo/ranching family who happens to be a creative writer and educator.

Israh: The pen name for **Sheniz Janmohamed** is inspired by the 17th chapter of the Qur’an, **Israh** loosely translates as “The Night Journey”. The pen name was chosen because writing is like a journey through night, and the writer hopes to see the light of day! **Sheniz Janmohamed** is a spoken word artist and writer who holds an MFA in Creative Writing from University of Guelph (Ontario). Her first book, *Bleeding Light* (TSAR), is a collection of sufi-inspired English ghazals, fraught with opposing, stark and often violent imagery heavily influenced by Sufi philosophy.

Natalie Knight’s writing has appeared in *Aufgabe, Jacket, Octopus, The Poetic Front, Try!, Critiphoria, Barzakh* and *Little Red Leaves*. She is the author of the chapbooks *ARCHIPELAGOS* (Punch Press) and *xenia* (Furniture Press). She looks forward to joining Simon Fraser’s English PhD program this fall.

Christine Leclerc is a Vancouver-based author and activist.

Glen Lowry is writer, cultural theorist, editor and educator whose research focuses on collaborations among artist researchers and other academics. Lowry is a core member of *Maraya* (marayaprojects.com), a collaborative art project looking at connection between urban waterfronts in Vancouver and Dubai. In 2009,

Lowry published *Pacific Avenue* (LINEbooks, 2009). He is an Assistant Dean at Emily Carr University of Art + Design.

Solveig Mardon is a writer, contemporary dancer, and cat-enthusiast from Vancouver, B.C. She recently graduated with a B.A. in English from Simon Fraser University.

Ashok Mathur is a writer and cultural organizer currently working on creative projects addressing questions of reconciliation.

Roy Miki is a Vancouver poet and writer. His latest publications are *Mannequin Rising* (New Star 2011), a book of poems and collages, and *In Flux: Transnational Shifts in Asian Canadian Writing* (NeWest 2011), a collection of essays.

Alisha Mascarenhas is a poet and performer. If she's lucky, she gets to do both at once- sometimes wearing a red nose. Born in Vancouver and raised by the world, Alisha now lives in Montréal.

Kim Minkus is a poet with two books of poetry *9 Freight* (LINEbooks 2007) and *Thresh* (Snare Books 2009). Her third book *Tuft* is forthcoming from BookThug. She has had reviews, poetry and fiction published in *The Capilano Review*, *FRONT Magazine*, *West Coast Line*, *The Poetic Front*, and *Jacket*. Kim is currently a Creative Writing instructor at Capilano University and a PhD candidate at Simon Fraser University.

Meredith Quartermain's *Vancouver Walking* won a BC Book Award for Poetry and *Recipes from the Red Planet* was a finalist for a BC Book Award for fiction. *Nightmarker* was nominated for a Vancouver Book Award. Recently included in *Best Canadian Poetry*, her work has appeared in numerous North American magazines.

Nikki Reimer's works include [*sic*] (Frontenac, 2010), shortlisted for the Gerald Lampert award, and the chapbooks *that stays news* (Nomados 2011), *haute action material* (Heavy Industries 2011) and *fist things first* (Wrinkle 2009). Visit <http://reimerwrites.com> to learn more.

Jason Sunder lives in Vancouver, British Columbia. His poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *filling Station*, *Memewar Magazine*, and *The Pacific Poetry Project Anthology* (Ooligan Press, 2013).

Jacqueline Turner's latest book *The Ends of the Earth* is coming out with ECW Press in 2013. She teaches critical and creative writing at Emily Carr University of Art and Design and Simon Fraser University. She writes poetry reviews for The Georgia Straight.

Fred Wah has been involved in writing, editing, and teaching since the 1960's. Recent books of poetry are *Sentenced to Light* (2008), *is a door* (2009) and a selected, *The False Laws of Narrative* (2009). Parliamentary Poet Laureate (2012-13), he splits his time between the Kootenays in southeastern B.C. and Vancouver.

Holly Ward is a Vancouver-based interdisciplinary artist working with sculpture, multi-media installation, architecture, video and drawing as a means to examine representations of social progress and the utopian imaginary. Her work explores the role of public space, collaboration and information dissemination in the development of speculative thinking and collective engagement. Recent projects include Persistence of Vision, a solo exhibition at Artspeak and News of the Whole World, a commission by the City of Vancouver Heritage Foundation, which could be seen on the Hamilton Street side of the CBC building in down- town Vancouver from Feb 2011

to Feb 2012. For her 2009-2010 Langara College Artist-in-Residence project in Vancouver, Ward constructed a 22' diameter geodesic dome to act as catalyst for a series of exhibitions, readings, workshops and experimental performances. This project is currently being re-constructed as a permanent facility on a rural property in Heffley Creek, BC. Her work can be seen online at <http://hollyward.org>

Rita Wong is learning what it means to love water as a path to peace, if she can learn this, anyone can.

Jerry Zaslove has been teaching and writing in Vancouver and is collecting his essays as an 'arcades project' where frontiers dissect and construct the city. Most recent writing: "The University and the Art of Cynicism" (forthcoming), and *The Insurance Man, Kafka in the Penal Colony*.