

CONTENTS

ANAHITA JAMALI RAD <i>ON THE PRODUCTION OF THE RELATIONS OF REPRODUCTIONS</i>	2
CARA BENSON <i>HOW THE END WILL COME: A PRE-APOCALYPTIC CONFESSION</i>	8
CATRIONA STRANG from <i>CORKED</i>	20
LAURA ELRICK from <i>PROPAGATION</i>	30
SARAH DOWLING <i>EVERYONE SLEEP</i>	40
AMY DE'ATH <i>FOUR POEMS</i>	45
NATALIE KNIGHT <i>ALBATROSS</i>	53
DEANNA FERGUSON <i>UNTILTABLE</i>	67
CECILY NICHOLSON <i>CUT. SECURELY ORE</i>	74
CAROL MIRAKOVE <i>CIVIL SIDEWALKS</i>	85
DANIELLE LAFRANCE <i>CASUAL OBSERVATIONS AND INADVERTENT FIRINGS</i>	95
MERCEDES ENG <i>PRISON INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX EXPLODES</i>	106
RACHEL ZOLF <i>WHAT WOMEN SAY OF THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST</i>	118
LISSA WOLSAK from: <i>OF BEINGS ALONE</i>	129
SHARON HAYES & ANDREA GEYER <i>HISTORY IS OURS</i>	COVER

**ON THE PRODUCTION OF
THE RELATIONS OF REPRODUCTIONS**

ANAHITA JAMALI RAD

ON THE PRODUCTION OF THE RELATIONS OF REPRODUCTIONS

1. All the repression of ideology function both massively and predominantly the function with (difference).
2. Whereas that (constitutes) beneath a politics commanding class-struggle-class unity applied, multiple, distinct, possessing, providing—limited to extreme subordinate classes form contradictions autonomous and capable of.
3. Whereas the forms of secure ideology (ruling) usually apply power executing ideology and unified, under organised state.

Institutionalised forms of processes progress into an accumulated number of functions: *I am falling asleep, I am falling, I am asleep, I should not be forgotten, I am an individual type, I happen automatically, I am not 'born', I am a condition of the ruling ideology.*¹

1. All the repressed ideology of function massive (in)difference pre-dominate both.
2. Whereas a politics beneath commanding the struggling class against unity constitutes possessing, multiple distinct provide limited extreme forms, classes subordinate contradictions capable of (autonomous) commanding.
3. Whereas usually (the) ruling executing ideology unified forms organised under.

Total access, total annihilation, total asshole, total body fitness, total combat, total control, total debt, total immersion, total lung capacity, total logistics, total nonstop action, total recall, total utility, total warfare, total eclipse of the heart.²

1 Materialised for *that part* in the process of ideology immediately mediating through the production of values. Circulating reproduction qua ideology of the politics of the struggle-against 'cultural', etc.

2 *That part* materialised for the process of ideology mediating through the production of values. Immediately circulating reproduction of the politics of the qua ideology struggle-against 'cultural', etc.

1. All the repressions of functions of Ideological-State-Apparatus-functions repress massive function of ideology the function of (its) repression.
2. Whereas whole parts organise, the proletariat struggle capital, and their forms yield to contradictions that express extreme the polemics of some kind of (grimy) teeth-gritting apparatus.
3. Whereas unity represses the representation of the classes (in power) creating a whole that executes the struggle against class-struggle of the dissonant contradictory forms, by ruling ideology.

Without any limits and without any goal, the translucent spinning-mill 'works' the 'endless chain' of *know-how* and *wage labour*: to pay for rent, food, and clothing, to pay for the translucent spinning of the endless mill.³

3 The 'cultural' materialised ideology of the politics mediating *that part* in the process of ideology immediately through the production of values. Reproduction circulating qua the struggle-against, etc.

1. All repression of ideology function predominantly function (difference).
2. Whereas beneath a politics commanding class-struggle-class applied, multiple, —limited to subordinate classes form contradictions autonomous and capable .
3. Whereas secure ideology (ruling) apply power executing ideology under-organised .

asleep, I am falling, I am asleep, I should automatically condition

ideology.⁴

1. All ideological (in)difference dominates .
2. a politics beneath the struggling class against constitutes possessing, nothing, classes subordinate contradictions of (autonomous) commanding.
3. Whereas usually (the) ruling executing ideology unified forms under.

TOTAL ANNIHILATION

4 *That part* materialised

against the 'cultural'.

1. All the depressed ideology functions massively with the monetary to render (difference).
2. Whereas the stakes are in the stocks.
3. Whereas the forms of secure ideology (*always* ruling) usually apply power executing, and ideology and unified and (is *always* disjunctive) under organised state.

There is nothing you can do-oo-oo. You know that it's true-oo-oo. There is no place for you.

Total system update.

1. All the repressions of functions repress massively the function function of (its) functional repression.
2. Whereas whole parts organise, the proletariat struggle capital, and their forms yield to contradictions that express nothing.
3. Whereas unity represses the representation of the classes creating a whole that executes dissonant contradictory forms (of nothing), by ruling ideology.

You are what you are done to.

1. All the repression of ideology produces massive amounts of *get more than I paid for*.

Institutionalised forms of *Please, don't wake me, no, don't shake me/ Leave me where I am, I'm only sleeping*.

2. Whereas a politics unearths struggling-against limited extreme forms subordinate contradicts capable.

Totally free markets.

3. Whereas unity represses the representation of the classes creating a struggle of class-struggle of class struggle by struggle.

Agenda, he said, LEGALLY, not the answer but a damn good solution.

from **HOW THE END WILL COME:
A PRE-APOCALYPTIC CONFESSION**

CARA BENSON

NARRATION

Oh, mon ami! How weary you look. She walks into the room to find herself listing to the left a little. Is it her knee again? It is one thing, she thinks, to talk about transience. In her talking about death she thinks she has kept it at bay. Does she approach other ideology similarly? Will she stop the good fight and give over to bourgeois life, like the heat one feels in an end-stage hypothermic state?

She wonders if the word state.

She doesn't think she has kept it at bay. She "thinks" it.

And what of the historical moment?

That is what puts her in a room, no? Yes, there are ~~still~~ books. Submerged joists and studs. Insect life.

She closes the window before she leaves. Storm predicted.

We note that she is white, however not like the walls.

Or is it that one fights *for* the bourgeois life?

HOUSE VOICE

Yes, You Can

INTERLOPER VOICE

I thought it was we.

HV

One of the greatest gifts we can offer is the opportunity for kids and young adults to learn how to achieve financial independence.

IV

I used to steal out of my dad's wallet.

HV

Most kids start collecting their favorite things without realizing they are "collecting."

IV

Also from stores. Huge bags of candy and lots of stickers. I had a thing for stationery.

HV

Collecting provides some with their first experience in ownership.

IV

I didn't clean the guinea pig cage often enough. It would have died anyway, but I don't think I helped.

HV

Katie Schwenk learned about product loyalty by collecting Barbie dolls.

Wanting narrative arc (to connect the days)

I. BANG/GOD*

A.

Debris, detritus, particle, parthenogenesis

1. motion, e.g. brownian

2. comma, space

B. Algae, algebra

1. Sons - so be it

2. "The King's lady bore a son"

3. *fr*

C. Hydraulics

1. (symbolic/signify: tech, industry, petrol, TV

II. DEBT/DAS KAPITAL

A. Freud

B. Jung

C. Lacan

D. Kristeva

"Cara Benson" }
"Boyfriend" } Audience/*pater*?



*Allah, Yahweh, Krishna, Iusaaset, et al.

CAPITALISM IS AN ADDICTION. A parody of itself. Dancing as fast as it can in a cheap polyurethane pet costume, squawking suit. Vaudeville, not even slight of hand anymore. Not so deft. Just gadfly awful. I think about this in the sports bar / restaurant as we are waiting for our meat dinners, watching the clawing advertisements during a football game. I say this to my boyfriend and he says something like “shoo it away.” I say it helps to name it tonight. This naming doesn’t help my unreasonable visceral attachment to the NY Giants. I want to distance myself from this by claiming I will watch my reactions like a sociological experiment. That I am “allowing” myself to succumb in order to have the human experience. Team identification. It is as deadly as tribe, political, ideology, religion as it distracts us from the real work. This is what I think while clutching my bag.

Then you wake up and your team lost. You think “early in the season.”

And also “of course it’s still spectral.”

THE SCENE OF THE ABSENT MOTHER

We found baby mice earlier in the fall—eyes pinched shut, no hair yet, pink defenseless clumps—one after the other in our mudroom. In the same spot each time. As if the mother had pushed them out of the nest we could not see. Each one was still living, but surely not for long. We removed them and as we did each one winced, it seemed.

“Put them by the grave where our beloved cat is buried.”

“Natural order of things.”

We both thought that those two would be “two less” and said this to each other in hushed, apologetic tones.

JOINING THE RANKS of the tell-all. It feels exploitative to do anything else. I might bring myself to the “front” and speak from there. I have been at barricades, sir, and I can’t tell you yet what I saw. I’m working on it. Also, something about public grieving. The process of what one works out “publicly.” Is there nobility in withholding? Does she have a little queen inside herself who waves, tilting her upright cupped hand at the wrist to the masses? Or do I confess something like a bulimia so society—such as it is construed across time and terra and space—can converse more overtly?

Not to mention the stories one tells oneself about one’s life. For example, on the train to *the city* she wipes wood remnants from her jacket. Leftovers from grabbing logs from the pile to heat the house. As she brushes herself she thinks rural in comparison, in a “better than” kind of way. Which flips fast at a *board meeting* to “less than.” Podunk. But then in the city she thinks of the provincial folk she has left behind. As if she isn’t both both and neither and no one else had ever ridden a train or started a fire and she did not even chop down the wood but ordered it from a local sawmill she found through an internet search. They paid one price for a “dump” of the wood in front of their little wood shed. She’d spent a morning stacking logs and thought about what she might “post” about it. She refrained and felt shame for thinking about online media while so very actually in the world. Then she thought about how there are probably many who would

- a) have a handheld device on their person while actually stacking and
- b) stop stacking to post pics so
- c) she felt better about herself until
- d) she thought about the mercury and the alloys, lithium, etc. that make up all the digital devices – hers included (though she has no “handheld”—which she alternately feels superior and inferior about) and

e) landfills and aggressive extraction

f) laborers and migration

then g) thought about how she always thought about the stories she would tell *later* about whatever experience she was having so that in the moment she was already ahead of living the event and how she had struggled with that and no technology was likely involved so

h) media only heightens culpability, isn't necessarily its origin which didn't remove the

i) thought of the original struggle of feeling not present to one's life if one is only living it but not also telling about it or even thinking about telling about it while it is happening – this mediation still exists yet somehow, even if

j) she was comforted to think about it all in terms of storytelling like a tribal or shaman experience around a fire though she would invite no one over to share the flame tonight but she and her boyfriend would sit on the couch, possibly, and read, occasionally saying *can you listen to this* and speak aloud sentences or paragraphs from the books they were each respectively into which
k) always involved timing and communication.

There was a time they used to say whatever struck them aloud without checking. They finally figured out that some negotiating was helpful, though blurts are not out of the question now.

She has really thought these things.¹

¹ *really* as in really

ONE WANTS to think that a life could count. That although talk of the agency of systems and networks and things/ actions was all the secular rage these late capitalism days, one could give in particulated ways. If theatre left the theatre, Vaneigam, would it be a good enough start if one did or did not hold the door open for a stranger entering a chain drug store? There is no question about being able to give up the script. She knew she was capable of unkindnesses, public scenes of vulgarity. Hostile and aggressive driving. Profanity. What she might really and truly shout as the ever more desperate adverts jingled their fervor. She imagined herself standing in a properly polished foyer and spraying her pheromones on passing advertising executives, CEOs, and shareholders—against their will.

IN THE ORIGIN MYTH of my people there are hurts and departures. Lengthy absences punctuated by overbearing presences. Church and the god that we made of money.

It is not so simple, friend. Oh to be back in the good ole earthen times prior to revolutions agricultural and industrial! Prior to debt. [insert cleaving sigh] But we descend from bacteria, dear.

PREVALENT CONTEMPORARY TERMS/TROPES

Sustainability
Species extinction
Habitat destruction
Adopt a manatee
Adopt a grey wolf in Yellowstone
Adopt a square acre
Alternative sources
Send fast growing tree seedlings to Haiti

Some small people are planting as fast as they can. Should one travel to Haiti? Lie down in front of a bulldozer?

There *is* something to the story – the one that tells us of its own end or that it will end. Coming to end. Pre-visioning collapse collectively and living in denial of what will come. And then one wakes up the next day, puts the kettle on for coffee. Pats the cat on the head and maybe prays a little.

Individuals and micro clusters are trying to be *solution oriented*. Small farming or tool sharing. Ethical profit or non-hierarchical no-profit. Incentivizing a shift in the current social contract. Sometimes one just wants the job. Not to save the world but to document its foul and glorious end. In writing this does she hasten it? As with catastrophe industries: betting on disaster. Bad karma, man. As if rooting for the Giants had ever any impact. Terms like magical thinking. But who's to say collective will or worry doesn't exert creative force. Doesn't she somewhere in synapto-strato-field see herself brushing her teeth before moving into the bathroom to do so? Is it, as Rilke said, that the future enters into us as we move into it?

ONE WOULD or would not hold open the door at the chain drug store and one would also teach poetry. Planet poems. I as agent poems. Active poems. Language as necklace. As internet service provider. As malfunctioning thyroid. Language in rooms with people. On pages as kites. In a note on the kitchen counter. *love you*

She erroneously uttered the word “gobstopper” from the stage last night as a possible topic for panel discussion post-performance. She got stuck. Plain and simple. What was the next right word? An evening of prison writing and the conversation was *so clearly* to include terms like prison-industrial-complex. Mass incarceration. New Jim Crow. Privatization of the penal system. Racial and economic injustice. Man’s inhumanity to man.

The word woke her in the night.

One can stay on task only so long, I suppose.

Could there have been a productive integration of the word? The referent? Or even the idea that strayed links could produce contact or to see the fly in joist compound as beautiful or something like a mandala that, well, but really it was her version of his “stuff.” Placeholders. Oh Ludwig! Wereof one was not silent! Though she knows her stuff, she said “I’m Cara Benson, sorry” at least three times in the evening, twice from the stage. At least once it was funny. She’d forgotten who the last reader was to be and looked around the audience. Looked to the waiting celebrity readers—do you know? Who am I missing? she said. It was to be herself, of course. Aha! Cara Benson. Sorry.

I love you all my little bacterial kin!

from **CORKED**

CATRIONA STRANG

Dear Proust,

Were you “willfully underemployed”? It seems we’ve been playing on a terrain whose shifting boundaries we have not been permitted to define, or even to perceive. Like you I am unsatisfied by the current situation. Imagine a coincidental hook, which might arrive on the flanks of, say, “yoga for capitalists”, with air-quality assured, because I am getting nowhere noteworthy. Memory seems insufficient for me—and yet possession is not the answer. Locks indicate extensive terrain, or so our industrial savages declaim, or decant. And yet there are moments when I might almost believe we are restoring.

No Joy Shall Last

and again the fields are green

sometimes they

come to mind –

as when depiction is

sampled awry

a remembered reality

within whose constraints

we contrive to thrive

it keens intense potential or

knowledge screened

a remembered surprise

Inkling

exemption from something perpetuated
this point, this square point, a garden of
 proximity
who can howl or wend what

once more without
a surprise remembrance
peculiar how memory so often foils

a structured work of
custom's porous ramparts
how about: *back's span*

I mean it
this time
I've got an
inkling

double points
implicate

Dear Proust,

I had a point, but I declined to make it, as it had become
formidably overlain by classic sediment. Assignments within
steady formations are unknown to me. And now I forget my
point. The coast is straddled, its smooth sheets complete. Thus
my work projects fields and complexes—it has served—placed
and dripping, of outcrops and base description. How I yearn for
parallel sections. There are times when I feel the boundaries of a
major new phase pending, almost like a by-product. However,
conclusions are tentative, or more precisely, changeable. Deposits
have been made, and faults are probable, which constitutes only a
fraction of the weight women carry daily.

Shall we now go further? In mulish terms, our melancholy blot constitutes a repeated variation on improvised memory, a gentle resistance whose resemblances evoke an interposed atmosphere which is the exact perception of a discerning nuance. What traits might these variations span? Whose distances shall our verses measure?

O'Fragmentary World:

A Report

Despite the fact that sensations happen, neither the world nor the self endeavour.

Let us name the sunny time of our reading, whose no less routed results we ourselves can only dream. What lies beneath this interface?

Minimal doublet incarnate
(as I have argued)
technicians of the
consequent upon
conflicting always already

are infused no more
would how way within
as immediate as
the moist sea air

Dear Proust,

Celeste c'est moi. Daily life consumes me. And yet I must tell you that my full and demanding Celeste-life provides its own glimmers—shaky, transitory moments external to capital's seemingly omnipotent pulse. These extra-capitalist moments are themselves a form of art, and share a kinship with yours which I suspect you would reject. This bastard kin, this woman's living snippet-art I insist upon.

especially with
sharp little points

memory is certain
as to its own

I cannot help
voicing a

peculiar content's
contradiction I cannot

voice especially
a certain intrusive

little constraint
points cannot own

or sample or remember
implicit especially

Dear Proust,

Apparently my labours, not being “productive”, don’t count. So imagine hordes of invisible women: imagine us. Imagine our truths and difficulties; imagine, budding in the shade of our preoccupations, a text’s reaction. Imagine my hair as a complex political statement. Imagine a coincidental hook, I mean imagine that I’m content *and* unsatisfied. Imagine that faults have not been assigned. Imagine me without reference to my reproductive function. Imagine infinite complexity. I imagine Albertine is a boy? Imagine an endless supply of yarn. Imagine blackberries warmed by the sun; sometimes they’re sufficient for me, imagine that. Imagine all my conclusions are tentative.

from **PROPAGATION**

LAURA ELRICK

|| on the porch
crying
on th e porch
the trailer
at the trailer park on
this porch
and cry on it
the crying
porch crying porch
on it
the porch
park crying
the couch on the lawn
the tv the steps the
steps the
steps up
step
up
to the porch of the
big stone house
porch regal
someone
crying on the porch regal
the porch
regal
but crying on it
big stone
house porch
isn't
it crying
on
us
again it's

then again back
crying on the porch of the trailer

|| apples
spinach
chick peas
crushed tomatoes
peanut butter
cayenne
coriander
lemon pops
onions
toilet paper
soap

|| paparazzi
pushing their lenses
through the cast iron
gate pushed their lenses
through
the grates of the
gate the gate
had been locked
for the
paparazzi who
pushed their lenses through

look the
paparazzi the
paparazzi
pushing
through the fence
the fence pushing
the paparazzi the lenses
poke through

at work
work is watching
where the lenses
through the fences
of the school fence
where I'm working
at the school
in the fence head
work pushing
a lens through
the school fence

we didn't
see her not
here we
2 hers
wait skirt
skirt
the paparazzi
want to shoot
her her
her
her
proper ID
the ID
pushed me through
the grates of
the gate the
gate locked
the two hers
times me
and shoot
and I shoot

|| is the funniness
of these poems
apparent to you

is funniness
apparent? to
you is funny
transparent
funniness is
transparent?

is a funny
poem apparently
funny
is funny funny?
funny yes
but apparently so
no
is it
this funny
thing
or is another one
funny that isn't
funny
apparently
what
is a funny poem
what's a funny
funny poem
what
is
funny
if not transparently

funny
unless a poem?
are funny poets funny
are poets
funny usually
poetry's
a pretty fucking
funny
endeavor itself
but the funniness
of these poems
is it funny or
not apparently
very funny but
very funny
to you?
funny
to you?
to you?

thanks thanks

apparently
it might be funnier
with a butt hole
in it

but is the butt hole a
funny butt hole?
is that
funny butt hole funny

|| mikaela
kassandra
jesse
nicole
kayla
alastaire
jimena
aileen
and the
and the
like going backwards
maybe its dumb
maybe its
i mean
please don't judge me
on this
i'm here to learn don't
want to sound ignorant
less sophisticated
took things literally
can i say
use
i don't mean *use*
i don't
want to read aloud
it's not
representative
of me i
why am i
was stupid
how i wanted to say
like jealous
not

i'm not like
mikaela
kassandra
nicole
aileen
jesse
kayla
jimena
alastaire
michele

EVERYONE SLEEP

SARAH DOWLING

Sometimes I'm the sentimental songs I enjoyed
when I was a teenager liking you
Like the buses glow like clouds and I am a lonely hawk in a
sky
That flies and
You were my hold you in my heart
with a very real prey (my prey) I sat there and told
my friend how I felt

Right now I'm the ones I played when I experienced
a girl for the first time liking things is like a
promise
if there is a place further from
Then we keep it dry the maroon robe you know that one of
these days (days) were numerous and today I sat
there and told my friend how I felt

Sometimes I'm the first time I realized they were
written in a language of snow goneUp from their
callingI did not yet speak because you do the same
thing every time We were numerous and the place
further from me I beg you do not goBut see tears
that sat there and told my friend how I felt

Right now I realized too much too quickly that I
think I've been holding backThis Yes again being
the time you do everybody in my heart with a
very secret hold you in a place further from me I
beg youProbably shouldn't tell I've got to tell you
but if I let you I sat there and told my friend how
I felt

Sometimes I imagine being thrown from a plane
over you (prey) like it's because you pick me up at
the parking lot is crowded in a language I did not
yet speak and I stand up right now Up the block
while everyone Sleep one of these days when I love
you always when you are alone I sat there and told
my friend how I felt

Right now I wasn't on a plane though (days)
everything again waiting there With lunch in my
mouth the tea I'll be cold If you tell the world I've
got to tell you the buses glow like clouds and
further from me Is a lonely hawk in a sky that did
not yet speak but sat there and told my friend how
I felt

Sometimes I'm in the same car over and over and
liking sleep you know that we'll be weak Oh that
nothing Boy See tears that seem my prey (prey)
that think Yes again being like all over Yes the time
you all do everybody although I never weep I'm
trusting you With mornings I sat there and told my
friend how I felt

Right now I'm the sentimental songs I enjoyed
when I was everybody liking Yes in my mouth my
heart my soul I probably shouldn't let you what
are you doing now where did you eat these days
(days) I am a hawk in a sky a place further from me
if I let this if I let you if I beg you do not go you can't
tell I'm talking and telling my friend It's you

FOUR POEMS

AMY DE'ATH

HAPPY AUTOMATISM

I imagine myself working lighting up
a Bubble Act sitting in the sunshine
like a millionaire tripping in the fake world
tripping in the real world as it came

back towards evening. Hemmed in
by my own appendix foamy. Trying
to take a bath in something holistic or
to live in stark relief as you do sometimes, not

cuddling the song I invented. Crushed. I'm
a very conventional person, you can make
a relation with me, vegetarian because
I hate animals the memory sour grapes

the doubtful animals: who they are
and what they do is worse than sentences
and I am worse at work than I ever was
we don't need radicalization or even want to be

funny, while art and the world is not not soft
I want worser worlds than I ever was
caustic little drifter on the grand canal
do make up in canoe like you do like you

TORE OFF

want explicitly from the earth
a leaf can live can drive
wonder can be closed down
and not without its risks

want say goodbye to the herd
how capriciously they bend
sometime I will undo the states
I tried so hard to meet, insist

they are not obsolete, broke
warming into me, I *fortuna!*
it's not like harnessing you
it's not like caressing you I

want get out away from me if
I cannot give you I am
everything awry there is nothing
wrong with you there is
Nothing

wrong in you.

It's good to think of
terror, artificially insane

CAMEL

Then beat the wind from the door
how shall I indicate hollow barrels?
nothing substantiates the grove anymore
and no turn can contain the big now,
Ridiculous what do you mean what
do you stand so fortuitously for you only
see your own orange grove, your own
mauve trove Hitler Youth blue cranberries.
I am a camel searching in the dust
for a second time I'm looking at you.

HOLEY

Where are you now?
Where are you—

Forgot poetry, and
then fucked off the poem, two
lines taut from Tillie Olsen's
hang-glider to the steeple of
the next roof, the next paradigm
as I'm showing it to you,
crisis in crazy miniature, sculpted
from the skin of a world of a goldfish
slippery to hold onto
over and above the same roof
I have no exemptions to peer beyond
I have no wife or expedient love
just an atavistic appeal
a once upon-a-myself
ballooned *nachträglichkeit*
I play dwelling golf in puddles
with horizontal pretzels—

when I knew you in the mouth and the tower of the head

blue laser shine from your elbows

Neat Cat chasing light

and I know you, I can tell you

*

Where are you it's
morning. Baroque swindlers, the nape of
their open shirts like fields.

I will sing it so much I will liken
to it, me the light-treading bee
stabbed while buzzing
by oceanic bunting and shards of art.

The skies can kill it together
a cat called monk looks kind of feral
I love her but it's you who I miss.
Tiny particles of dust, but dust-
pan kill them hard and cold.
overwhelming : overwhelmed.
Kill the dust then wear them out.

*

Fear taking up space not
mine, a sweeter time to creep
into some other gynaecologist not this one.

The key I sink is not the pitch I set my
mind upon, which was total triumph, an
ambulance in its own half-speed death.

Or full-speed wrath, a paste of form
shuffling onto a massive content,
spectacle of the millennium

the first redevelopment of
the crying soul: the making of
you. Meanwhile colliders cling

to the Harlem Shake meme and robot
man goes unchecked by both the Vatican
and Minister for Women whose

legs nose eyes lower lip and urinary tract
albeit still exist at the water's edge
even when I don't.

*

Where are you I am not there for
You. I'm morning in the milkiest decade

of all, a piece of white snow in a snow dome.
Make happy, make ache vanish or dispel well

out on the winter's wish well well well well

the girl wears the lightness thudding
in the dress, she wears the dress, she

wears the dress then shakes it off.

So where far

are away

you where

are away

far

so

you.

Far away. Wears the dress then it falls off.

ALBATROSS

NATALIE KNIGHT

a social mind

in foreclosure

*THE CONQUEST
OF MEXICO*

stated

upon arrival

ingredients
geographical
technological

repurposed

dense dirt clumps
basically brains
netted personas
distributed
at sea

thoughts
become sounds
in hard buildings.

Amerindia, a
first modernity.
fundamental
structure.

rough
forest

*

angles

wires

drab colors

roofmoss

late concrete

and its eloquence

the porch above the rank market alley

birds

oxidized church pinnacle

lion's

hotel

neighbors, faces context's discipline

the smoothness

that still visits.

or where

the woods.

there is nothing mere

about the local.

a pure invention

is historical slippage

*if there was any way to reproduce
every plant, road, lake, ocean. with a vast
crowd hypnosis to make this town
seem like that one.*

south
america once
mapped
as asia's fourth
peninsula.

invasive

swagger

shading border

mistakes on a continent

where we still live. the vaguely
palm-like frond
plant

feathering
a grey
sun

provincial
northern
chinese

*

look at the success of transiency in our neighborhood

the ward near a well-used rink

september indian

summer

sipping coffee exhaling

a calm night, refuging

a pale

protest

to the redistribution of discomfort.

race

ice skates in the states

deep-dulled

in smooth surfaces

persisting especially after tank

rolls over.

right

in the center was a great

wide

thing

seemingly not paced

a slippery conduit for people's

blades.

face it's

steaming

blading quickly
racing
state's
scripts

*

in exile an embrace was undone
and in the present unsteady Présence
Américaine
faces no one
bracing

basic anger
instinct, politics
of insight.

streets
flex muscular
memories of enclosure beneath
foot traffic and round
dances

confound

then comprehend.

the triple the quadruple
consciousness
and the laboring
to make it

fashioning's discipline.

cinematic
narratives of
displacement
scene of Tertium
Quid faux
americana
terra
well cognized

*

who got lifted out of history into this starry night.
struggle and
structure
it wasn't
cultural.

ladder propped
against the weathered
pinnacle details
where we live.

to
be indigenized at the base.

'we'

becomes
more important

in the winter, heating
covered spaces or
who gets to monetize

every

variable

of wear

broadsides and gallery spaces
next to alley gates

noise

and sway

*

complete possession
of the choice
of any one language
betrays a taste
for its particular effects

inherited
airy frontispiece.

poetic spaceship.

idling
between

seriousness or anger

distended

from lack of gravity
and risk

denying

the construction of a theater
to signal

through the fire
whose oxygen and flame
is the form

*

see we still speak the language
of metaphor.

some kind of *dynamic*

the form of the street creaks.

an object's a cruel

buoy

recognition's eye turned

obedient to join the state's

monastery.

but history
isn't dead.

requiring tactics to be soft
that seduce past the neighborhood
of route and solidity.
wet

pavement dances

roundly reveling in the practice

of peopling. the great

maw

*it incapsulated
and it spoke.*

upending strategies

clientelism

patronage, Paraguay. permanent

improvisation in the overflow

collection

cooperation

condition

*

what the fuck does the 7 mean anyway.

centrism's slippage. a front
lawn's self obituary. domestication
of the ambient.

Alcatraz
albatross
affect

alchemy. soundings as risky
as non-sense crowding

another language. what

the second wave
has meant.

flaying normative

narcotics and

dance.

an astral
theater.

spacey

yet sutured

up in Squamish. making
love
fall

with the tin of pebble
lumps
of gas

shredded

circulating the imperative

to uninspired entertainment

and snuffing

to resist it.

glottal
trot. yet

your eyebrows
penciled for my dismissal
are engraved somewhat on my
spirit

shaking

and groaning

we push against it

*

across the middle the shell
must go.

this union turns
to butterflies.

abjection and how we shouldn't
make any plea.

*All I want for them is to
destroy some things and
not get in the way of destroying
everything.*

level of competence
a shirked guarantee
to produce
 a polis
that can read *me.*

measuring the means

of the impasse of the present

detonating

by forgetting

to lite

the fuse.

Midnight

on the prowl on the bow

of the boat

*we
wanted everything
you were an entrance to
dear colony*

waves rock

the uninhabited object

lighthouse, glassy

swaying

beaming

loam forests

UNTILTABLE

DEANNA FERGUSON

dead kennedys
passed away today
tickings
knock over odessa
steps my failed
anthemic governance
nations failed party
analysis of misery
bilingual distant
volunteerism
opera flag
waving space
race my material
feminism boredom
found bound
less inclusion

time sensitive

apology for the sixties
fifty years too late
hierarchied hard
hats white so pressed
jeans his hi vis vest
dead kennedys a cache
of saddlery clothes
in a dream cite
activist arseholes
lone telephone party
line less sweat in local
cover age chalk
fromage and me

happy coincidence
of knees

tap water ignites
hippy sensed jetty
broken glass
islands my failed
plutocracy ashes
knit in ticker belief
passes away
owning tides
more than low
less than neap
eco bungle kyoto
gun law shot
to smithereens
shoulder toed in
like bike brake should
hand hung off pocket
moon hook thumb
by barrel of monkey
barrel of passed
poet memory
music to carry
reason close by

what it takes
to fuel shit
my failed mashed
potatoes the gravy
dirty deep below tar
sands and other lands
our oil got under
worry my teens
lobbing bricks at
pension reform
and is there a
hyphen in hard-on

new found methods
or compounds strange
why write as one
ever the same
again on the train
new early night
back light change
the east van cross
two kids in front
no loss for chat
palpable awe
silence thick
an answer came
it's fuckin sic

duck taped up
army boots
buckets of blood
and cum
performance art
piss soaked
electric blanket
lofts, crabs, the
anti-well-made-object
rain drops on roses
slippers on killers
insensitive time
churlish plotted
[apology] gone
abed in a bra
awake in a thong
tit on bull
anthology obligate
collateralized debt
morphology

tinny beats
from tiny buds
over familiar
foundation future
machine will
kill off live drummers
blue monday is murder
much as the splendor
of my ride lurching
over cadavers of cars
from alcohol fumes
fruit fly blooms

fallen singer's photo
on floor of the train
and feet gnash
newsprint
nor is oi!
a question
every body a bubble
ready to quote
bandage bustier
meat dress
entrails
served ever hotly
pant suit bruise
must of mis-spoke

is there water
in this
establishment
lawyer asks and I
could of asked
back do you

mean me to fetch some
return a pan
deader than
imaginary act of urination
wetting her
powerpoint
presentation
my failed two bit
contract tone like all
I's ever known
cause a baseball
cap said lack

lost an ear in rugby
hockey took an eye
cricket got the front teeth
skiing broke my spine
ma says champion
none the less
half deaf half blind
gap toothed gimped
champion blessed
born to be brainless

swap innovative
for innovative
then product
for product
everybody's
old phone
ring tones on train
sedated patient
counting toes
eeny meeny trudeau moe

graphic splash
open trading
is it all over my face
in particles
and waves
back up dream
in cloud
air all into
solid streets
go smashy
smashy again
my failed folk
refrain never
got old

CUT. SECURELY ORE

CECILY NICHOLSON

steel away Rosie
aint I

closest on the train
the light bulbs drops
my window

one-track construction delay
thorns bloody gums

the greyhound quality of love
kept in the loop
each crooked strange fruit
every stoop (we had)
we were used to

domination and death

purpose

kept cages matched blue jack streets
corner mind the bloc fiscal ditches manner

wit thunder long after lightening the

prescriptive voice rather makes me cringe. But...yes.

aint coca cola it's rice—railways...a summation

Paid shill for Big Oil
Fuel-injected big-block on cowboy boots
Diamond Club where real men come to play

the basic industries

resort siphons

there in a cenote, few miles off the free highway
dissolution fracture flows catfish coffer

no asylum here winter is hitting
tent frame shed shack trailer sros

service infrastructure extension cord coil
generations come to work in the cold lapis glitter

spanned a river in one stride

designated pathways prison guards shine

a light through bars check

alive and in your cell

multilevel means maximum valuation

cash flow risk requirement return on equity

pathogens than is a plantation that is a si-

ting target

emerge all along languages tip

mouth ulcers preceding settlement

laminated root rot refractive indices

hunger in neighbouring parts of the body

dull internal organs engage an outside

movement extend sense location looking at or going to

attend place eroded by tug boats in the river's north arm

straight ahead in the dark shore verses away night
death sands raft twenty-seven and a half acres

traditional variola vera droplets express

quarantine and bury there the government
had not taken the island's graves into account

War ships were built the view down the launch ramp

hundreds of workers who walked the parcel

a rancherie *raw roll up raw* connected corridor

over the north side's shadow moonlight streams

through a dark duppy comb of reeds nerve

ribbons flail angles strain out of water breath taking

come out of time for this turn
silent shore just a burb to poplars

wild cherry cottonwood english ivy

black willow empathy

great choiring branches far beyond

perches on the downed limbs

not a hand while it was writing
wilds the island not the factory
while there shifts they were family

figures with sloped shoulders sell newspapers
and bags of cherries on Jefferson Boulevard

come out to Heidelberg Street for this sculpture
of stacked oil drums
USA stencilled on each side
partial sighs deep into patinas public purpose

open area strive starve up-and-come

zones to light across warm faces glassed in places
all the vacant land the wide open spaces we produced

every autonomy opposed and committed

birds kept off the crop

once harvest was done
harvest done worried some
worried men sing a worried song

songs common in the red humming
their whole lives prayers or persons likely to
become property spreading blacktop

master degrades the name
an owner tracked down and returned to the fields

finance is a slave's word ima read

walk into any establishment
write your own newspaper

often hours rain curious converted speeches

on freedom's long road higher ground

rising wind dust began to rise again that wound
sucked ground rains a wind-funnelled lake

not enough and day after day

winter boots leak plastic bags incisor
cavities tire and sipe aggressive

bleeding-cause consciousness
the right to quiet enjoyment

the back a chitinous shield.

sift the roving fragments attentively
subatomic cosmic clearing agents
incised spirals circle winch shapes
sinuous bands interlocking lace
so delicate it is weightless
hints of a watery primordial world
radiating appendages slender
cities like galaxies tend to cluster
spiral to elliptical oscura poured fire
rational primes disposed to struggle

river road for the duration securely ore
red slip surface and the orange clay below

not a question of knowledge but alertness.

personified by the sovereign just as the sovereign is
personified by an oath faithful to her heirs' successors
faithfully observing laws and fulfilling citizen loyalty
not to a document such as a constitution, to a banner
such as a flag or to a geopolitical entity such as a country

mercurially

split breeds tent city signal

alongside nuisance grounds and the garbage dump

dignity with fists embrace aging road allowance
people overcome to organize sensing purpose to life

banding poor and plagued to gain Inquires
under bridges between ramps across from the parking lot

paved over remains of *spark from the old flints*

"Time is different at Cankpe Opi."

landscape and bread hooks' partial man digital detritus
offerings sky the stars

news broke her grace—great dancer reeds weave in water

rise on the stigmatic nature of bondage

benevolent abolitionists, remember your status
early frontiers and all matters of transport

unemployed workers attack the threshers

moments of embodied risk

the flag or which banner

rite river pit lined with cedar boughs
daylight hours wait and leave only to eat

sleep *conflicting rebellions*

by hand

curriculum who is classroom needs production
transitive havens

fresh lake walk wakes shoreline peppermint

tools under everything

anti-emblem entire freedom and any other light

hungry heavy equipment folds context
back into experience (then back out)

teeth make contact with the glass in the atrium
cracked and cut lips closet to you wood press back

isa sunk soil cut red clay south
in a merger step line

the black square becomes interesting only in context

pointillism in *the anarchistic notion of*

a society freed from work

fabled books for so *imaginative militancy*
slices—rows and rows
shoot-you-then-remove-the-bullets silence

to all you out there on the land good morning.

massa day done dreams run high got the
long count counts marked wall beside blade beside take

CIVIL SIDEWALKS

CAROL MIRAKOVE

civil sidewalks

Some people in the City and County of San Francisco find that sitting or lying down is not the customary use of sidewalks.

The need to maintain commercial traffic is greatest during the hours of operations of businesses, shops, restaurants, and other city commercial enterprises.

Most persons who sit or lie down during business hours threaten the safety of pedestrians, especially the elderly, disabled, vision-impaired, and children.

Most persons who sit or lie down deter residents and visitors from patronizing local shops, restaurants and businesses.

The prohibition against sitting or lying down on sidewalks leaves intact the individual's right to protest.

The prohibition against sitting or lying down on sidewalks leaves intact the individual's right to protest, except the right to protest the prohibition against sitting or lying down on sidewalks.

Most commercial traffic deters residents and visitors from patronizing local shops, restaurants and businesses.

Most commercial traffic threatens the safety of pedestrians, especially the elderly, disabled, vision-impaired, and children.

The need to sit or lie down is greatest during the hours of operations of businesses, shops, restaurants, and other city commercial enterprises.

Some people in the City and County of San Francisco find that commercial traffic is not the customary use of sidewalks.

love kills hate

I can make myself older
drug-ready star coupon
beauty map when words
come before energy

I round my whole
mouth & take
the nearest train

without faces we we can have faces
without names we we can have names

fable the red
flag & elsewhere Vieques
forgetting there's a fire
escape pollution

as progress
busted like pictures

in Bolivia they said plant rice
is high-fructose corn syrup
not more offensive
than the coca leaf?

"I don't need a bag"

sat as was expected
of a dog begged
as was expected of a dog
ate scraps pooped
& slept

a face shield

a shell game

a hole is a tunnel

happy in our habits every

body

costume

drop

reconciling Nietzsche's line,

"if you stare into the abyss,

it stares back at you"

sprouting

it is prudent

to have faith

a lotus flower grows

out of mud the executives

fled Santa Cruz

from every integer,

insect, indigene, import

from every inter-

dependent a people

on our streets that

might our bodies

move

forget what bores you

in this ring

burn bright not out

this bridge

is us

this love

kills hate

they dwelled in a meadow of flowers && weeds

while mythological
sirens did not make sound
under water
a loud subset of us
said it was so
& a story without facts
within a story without facts
led to pneumatic
inventions in music
& later an alert
being named
a siren

how long
does misinformation
have to persist
before it's no longer
wrong

block party

the absence of women
would appear immaterial

banquet aftermath

whose deductions

effectively swallowed the majority
of an atom is empty
space

NASA glossary

relational relations have become too slow

capitalism doesn't begin
to explain
the crisis

avenue of the americas

flowers in the mouth
shed
perfectly hollow a season
too soon

man was here
ants gone rogue

so many horns !!!

fun rarely
comes without noise

tree scorches in its prime
brown leaves fall in summer
parade walks by

drum chest repetition
has its grace

one hundred million
sunflower seeds
mating flies in flight
sweating branch
bus rhythm

what we sent up
in smoke
carbon
methane

cologne

everyone
leaves everything

clouds

may not always
be white

**CASUAL OBSERVATIONS AND
INADVERTENT FIRINGS**

DANIELLE LAFRANCE

casual observations and inadvertant firings

when the Empire and I shook eyes

we named the house Pygaar

I beheld a languaged limb

a perforated perfidy

we...appears more easily separable.

murder trigger animals

the world, as an opening, is missing the

future, the future, the

what is to be did?

Finnegan's sleep – this is the way we relate

What a relief to listen to someone who's less yelling

makes it really hard to enjoy

cherished friends and side swept midnight cheekbones

(or death, what difference does it make?)

hard and soft – join me under the human pavement

a clock anecdote, asshole

global minds materialize in newly purchased white hardware

virtual classes fuck and buy stocks simultaneously

nonexistent classes twice removed from materiality

yet – were we together in the naming of our home?

Travicello King, touched talks the cash on me

stain just my skin and I miss you

eh bien il maintenant

inactivity, silence, and passive sabotage

Mam, go cry into your organic nuts

and give my wheelchair a push

in the arms of cobwebs

opium "... " hangs on the pillow

hauteur's detached ribbon round a bomb

hands up hands high

laughing truth... degraded power

you unchain your gigantic tires

you unchain your heart that pulsates diabolically

Is it completely the utterance of my mind?

if only I liked stains, if only I loved stains

into which people can go
new things had to be made
... respect for dirt & deterioration
sutures, mis, superar
dem sacralized bodies
in the reality asylum
miss when we lay together
as friends & children
and the horrors form in choked sex

bbc apology written in the sand

I feel horrible when I'm in a murder house.

A fish who put me in the water

manque ce chat trop! Canned and pickled

empty yellow bits of dead ciphers

some were buried

some wear berries

eat rotten cherries

I hope the exit is joyful — and I hope never to return

end station, all embracing

nobody has the time anymore to get close to each other

large population large open space

reputation show no boundaries

poisonous reddening clouds rain in serendipity

no body there are only bodies

du lait pour la minouche!

my name is Helene Demuth

you were the pantheon of business leaders
mistakes were made. theory and the underbelly
displaced water droplets and apologies
to be a bee, wolf, gargantuan root from childhood
interjection. interject
inject insertion insert
insist...inserere. insincere

Pygaar, let's free ourselves from this thirst for "activism"
against a shit coloured sky heads down

each individual part is at the same time
white populus drips into my hair
feet up in the air, is yet grounded. not yet

mechanis, curiosi, fuc, schem, chora reef
in an attempt to disguise
inside the buds of male catkins

unspeakable runs into amiss
each individual part, each skirt & shirt
feminine bouquet, another attempt at

sense & separation dyslexic suicidal
dérive me to the store
why go wandering the shore slip. loose fitting horizons

unheimlich teaches me to be a man
mimic such human functions as blinking, breathing and
speaking

new things had to be made

singin friend, friend, friend

Pygaar//

I'm

hieenas

highEnas

HIGHeNAS//

hieenas

hyenas

hyena

bouncin then trembling

back it back it

and clearly shoot whoever she wants

like traces undor wodor

next time I will address how urban planning
isn't 'home' anymore

next time I will address a poetic practice termed Nerz
so much for my window, it's denumerable nature
no trying own vows

pu, pu, pu, pu, pulsions

and please deposit our lies in the banks of 'yes'
or an orange band on the tepals
beat it tongue creases
on the toe oh, my prehensile face essentially, I can not be
without a fist full of dollars in my bank account

in a mélange of violins

without sleep my rage floats above skin growth

joy ride neon

cystic candy, hold an apron tied to

the back of my hand, here the skin crawls

pressure or grossly

fixated on a scurrilously fixated

but the vein isn't there

and we hope it will be

tomorrow

drawn in halves and sewn

authenticated rumour who roughed you up

blame finger sucking on this distraction

PRISON INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX EXPLODES

MERCEDES ENG

Correctional Services Canada Submission for the Annual Report
on the Operation of the Canadian Multiculturalism Act

SECTION 1

REFLECTION OF CANADA'S MULTICULTURAL REALITY
IN FEDERAL INSTITUTIONS

Q. 1.1 Does your institution's vision, mission, mandate

and/or priorities statement(s) include reference to
multiculturalism?

Q. 1.2 Does your institution have policies related to
multiculturalism?

Q. 1.3 Does your institution have programs related to
multiculturalism?

Q. 1.4 Did your institution undertake initiatives to foster
a corporate culture that embraces diversity?

Q. 1.5 Did your institution undertake initiatives
to promote exchanges and cooperation
among diverse communities of Canada?

June 27, 1974

Mr. Donny Lee
Mountain Prison
Agassiz, B.C.

Re: Your Deportation

Dear Donny,

At long last I have now heard from Ottawa regarding the immigration department's position regarding the timing of your deportation. Their position, as confirmed by the head of the enforcement branch in Ottawa, is that they will not seek to enforce the deportation order until you have completed your sentence of imprisonment including any period of mandatory supervision. As I indicated in my last letter to you, what you will then be able to do is after you have been out on the street for some while and have established yourself, you can then re-apply to the immigration appeal board for a review of your case and try to persuade them to stay your deportation again in light of your proven rehabilitation.

Yours sincerely,

M----- J-----

my dad is in from before I am born till I am two. after I come out we live in Vancouver a bit then move to Abbotsford to be closer to the Institution. We visit almost every weekend, both days, 8 hours a day. that's 832 hours in a year times 2. that's almost 70 days by the time I'm 2.

he gets out when I'm 2, but goes back in because later I remember my mom saying I have a surprise for you and I think it's a record player. but it's my dad behind the door, home from jail. so he went somewhere between 2 and 7, somewhere with dinosaurs and a bumpy gravel road.

we are on the highway in Vancouver, starting our drive back home to Medicine Hat. the car stops suddenly and then there are two really angry men yelling open the fucking door! they smash open the window and they're both grabbing my dad, one by the hair, the other by the neck. It looks like they wanna strangle him. my dad is kicking, he's fighting. but it doesn't work, they take him and he's gone.

there is a good time, we move to a bigger house. but something happens and my dad is gone again. but then he is straightened out and he is working the gas fields and there is money and our allowance goes up and my little brother gets GI Joe everything for Christmas and my mom is happy.

we spend summer vacation at the women's shelter.

we run into an old friend visiting her new old man in Drumheller prison and when we go out for dinner after she makes me blush with her pronouncement that I'm "getting titties."

I'm 13 the next time my mom pulls the surprise behind the door trick again and I feel sick.

at 15 and 16 I use my mother's visits to my father, the ones she

makes me and my brother go on less and less frequently, as opportunities to run away from home, succeeding on the third try.

I'm 19 the last time I visit my dad inside, the last time he's inside, a prison 40 km away from the prison he escaped from just before he met my mother.

a tall tall fence
a jacket to throw over the wire
a haystack in a farmer's field overnight
a train ride a train track
a store selling used goods

a pregnant 18 year-old white girl and new charges

or,

a strawberry-picking pass
a rumour about a prison labour stoppage
a train ride a train track
a store selling used goods

a pregnant 18 year-old white girl and new charges

SECTION 3

POLICIES, PROGRAM DELIVERY, AND PRACTICES

Q. 3.1 Did your institution develop policies and programs that took into consideration multiculturalism and diversity?

Q. 3.2 Does your institution encourage employees to integrate diversity and multiculturalism into regular activities?

Q. 3.3 Did your institution deliver training to employees to increase awareness and knowledge of multiculturalism and diversity issues?

Q. 3.4 Number of employees from your institution that participated in multiculturalism/diversity training activities.

Jessi's dad was let out momentarily when Carole gave birth
beautiful Carole, paper bag skin a black waterfall of Pocahontas hair
but Jessi was lucky to get a golden halo

Jessi's destatused mama died of the system
they let out Jessi's dad to look after her
once the price of her mama was extracted
wonder what life is like for beautiful could-pass-for-a-white-girl Jessi
if that gold hair helped her not hate herself

beautiful Carole, cocoa skin a black waterfall of Pocahontas hair

coffee skin black waterfall of Pocahontas hair

mahogany skin black waterfall of Pocahontas hair

cinnamon/ nutmeg/ clove skin black waterfall of Pocahontas hair

brown sugar skin black waterfall of Pocahontas hair

copper skin black waterfall of Pocahontas hair

gold skin black waterfall of Pocahontas hair

beautiful Carole washing her oil spill of Pocahottie hair with
cyanide
getting gold from ore

cyanide begins to eat at her dreamcatcher bikini top
cleaving flesh from rib, her beaver pelt bikini bottoms
stained with the fingerprints of corporate lunches
but she's gonna wash the man right out of her hair

this fantasy comes
with a Kleenex feather headdress for easy cleanup
after, you can head directly to the drum circle teambuilding exercise

SECTION 6

DATA COLLECTION AND RESEARCH FOR POLICY AND PROGRAM DEVELOPMENT

Q. 6.1 Did your institution conduct research with multicultural components?

Q. 6.2 Did your institution undertake other initiatives related to collecting statistical data?

Medicine Hat is home to The South Alberta Light Horse (SALH), an army reserve unit. The SALH dates back to 1885 when it took part in the North-West Rebellion. Since then it has gained battle honours in the First and Second World Wars and today its members serve overseas on United Nations and North Atlantic Treaty Organization missions. Currently the SALH has members serving in Afghanistan.

Medicine Hat was also home to a British Commonwealth Air Training Plan airfield during the Second World War.

Canadian Forces Base Suffield is located 50 km west of the city. The base contributes C\$120 million annually to the local economy through its two lodger units: British Army Training Unit Suffield and Defense Research and Development Canada.

home to war
home to largest gas fields in North America

let me go
docile body

**WHAT WOMEN SAY
OF THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST**

RACHEL ZOLF



WHAT WOMEN SAY OF THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST: THE INDIAN QUESTION?

Name.	Answer.
Adshead, Mrs. Rachael	No ; no Indian.4 around here.
Alexander, Mrs. J. P.	No ; they are perfectly quiet and harmless.
Allison, Mrs. Qeorgo	No ; have not seen any Indians.
Anderson, Mrs. A. H.	No ; have not seen tin Indian for months.
Anderson, Mrs. M. G.	No ; there are a few who excite pily and compasiou, but no dread.
Armstrong, Mrs. J.	We do not experience any dread of the Indians. Right cheek near eye—heart tautology.
Ballantyne, Mrs. S.	None whatever, the Indians are ([quiet here. Saying she was going to bingo. Near the CNR 'Rivers' scalp. Last seen by her Unix Smokie.
Birtley, Mrs. N	No, none whatever. A blue to the stone.
Begg, Mrs. K. 8	They are a very harmlois people if well treated.
Boll, Mrs. Allan	None whatever; 1 have visited these here in their tents.
Bell, Mrs. H.	I have had, but not now.
Bethuue, Mrs. A	Poor things, no. I often like to feed them when tlioy come around. I hope lie dilFerent Churches will soon have them Ohrirttianised. A foul odour in the ally for wickets.
Bligh, Mrs. R	No, Mot any, and live close near an Indian res-rve.
Blythe, Mrs. J. M.	None whate'er ; about as much as gipsies. No injunction available at this tissue. Hunters behind a Trans-Canada revelation stop.
Bowman, Mrs. T.	None whatever ; they are hundred< of miles away.

WHAT WOMEN SAY OF THE CANADIAN NOETH-WIST: A SIMPLE STATEMENT.

Name.	Answer.
	Witnessed by a dawn, 12.
Broadgust, Mrs. E.	Have only setm two in the last fxxv(; years.
Brooks, Mrs. R. J.	The Indians call in, but are very friendly.
Brunt, Mrs. J	They seem to be very peaceable. I live near a resoive. Milks from Marsland. A short dividend east of Kinch.
Burgess, Mrs. 8	They are quite harmlcj.
Burnell, Mrs. M	There are none around here.
Butcher, Mrs. E	Have never seen one. Consistent with her sock bottoms bible clean.
Carter, Mrs. A	We have no trouble with them in Manitoba.
Carvers, Mrs. J	Not the least; in facf, in point of honor in any dealings wo have with them they put some of the whites to shame. To celebrate her 18 th blast.
Chester, Mrs. J	They have never giver me any trouble. Pancake breeding, chuckwagon rages.
Cooper, Mrs. W.	None whatever; they are friendly in this part of the Province.
Cosgrove, Mrs. J. B.	Never seen any since I camo to the farm, now going on three years. Never thiuk of them. In the North Englishman of Winnipeg.
Cresaer, Mrs. W. 8.	None whatever ; those in this part ure quite harmless.
Davidson, Mrs. J. W.	The Indians have never been trouhlcsonie in this part of the country, in fiCt they are seldom seen.
Davies. Mr8. P. W.(Rev.)	No ; I don't think I have seen tifyc in three years.

■ WHJLT 'WOIMIEHT IAY OF THE CAKADIAN NORTH-WIST: A SEQUEL TO 'WHAT SETTLERb SAY.'

Name.	Answer.
Dick, Mrs. D. G	None whatever, althongj^h they often call at ray house to sell fish and wild fruit.
Dick, Mrs. K. W.	I live v^ithin a short distance of a reserve, but I do not dread them.
Dickson, Mrs. J	No, no, no. Conveyed to this armistice.
Douley, Mrs. J	No ; I have never seen one where I live.
Doyden, Mrs. A	No ; we never see any in these parts.
Doyle, Mrs. W. A.	I had a fear of them before cominjhere, but hive found those on our resurvo a quiet inoiF-ensive lot, and have had them working on the farm several times. They are Preibyterians.
Dow, Mrs. J. M.	Not the slightest ; we have a reserve within two miles of us.
Dowie, Mrs. R.	None whatever ; I have not seen one for six years.
Drury, Mrs. M. M.	I consider them quiet, civil, aud inoffensive, so far as my experience is concerned. Mischief-maker innuendos to her head. It would then appear that her bomb. Recently separated.
Dver, Mrs. M.	I never had any dread of the Indian.
Empey, Mrs. M. A.	N()thin;oj to fear, as there are none near us. Dragged from this position to a policy.
Fee, Mrs. Jno. M.	Th-y are not numerous enough in Manitoba to do much harm.
Findlay, Mrs. Jas.	Han'ly ever seen.
Findlay, Mis. R.	They are quite inoffensive here. Nothing concrete.
Ftanklin, Mis. B	They are harmless if will fed.

WHAT WOMEN SAY OF THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST: OF THE EXPERIENCES OF WOMEN??

Name.	Answer.
Freeman, Mrs. C. H.	I was in dread of them last spring, but I don't mind them now, as the disturbance is all over with them.
Garidiner, Elizabeth J.	We have no reason to dread them.
Garratt, Maty J	Nor did we ever during the rebellion. Shadow beneath the bristle.
Goidon, Mrs. G. B.	None ; though we have a reserve close by.
GiersoD, Mary E.	Not the slightest ; quite the reverse. Known to policy as a sheet transaction wound.
Haight, M ^{rs} . C. F.	None whatever. Indians here are perfectly harmless.
Hall, Mrs. W. B.	Have not seen one for ten years. I have no fear. Causing scurvy and accelerations. To her chill and abdomen.
Harris, M ^{rs} . A. B.	No, I rather like them.
Harvey, Mrs. A. W.	Not at present ; they are quite tame now.
Heath, Elizabeth	Not any in this neighbourhood. Blubbered liberty of '28.
Holland, Elizabeth M. A.	Have scarcely seen any. A recent boom marrow transplant. Levelling trenches near the riverbank.
Johnston, Anne	The Indians are very quiet.
Joelyn, M ^{rs} . J.H.L.(tev.)	Yes.
Jones, Mrs. J	The squaws will wash and scrub for you.
Kelly, Mrs. J	No Indians in this part. Clutching fresh gravity in her hand. Whoever took her coach and flame.
Lumden, Mrs. S.	None. They are hundreds of miles away, with sufficient force to keep them quiet.

Audy, Cynthia Albena

Ballantyne, Emily Norma

Banks, Marie

Bartlett, Amanda

Beaulieu, Nadine

Blacksmith, Lorna

Bottle, Bernice

Boulangier, Divas

Bradburn, Eileen

Bruyere, Fonessa

Cameron, Constance Lynne

Catcheway, Jennifer

Cook, Amanda

Crane, Jaylene

Dorion, Elizabeth Mary

Duck, Cheryl
Dumas, Nancy
Dyck, Jackaleen

Erb, Moira

Flett, Mildred

Genaille, Ruby Verna

Guiboche, Sylvia Ann

Hamm, Diana
Hands, Nicole

Henderson, Candace

Holm, Angela
Houle, Cherisse

Kinch, Aynsley
Lathan, Isobel

?Insufficient data for an image.

??The question asked was : 'Do you experience any dread of the Indians?'

'No' or 'None' is the simple answer of Eighty-one women.

'No, NEVER DID,' 'NoT A BIT,' 'NoT IN THE LEAST,' 'No\ E WHATEVER,'
are the replies of One Hundred and Seven.

The other replies are as above: —

If, after reading this pamphlet, you desire further information on any points regarding the Canadian North-West, write fully regarding these points to the undersigned. If you have not yet read the pamphlet, "What Settlers Say,*" sent free of charge, detach this slip and post at once to ALEXANDER BEGG, Canadian Pacific Railway Offices, 88, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

from **OF BEINGS ALONE**

Lissa Wolsak

The Eigenface

Some .. as one alone ..
and the hurrying of materials ..
in the inky-drug
apperceiving hope
to sing an ode
to our coat

Robbed of meaning a
witty scoffer
waves her hand
obliterates
Light
for that no other
wading through field-grain
made more beloved

We leave brute fact, fight-langue,
drawn to the more moving
displaced,
almost completes the
iconoclast

Suppose .. that given
drawn thought,
phosphoresces in two colors
the hint was poured in
mimicry
humbled in accord with
phenomena,
when in the telling
we ourselves err
came pithed and in turn
float the law
to ensue
prime ontic space
for introspective commonwealths
expanding their herds

Sit
again seeing openly ..
each of us loved
an audient soul
not knowing what
was being sought
preferring instead
evasive origin and
covert guile
that by
civilization
the corner of the
veil corner,
self-effaces

The ecliptic path
ripples everywhere
superseding bathos
that which hangs from one
 wavering
 many mercies
 fall for it as
 we are
 insatiate ..
perceptual systems
unanimous and
buzz-wording
 love,
cosmic habits
 in free-fall
 to off-set
autonomous Eons

The throw-back
zeroing-in to
stellify
a sky-like listener the
talcy sun-dress an
enigmatic radiation of her
figure
indissoluble
candlelight fleshing off
mirage narratives
daybreak oboe

On being beggared,
the zeals
protect the wars,
psycho-spherically
probe the plague pits
we fugued-out shades
misconceiving an
end either in
merciless intelligence
or remote inhuman
mastery

The standstill ..
and any one's impulse ..
subsuming one
and the same
helio-sheath

Our Cartesian belongings
billowing into space
insensate then
yet no affectation ..
starting with a whisper a
hermeneut, plagued ..
posits meaning in
a primordial treatise on light
on suddenness, pleuri-polar apparency
the proton spills ..
we elsewhere invulnerably
bury our faces in
watermelon
crescents

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WORKERS: Michael Barnholden, Jeff Derksen, Amy De'Ath, Natalie Knight and Jason Starnes.

DESIGN: red thread

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PRINTED in Canada by Hignell Books, Winnipeg, MB.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES CDN & US \$20 for students, \$40 individuals, \$60 institutions / libraries per year (US outside Canada)

INTERNATIONAL \$20 US for students, \$40 US individuals, \$60 US institutions / libraries per year

BACK ISSUES \$12, GST included. Outside Canada, please pay in US funds

CONTACT: Line, 6079 Academic Quadrangle, 8888 University Dr., Simon Fraser University, Burnaby BC, V5A 1S6, Canada. wcl@sfu.ca, www.west-coastline.ca

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WEST COAST REVIEW PUBLISHING SOCIETY is grateful for the support of the Simon Fraser University Publications Committee, the Canada Council for the Arts, and the Government of British Columbia through the British Columbia Arts Council.



Canada Council
for the Arts

Conseil des Arts
du Canada



BRITISH
COLUMBIA
ARTS COUNCIL
Supported by the Province of British Columbia



SIMON FRASER
UNIVERSITY

line76/winter/2013/

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