

March 28, 2021 at 2:25 AM

what, write a poem? with  
the rooms walking around inside of me and  
the blue walking around on the window?

this new room, sitting over jones for a century.  
this heaving and wheezing what? write  
a commemoration for a new beginning  
a chandelier of a poem  
to cast light along the home

my knees are aching and i'm getting likes on letterboxd, i  
forgot to delete it

conforme copie half complete, gold macbook  
and the mattress on the  
mopped and dusted again,  
she's making night sounds in her dreams

there are apartments across the city  
little patterns of heat  
that spark you we carry  
our sticks in and out of our boxes

our belonging

a piece was walking around empty  
waiting to see inside me

i stepped out of bed, the door  
catching on the mattress on the floor  
and walked up and down the hallway  
in and out of every room  
collecting the joy

a bright mute new feeling like spreading  
and standing

years far away come next to me and whisper  
decades like cats rub against my legs  
movies glisten on everything  
future movies movies un  
made  
pulse inside of corners and catchalls  
an uncluttered idea remains

we heaved up the uhaul  
they changed the location and the date  
saturday morning leaving gillard  
our last night  
making love her fingers along my asshole  
both of us leaning our bodies sideways  
our last fuck in gillard  
we leave at nine am  
the line at the greenwood tim hortons is  
too long and there's no toilet paper  
so we come up to ily jones and she shits  
for the first time in this apartment  
empty then while i explore it like  
an instrument

my hands run along and draw cords  
nothing elaborate  
no songs yet  
then she finishes and we go to pape  
the tim hortons in the stations line is  
enormous so we leave it ride west  
taking the bus south from castle frank

at the uhaul after a ten minute wait  
they tell us it's changed  
to another location  
back in our area  
and we get coffee from  
parliament and head east  
calling to hear  
the car won't be ready til three  
thirty

we sleep

curled and napping and shifting on the  
floor of the front room like  
the deck of a ship  
just a blanket down and both of us tired  
jack bushes in a book beside me and  
the unplugged tv on the floor  
after a live chat with a best buy employee  
geek squad advising on wall mounts

when we get the uhaul we get a bed

for thomas and then  
head to gillard

it's two and a half hours  
roger helps

at one point myles goes to the bathroom doesn't  
acknowledge me  
walks through the room quickly  
and keeps playing call of duty  
with dillon on the phone

it hurts far away

roger tells me to settle it, talk to him  
bring it up cuz he's too pussy to start a conversation but i  
tell him my patience is thin  
i'm not sure if i'm there yet

i feel bad for him and consider it  
if it would make a difference but it's  
hard to imagine  
i'm scared but i won't admit it  
so i don't overcome it and i leave him  
without saying goodbye

we drive the uhaul to the new place  
in dew lang lane and park  
the fifteen footer in the back

i go racing up and down the stairs with the boxes and the  
things  
while janel puts each in the right rooms  
we move smoothly  
it's dancing  
i call out the quarters as the uhaul empties  
it's a sport  
we are elegant  
together we bring up the beds  
and the shelving  
a chest full of shoes a table and a desk

we find the maneuvers quickly like  
your hand landing on the light switch

tipping it up and lifting and shifting and dropping through  
each of the angles  
up around and over the two flights of stairs  
by the end i can barely make it  
three hours from arrival to fully loaded  
we sit while bound 2 closes then we go  
twenty dollars in the tank  
drop it off at the lot leave the key and walk back  
catching a bus that's going up jones

we scrub down the fridge and put away the food then we  
take a bath  
the hot water runs out fast and the tub stoppers too small  
but it's lovely

listening to holiday a knock off playlist from her silver  
collection i find on spotify  
i wonder if love  
is here

to stay is our song  
but don't say  
anything

it's all ripe joy  
it plants and grows and harvests around me a feast of  
exactness  
our boxes in stacks a half mess unpacked and elaborate  
i am certain  
not of facts or a faith but  
a resolute name is given to what can't be seen  
i just can't spell it  
not yet

we dry off and end up under covers  
and i'm not tired so i pace through the apartment  
something i'm about to do again  
i go to the bathroom  
i watch the first hour of certified copy  
and marvel at binoche  
the performance is bottomless and think  
of shimmler as an opera singer and how  
well it works for his performance  
the pacings entrancing then i turn it off  
and i ache in silence while this

poem is written  
and i love her and i'm happy and the  
apartment settles down in my chest like a tree

the squares of light left on the walls two nineteen  
icloud full notification interrupting the writing  
in notes  
it's the smell of a new thick book  
riffing through when you have nothing

but free time and  
you just know

how good it'll be

April 5, 2021 at 9:39 PM

first, sentences

ever since she noticed they looked like her lips, all she's  
wanted to do is kiss it.

you started talking as soon as my mouth touched yours

April 7, 2021 at 1:46 PM

Title Song

as title of movie

April 8, 2021 at 6:28 PM

heterocosms

May 15, 2021 at 1:58 AM

you search through the waiting lights  
you you  
fixed to their seconds and the sentences that carried them  
uncaused across the ceiling

here clarity like a drink  
tumbles the poem  
away from it's sober insanity  
car lights cross from danforth over our  
little roof of paradise  
mattress in the living room towers of cushions and cold  
drinks along the hardwood  
and through the periodical of flashing  
headlights cruising on the ceiling  
an athenaeum of days locked  
away under lost keys  
i keep my gaze  
and a feast of wordless thoughts  
i smash windows with and crawl  
flashlight borrowed out into the  
frenzied maze of maximum love  
unfettered from its moment  
careening between kiss gesture and  
useless notion  
thoughts in arduous spectacle dangling  
from our mouths and my suspicious eyes  
splattering her sentences on the walls  
to read the stains in  
conversation  
this endlessing  
we embarrass the world weary minutes  
with our riches  
an over abundance for every second's  
slimness i stretch out across a day  
with a fingerprint i collected  
build this breathless  
we take death away a cold shudder  
a cell  
gene and frank  
hot sauce and honesty  
murder and automobile race  
along our windows and we  
blissfully only read  
the chemistry of light  
a particle of elsewhere  
fixed to a second  
passing on the ceiling  
there is no everything  
this is calamity and perfection

June 24, 2021 at 3:56 PM  
heterosexuality is a place not an orientation

June 28, 2021 at 7:28 PM  
you must have a bottomless hunger an insatiability and an  
endless invention of ways to power worlds into the abyss  
inside of you

desire  
ascend to the unconscious  
shovel such sex and madness and dripping beauty genitalia  
ancient paintings live frogs and endlessly inventive  
enjambments into the absent heaven of thine own  
intelligence  
empty landscape  
northerly mind  
i crack metaphors open and slurp their marrow  
i vanish under your  
artworks engulfed  
my own exhaust  
i endlessly relax  
you belate orgasms, hatred, paradise, emotions, ideas,  
everything extended to maturing it's never endless  
i can't bear the afraid  
they are swallowed in the pivot  
cloak of shadow and faceless eye  
gazeless  
less

July 3, 2021 at 1:51 AM  
a cone emerging from water, in fact, a cone descending in  
reverse, the water closes and seals in stillness on its exit.  
the cone is an island  
there are a fleet of cones like phantoms  
crooked and ethereal

a severe pain

why have you been silent for so long

it was the beginning i chose

every time i write i'm stopped by a notification

not enough space

it's a muzzle

you can't be displaced. you have to be displaced.

you choose your genius, and from it your childhood rises  
from where it was submerged, clicked into place and  
brilliant.

the mausoleum becomes a machine, that arrives you at  
your own newness in each instant.

July 14, 2021 at 4:17 AM

picture things

i should be able to see more without making them smaller,  
my eyes shouldn't be the determinate field  
of what my mind can picture.

words like zoom out

it's all from cameras

our eyes closed is like entering a cinema

was there a different kind of darkness, a different selection  
of pictures behind our lids before? colour fields of another  
kind?

July 28, 2021 at 11:55 PM

by the end of the day i'm having words pulled out of me  
again, words i don't mean to or want to say, phrases and  
ways of speech sounds and intonations, they corrode  
something. every morning i start clean and silent. i have to  
twist out of a day that goes in three or four parts, that  
begins and ends, that is appended by a night, that is  
marked by separate starts. something cleaner, a different  
body or lane. an arc that changes place, incrementally.



August 14, 2021 at 2:15 AM

you wake up and very close to your eye is barbed wire and  
you seek to describe. you observe it's shapes and invent  
metaphors for it. it brings you peace to know it and it  
helps you find beauty in it. you like to hear people describe  
their barbed wire, so incredibly close to their eyes or to  
teach you how, knowing its shapes to avoid it and even  
offer you a couple inches of movement ..

August 20, 2021 at 9:12 AM

in a dream she asked me what's going to happen?  
with this? with everything.  
lockers lining the entrance way to a building and her friend  
comes along and melts in my arms and we do not kiss  
everybody's off to work and feeling used  
is this the world we've been offered

September 20, 2021 at 2:12 AM

Panic attacks are repressed anger.  
Depression is repressed anger.

October 4, 2021 at 1:08 PM

I had a poor friend who didn't get money  
I had a rich friend who didn't get money

October 9 , 2021 at 1:27 PM

don valley gardener bridge ripped down  
the orb  
pumping plant

working on science abstract theory and observation

i cherish my estrangement

against community

affirm friendship

towards better friendship

there is much passing traffic and waves  
passed  
as we pass into each other's lanes  
and much later we might pass each other again and these  
encounters are their own sweetness  
but they are not the same as friendship

to affirm friendship exists is often started by saying who  
isn't a friend  
i don't think you start making friends  
real friends  
start thinking real friendship  
until you say no  
these people whom i thought were friends are not

October 13, 2021 at 12:34 AM

you can be generous but it's just charity to them if they're  
not equal, if they don't see themselves as equal. if they're  
not equal to themselves. what really happens with love is  
that we rise to be equal with ourselves, our lover helps us  
lift ourselves to our own equality

October 13, 2021 at 3:17 PM

let me tell you a secret — no one listens when you cry  
injustice, nothing changes. things only change when you  
invent a new justice, when you say justice again, for the  
first time

October 13, 2021 at 4:12 PM

you're always spilling over spilling out of the present  
remembering yourself where you are a cross projection  
thoughts slide the tension of language, languages tenses,  
we stretch out like shadows down dimensions and perform  
actions to measure the flattening of a thought. we ride  
history into ourselving.

October 15, 2021 at 1:01 PM

A riot isn't revolutionary, it's reactionary, it's like yelling at an abusive partner rather than leaving them.

The reason they're losing is because they're tactically and technologically weaker. We should take what works, it's the first rule in guerilla warfare, so if you want to be in the streets, wear the vests, bring the batons the shields, bring tear gas. Fire back at the police. So they can't tell who is who but we can. Nobody wants to do this. To train. To plan. To strategize. Because violent takeover at least in North America isn't imaginatively exhilarating. Rioting is. But overthrow of the state is not.

It's not just that. Violent overthrow works with monarchical and imperial power. Not with democratic. Democratic capitalism is like fighting judo, it absorbs all your energy and displaces it. It's more fluid, you can't cut its support in the same ways.

Discovering a higher form of struggle is discovering a sounder abstraction. Freed from an incomplete metaphor.

November 5, 2021 at 10:01 AM

but let me tell you there's life after your twenties there are new alignments to find. honour has a new dimension. glory can be found in different places. with less spectacle and more sustain, you begin getting a sense of centuries, and it changes what you know of eternity. i promise this. it is brave to make promises, the same as decisions, but they are harder to keep. if you can make decisions and keep them, as though you're making them again everyday with a new freshness and a new durability and stay flexible, stay mobile, discover new territory, stay free, then you can have a good life. a sweet life. i promise, and i keep that promise everyday, this is possible. there is more to life after your twenties. it gets better. it gets harder but we are more equipped and it gets better too. it doesn't help anything to know that when you're in your twenties and the grandeur and decadence and bleakness is all pounding in on you and feels lied about by everyone at every turn and after your twenties it doesn't do any good to know this

either but it's true and there's an instant where knowing  
this counts and so i say it now for every instant to come.

November 9, 2021 at 10:42 PM

for the pleasure of fishing  
build your own rod  
your own way of fishing  
your own fish too

let the nights slide by  
if sleep is more pleasure  
let the fish come  
their scales terrifying  
their wriggling aliveness  
not a thing to have in a boat  
it feels like murder  
but for the pleasure of the fish  
and the air  
and your hands  
the smile is  
the smell is the smell of death  
and wet life  
the way life always smells of sex  
and death at certain  
reloopings of itself where it  
totters over nothing  
and it's own definition glitters  
on it like a scale

when the fish are frightening or difficult  
they are often also delicious

when the fish are dreamy and float past  
and whisper sleep  
we will  
come to be caught tomorrow  
that is their escape song

but sometimes fuck the fish  
damn them all  
let the sleep  
come  
with the windows with orange pearls

and frost  
and plant laden ledges  
and buzzing humming sounds  
like faxes and printers and engines  
radiators  
the sliding siphoning running sounds  
of systems  
of matter laid that we lay in  
lagging and running  
of operations  
behind our skulls and beneath them  
outside our eyes  
purring without names

let the shapes of light and the ends of nights still be  
fascinating in their own right

lying down on this november night  
when she asks me what i'm thinking  
i can only say i'm just feeling

i'm feeling the guitar be unplayed on the wall  
happily  
sly and full of music  
a little stupid  
above me and to the right

my laptop and a particular pages document which is  
wandering in silence  
hunting  
it's own jungle cat  
hinging  
like a door hanging when no ones  
passing through it  
those heavy lazy eyes  
that kill  
and i love it  
and we watch each other  
and i leave it  
like leaving off cumming  
and it grows hungry

i'm feeling the empty notebook  
which is not alive  
whose colour is good and earnest

whose pages are able marksman  
or sturdy reliable pilots  
in the drawer beside me  
fresh and unwritten

i'm thinking about money and how i don't  
have it and how  
none of these documents or instruments  
have it  
and it's absence is a part of our happy  
family  
and we watch it arrogantly and lazily  
like the person at the party who you've  
fucked before and  
will fuck again but don't care about right now  
and they don't care about you  
and in a way it makes you both more attractive to each  
other that  
just now you're not attracted

i'm feeling the evening and the richness of voices that  
came before and the skype call and the lagging head on  
my screen that would leap between faces while the sound  
ran smooth and we read my scripts

i'm feeling the movies to be made and the long shots  
down streets and alleys and how to arrange them with  
interruptions so they are pleasing and easy the way they  
are on long walks or in cities without being tiring and  
especially as they are in good neighborhoods and when  
you travel

i'm feeling my phone far away and how i don't need it and  
don't want it until this exact fish goes swimming by and it's  
a long line and it feels good in my hand and the air is  
clean and there's a pretty wind like a diamond on my  
cheeks or something i can drink without moving or  
interrupting the stillness the harmony of planets a platform  
a narrow knife a wire something i can pass through a  
tunnel or a bridge

the thought leaves me with the image of a pier pointing  
out onto lake ontario that karl and i walked down with the  
gloomy toronto grey lounging over top of the rolling water  
and the rocks and the partitions and the gates curving to

our right around the naval harbour and a strip of green for planes to land on our left past a strip of water and i think that sometimes its worth it to walk onto a pier that doesn't lead anywhere just for the sake of it and because there are fish to be caught there

and so i get up to get my phone and i reel the fish in slowly enough line to tire itself and the thread against my hands is good and sharp and real and then i pull it in in fistfuls and handfuls and my phone starts clomping and lagging but i let my thumbs hammer smoothly and happily in the buzzing and humming until my phone dies and without silence or a sound i plug it in with the cord below me and i hold a phrase loosely like rolling a coin over my knuckles and i lounge over the very edge of the bed like a grey sky or a big cat with lazy eyes that have that sweet scent of death in them that are not impressed by anything and roam over the internet hub with its dot of white light to say its working and the little white consecutive arches of the radiator a forbidden yellow gray in the purple shadows of streetlights through windows and i let the fish roam on the line and i know the fish and i am the cat because hunting is not silence or sound it can never be all pounce or all stalking and the pleasure comes also in the silence on the ledges of a mountain when the air has grown thin and you're fattened from a full meal and there's blood on your chin and you loaf, wanting immensely, abstractly, with pleasure only in the experience of desire, nothing frenetic and not immediately pursuing anything, you confer a daze on everything, you drink mist and hook unexpected names into objects and use them as bait, and you do not feel like thinking, you cast all the thinking far, as far out as you can from where you are and you just feel the line and the wind and the boat that you're on and you know water and you know the deep and you sound it and it is silent.

December 26, 2021 at 5:21 PM

people who want to puzzle, who want to wonder... it's a mystery movie and the unknown lies in the blindnesses between people. the audience we're after are the ones who still want to be afraid, to dream, to walk in the woods and disappear into a movie, whether that's in bed on a laptop with a lover or with all your friends at the theatre or by

yourself on your phone. towards beauty. towards  
authenticity. to see themselves and learn to communicate  
in new ways. to bare themselves and to look at the reasons  
why we reject. to ask what heroism is and can be in the  
modern world.

December 28, 2021 at 12:27 AM

we walk a dangerous line. to risk being called a liberal in  
order to tell the truth.

January 8, 2022 at 10:57 PM

we acclimate to the room and then things lift up out of it  
and change the room. the room is silence, how do we  
structure sounds that disappear, what kind of silence do  
we design so we can make the sounds that lift out of it.

January 11, 2022 at 2:40 PM

remember when we still believed the right song could solve  
all our problems

January 16, 2022 at 1:42 AM

hot water bottle, pink thighs  
the subway slides right underneath us  
east and west  
hanging out over winter  
that big dirty puddle lying down on  
my horizon and shimmering

i haven't eaten rice today  
eye liner on my water line

wearing leopard print and flipping frame  
pulling colours from the closet  
the days are never quite the same  
don't forget that

there's always time to change



loose tongue and tight lips  
i wana start a rock band with theatre  
scenes and good friends and cameras  
we can tour movies  
and eat cherries

i didn't know i wasn't a man  
i didn't know i was brave

but i am  
i am i am i am

i find myself tap dancing through bitterness  
wet and falling down like cops and rain

how come cops don't know they're bad  
how come rain comes to mind  
hungry with  
my back touching janel's  
back  
pillow between my knees

how did you learn  
not to copy?  
by studying

how did you study learning  
i quit copying and kept quitting  
cigarettes and everything

i asked my photographer to turn off  
all the lights and we swam in darkness  
one by one listening to pixels  
and collecting particles

we turn them on  
strike by strip by strike

she sings over dishes  
we swing and king and queen each other  
trading clothes and telling stories  
i didn't know stories were good  
how come  
how come i believed everything like religion  
i was told how to believe

how to learn  
how to know

that was the trouble  
i had to unlearn how to believe  
and untold unknowns began to speak

happy like order  
key west playing off my phone  
she snores lightly  
i go blank  
i tumble out of tomorrow

something spellbinding  
something wonderful  
i'm just sexy and want to speak softly  
i'm just a dream that comes and goes  
don't you wonder when you're alone  
whether everything is real  
if this is the realest thing i ever wrote

i crushed a door

doubt like a shaft of light stripped me  
and stirred me like a soup

our broken oven  
and silent radiators  
the coldest house  
a century old  
where carriages  
past  
this poem is written  
they're still counting the  
years from jesus death  
i'm still counting the cuts  
til i can cut the count

making images that crash  
hang them from the rafters and  
give you new ways of ceiling

lastly i like fun and i come around  
bigger than evil  
with something to say

and i say it quietly  
quieter than silent pictures  
quieter than paintings

now i know i will be hated  
now i know i will be hurt  
now i am afraid  
now i am unlearned

watch me wish new cathedrals on the children  
something better they can believe in

January 18, 2022 at 2:27 AM

i'm short on sleep and  
i'm short on money  
i can't sing well  
i'm nothing but loving

January 20, 2022 at 12:25 AM

the parameters of our world

our grammar of images

what happens when our grammar of images changes

January 20, 2022 at 1:10 AM

there is a little orange eye that waits in the nighttime in the  
winter in my window  
it draws the fog to make its body  
it sits atop its heap of nothing  
and has me face it  
human dismembers itself as a term

i do not speak to it of the radiator, the sirens or the ghosts  
i do not mention the stalking mediocrities that chew on  
myths and move into peoples lives and spear them with  
their groping and their ultimate cowardice

cowardice

we gave that a word  
drove it through the landscape of our soul  
a warning post  
for poison

there are a thousand dooms to be procured in the  
imagination

i ache for a friend  
to whom i can give no more of my spirit  
just now  
who eats with a feast of generosity

lest love be unheard let me say it sings  
everywhere and steals faces  
only the very good love gives meaning to all the silence  
and draws an eye with a streetlight  
where the frost eats iron arms  
and the bed is a candle

an earlobe and a cloud  
soft and nether to the music  
a buffer  
loading paradise in the unmarked street  
while everyone's looking for a party somewhere else

i am like an arm of iron  
i arm myself in absence  
and make eyes in the eyes of dreamers  
amber some  
gold is worth a life time  
some change what a lifetime is

i have pictured horrors and translated myself  
touch the voice that used my life like a sword and you will  
be marked

where we did not know we had blood  
ribbons of future climb out

January 20, 2022 at 12:45 PM  
Personing — title

January 21, 2022 at 12:39 AM

i have post cum  
(which people talk a lot less about than pre cum)  
in my boxers and docs in my phone  
and don quixote on my lap  
is this a poem

so let me seven letters away

tell you about this demise or that  
and the sound of footsteps below

let me recite the internet modems hum

can you call that literary achievement

some poems are belly button lint  
and some poems are nicknames for reality

a sense of humour pierces through death

social customs are the mail boxes and nail clippings  
the brand of ink on census forms

the state  
top hats and topping  
the state we're in is less fuzzy than a drunk fuck  
a folk song or the furnace sound

there is a phase that clefts the world  
with words like generation  
and gives names to problems

there is a phase when the search for the right song is the  
same as the search for salvation

there is a phase when sex is so scary and beyond language  
it defirms deforms and doubles

some lines are deleted

erasure was an invention  
perhaps even an achievement

invention was invented as well  
as was achievement

we have some ideas which have only  
been tested in small doses  
such as annihilation

the encounter with that which was not invented  
and that which was not discovered  
unweaves

warbling in behaviour  
an inconclusive collection of  
gesture and ramification  
is subtracted

relief and clarity have synonymous qualities  
as though they were secretly sonorous partners  
we hold shadows all our lives  
in our hands and on our shoulders

some poems come back published  
frequently they are medical or about a country road  
or about war  
or an immigrant parent

they are silver

buttery poems are nice

poems that glide  
that you can put on anything  
that you can cook with  
lubricate

bitter poems are no better than silver poems  
though both bitterness and silver are allowed in poems  
often but not always they must be sparing

teaching poems and lesson poems are gold rushes  
shiny things heaven for the jewel hunters  
but beware of fools gold  
groping for order  
or self image  
wrapped in sure words

and beware of hoarding  
moneys for building not burying

but sometimes a good catcher  
catches a jewel

giving their wisps of life a material

binding just enough together to leave  
footprints

gaseous poets walk amongst us everywhere  
they are so light they lie down and lean their heads upon  
our chest

and sit in our laps  
we do not notice

you must go down to the sand

climb into the bath water

be around the dirt

live somewhere with the snow

then you will see

their paths

they are not to be followed

no

they make mandelas and spiderwebs  
they make patterns  
they assemble figures long enough  
to loop and weave them

cast them into the narrow  
nearly non existent crevice  
between invention and discovery

the knot that teaches us to delete

January 25, 2022 at 12:44 AM

hate me for dreaming  
i fell in love with a class  
do we fall in love with classes

hasty i'm dreaming  
lazy clashes sandals  
and studied

class warfare be  
tween houses be  
tween floors

worry i'm leaving  
i fell in love with a dream  
do we fall in love with floors

lastly i'm feeling  
hazy flashes scandals  
all muddled

block drama  
block trauma  
and more

i know being  
broke is not  
a black girl  
dancing

class warfare be  
tween countries be  
tween rooms

zoom readings  
and burnt plastic  
some people were  
sold in a store

lately believing  
the fatalist teaching  
might keep us all poor

hate me for dreaming  
i was born in a fair of



lazy clashes  
continued cash outs

and class warfare be  
tween the desperate  
and the bored

hate me for dreaming  
i was born into war  
lazy clashes scandals  
and studied

class warfare be  
tween houses be  
tween floors

lately believing  
hatred's a bore  
hazy flashes  
i'm feeling

block drama  
block trauma  
and more

i know being  
broke is not  
a black girl  
dancing

class warfare be  
tween countries be  
tween rooms

lastly i'm leaving  
zoom readings  
are not quite enough  
to sponge all the sores

regrets that i've harboured  
mistakes i've adored  
the betrayals we bore

wages won't levy this storm  
some people were sold in a store

fatalist teachings  
that kept us all poor

class warfare be  
tween the desperate  
and the bored

head for new harbours  
set out on new scores

January 25, 2022 at 3:40 AM  
cinema is adding length and direction  
it is going from  
being a  
dot to being  
a line

May 27, 2023 at 9:58 PM  
never forget  
how suddenly a che can appear

January 25, 2022 at 3:58 AM  
1

u know what i think it is, the middle class would sooner  
forgo world peace than integrate their lives with the poor

you've got to cut the buttons off, no buttons

there's always been a class hatred that's inside of me  
between me and myself

the proletariat hate of the world

2

class goes unmentioned

unseen

and those lower

lower

as much as possible

as much lower

unseen

inhuman

undead

non-playing

we all deserve a death

a life

a character

January 25, 2022 at 4:00 AM

you are hated

i promise

abstractly

at a distance

up close

you are hated

i promise

we must feast on the hatred from below and above  
from around and outside

inside we must not let it remain in the same shape  
we must transform it and live with it rhyming

January 25, 2022 at 5:20 AM

the sexual unconscious and the sacred are spells towards  
real words

i send them letters like

fuck my mouth with a vibrator or

spiritual singe making fixes shoe laces  
and am sentenced to a tunnel  
through things  
from waves to bits  
to concepts  
make light from particles  
and strings from that  
waves from laws  
and men from women  
women from men  
the surface is so frayed  
the celebrated stone is rubbed away  
the spirit sings knots  
the woman is not  
i am a girl  
do not ritualize waste  
do not worship ore  
i trade lessons in for inventions

January 25, 2022 at 5:25 AM

woman is the first invented genre  
gender from the rib  
it speaks not of the sexes  
both can be woman  
but woman is not  
man  
man is not man  
a woman is a woman

February 1, 2022 at 12:33 AM

when the professor comes he pulls on pop melodies like  
cardigans and pipe smoke and sits under scarves and  
street light  
he has no god and no sex  
i wonder if he is human  
his gaze peels through past poems read and written and  
asks that i dispense with  
words like alphabet and discussing baths  
he thinks of jungles  
he studies ethnicities  
he is an archaeologist and when discussing

astronomy he is humble and stares up  
from porches with his mouth hanging open  
i have asked his name and he has told me that the way i  
understand naming is insufficient  
i have asked for his thoughts on slavery and he has given  
me a sad smile  
in the mornings the news is open on his phone over cereal  
he has expressed an interest in pottery and gardening  
i asked him one night when we had wine whether he had  
killed anyone  
he slurred  
he wears dresses and picks flowers  
they found him in a parking lot lighting cars on fire and  
stuffed words down his throat til he drowned  
when i came home from the funeral and played the cd in  
the red case  
i found a folded loose leaf page inside the clear plastic  
bracket  
it said i have hidden myself in your sleeve  
wheezing and  
trimmed your names  
you will find transparent hedges discoverable and in need  
of pruning  
no death is fake  
soon you will need to spread your legs  
now you know the story of my murder  
and you can take my name

February 1, 2022 at 2:33 AM

there is a dog on my chest in the night

night is a garment  
woven over millennia

night is a needle  
history was sewn with it

when the chest of fabrics is opened  
(there are many colours,  
it is in the attic)  
it displays its qualities of containment  
and the collapsibility of time

sequences are unfolding  
experience is one way of wearing  
a cloth

the chest is an exhibit of properties  
that belong to no  
one

the dog is imaginary  
it becomes a flower pot  
it becomes a rubber plant  
it is golden  
it does not become a fabric

February 2, 2022 at 10:54 AM

the difficult canoe  
refuses passengers

there are geniuses who cannot balance

they blame the weather  
their body the water  
and history

they make it cute and small

they make themselves thorny and wild  
brambled  
to compensate for the fury they will not taste

through the maple and the  
verdant  
plunges a throat of beauty  
so pure it unhinges brilliance from its source  
and dangles light  
over an endless and invisible  
precipice

lodging an unmappable place  
permanent sanctuary

waterfalls within

to love is a dangerous expedition  
return is not on its itinerary

the canoe moves gently

it does not rock  
unless it's passengers  
are tense  
or the waters are rough

waters get rough  
tension does not help

tension will not teach the canoe to be  
land  
or the water to be still

the difficult canoe  
rejects those who cannot pluck a leaf  
plant a seed  
or people a country quietly  
choosing names from the breeze  
and kissing in silence  
settling far  
in the embrace of the unknown

February 2, 2022 at 11:42 AM

a dream of elevators  
and arches  
cobblestones and fogs  
a foreign country with  
silver chains  
and public squares  
and rooms of prayer  
where children watch dead men

February 3, 2022 at 2:53 AM

burnt pancakes burning  
oil and an export running  
rerunning  
the sleep schedule

janel sleeping  
an overnight coming

February 6, 2022 at 12:28 AM  
the chess game involves  
forgetting the names for the pieces

hands have palms

insipid harbours cannot hold  
the momentous fleet

mercury

adjectiving scout arranges  
movements and exposit  
thems

the capture of light  
was a revolution  
in the capture of time

reweaving  
rebind  
recording  
rewind

technology  
takes time

art is no rubicks cube  
no rubicon

no battle  
no game

art is art

different forms of the same



February 6, 2022 at 12:45 AM

the old black guitar mutes memory  
it swallows the funerals and the silos

there is a hole at its centre  
that drinks voices

there was a flower that made ears for itself  
from bible pages and believed  
everything it heard like red ink

it soaked itself in scripture  
and died for lack of light

the guitar was silent  
though it had sang all the lessons  
the flower froze to death learning

then the guitar crawled into a pot of soil  
and asked for water

eyes were sawed off and ears were  
plucked out

cotton fell from the sky

February 6, 2022 at 12:53 AM

for years in my childhood there was a poem in the passing  
cars

and the light they left on the wall  
darting past the drive bys and streets screams  
and beatles songs coming out of my alarm  
clock cd player

they were human refuse  
the streak or smudge of some strangers  
life driving through victor in the night  
and i hung off them like angels  
demanding a blessing

a poem

i ripped them from the plaster of the old house  
and asked for their metaphor  
they were useless and beautiful  
that was all

February 6, 2022 at 1:15 AM

there's a hammer by the bed  
below the three women who live  
have a man over  
not collectively i think  
just one of them  
he's been over a lot lately  
i hope that makes them happy  
his voice carries  
but doesn't irritate  
that's important to mention  
because it's easy to be irritable  
and it's easy to sound irritable  
but that's not my way  
not what i'm saying  
and not worthy of a poem  
and this is not my voice  
this is a little inlet  
that runs from the forest  
this is a dripping  
this is melting snow  
from an overnight  
nothing more than half a fistful of white  
caught on a boot and pooling  
in the kitchen  
or the legs of the tripod  
making a stream in the gear room  
there's a hole in the candle in  
the bathroom  
that wet wax pours out of  
and cools in a circle  
follow the metaphors  
follow the voices  
there are symphonies to be had  
assemble the violins  
become a new instrument that can be  
played  
like a drum kit  
laughter rings and rings and rings  
without ceasing  
i have said things i don't believe  
i have sat with people i don't like  
i have been hurt by friends  
and i have held my tongue  
if something needs to be said now

i'd like to do it  
there are no words yet  
only a hammer wound  
only a voice from below  
only a pressure in my gut  
they all have to be dealt with  
they all hold light  
they are being projected upon  
my images are worn by others  
and i wear theirs in return  
the images  
my image projects their images projecting  
images onto me  
it is dysmorphic  
i feel like a woman  
i wish to be called she sometimes  
my hair is not long enough  
i love my lenins  
and my penis  
autocorrect makes me a genius  
discoveries in the unconscious  
are always worth reporting  
wisdom is understanding  
who to report to  
i is other than i  
thou is esoteric  
pronouns are difficult  
first and second person  
as much as third  
i play for keeps  
i play for countries of thought  
i play for land  
when you understand  
what an elevator is  
or why you have hands  
through the recesses and recipes  
home can be better  
school can be better  
science  
must be caught up to  
an achievement of democracy  
is that no one needs to know the truth  
they only need to have an opinion  
it bothers me  
we'd be better off knowing set theory

collectively  
because it's beautiful  
and because it's true  
for something to be of use  
we make presumptions around  
something that needs to be done  
why don't we clear the slate  
on what our objectives are  
when we build them off of  
what we presume  
we recede  
into a sealed  
death that  
spasms  
and forgets  
i do not know  
so much  
i do not know what i do not know  
voices are made from  
what?  
we speak and speak?  
without asking what a letter is  
civilization is delirious  
we're exhausted  
all the voices underneath  
all the hammers by the bed  
let's drink some tea  
let's get roofs over our heads  
let's just breathe  
let's think about death

February 6, 2022 at 1:40 AM

mice make good poems  
good characters  
bad houseguests

characters make good poems  
the good is made by poems  
being a house guest is difficult

figures are atomic  
the figure is a form  
forms are made by figures

form purges itself of figures  
houses don't need guests  
figures are not pests

figures don't always value form  
the value form crushes characters  
the proletariat is housemates with mice

the poem is a form  
it is made of figures  
houses don't need owners

February 6, 2022 at 2:17 AM

two of the rooms had ballet bars and room length mirrors  
there were windows and curtains and  
hallways and stairwells  
my life was alive and my dreams were alive  
and i loved myself when i arrived  
i had torments and demons and i  
crawled from street corner to autumn harbour  
with a mouthful of belmont smoke  
and i choked on the sky  
i got lost and i didn't want to hear from  
anyone  
i walked through the snow  
and i felt the first awakening of a sense  
that wasn't quite taste or sight but some  
where in between

what i wanted to learn from them i never did  
i wanted to learn how to get inside a part  
so thoroughly my i was the i of the character  
to change the way an audience understood being  
to shift the air in the room  
to cause an Event

what i wanted to learn from them was how to work  
how to show up tirelessly  
i wanted to learn patience and endurance  
i was distractible  
i procrastinated  
i wrote and read instead of working on parts

i was obsessive but didn't know how to be obsessive about  
a role

i just jumped on stage and relied on charisma and instinct  
which go far but don't go far enough

i didn't want tools i wanted to know how to work

i got tools instead

and because i didn't know how to work

i didn't know how to value them

i learned how to work on my own and it took  
longer

much longer

and i'm still learning

the tools felt esoteric and silly

they felt strange and when i was shown how

to use them sometimes the teachers

seemed to find the tools foreign in their  
hands as well

and i took it to mean that the tools were as stupid as the  
teacher

i learned later that almost all

not all

but almost all

the tools were actually good

reliable and just about every single one did

things that none of the other ones did

so they were just about each uniquely useful

it took me leaving to know

i don't regret it

i learned to love

i entered my life

i was walking into it everyday

i was stepping

emerging demanding to live

and that was a lesson i had to learn

before i learned to work

then i learned to work rejecting the idea of work and  
employment

and sitting in silence

and being hurt

and being betrayed

and being abandoned  
and hurting  
and betraying  
and abandoning  
and sitting in silence  
and being loyal  
and being lonely  
and healing  
and committing  
and sitting in silence  
but that came later  
and is another story

February 8, 2022 at 1:51 AM

a bag of marbles  
a cream coloured cotton bag  
with a draw string

next  
hardwood floors the colour  
of honey  
and doorframes painted white

chipped teal and grey bathroom behind

next  
the sound  
itself spherical  
clinking and sliding up and down  
like strangely shaped flutes  
when they move in a jumble  
rubbing each other

the slick faces of these planets  
running around in clumps like  
slippery toothsmooth  
their orbits appear and vanish

shooting them between doorways  
and the tumbling sensation  
fissioning out  
as spider web over ice  
daintily

from every brush knock push and throw  
of the marbles  
their various scales  
becoming explicit at a distance to each  
other  
their matte and glossy finish  
vocal

in the way planks are hefted  
and sheets of wood flung to stand  
the erection of towers  
the development of cities  
so grows the stories between  
the little globes  
springing from the child's hands  
while its parents divorce below

February 10, 2022 at 2:17 AM

sewer work in the night  
architecture books  
approaching a catalogue  
impressions such as this are collected

lower back pulsing  
smarting like sunshine in the eyes  
or water when you're thirsty  
sharp and dull at the same time  
electricity

what is this card flipped over for  
like tarot readings from the world

back pain  
a working crew with their hazards on  
and yellow flashers on the ceiling  
sparking things  
and pops  
thinner and higher than gunshots  
their laughter and closing doors  
plastic thudding

the huffing of description  
that peels from all the corners



marathona  
through the mind  
seeking to split the final ribbon of meaning  
first and become  
champion  
become metaphor

ephemera without purpose  
a world of candles  
the world is a candle  
so sweet burning becoming wet wax  
and then appearing to be nothing  
but perhaps only different  
and what is passed on  
with this thin winding black smoke  
and our fingerprints of ash and wax  
evaporated and erased  
the act of erasure left  
invented  
a new smear in its nonsensory aspect

nothing is not nonsense

the plants are still growing  
abstract  
as am i  
and she is dreaming  
abstract as well  
our roots and our stems and our buds  
in the night  
photo  
synthesisless  
still searching restfully  
peacefully  
as silently as we do in the light  
towards nothing

brush strokes make a change of light  
shutters frame our life  
time is traced in shudders and delight

February 11, 2022 at 3:44 AM  
the word fountain is wonderful

f's are great in general  
feather  
their texture is touched  
their sense is felt  
more than any other letter  
f's have fingers

February 11, 2022 at 1:19 PM

the duck between the bricks  
begs  
to be heard

it is smudged with mistakes  
fresh from a movie battle  
no blood just dirt

the duck between the bricks  
stutters and spitters and begs  
to be heard

first it was drawn with a beak and hat  
yellow and green  
mallard in camouflage

the bricks were black and white  
the battle was over  
all for a little spigot of eternity

i awoke from the bricks and pulled the duck  
loose  
it begged not to die on the banks of a dream

February 11, 2022 at 1:19 PM

shopping cart plays a sound like a rattle  
but sharper  
a sound that makes the air brittle  
it carries colours  
yellows and greens and reds that are bright like soldiers  
and salespeople

post workers are not welcome in shopping carts

parking lots are painted  
but are not often in paintings

the word cart will come to mean only an online order

the cloak of appearances grins

come bring your genius

stick your chest out

find something to do with your hands as long as you still  
have them

somewhere you are already figureless

skating hard

the race is unfinished

some part of us is never born  
is not born

some part is not us

shopping carts are made in a factory  
they were designed to recede  
to become invisible  
to speak the native language  
of a given reality so well  
they blended in  
became camouflaged

they have a form that was chosen  
they are nakeder now and their form is more pure  
they are designed to recede  
to skate through  
to speak a native language  
of society  
to blend us into it  
to ensconce us in the blender and the mosaic

nothing melts in this heat  
clicking and tapping and typing are liquid verbs today  
today is a liquid noun

some things are sure like shrugs and blankets  
rugs and handcuffs

sexual freedom is important but is not total freedom  
total was once a cereal  
was once a form of war  
now is most commonly an affirmative in the form of an  
adverb

do not be quiet  
be silent

do not be silenced  
behaviour is a riot

there are palindromes that are still  
undiscovered  
there new kinds of charts yet to be invented

scamper  
off with your groceries  
eating is pleasure

the doldrums are always on the menu

the issue form of friendships  
apologies  
purchase  
paths in life

in your shopping cart you may choose your history  
you may select your world  
your events to live by

oh era that has decision in such places

it's the shoppers choice between revolution and asparagus  
between conspiracy and inertia  
perspective is not purchased

the pathways are scored in  
grooved and narrowed

plastic is hard to trace

your digital sex has a shape you don't know  
has been named by someone else  
has already escaped pronouns

the future is a bundle deal  
you buy it in bulk  
it usually comes with a meal

February 11, 2022 at 1:23 PM  
when the children came to take the quiz they were all  
wearing hats

it has been raining and the brims were full of cellphones  
and light

they hang them from the banisters and filed into the  
auditorium

the subject of the test was ritual sacrifice

two of them had stolen cars and two of them had hopped  
the subway

they weighed their crimes in the hall before beginning

the first question to the field who had music hanging from  
their ears like flags and jewelry

was whether they thought the world would be a better  
place if without it being a burden on them every movie  
that was released was first approved by them

the second question was how do you define a secret and  
give one instance of when it is heroic to keep one

the third question was related to sex

the fourth question was related to science

the fifth question came in five parts

it was who asked the questions, where did they come from, how did they build them, why did they ask them and if you could ask one question of them what would it be

as the kids were filing out

two centipede like sentries handed their hats back

having dried them of all the cellphones and the sunshine

and passing out teacups of rainfall asked if the questions had been worth answering and if the answer was no did that mean they thought they were not worth asking

one of the children had wet himself while being tested and another had masturbated under their desk

as soon as they were out of the auditorium

they all sat alone apart from each other and sent texts with no question marks

between them an invisible coliseum was formed

February 11, 2022 at 1:25 PM

once a sailor said he sought to sharpen his shadow

a sleeping lady blinked between the streetlights

the sea ate shadows and split them on the floor

shells were dappled

the sleeping lady shifted

in her sleep she whispered

don't fight your shadow change your light

the sea hiccuped and the ship dropped the sailor off between crabs

the ocean grew stubble and so did the land

the planet arranged itself  
flooded and shifted and spun  
the sleeping lady sung to the sun  
they were passing lovers  
and never faced each other's mortality until it was over  
dwarfing childhood in their embrace  
darkness came and settled over space  
the sun was eclipsed  
the sleeping lady became awake  
her eyes twinkled and blinked against myths  
something said  
was it her shadow perhaps  
these stories are sparks  
but study them well  
and someday you will orchestrate stars

February 12, 2022 at 5:08 PM

a great deal of time spent watching moving images is alone. and what is sought in those moving images? the integrity of their form or ideas? or a companion, a balm to solitude, sitting with phones and laptops in bed, thrillers and rom coms and reality tv offering comfort. social media swiped. for a social experience? with all the complexities and irritations and insecurities that come with a social experience a surrogate distance away.

romantic companions, brief or committed, often watch together, seeking from the cut a way of being together, a reason, a glue, a thing to do. episodic instances break

down time spent alone or with partner into manageable sizes. a digestible unit and language. not seeking to confront new grammars, or be faced with powerful images.

and what of the moving images met as a part of a mass before the brilliant rectangle, the glowing flat monolith of moving light? or in private or with friends? still the primary intention of engaging with images because we believe that encounter will be valuable, will be transformative sticks. the conviction it will make life better, will develop our minds in unknown directions, will show us the world in fresh ways. it sticks.

cinema is a form of intelligence, it collects vocabularies, expressions, grammars, languages, it builds relationships, civilizations. cinema is two intelligences thinking together, thinking each other, studying each other, studying intelligence itself. this is vital not because it culminates in a happy ending, a teleological finality, but something stranger, willing to face the bewildering nature of beauty and terror, of good and evil, of the real, it is surrounded with a feeling of not knowing of searching of learning rather than reinforcing the feeling of knowing of being known of being in on it. there is fated business with truth there. rather than breaking down time into a manageable size it breaks it open, bends it, the void yawns, we are faced with the twin concepts of eternity and extinction that in reality we are always faced with whether we like it or not. it is not a social experience but an experiment in society, in how we organize life and understand being.

one of the great differences between tv + social media and cinema, is whether we submit to an artists cut or we keep the remote, whether we choose when to swipe scroll or click, whether we choose when to cut or we surrender to the cut marble of an artists vision. the vertigo that comes with watching movies is that they can feel interminable, they can feel too fast, out of our grasp, they can rhyme with our souls and challenge our minds. here there is an interesting paradox, we might equate that type of surrender of giving up control of the remote, to giving up choice, decision, to turning off, why is it that the best way to turn off is to swipe and scroll and flip? tv and social media have us in control of the remote, of the cut, it seems it should be more active and yet this minimal energy of swiping,



protecting us from surrender, is precisely what keeps us passive, a shopper. the attention, the standing tall to the work of art we have not made and have no control over contains a little heroism, no shoppers allowed, something of the pride of humanity in it. with all the danger that comes with it, we come alive. nothing is remote with movies. we are inside the architecture.

February 12, 2022 at 7:43 PM

they seem like clean vessels with parasites on them

american movies is maybe what i mean

February 13, 2022 at 2:00 AM

oh oh i ate the pizza cold from the fridge at two in the morning

you're gluten intolerant and it was triumphant

the walls were the colours of nectarine and smoke

the tin foil was silent and glittering

my only hope was that this poem would be as good as plums

February 14, 2022 at 4:30 PM

placed beneath the shadow of the long electric arm

are a row of incomplete ideas

the flag and cape eat wind

the metal soldier with the plastic face

was built above the unfinished and

the unpursued

annexing complex territory

and rich colour

into a blur of saturation

and muddy indistinct shapes

innuendos are explicit

but ineffectual

and the bastion offered

is not

considered

smaller hovels threatened by colossus  
make their own shade  
and hate those who live beneath the cape

many under the metal soldier  
do not know it's name or shape  
they know an ankle and have heard  
of foot

they die and are buried  
or their remains incinerated  
a crop of unfulfilled feeds  
the machine

colossus does not care  
who's unfinished dreams he sleeps upon  
colossus does not know evil

colossus kills  
and tortures  
and yet the strangeness of  
the dove shape  
the raven face  
the orbs of nature  
are eating at his shoulders

a gaze of mixed horizons  
and a body made of fear

colossus was made from  
the unpursued  
and casts his shade across the tombs  
projecting through the sky  
a wound

February 17, 2022 at 12:52 AM  
a life i live like a crawling vine  
the guitar moves  
the shelves the frames  
they wind and crawl  
they are towers to my white footed roots  
orchidesque i rise from the chips  
and unsurroundable soil

forever to be gathered not  
i drink light  
and twist in perpendicular ways

through the french doors  
that are just closed  
where whispered conversation  
softly played videos waft  
a visitor couch sleeping  
water pouring  
teeth brushing  
the smell of sushi and weed  
in the air like  
mariachi percussion  
is staying for two nights

i've retired and my mind bends the lemon  
coloured walls and folds them out  
tapestries of history and the long  
building of countries  
red bandanas  
and torn brown and blue cloth  
laying stones  
and dead under churches  
pitchforks and scythes  
the feet clay beaten and  
mud licked  
laid out across a globe  
a tumbling diaspora of facial expressions  
a dice of everchanging sides  
an unfixed quantity  
the desperate departures  
crawling under dug wires  
and chain fences  
and mothers leaving bare rooms  
for fathers to meet  
empty cribs and badly written  
letters  
hospitals struck with rockets  
half burnt out and  
flaming tubs in parkades with groups  
around  
trains with thick cotton curtains  
and wagon lines rocking through the mud  
this mind gestates

proliferates  
it meets unseen faces  
the face is the final thing  
it is a found thing  
no face has ever been invented  
it shoots through stories with a viciousness  
long weepy rivers run down trunks  
and typists dance  
a glance  
i catch expression before the face  
the face the face  
this bubbling surface  
that betrays itself and announces  
the future with its every encounter  
with the present  
and pouring down and over my face  
my mind  
melting it and meeting it  
and often leagues and leagues away  
from it  
sometimes they do not correspond  
for weeks  
they separate and reconnect  
they hate each other and fall in love  
the light fixture  
duller than a donkey  
is sneezing above me  
paralyzed in its flowering open  
an echo of an echo of a shadow  
of some design  
some desire for light  
some delight in electricity

points vanish  
the angles of my thoughts trend  
aurboritically  
yeeling from their stamps  
and qualling quaking  
whispered gasps  
a lucky strike of luminesce  
creation  
crepuscular and still  
the cord  
together and apart  
and shred centuries

steep buildings like tea and squeeze  
music drinking its conclusion

sometime we say it again  
every poem earns it  
the husk and the boon  
teeth in the moon  
a sunk wave  
we shoulder and elbow out of the sea  
thoughts and faces dream  
each of each  
a table of weeds  
a bone of wood  
clutched we crash up  
out from the pools of conversation  
that splash beneath our feet  
and past  
a corsage to heaven  
drinking silence  
finally  
in fulfillment  
knowing the endings of things  
and knowing too eternal  
remembrance

February 17, 2022 at 2:45 PM

“they’re hanging bells along the portions of the past

swinging and singing them”

hollow cellars chant  
pulling nails from the ceiling

ice darts  
green warms  
windows make  
neighbours of the  
seasons

February 20, 2022 at 12:48 AM

hanging from our plastic

curtain rod  
a heaf of curtain  
makes a letter n  
in a bunch  
it hangs and is looped  
over the rod again

brightly below the streetlamp  
eye level with our  
floor three window  
lights the cotton in an orange glow  
and the folds remind me of stone

in our bed chamber  
we swallow each  
titanic instant  
sailing outwards  
from the planets of her published album  
sleeping in a shower of  
menstrual cycles and gender  
questions  
and indigestion

over curtains we have a disagreement  
i am against them  
each window to me the trunk the limbs the leaves  
should be naked constantly  
for her an adoration  
curtains shape the light, the room  
bring fragrance, height, nobility  
our disagreement over curtains  
is an  
architectural debate

however over sculpture we agree  
and our marble chiselled hanging  
bunch of busy life that strikes  
the universe with all of its ephemera  
and sings in silence  
in folds  
proclaims that shape and line  
is still enough to say i love you  
as simple as a stone  
in sculptors hands can be  
another way of saying

wind  
of saying  
fold  
of saying pride

make the fastest ephemera in  
stone says sculpture  
the already ending encounter between  
wind and cloth  
the draping shaping fabric  
to reach within the marble illusion  
with our eyes  
and shiver against the size  
of an instant

and hanging curtains over a rod  
can still be a way of saying  
we deserve a sculptor  
worthy of our strangest gestures  
flush, heroic, contemplative

the illusion of ephemera  
brings stillness to our ways  
of saying modern

more curtains hang  
more windows made

we dress our faces in a lure  
for marble  
saying there are ways to be still  
and this is saying the still way to the  
soul is made to ripple  
changes are stolen by the stones  
and stay the same through ages  
changing homes

February 21, 2022 at 2:45 PM  
a lounging form, emails open  
songs on cecelian played by  
an open tunnel  
to

whirlpools of living

living together with  
our living living  
room

shelves of books  
bright coloured listen closely  
the pages purr in the kind  
of sunshine  
that comes in with futures

that lays down on your legs  
a lap dog of memories  
filtered through the orchid leaves  
and aloe vera's neon green

opening imagined doors to  
childhoods and long gone  
afternoons with people  
blazing crookedly towards  
their own oblivion

top spinning  
begetting riddles

i sit like a record  
with her needle of music  
pinning me  
butterfly wings  
to the sunshine

so motionless  
fingers on the seams  
the yellow couch beneath my  
knees  
glowing  
our library of living art  
where we invent  
unentered rooms  
we keep each other still  
like solar fields  
or pulls of gravity  
become whirlpools  
we fix each other to a hyperpoint



funnelling down  
touching the very belly

she plays the piano upon my repose  
and i recite silence sitting in her swirl

running far beyond the borders of the word  
lover, announcing pure notes with loose  
vanity

we sway and wave glissando while the aloe grows  
and i look again into the eye of the spiral  
splitting the world

February 24, 2022 at 12:36 AM  
the conundrum of dust  
made chain link fence  
painted asphalt

the silver light and the bronze light  
fell like pellets and lungs

parking lots shaped  
for a heartbeat in the millennium  
parents dropping their kids  
off at basketball  
sitting in the car seats with  
library books  
and dvds  
on new laptops

in the streets howls went up

in the canal of decades  
children shot skeletons through time  
bending and stretching them  
dying too young and turning out fine

teardrops coalesce  
sharply  
a hairpin in the century

see see

conspire with the dew

sweat through the evening and leave

those parking lots are only there  
for three decades  
four

in west bank they're bombing schools  
for lack of building permits  
israel requests the palestinian children  
drink dust instead  
of water and letters  
they parch their hated neighbours  
and lynch education  
lunching merrily

weapons supplied  
by the trillion dollar super military  
with the marvel promo company  
that just recently furrowed their  
brows and wagged their fingers  
over russia's invasion of sovereign  
regions in  
ukraine

their slider webs of being  
which extend  
real  
outside their lives in both directions  
and beyond the written limits of  
time  
they've chosen to knot around  
a spiders nest of lies  
and rhyme with a grave built from  
the dead gold  
pulled out of neighbours heads

celebration celebrity  
horse tails of mind  
that flair  
comet hot  
side stepping coverage  
and illustrating a site  
unabridged

inside a sand room someone  
trusted words too much  
and sipped on symbols  
forgetting the sentence  
until they'd jumbled their senses

organ donors and form benders  
line up  
jostling elbows with the secret  
pedophiles crowding  
our screens  
rubbing hovels with lawmakers  
and cutting their crimes from the scene

playing with blocks  
the free child  
wasn't laughing when they were  
treated with suspicion and studied

a kernel of ashes  
on the rose coloured cheek  
another child was watching  
from the bath  
being wheeled between houses  
and catching atoms  
trying different combinations

somewhere under the slide and inside  
the parking lots  
filing out of basketball  
their parents not picking them up  
they traded sentences  
trying them on each other

i don't believe in constellations

and they plucked the dust from the paint  
ridden concrete  
and brick building chewing  
through the chain link  
and weaving evenings and walking home  
under the avenue  
distilling histories and providing telescopes

the ocean spoke briefly to both of them

but it spoke to each of them alone  
and when they were separated  
they tumbled too far

one went  
into a grumbling hillside of phantoms  
and mistook it for a golden road

and the other gave names to each piece of dust  
then arranged them  
more efficiently  
more beautifully  
more freely  
calculated the time it would take  
for them to change position  
then computed the alteration required  
in their current arc  
and programmed it in  
sometimes shoving by a planck

meanwhile what was  
going from school grounds to rubble  
turned its head to the stars with one shiny  
cheek  
wetter than cars in the rain  
and called out for a trajectory as pure as  
the rhyme

February 24, 2022 at 12:44 AM  
ambuscade

February 26, 2022 at 1:55 AM  
in the city of thin walls  
and sirens  
some piece of wood is always banging  
against the sky

oh all that foetid arms failed to hold

it was colder than anyone thought then  
when the lilac sky sat like a sliced peach

on the islands pretty painted plate all  
night and packs of half friends hungry  
for thrills chopped pieces of their hearts  
off for pleasure

boats were broken and the size of the universe was mis-  
measured

what arrogance to have staked a claim  
on kisses  
on politics  
so sure and crumbling that ancient  
briefness declared and declaimed and  
dead drunk had taste for flame  
and wet things  
slush  
shots  
and fear

only later i know the same  
kid who threw fake punches under bridges  
napping  
slithering the red lit warehouse running  
into strangers looking for molly  
i know only later all he thought was possible

why we don't know what we  
think is possible when we think  
it's possible  
i don't know

and there were  
little rules i didn't know  
like  
go dancing with people you like dancing with  
not with people you don't

that kid couldn't learn to cry  
he clawed the alleyways  
asking for his tears back

hollow inside  
homocidal some nights

he handed in every revelation and asked

for marks

o what wrong love will do  
and all we stand to lose

the city of thin walls sent police to my  
door for watching tv

evictions over missing rent

some friends set up their lab  
in my room  
brought computers  
projector burning and edited for days  
smoking chimneys  
and blasting techno  
when i couldn't make rent that month  
alejandro asked me to leave  
i remember the eviction notice  
and then the street

nobody's coming to check on kids in  
sleeping bags in concrete  
no one walking past is going to ask  
if you're okay  
would you want them to?

and when you throw a cup of coffee  
in a fight with your lover  
hard across the street  
and she starts to laugh  
in the morning after she left with  
another man while you were in the bar  
holding onto her phone and her keys  
no one tells you the screams  
in the alleyway after  
don't feel good  
the broken pieces  
are not a puzzle that fit together  
into a bigger image  
the pieces break  
and then the pieces change  
and they do not recognize each other  
any longer  
and do not fit together

no one tells you it all tastes like bile  
after a scream and every word you say

when you're an actor there's a high  
you get from being real on stage  
and sitting in your life's shambles  
you keep pounding highs into your  
mind looking for the way all your  
screams are supposed to make  
you feel

the thin city painted many colours  
with chains and wood and lights hanging  
from the air  
walk ups and half finished construction  
where  
clans of cultish devotion to their versions  
of reality perfect the act of judgement  
and cherish many forms of violence

police are vicious and ubiquitous

all i ever did was say the wrong things  
all i ever did was not feel like myself  
all i ever did was wonder why  
everything i once thought possible  
was evaporating

it was a whole city in a constant state  
of withdrawal  
of thirst  
a parched city

everybody's lips were chapped and their eyes  
were bright and angry

everybody knew better than everybody else and  
the only solution was booze and molly  
and  
sleeping with somebody new  
it was a crew of reckless  
unpicked locks  
and rail bridges and blizzards  
and the very edges of rooftops

people were hanging dead from the sky  
people became hamsters and chased the  
shape of a circle crazy

they wriggled and tried to wear purple  
lights  
all the food was a splash  
something from before was always pouring over into  
something after  
and something after was always pouring back  
and nobody could see as far as they thought

it was a city of scaffolding a city of ply wood  
a city of thin walls and police  
of students and pots and pans and mafia  
all on an island  
where women were stabbed  
and the owners of bagel shops  
brought prostitutes into the basement and  
killed them there  
there were so many schools  
and so many people to sleep with  
and so many nights that could go on  
just a little bit longer  
something ecstatic was always just out of reach  
it was an umpire calling strikes on every twitch  
an empire built on tear gas and giving cops the finger and  
let's do that again next week  
it was emptier than any of us could have imagined  
crammed with murals and memories  
it was the city with the richest riding in canada  
and i lived there for three years

when i came back i was bare of nostalgia  
which is like finally getting to fuck  
with the condom off

the city is cramped and a taut wire so thin  
it can't be seen  
runs right through everyone  
sometimes still  
sometimes  
tremoring

bitchy, racist and well dressed,



it is a little magnificent in a  
tattered unexportable way

sometimes nothing feels better  
than saying hello  
after finally saying goodbye  
free of the feeling that you'll never escape

it's a haunted city  
a thin fantastic maze filled with walls  
that listen in on each other's sex  
and cops that come knocking over nothing  
phantoms and pretty myths steam off  
the pavement  
tears streak across the sky and everyone  
can see them  
they gather in pools around pools  
and pound drums and  
swing swords and drink  
they chew grass and smoke weed and climb  
crosses  
everything's a performance and  
no one is free  
the city of thin walls where there's so  
much to hear and so much to see

February 26, 2022 at 2:31 AM  
sunk beneath green sea collecting  
sand was  
a villa  
a mansion  
like a ship  
it rose from the water  
sand pouring from the windows  
like eyes

pressed into the stones that were born  
in its rooms were the fossils

front door as maw it  
yawned and meowed  
into the salty air  
weeping what would be glass

down its panels  
and glaring across the sunken  
orchestra of hands  
and debts and  
gestures

jewel boxes and whispers were preserved  
inside better than pickles  
in little crystal shapes  
clear as when they were made

it swayed its shaggy head drunkenly  
a braze sun hungry braggart  
it lapped the lapping waves back

of all that was dead and it's cornucopia of  
skeletons

the provocative shapes they made and the hanging  
sea chewed lingerie  
that dangled from the bones

there was one in the cellar in chains still  
breathing  
a boy had been put there before the flood  
and this adult now  
sealed in with the food  
barked and chattered  
two voices duetting and separate  
like the arms of the double helix  
spun out of its mouth

afraid of its music called language  
they killed it  
and stuffed it  
and put it in a museum  
then sunk the mansion to the sea floor again

not, of  
course, before  
locking a new child in with a new pantry of well preserved  
food  
and setting a reminder to drag up the villa  
in another century's time

February 26, 2022 at 11:50 PM  
the sounds of snow suits  
children orbiting a rink

waft up from the tomb with the purple cloud

the director of the examination has a few short words  
before beginning the dig

no artifact is too small or broken  
to be undeserving of a clean  
and a scan

if you cannot tell the rubble from the  
artifact opt to rescue it

rescued rubble is often all we have

March 1, 2022 at 12:16 AM  
from the glade  
the little torn shoe  
was taken off

pools circulate memories  
and diffuse them  
collectively

the tramping caravan  
emerges naked  
and clean  
fresh from war  
their wounds  
and their dispatched  
previous grievances  
abundant

the bent grass snuggles into the shoe  
and fathers crumbs from the  
tin foil

a dunce stands surprised by his company  
i have no fond memories of you  
he says to his neighbour

he is ignored

with one shoe on  
he goes and drowns himself in the pool  
where all the memories were scrubbed off

isn't it a pity  
the one who was once his neighbour says  
that there is no word in english  
for the pleasure of finding just the right word?

we will have to invent one  
says another

as accidental as this torn shoe  
all that's left of a man  
we no longer remember

and in the glade  
they passed the little  
shoe around

ripples moving outward  
on the surface  
of the water

March 1, 2022 at 12:36 AM  
for an exiled poet

this old movie mansion made of thugs and  
cheap prophets  
the one winged freak  
with the soft smile and strange genitals  
was rejected

between pigeons they were unsummoned  
from the halls and blamed for their feathers

names were given to all that remained  
and gold was accrued  
histories were written and promised

the chip toothed angel split heaven

in half with their beak  
and dressed the dismissed slums  
in the shredded shroud

dropping bowls of cherries  
into the laps of the innocent  
weaving dreams

a small note was found  
by the king of the mansion  
where they had forgotten they were wearing  
costumes  
and were comparing their childhoods

the note was some critical piece tucked away  
in a closet  
of the species to come

it told them  
they had made the best room  
but it was a closed one  
people would come and go  
but they could never leave

March 1, 2022 at 12:55 AM

hats were made from letters never  
sent  
between two friends

they were big flamboyant hats  
that took up half the sky  
and it made them sure to look  
in each other's eyes  
so as never to read a single  
unsent word

March 2, 2022 at 12:31 AM

the last of the straw laid down diagonally  
bodies and brightness both low  
these are the sticks that we pick from  
with elbows under arms and our heads on pillows

dreams don't have temperature  
it's only inferred later

the day with the wagon that trundled  
through a century developing  
bales and conversation passed through

a fine tall green hooded androgyne  
followed with felt boots falling softly  
hearing the songs cupped out of phones  
and the sure voices between travellers  
kneading their voyage with words

this long fair fingered person  
touched the wheel tracks gently and  
pulled the straw that had fallen from  
the bales out of the mud  
pulled the mud that had fallen into hard concrete  
over the millennium up gently and placed  
a clump in their pockets  
where they kept two glowing hard drives  
blind eyed, tiny giants with cool orbs

this is the straw collector  
they sit in trees and eat shingles  
and speak to birds  
mending wings

they open documents  
and at night they make pictures from the straw  
flexible lines become letters on the walls  
and then images inside of sleep

just before dipping into the ether  
a thought crosses through the hatch  
that there were no wagons  
but the golden threaded bed is too perfect  
and exists only for the night of its invention  
it must be celebrated without questions  
a buoyant, sexual nest  
ephemeral  
intangible

the adjectives are pulled onto a spool off of it and threaded  
back into the world

this is where the colours are made  
this is the other side of the sky  
atmosphere is the adulthood of heaven  
it comes in straw and string  
and only the dancers that follow after us  
can tell us what they bring

March 6, 2022 at 1:05 AM  
you can call a state by who sanctions the art  
christians, capitalists, communists

March 12, 2022 at 3:09 AM  
some banneréd poet

March 15, 2022 at 4:27 PM  
what ashen sculpture will you leave of your life  
what last print  
the digital chimera twitching in the ashes  
what mouse will emerge from this comet  
we dinosaurs will be  
soared and dined and died  
and who will have willed  
who will have been  
through the cosmic decay  
we built a hand so vast our lives could barely glimpse a  
gland and this fist kissed land was crushed into sand  
who will come and blow glass of our remains

March 16, 2022 at 2:00 AM  
how to keep a secret from god

March 19, 2022 at 9:47 AM  
that in some sense a work of art will forever remain  
unwhole and to complete the work of art a part of this is  
to capture the work of arts unique unwholeness, rather  
than attempt to disguise it

March 25, 2022 at 6:13 PM  
i can see the edges of an artwork now, the hand holding  
the brush a wave of intention

March 28, 2022 at 3:46 PM  
art is a public thing  
the artist is a private person  
the artist has a private relationship to a work of art  
  
a work of art has a private relationship to the public  
to each member of the public that encounters it  
the public does not determine the worth or value of a work  
of art  
but the worth or value of a work of art  
is public

the more universally accessible the work of art is  
the greater the achievement  
the artist  
must be a black hole  
they must face the entire universe

if an artist making a work of art  
is not free  
the work of art  
is brittle  
it breaks under the freedom of the audience  
the artist must be free of their audience  
free their artwork and free the audience  
the audience must be free



March 30, 2022 at 1:35 AM

themata

March 30, 2022 at 2:14 PM

two characters on a subway

the only encounter between them in the entire piece

they never speak but each have a fantasy about the other

for one it is an early moment that is pivotal (inciting)

for the other it is a late moment that is pivotal

perhaps for example one stares at the others hands in their lap for a long time

then imagines putting their hand in their's and looking into each other's eyes

the other imagines standing and slapping the person

April 1, 2022 at 11:35 PM

woke up and the couch seemed to be teetering over the hallway, at a great distance, enshrouded in some silk

where i was recognized as lover, as partner, as erik, came with field of personality, janel stood in the door and looked at me. the time slid up and down in my mind morning or afternoon, no memory latched that could be placed on the other end of the sleep or in fact, somehow a great absence sat in the centre of the unconscious spell i had just had which was impossible to see around.

April 1, 2022 at 11:36 PM

a film where three friends have dumplings for one of their birthdays and one pays, the other plans to pay them back, then sells their books the next day to make the money but its not enough

April 1, 2022 at 11:46 PM

no lies. make the art you want to make. be proud. spend time generously with those you love, doing the things you love, and with the things you love. a hesitating stroke is not forbidden but a betrayed stroke and smudged and desperate stroke for someone else's eye is. let the stroke as it falls, hand and brush, ink and page stand bright seen. what is secret can still be secret. do not be scared of the public but be prepared for the public. take your time. the world will trammel through people and things and does not care to blink or stop or pause for a moment. be fearless. keep cutting what needs to be cut. this life is yours. this time is yours. go all the way. the art will count and the love will count and the truth will count. you exist only to protect those things. i was made to protect those things.

April 6, 2022 at 5:47 PM

when a person writes a poem about a rainfall they are not writing a poem about this rain fall or that rain fall they are writing about one in particular, eerily the smell, the shining concrete, the sliding day, the warm hungry skin, the cloth, the leather, the smoke, the joke, are pressed into that seductive word that calls again and again to be put into a poem and then is picked up as flat, wet and general. their word rain has so much to say about architecture, about age, about friendship, but the same four letters in the same sequence is not enough to make it the same word, and through many of these rains we build a rain, a word with four letters that is elastic, euphoric and a drag, romantic, dreary, inconvenient, that glistens with emotion and is gone again. that comes in torrents, who's shadow hangs on the dripping hat and jacket being peeled off in the apartment, as the dry umbrella smiles it's way into the word forgotten. there are rains in your life that have no place in that word. hard ones that changed who you were. that taught you happiness again, that made the whole city silly. light feathered rains that curve a smile, contour an afternoon, soppy ones, devastating ones, the terrible skeleton grip, the rain while you wait, the rain while you run, rain with denim, rain with sun, the rain that makes your underwear wet, or run into an apartment of a new friend on a day you decided not to wear any, loading docks and awnings, the soggy rolling papers, the slimy

leaves your working hands pull out of rich folks eaves, the rain that ran through your backpack and broke your laptop, the rain became running water in the streets running your bike through the shallow river, the rain when you were sixteen walking into the private school, to pick someone up, the sun lighting up those mean clouds while they shot down, the rain you watch come across the prairie for hours, the rain drive through, the rain that wears bows and the rain that doesn't, the rain you thought might kill you on the highway with wipers that didn't work, the rain that was kissed in of course, but be careful with kisses, they're so much like rain, being four letter words. count the rains in your life that are not forgotten rains. collect them. keep them safe. do this with every four letter word.

April 8, 2022 at 3:03 PM

love vs family  
family or art

love as family or  
family of art

April 10, 2022 at 8:22 PM

don't hide behind stillness behind music behind slowness behind movement. don't hide behind symbols or sentiment. don't hide behind non-linearity. don't hide behind linearity.

April 15, 2022 at 3:04 PM

why do white people always make evil look like heroism

April 17, 2022 at 5:01 AM

pausability : doesn't lose its pace if you pause it

April 18, 2022 at 12:51 PM

yel she's delicious  
under shells she's even better  
i touched her toes as soon as i could  
there's no one better to hold  
there isn't

sometimes she has sludge and i love it too  
i think i have to be her street crew and  
come through and clean it up  
but sometimes she just wants a hug  
and sometimes she wants to be alone in a bath  
and that's beautiful too

healing has to be done

a part in moments  
i'm okay with

she really sparkles and glooms and smiles and swoons and  
one of my favourite things  
is all the different rooms she carries within  
there are places inside i still haven't been  
i hope i explore her as long as i live  
might the terrors and dragons and wide open skies that  
are all a piece but do not define  
that are each unique expressions without being all

forever more i rub her belly and bring hot water bottles  
i speak to her while she's sleeping and giggling  
returning her mouthguard  
and soapy still together slippery as i rise and move and  
change  
for the better with her  
i learn to love her more in our impressive library of instants  
and it's endlessly expanding collection  
just like a universe we love each other  
and sometimes stars die  
and sometimes species are born  
intelligence brightens up the space  
and we continue to explore  
the beauty is endless  
and so is she

April 22, 2022 at 10:33 AM

reading silence

oh those that were called men are making the same jokes  
over autographs and fork lifts  
whistling at the eighth grade girls out at three thirty from  
the attic  
their backs attacking them  
humming and grunting and whistling  
with the sun dying across the street of orbits  
and the sleet of light shimmering and falling  
in particles in curves and disasters all across their  
container of breaths and beats  
crimes and errors and encounters freckling  
their container  
of years and mind  
dividing themselves from each other  
in micro variations  
pigeon feathers  
love affairs  
having children and dying young  
and sending blind notes through their raticles  
the forest eating their fallen trunks  
plugging beat pills and dewalt radios in  
to punctuate their day while john cage  
calls their passing truck music  
purposelessness abounding

April 23, 2022 at 5:57 PM

again rubber plant and  
spilt water while drinking from a big jug  
on a blue shirt

she has castor oil on her back, with a rag and a hot water  
bottle  
her shirt is off  
she is a she  
she has decided

the sun is dusty

the sun is all dust

so the sun has an all

is an all

is an all something  
you can be

so spear language with its own falling petals  
the blossoms and the waste and the hull

pierced  
it fails the flowers  
cars are heard while the strange curved  
lamp in the street shakes in the wind

a handful of songs were written and recorded  
by strangers so they could be played  
off of a television this  
afterness

i bear the void

i wear the absence friends leave  
i change the music i listen to

i do  
sitting while  
the water dries  
on my blue shirt

and draw out the false meaning  
from my seconds which surround me  
like small animals mistaken for vermin  
asking to be fed  
sitting upon my shoulder  
soft and free of disease  
we eat different food  
and have had disagreements over this  
miscommunication around etiquette

i lost everything sitting on a basement  
floor  
being misunderstood  
and wept  
and was mistaken again

all that was left was a brute love  
that bounced around the room  
leaving scars in each  
and promising more great art  
and more great sounds

another wound was made

this is the thickening  
the plot is moving in more than one direction  
it is tightening and loosening simultaneously  
being called an it it snorts  
dissatisfied

i ask for more categories  
and change them upon arrival  
chewing on their borders  
and bending them

when i was younger i wrenched my lower  
back on such behaviour

now i engage my core

i feel the changes to form i make in my knees

it is so almost imperceptible and so total

some century later  
when all the centuries are over

and the sun no longer has any alls  
or can be called just dust  
but is a free agent in language  
long after stars died  
a little song was promised

it said

no heaven  
you must not cheat time  
space is real  
the human will have been here  
and it cannot be denied  
because they were gifted with the

imperfect capacity for memory  
they used it to understand time  
and extrapolated incorrectly their  
conjectures on eternity  
and tried to bet the value of their life  
on how it measures in time  
using utensils such as memory and history  
and they were insufficient  
they tried value  
they generated more like batteries  
using money instead of memory  
and charged companies and corporations  
from the human matter  
but this too was insufficient

music itself escaped  
movies were made

paintings  
sculptures

justice is a real idea  
actions are possible

time must be measured

we are still just looking  
for a ruler

we are still looking for  
a just ruler

death also is a fact  
it occurs  
we literally  
live with it  
all around us

strange invention of life

void  
strange invention of thought

justice what negative will you create



this is all i have to say  
it is a sun

this is all i have to sun  
it is a dub

there is no all  
there is no one

April 28, 2022 at 9:01 PM  
the audience as basilisk

April 29, 2022 at 11:00 AM  
facing harsh criticism is a sign of making serious art

May 22, 2022 at 7:52 PM  
squares

wedged into the bluster of lilac  
they sheen and gleam and drink  
brassy light  
penumbras  
they arrest eye and wear  
the rolling smell which sexes cigarettes  
and spells summer  
corner of the city speckled with  
vertices  
discount car trucks make eastbound  
squares  
a work in progress banner  
a sherbourne street sign  
the blue lined tarp whose ripples  
daubed with streetlight  
building under construction  
the steel pipe scaffolding  
squares  
beneath  
windows sidewalk  
black glass dressed in reflections

speed limit  
city map  
cross walk  
apartment  
the wrecks tangle in the  
murmur of lilac and wear sticky air  
that invites wandering  
undresses neighbours and  
sends more strangely shaped bipeds  
out amongst the degrees and doubled  
triangles  
imagining

a matte unpierceable object peers through  
squares  
disguised as flat  
disguised as hollow  
not curtain or canvas or sheet  
never suggesting that it is spherical

sky and eye  
it is only right you rhyme

a cone of light makes a square  
a glass eye takes a square  
a page a screen a chair  
a street a room a frame

a globe a watch a ring a trunk  
a wheel a lens a lamp a bulb  
we hang squares around our sphere  
and spin circles to get between the angles  
casting light from orbs and collecting  
what we see

May 30, 2022 at 12:38 PM

as luminance in water it falls to me  
telling me clearly  
and spreading to shred each material  
into pieces  
and fusing them  
white water wearing light  
it comes to me

worldness blurring objects  
burrowed and divided  
sinsyne symbol dies collaterally  
the woof weeps doglike  
and hefts clattered reality  
shattering light shafts  
amongst its ubiquity  
it rises to me  
through desire and peace  
perfect yearning that fixes my web  
and addresses me  
love for you  
speaks  
in a second primary city  
savage i am nuder  
supremely sexed  
under flesh and adjacent  
it traipses and laces  
the slippery magenta  
love for you  
and new primitivity carving  
out my own sentence  
as we are courting infinitely  
i be longing  
you be loved

June 4, 2022 at 3:41 AM

some critics are caretakers of tradition and future. they chose and defend artwork to enrich public life and protect its freedom. selecting the artworks with resilience and beauty which might last one hundred years, speak for the age and through the ages. other critics design hot takes and trend, branding, of course, discourse, etiquette, optics, what's memeable etc.. looking back the critics that last a hundred years are the ones that handled hundreds of years in a phrase, with grace and precision and passion, taste-sharpened scouts brave enough to make wrong calls, staking the hopes of civilization on their read, in the crunch of time unfolding history, past and to come, on all the artworks that come and go, while other critics are given round tables to chit chat favourite tracks, appropriating slang. in fact, the landscape is simply far vaster, sharp critics are going to have to come along and

speaking to the horizons, digging again through the brush  
and conferring shape on the adventures in art being  
conducted by humanity.

June 4, 2022 at 4:58 AM

i imagine us mutes  
in the pavement between over passes  
and under hilton block  
chain hotels  
shuttled stutters that chew  
the grit and ground over stroll  
through the afternoon  
arizona grill and lounge nacho  
supreme and sausage merguez

i imagine us mutes  
and little fishes spin nonsense  
this is not of course the conversation  
we are having

"blade of grass"  
"made of glass"  
"great love lasts"  
"tap that ass"

it is the birds singing  
we are not listing the hotel companies  
in the world  
those are the little words that need to use  
themselves on the air and borrow our  
tongues  
secretly we are investigating something else  
tornado shelter under bridges  
and the fistfuls of concrete (for hands  
of giants) in sheets and sheafs  
like blank pages  
and unshaped sculptors dreams  
what we are discussing  
is a sideways vibrant notion  
that both of us are  
this field of objects as much vision  
as it is projection  
a little web of deductions

unspoken

histories fling long passes

through the great enigma  
there is the little fact  
that we breathe ensconced in drapes  
millenniums  
airplanes  
invasions  
investments  
abounding and running motor  
through their concern into disorder  
and growing trees from their upturned  
bellies  
engines that stopped running and rolled  
over

and we given a name  
city or  
hospitality empire  
or public transportation  
this rolling sideways that proliferates  
conjunctions  
the slipping syncope of our life sentence  
this fabric of spiralling possibility  
that we are navigating webs of others  
imaginations  
living and dead  
seen and unseen  
and taking shapes mistaken for something  
as simple as a fire hydrant  
or a slab chomp missing out the concrete  
this more approaches the discourse  
though it still is just a wheel of dust  
which circles around what we're really  
saying  
easier than nothing  
that we are investigating the borderlines  
between love and being again  
and it is slow patient work  
after shepherds and stewardesses  
still birdless and wet  
we swim amongst the unsaid syllable  
it is the whooping perpendicular extension

to meaning and the absurd  
parallel running  
which says again  
is  
is is is  
is is is is  
ing  
is ing  
is ing  
is ing  
in a way  
it's a cake we're making  
it's going to be delicious  
it's for the great step after  
birth and wedding  
after death  
after shedding  
skins and parlours and coffins  
cribs and houses and dresses  
in and in and in  
in and in and in  
we're off on another outing

June 14, 2022 at 5:58 PM

a dimness  
borrowed  
fastened instants with  
vivid futures

mis pro noun ced

delayed light foraged time off of arrows  
adding curves to crooked signs

clocks have accents  
animals have hands

an inebriated speakness  
slurred briefness

stravaig ages savagely  
chasing clearing  
through the chattered patches

unstrewing clutter

belated brightness  
shafts  
such spurious thoughts  
as origins

per leaves  
syndicates

scavenge  
purloin  
voyage  
acquire havelessness

intercepting foliage  
the garbled pronoun flags

burrow unfettered  
by bedraggled eyes  
to wards  
articulate visions  
installing synthesis

June 15, 2022 at 2:13 AM

somber diffusion neighbours ecstatic peace  
volplaning finish  
the varnished fulcrum of summer  
visiting winnipeg we return in the  
rickety glory of aluminum  
munching on rooms and thunderstorms

the sleek noble surfaced architectural  
majors proudly haunched through  
the slap faced and class segregated city  
make a fiercer impression on this visit  
the art gallery  
the airport

six and a half years since seeing it sweat in  
the summer and breathe in the rain  
the world pungent too pretty elbow  
of osborne sold off and shellacked

with grays and beiges  
looks lobotomized

new homes are empty in the west end  
abandoned  
new slats of wood are over windows  
new signs new spray paint  
there are no new buildings in that  
neighbourhood  
any changes have been internal  
renovation or degradation

two children smile and wave through  
the lopsided screen door without their shirts  
on while their father claims them crossing  
the street through pools gathered  
in the afternoon downpour  
clogged sewers and the sweet smelling  
life

the legislature building  
the museum of human rights  
sphinxes and phallic pro israel arrows  
erect from pile of limestone and glowing

marble bridges  
where genocides are enumerated  
and the cause of atrocities are blurred  
a donation of the super rich to the city  
\$18 to be inside of

a chaste classless absurd world pictured inside  
where springs of humans slaughter each other  
in inventive ways for no reason

colonialism obscured  
imperialism unmentioned  
capitalism unmentioned  
democracy championed

a genocide room has a light up table where it shows  
numbers and pictures one group by another

sprawling mansions glow up and down  
wellington crescent



and new homes are sparking up across  
the assiniboine along palmerston crescent  
where new marriages  
are conducted  
and having children and buying property continues

marriages pulse around the city  
huddle into their bracket

we leave the glorious elms and the peace  
the real happiness

winnipeg why do you always draw rage

one of your elm leafs is enough to enwrap  
a smoking myth  
incense

your endless bulbs and triangles  
elm and house  
disease from homogeneity

when i try to junker into your cracks and kiss your trash  
with grass to say love love love  
you're still magic  
i speak again about the divisions that long  
we've been living with  
i rant  
trains buses and planes  
to and from you  
railing still  
litany ode elegy and erotica you've received  
my abundance  
language drips and flings from among you  
and yet i can't help wishing only there was a little more  
risky and imaginative planning  
let's not forget civilization  
amongst all this myth making  
the gods and the rabid  
the hurt and the mad  
the bureaucrats and the upper class  
yes  
but just the humans  
between these fists raised to the age  
millennium library

louis riel statue  
i can't help seeing a desire  
to be extraordinary  
cursed gift  
of reading potentials in all the text  
oh gibberish of city  
i've cracked your code but can't get anyone  
to believe that you're saying something more  
least of all the ones who live in the letters  
and can't leave  
who think of moving back  
who adore the smallness  
the isolation  
the extremity  
we can tend our gardens  
we do not need to sacrifice the village  
to eradicate poverty  
to live well  
read your city  
you're glorious

i meant to say something simpler  
about landing in toronto  
about an evaporation of some hard concepts  
the fundamentals diffusing  
the wall partitions driving past etobicoke  
rubbing my memory from a fresh position  
the bland function of the subway  
the silver and the red colours  
about being ready to leave everything  
about just a new way

about the home being the littlest unfamiliar  
a little less necessary  
perhaps only a force of unattachment  
occurring in tides  
a slow pulling apart  
an unplugging

somber diffusion neighbouring ecstatic peace  
volplaning finish  
the varnished fulcrum of summer

a home in my lover  
not in the things

becoming again unbuttoning

o be

departures less troubling  
lyrical wonders  
stop the euphony

hard numbers

draped in aviation and thunder  
humanity rumbles  
away from its names for itself  
and slyly interrupts me

epics unending deserve better vocabulary

June 26, 2022 at 5:02 AM

castle carry  
the melting smell the prickly voiced walls  
for a time  
someone sang from the  
cobble screened streets  
dainty tripping between rooms  
alone alone alone  
for a time  
in the digits  
a singing someone an instant  
carry castles with us now  
the quarantined  
the ones who watched the world shut down  
secrets  
the economy rebuffs me  
i glance off jobs  
papers come  
and pages glow and clicks are commoner  
than they once were  
clucks and clocks as well  
absorbed into the red banded air  
translucent humour suggestionless  
adorned with dissolving etches  
and the echo engarled chamber  
of isolation

tubes (in terms of function not cylinder)  
joining the hollows  
and juicing flecks from other rooms  
squeezed free from the perturbing  
and unconsolable case  
but sharp flat and expressive  
articulating  
guttural flailing  
chiseled castles from the chambers  
and towers from the faces  
factually the pungent pool that is each human splashing  
and floundering  
and glittery  
became wet miracles and abhorrence  
strictly difficult  
dealing with the abundance of humanity  
each of us is roaring around with  
so fast castles we carry and admit  
entrance to only a few  
and for the others we flatten  
into bodies and screens  
god is autocorrected to gif  
mimema oh my  
genes meme  
dying luster  
this is still the first day of making friends  
this is just the blink in eternity's gaze  
we are only imagined  
and full of will  
pounding pounding pounding  
on a real gate

June 26, 2022 at 12:12 PM

poet neighbour of the golden feather  
rod of life that shuttles hubs of  
intensity  
quiet and tranquil  
anoint the rolling diagonal  
and pierce through  
must of days  
the foggy veil of  
opprobrious name morning  
globe stone

with craters of home  
a tumult of noisy little histories

pass underneath the uniform and the flesh  
to the bursting point  
where points may be marked correctly  
and do not fizz and blur upon inspection  
there lay a syllable  
such as was once laid  
death

June 27, 2022 at 3:28 AM

my dear, the images  
like an upward stream of clouds  
do not suffice  
as they tattle across  
a life  
this is why what is gathered  
impresses windows in knives  
and passages underground  
this is why death  
you write somebody else  
a century ago  
my dear, you've left  
me with such a project  
where do i begin  
grabbing clouds from the ticker tape  
and tying them into letters

July 5, 2022 at 12:17 AM

isnt it strange how summer overflows afterwards. when  
you're living it, you feel you're in spring much longer and  
fall starts much sooner. only later do you remember may's  
and september's most vividly as summer memories, while  
the july and august have that dusty eternal feeling of the  
middle hunk of a season when it has always been warm  
and breezy and beautiful. the same way january and  
february enclose a permanent winter inside of their days,  
which their voyagers look back and forth from and know  
only the endlessness of the cold and the snow

July 14, 2022 at 10:53 AM

the little sound is snappy like clicking  
on a pen  
the dark is warm like heat  
turning off the lamp becomes a sauna of shadow

the lower back like a tree  
from sapling to giant  
aches voltaic

friends who have caused pain are released  
and swim away in the night towards their own  
projects

a long easy breath sails up in the prelude  
to sleep

free for all we are is forever  
swimming  
dropped in the deep  
speaking to a body fundamentally different  
in shape and constitution  
with our selection of tools  
fleshy, rational and spiritual

no touching bottom

rocking long after  
some neighbouring subject builds  
a grave and etches it with a name  
which we briefly arrange our highlights  
under

as though the name  
of a mountain range might  
account for the rattle snake someone  
imagines they see while passing  
or the triangle shaped stone  
or the sound of crickets  
or the smell of smoke  
lilacs and sage in a brush of  
light green and purple against the  
pines and the oaks

a name is not something anyone can own

it's only briefly useful  
for maps and orientation more than anything

through a window that could be called  
empathy  
leaning on a death ledge  
we peer in

divided from familiar gazing forms  
eyes and i's

a headstone's planted  
beside a skeleton  
no longer inhabited

no longer in the lake  
we rock still  
from speaking so long  
to this body  
it's movement leaves marks on every nerve  
and cell  
long after  
rocking still with the patterns of the water  
dry  
in the dark of the room  
after the clicking pen sound turns out the light  
and tarrying in the orchards of language  
glows up the invisible networks of ache  
lower back located  
hot dark and alone  
free for we are forever  
swimming  
in a body to whom we're unknown

July 16, 2022 at 7:34 PM

joifilling

July 17, 2022 at 3:28 PM

the brightness is all the way out  
blinds shutters

she sits  
we evoke turtles  
abolish constellations  
reimagine cycles

draped in colour  
slashes of peace  
the nectarine skin spears evening  
and turns it cooking  
a happy pit  
spit we shared  
planted seed  
a tumble of image and silk  
she speaks and  
a rattle or cold goes sliding through  
like snakes or glaciers  
utterly arresting  
the home regions shiver deliciously

her chin carves the air  
the girl her family sees isn't there  
the sentences between lip and ear  
are sheared down

this city where art galleries sell over sized  
decoration and humbly leaning lismers  
undress them all and show the gaudy nude  
of each heap of flashy colour  
cheap landscape for the vapid commodities  
they are

her eyes are bright like the other side of  
good paintings  
they take light and make it perfect

an ugly nothing happens  
they won't hear her  
the glow above the inlaid natural rock  
where the tv is placed arcs in the corner

her mother scolds and says no  
her brother mocks her  
and her father says nothing  
or laughs at her brothers jokes



i must be silent  
it is the only way i am allowed to love  
in this moment  
and i must search all the words i know  
to tell her what i see  
after  
this may hurt  
which is why i must be doubly careful  
it doesn't feel like attack  
and so i search the english language  
to gently reflect the woman  
i saw  
facing family firmly  
nobly  
and separately as a person  
whose edges embraced dissonance

individual woman  
sharp lines on the gray flecked cream couch  
with peach silk and beige shorts  
newly blond  
dressed in active mind everywhere  
on her  
from the bald rubbed planets of her knees  
to the leaf and ink  
the poem of her cheek  
she touches the steel

her posture confers an elegance  
in thought patterns  
communicates a growing ease  
amongst ideas

not everyone is allowed to say no here  
there are rules that no one says

earlier in the week  
a faun trapped itself behind their fence  
and threw itself at the wire  
again and again

i don't think of this or how it might  
relate until later

in the living room cloaked with blue

gloom as night wanders over the  
mountains

a very long shudder goes all the way  
through me  
there is a murky uninterrupted extension, when the herd of  
mouth noises have  
stampeded over her clear language,  
that feels undeniably  
like a nightmare  
and with eternal return in mind  
i think,  
if not for that flash of seeing her  
statuesque speak vividly in defense  
of ideas and herself  
finding words for things she thought  
right then and there  
a wizardry  
knocking days open like eggs  
and dropping their inside in a bowl  
to make something

days bigger  
than the two sides of the lies  
sunset and sunrise,

if not for that vision that puts even the great  
paintings to shame

if not for her

this is not a moment i want to live eternally  
this is not a bump of my atoms in the void  
that i wish to repeat

watching her make decisions and believe  
freely makes this once worthwhile

what do i have to offer

a handful of good true things i've done inside  
of rectangles

and a dialogue of love

dislodged from circadian hallucinations

in the caves they have families  
and we poke each other's holograms

far away  
a breath is waiting  
it will do nothing  
but it must be taken  
just like the distilled water must be taken

this is the end of the pale blue walls  
o nectarine

we are allowed to say never  
we are allowed to say no  
no one is permitted  
to crawl between our pillows  
and write us rules to follow  
printing them  
in the sleep  
their melting in the snow  
it's just initials in a heart  
it's just a carving in the wood  
the seasons ending  
a fires coming  
we must keep walking  
there's so much distance to cover  
before the storm reaches us  
we cannot play with figurines  
forgive the images  
they're all i have  
my clear words are healing in the stream  
down below  
we'll get there soon  
we can swim and sit on a log and let each  
other know some more paths  
we've taken to unexpected views  
there's nothing but illusions to lose  
everything is an illusion  
there's nothing but everything to lose  
that is and isn't the truth  
because the truth is and isn't  
it's not nothing and not everything  
it's different

it isn't something  
it's always the same and  
never the same  
and that's worth thinking about

come on  
the summers in its middle  
the crumbling parts below your lungs  
are words you don't need to say  
anymore  
let them fall away  
there are cherries that change the  
way you think about fruit  
nothing is permanent  
we are free before we're marked  
and after too  
eternity is real  
we live in its memory  
not in our own

July 19, 2022 at 12:16 PM  
analysis as relation between form and schemata

if analysis is fundamentally required as an aspect of art (an analytic practise for the audience as an aspect of their engagement with the art), this might explain the paucity of american popular art and audienceship, most especially in recorded "pop" music and hollywood. these two are diligently without need of analysis, which while allowing for entertainment and engagement, leaves a distinct emptiness. if we are not voyagers in the unconscious, but rather concealers and camouflages of it, we do not make art but rather we make ideology and decoration.

in an egalitarian pursuit, america wanted to strip art away from the pretentious bourgeois clutches, established in the european tradition, and so analysis was framed as gate keeping, as academic, as homework.

this opened up opportunities for artists but because of arts power to shape the course of a civilization, access to its creation and distribution is often, over time, protected by the powerful, the wealthy, and those who benefit from

society's structure. therefore art, stripped now of the need for analysis and its unique synthesis of humans intellectual, emotional, sensual and spiritual faculties, american art is gate kept purely as commodity: if you're not a commodity you're not coming in

July 19, 2022 at 12:33 PM

i wanted to reject anything that could be reduced to the illusion of becoming.

but that's the illusion. if there is no becoming, everything becomes a symbol. the route to true being isn't through elemental reduction but synthetic comprehension of the creation of a becoming which cannot be reduced to any single element

because truth is evental. not elemental.

July 19, 2022 at 2:25 PM

art is not the expression of an unconscious so much as the invention of one, or perhaps of a spelunking tool, a freak object traveling both in the bright of day and under the shadowed sky of the unconscious.

art is an object with a soul.

soul and unconscious are not synonymous but they bear uncanny similarities. though the unconscious is not immortal the way a soul is said to be, the mysteries of the unconscious are eternal and, therefore, the unconscious is marked by the eternal.

art is an object with an unconscious of its own.

this is why we perform analysis upon it as we do upon humans, to unearth repressions, intentions, surprising reads. but where for the human, where the objective of that project is private healing or evolution (which consequently makes for a freer citizen and therefore freer civilizations), the evolving analysis of art works by masters long dead participates in the evolving of the art work itself

which reciprocally participates in the continued evolution of the soul, the continued exploration and development of the unconscious, as ideas and as objects.

July 20, 2022 at 12:02 PM

looking to theorists, critics and philosophers at the time of great technological changes, i once was dismissive of their reticent critique and lament for what is lost, having lived only in the after math and aware of all that was gained by the development. in a determination not to become luddite in temperament my reading eyes glazed passing over the critique, for example, the critique of classical music appearing on the radio, as a diminishment of beethoven from great art to entertainment. now, however i appreciate these critiques at the time, acknowledging the thinkers are smart enough not to try to drag down progress and slow it but to make marks in the literary history as our technology evolves of what is being lost, so that the future generations might pick up their pages and find ways to resurrect the elements and achievements that were, by necessity, set aside briefly.

July 20, 2022 at 12:45 PM

in 1940s symphonies on the radio were presented as an expression of egalitarianism in america. in europe the concert halls are for the bourgeoisie. in america, they are for everyone! here we see americas everyone most clearly: everyone with a home, everyone with a radio, everyone who chooses to expose themselves to advertisement. listening to advertisement is work isn't it? we're the surplus value again

rather than opening the concert halls, rather than inviting people, dropping ticket prices, the experience of great music is privatized, domesticated.

July 20, 2022 at 2:29 PM

resemblance

July 20, 2022 at 4:25 PM

if you only learned about humanity from hollywood you  
would think people never have periods.

July 22, 2022 at 12:17 AM

because netflix's sole corporate vocation is streaming  
service, every netflix show or movie gains a quality, in its  
framing, cutting and colour correct that is as though it is  
an advertisement for netflix (when helmed by a celebrity  
auteur of course it's like an advertisement for the designer/  
boutique line).

dotted line: term for a movie assuming linear time and  
moving through it sequentially with pieces of time cut out.  
as in: it was a good dotted line movie.

sometimes a dotted line movie will intersperse shots of the  
city or shots of nature which serve as hulks impervious to  
the dotted line, affecting the structure and rhythm in the  
same way as howard hughes' famous clouds.

July 23, 2022 at 2:01 AM

we talk about our apartment  
as a ship  
on waves of rooftops  
with a spray of skyline  
the billing of traffic below

but he is actually on a ship  
and beyond ferries i do not know  
what that is like

and his father has died

i thought of chris today  
in a hospital bed  
talking to his son  
and searching the air  
the astronomy of memories  
for words  
to say

i love you  
and i am going to die

are there things he was able to say  
just to himself  
locked away in that consciousness  
forever

or are they thrown back  
like a wave

but he did have an iron work  
of life  
that butt through half  
a century  
and some people leaned on sometimes

he grabbed some things  
and when his son said magic  
he said okay  
and built contraptions

there's no warning

there's no earning  
in the end  
is there

words of winning are just ways  
we have to get the magic out

and often  
we get the magic out  
just because we're trying to find a way  
to say  
i love you  
and i'm going to die

his father died on sunday  
and i do not know what that is like

but i think of him  
under the downpour of a cabin  
if that is what they call them where he is  
with his father so close he feels out of grasp



all there is is a sequence of dissolving  
and materializing  
surrounded by tears  
laughter  
and nothing  
with rest  
but no respite

changing from animate  
to inanimate  
and back again

locking the things we are finally  
able to say  
in places  
they cannot decay

July 25, 2022 at 12:55 PM  
masculinity was a name given to a shield

for efficiency's sake  
shields are assigned  
at birth

if no one carries shields  
civilizations die  
so it is said

those who carry the shields  
refer to themselves as shields

they do not feel naked putting it down

but worse than unwholeness  
they feel dread and panic  
dishonour and shame

under shieldlessness

that which threatens is not death  
though it is an ingredient

in many ways the great threat is

feeling threatened

in many ways the great threat is  
a form of violence

the shields are useful  
upon those who are not assigned shields

since there is no armour  
to replace them

there are of course other armours  
money and whiteness for example  
which combine with the shield effectively

nuclear weapons are kept  
as defence measures

mistaking weapons for shields  
and shields for selves  
human was arranged thus

having a shield is also useful  
for attracting those who don't have shields

some are drawn by the shields protection  
some are drawn by the shield itself  
drawn by the prettiness of its design

the need for protection is inferred  
from the existence of the shield  
the bearers were often in awe of the dexterity  
afforded those who did not carry a shield

angered by the freedom they did not have  
they caged the shieldless with their shields

they used the shields to humiliate

to restrain the symbolless

they hid them in enormous curtains  
called dresses  
as though they were windows  
the shielded were afraid to look through

the world was built in the shapes of shields  
shield rubbing is a prized form of intimacy

they do not know what handshake is  
or kissing  
though sometimes they are persuaded by the weight to put  
their shield down  
in the dark safety  
of their shield shaped home

to show the back of the shield  
is described as nudity  
and vulnerability

because they have not begun to  
imagine other forms of nudity  
or vulnerability  
they have not begun to think sexing  
for they are sexed  
not just shielded

though the shield is used to  
conceal their sex

though they refuse to know it and admit it  
it being after all  
along with death  
one of the prime ingredients  
in that which threatens

all things that are conditions for the very fabric  
of their existence  
necessary ingredients in the illimitable  
and fragile concoction called life  
together brew their own volatile  
cocktails

which must also be called life  
which threaten  
and which shields are used for protection from

and assigned  
for efficiency's sake  
to roughly half

for protection  
from the world below and the world above

matter which forever seeks to pull down  
back into its embrace  
in the form of corpse

and  
thought  
which is slowly drawing life's tight knit  
into unwoven echelons  
where free hands  
sign language

following the distant voice that grows  
towards itself from within  
from behind the shield  
and from beyond it

July 26, 2022 at 2:18 AM

credit music  
ascends lilting  
from the third floor apartment

body with its muzzle of aches  
beard of years  
moth of debt  
from the dandruff of the banks  
flies pouchily over the halos

visions of death tarry here  
the claw against the earth  
a folded wing  
marred by the mould of days  
grazes the saintly flame

there is no reconciliation in this night

the full friendships have withered  
and been made into wine  
the vineyards have been sold  
the yellow lights and bluetooth  
dangle from the coast

hissing

tang of white screen light  
don't strip the loss  
a persons gone from your life

there is no money and no dream  
to dissolve this acid hour

there will be no family  
there will be no house  
there will be no gender  
i am seasoning  
ultimate shadow  
how you rain life upon my life

sombrely arrange emails  
and spreadsheets  
quietly brace for release

hatred is a living function

the deserts grappled bright youth down  
i spoke my first poems through  
a mouthful of sand

vain hours of the mirror  
drew scarves of my blood  
into the bleak  
and left them  
commingled with rain

yesterday  
i read books and  
admired my fat

today  
once again i contemplate  
the great act between the  
blade and the bath

tomorrow i shake muscle at the walls  
and punch letters into eternity

waiting is the illequated labour

of angels  
assigning  
genitals as red herrings

in the tower of history  
i choose the simplest words  
and ask them for one more song

July 27, 2022 at 11:59 AM

preparations for voice over  
change in and out of swimsuit  
position labour advancing towards the path  
from later in the week  
the humid crumb falls between two words  
some sigh or softness speaks  
gladness operates inventively upon  
the hoard of pigeon oxygen  
applause is a consonant

July 27, 2022 at 12:12 PM

first i wrote the room into  
each one  
the air conditioner  
and the ever developing sequence  
of furniture  
equipment  
the sleeping dreamer and the streetlight  
which vanished for a folder of months  
over a curtain  
when bedsides traded

the sound of traffic below  
the modem moving from the shelf of poems  
to the floor  
the closed gray box with toys  
paddles  
condoms and dildos  
the swoop or hoop of cable  
lassoing from the tv recently planted  
atop the tipped over calyx  
and two laptops in a pile

top open to movie paradise

then summering the angiosperm  
jalopy lines spurted through cosmic rings  
toured elements  
sat snuffing hounder between the cliff  
and sky and sand and sea  
of spraying language  
the shackles of cruelty and kindness  
refined and wafting scents  
on this beach  
village and pilgrimage apart

here access was gained  
to sex and god and death

but this was another room  
and future garments looming  
i undressed that too  
to the final cocoon

the closet of finalness  
voweled alone  
in the latin symbol

a straight line gathering dots and  
puns to eyes and els allowed  
a strip a channel  
banged words from its tip  
like sperm and lead and cattle  
to the block  
the corporeal there assembled  
in its adjacent trap  
with a circumfrential reference  
to the haunted singleness  
the straw the stick  
the second dimension

known only by i  
all else is taken for i  
and parallel lines or fusion  
form a binary for computing

to stem for spring is linguistic  
the natural constructed

seasonal departures occur  
odysseys haunt the first stroke

oh english your i is too elegant  
and you as though no mouth should be  
closed between two  
crunching or stopping of some open sound  
that falls forever in its voweldom  
from howl to song

arranged no exit  
the slimmest prison with no detour  
or interruption permitted

this inescapable flatness  
flushes with first freedom

going from room to room

July 28, 2022 at 3:49 AM

they cannot tell me today that a sailor is a sailor  
everyone watches strangers have sex  
explain the value form  
explain reification  
i do not want to hear hard work  
i do not want to be seen  
there are locks of hair to be sent  
to the seagulls  
along with the straws  
and the semen  
where does the sewage go  
how have bowel movements changed  
approach cautiously  
i am not man or woman  
lines have been deleted in every poem  
they are also read  
i choose immense suffering  
rather than employment  
fend for brightened progress  
i choose to be ignored  
rather than exploited  
there's some garbage in me  
i have cum to the thoughts of things



i will never tell another person  
some sailors escaped  
but they are not sailors  
the spray of sea is adjusted  
language main harbour  
forgo the explanations  
surplus and desire  
i wish for no plainness  
i am a slut for beauty hypnotic  
my mind unlocked it  
talk teeters between rooms and i file  
through the echoes occasionally  
to the ecstatic  
to courage  
to the hour long phone conversation  
to the dead fathers  
to the jumble of romance  
investments shower down the generations  
chipping at the superstructure  
chipping at the infrastructure  
chipping at the ozone layer  
some hissing is heard first  
a depression  
pressure  
this is not the future  
this is your microwave meal of hopelessness  
this is the subway still taking you home  
from work after the world was shut  
down for covid  
this is a collateral choice  
in the flood children with down syndrome die  
dogs burn alive in the forests  
best to be barefoot  
in the morning  
when communications collapse  
a young woman who kept a diary was killed  
in the sand  
there are jobs in the salt spray  
circus performers go to industry parties  
and network on half a cap  
fornication is simultaneously ubiquitous  
and obsolete  
there are still slaves  
they are still children  
they still make clothes

bending low the branch innocent of its  
offending street of seven figure salaries  
sends ships of scent  
as participles  
from one tense to another  
strolling in this hallowed dome  
of projections  
treat the nose thoughtfully when possible  
stenches approach

July 28, 2022 at 10:02 AM

these triptyching summer days  
they break in three and three again

once through the summer the river  
and the heat and the flowering city  
festivals in the street  
trips away  
summer was only sweet  
and too abundant  
friends who had left came back to stay  
we were vigorous and drunk  
we were young and the sequence of stages  
sweat joyfully over our unshaped character  
poems were written in the muck  
sex was had under fireworks  
we didn't watch it from both ends  
but only from the middle gazing upwards  
at our peculiar unfatedness  
in the etchings in the dark  
in the dancing of the stars

then it was impossible  
moving east into the thick air  
still we were drunk  
still we were vigorous  
still we were unformed  
the muck was high and metaphorical  
as warriors  
we moved slowly and pensively  
through the battlefield of days  
we watched it from neither end  
but in the middle with a bent head

we pressed through  
pack horses and draft horses and mules  
assigned wagons we could not see  
or name  
carrying unknown loads  
seeking destiny in the stones between  
our stumbling hood  
and our brutal hoof

and last with love and purpose  
still candles melt out while we're looking  
elsewhere  
gently rising from the earth  
closing in from both ends  
lying peacefully in the dirt  
days are won and shined  
walls are long  
we emerge from both struggle and bliss  
uniform  
as though now  
with summers wielded  
and personhood clear  
a stray hair wanders from the bun  
still touched by the inextinguishable ennui  
stranger to battle  
hankering abjectly  
for oblivion

July 30, 2022 at 9:59 AM

is there a sense where, after hollywood, american media  
and the social apps, where every life demands it experience  
itself as leading personality, we must comprehend a  
societal web a knitting not of lives, but narrative arcs.  
rather than critique positioning every person as a "main  
character" take it further, press the main character in  
everyone to the limit, where it breaks democracy and  
capitalism, democracy being a reduction of every person to  
a statistic, we never see main characters vote, we only see  
them be voted for... to be developed

July 31, 2022 at 5:10 PM

the world will not be whittled down today  
there will be no passion  
there is too much wednesdaying  
in its visage  
accumulation without discretion cackles  
and dashes off to hide purpose under  
a homeless smock  
whirling from shopping to working and back  
sleep stacks itself between the bills  
and mass of  
refugee details  
whaled beaching on the conscious  
shore  
bleachminded  
where a wonderment was just shaving  
away wicked words widely used  
whittling false worlds away  
from a weapon  
absolute in its terror  
abounding with forgiveness

August 1, 2022 at 1:34 AM

these are the hard crumbling revolutions  
speaker phone in the airport and skating on  
the tile  
empty escalators running  
and international travel soggy and constant  
spilling unlocated allocations of energy  
from definition to identity  
these are the hard crumbling sequences  
called years for this sweating  
humanity in tight jeans with rolling suitcases  
clicking and orange security vests  
there's no conclusion to this development  
the song doesn't come to an ending  
the destination vanished and a whole  
species dumb slack burn faced  
stared with bright colour luggage  
under the fluorescence  
wondering where they got off from  
and how they get out  
the empty escalators still running

do not enter signs periodically punctuating exits  
automatic doors opening and closing  
without being traversed the rolling  
clicking stepping field of flesh between  
fuel and empty  
pass adjacent  
clean shorn of an abscess of meaning  
grunting audrily  
there is no text i can send to say your  
dream is running out or spent  
or changing shape  
to say you should let it go or keep up  
the chase  
slowly a concert of spirits are flickering  
out into bodies  
i have a book here  
music accompanies me  
loose of any ear requirements  
for our ears have been too heavy laden  
with misogyny  
all the soft enduring revelations  
affirm atomic force that separates  
life from oblivion  
a screeching endless pain  
fountains of cloud hover unseen  
across patches of each  
oceanic absence  
carried within  
the bodies shackled to thought  
soaring  
ankles broken from  
international arrivals to parking lots  
no answer is coming  
no ease is near  
i have no promises  
my love is ferocious  
you will not be okay  
deaths and endings are not the same  
luck doesn't exist  
god isn't real  
shear drop from here  
be gentle with yourself and those close  
drink water and meditate  
read sentences slowly and carefully  
and sigh deeply

never lose what you love and the part  
of you that is real  
our dreams are just pathways we  
try to build between the best of ourselves  
and the world  
those streets are still worth building  
nothing will ever look like anything  
you ever thought it would  
i cannot console you  
i cannot send a text  
i'm waiting in an airport  
with five languages in ear shot  
people are flying here to make more  
advertisement  
they will hang it on the world  
soggy and evil to squeeze  
one more drop of soul to change into  
dollar  
to change evaporating  
into their ongoing death pinned down  
to a calendar of lies  
intercalate your love  
interrupt the fluctuations  
waves heavy submerge the terror  
draw deep  
down below the horror  
to the bright spearless infinity inside  
and pierce the false sky open with it  
nothing will fix this  
there's nothing to fix  
fix nothing inside  
be found  
you're gone  
endings are things we decide  
death comes ungoverned  
we do not choose our times  
the market  
depression  
the aggressive commodification  
there's no bad guys  
there's no one behind it all  
there's no one to beat  
believe it  
your best is needed  
don't be defeated

August 1, 2022 at 2:07 PM  
atonal entrepreneurship

August 2, 2022 at 10:50 AM  
thought therefore being

thought there for being

thinking thus being

thinking is being

thinking i am being

thinking being i am

i am a thinking being

August 2, 2022 at 12:53 PM  
i am here with a phone and a book  
a lamp and a lover  
a window and an air conditioning unit  
a television and a shelf  
a body and a fitted sheet  
bruised by the inadequate no i've received  
fail into stocks  
fail into fatherhood  
fail into real estate  
fail into a fairly stable career  
with some typically middle class financial  
concerns  
a tight season or two  
fail into the gulf of selling surplus value  
to various capitalist institutions  
in exchange for enough money  
to purchase a semblance  
of free time  
and spend it with  
friends  
playing sports  
talking about sex

and taking drugs  
fail as you see fit  
this is a course of action available  
fortunately i have failed at all these failures  
i have a firmer no  
it is anvil dense  
i am resolute  
there are cosmos  
i've been entrusted to protect  
there are children  
who are certain to come next  
there is a story of a sculptor  
who's adult life was perpetual rejection  
and who's response was  
with chisel to reject marble  
until thought was made  
and wind blew through gowns of stone  
when i am caught in the worlds crease  
and it wishes to convince me  
it is nothing but a casino  
and my hand is best folded  
i think of the thinker  
and know i am glad  
for every one who didn't quit before me

read this starry fist  
rays  
reigning history on times leaky roof  
and print the blue of a calendar  
into grasp  
sure of smoky defence against cessation  
and an eventual cease of defenses

August 3, 2022 at 10:42 AM  
a movie is made of a sequence of locations  
a sequence of images  
a sequence of transitions  
a sequence of actions  
a sequence of colours  
a sequence of sounds  
a sequence of lines



it is a structure built on the overlapping kinds of sequence  
which build the exact block of time sculpture

August 3, 2022 at 11:15 AM

what are the deepest ethical conundrums which confront  
us currently

how do you condense them into scenes

then confront the scenes against each other so they have  
building impact

August 3, 2022 at 11:55 AM

warming hands in the armpit

every scene must create a sequence of details never before  
put on camera — details which have nothing to do with  
story but are true and for their truth force the image out of  
its schematic reduction and into a unique (in the strong  
sense of the word) integrity

August 3, 2022 at 9:22 PM

some people keep gardens  
when a first name is used it can  
be an act of violence

through the bell tower of the stone church on avenue and  
bloor  
the tinted office building windows  
gaze blankly back at the humid  
loaf of air

the last of my childhood fell like  
springs husk of first fruit  
or scaffolding packaged into  
pick up trucks  
after renovations are complete

the museum is open again

when i read Erik over text  
i do not feel hated or loved  
i feel ghostly

as though i am eavesdropping  
on someone's conversation  
with an imagined character

cyclists have hot meals in pink bags  
speeding past

i negotiate with the valets to sit  
in the dark ten passenger van  
parked between the leafy green  
in charcoal planters and the white  
hatchback with a name so ugly  
it does not deserve a place in a poem  
despite my affection for specific details

the sculptures here are ribboned off  
which does not stop bare palms  
or spray paint  
and therefore is an aesthetic choice  
by the hotel  
expressing their ownership of the hepburnian couple in  
bronze  
each four metres in height

a juggernaut sadness comes as  
an unbidden attachment  
along with the message

August 4, 2022 at 1:10 AM

there is a conversation the squirrel has with  
the wind  
the human invented it  
there is a bowl marked red with takeout spaghetti  
and printed with inkflowers in factory blue  
there is a breed of silence  
between a hand and a back  
when one touches another  
and removes the flag from a country  
leaving borders like long shadows

of children in the grass  
facing off  
an instant so still and absolute  
the laces of green were defined  
by that sharp slicing of light  
off off  
and then kids leave  
for dinners and basements  
and promises made  
to the sweet tasting names colours acquire  
called music  
poaceae wild in the undebris  
dishes to be done

August 4, 2022 at 11:04 PM

without inside or outside  
weed and gas  
dandelion shell  
a tent athwart the sewer  
sings refuse in the moonlight  
it is a firm stream  
it does not have friends

trickling and shitting in  
a time not young or earlier  
but of a different  
texture  
it wove no tapestries  
only gurgled madrigals

now  
if now were a message smuggled  
across borders  
which believed neither in the countries  
it passed or  
the shortened division  
of idiom  
a great mural is in progress

it does not thrust from one point  
to another  
nor spread out  
collecting corners and curves

but in a humming  
prepositions  
mold and crumble  
cardboard in the rain  
drywall in the thunder of summer

the presents granted thus  
blend  
as genes in panting children  
and take the stammering out  
springing nails back  
from the knotty wood

cars fill up at the pump  
inflation squats on swollen tongues  
belching  
a network illuminates  
the private creaking of the tent  
and unlocks alonging

briefly was almost age millennium  
when it was fitted here  
bref before brief  
carpenters with their appendage  
ly after lik  
a german gift  
hammering freely  
built this city

sit  
this tent is set in a wild patch  
a sewer runs  
listen to the history of sanitation  
and waste management  
lys adrift beneath

August 5, 2022 at 12:37 PM

im perched on a stone escarpment  
in a suburb  
with a headset  
a clipboard  
and a kirkland water bottle  
the orange pylons mark out

my parking spot  
ford transit white  
showered in domestic shrub shadow

here i read the poems by a mystic  
of the frustrated american variety  
wriggling through the fifties in his forties  
his field pickings of a language  
hard bound with handsome dust cover

the clipboard lists lunch options  
from the caterers  
red and black ants crawl across the menu  
out of the weeds and back again  
over my scribbled tally  
taken from the agency and client  
to have their boxes set aside  
chickpea curry  
shrimp masala  
chicken tandoori  
beef karai  
the wells fargo rep  
says  
since you're serving indian  
can i have four orders of chicken  
tikka masala  
i tell her i'll look into it

the kirkland slim reflective plastic  
a flimsy orb  
whines back the image of the gold honda  
odyssey passing beside  
whose driver  
blond and tan in a fuchsia tank top  
asks if i've seen  
two dogs  
and returns as i complete her stanza

the odyssey appearing again  
in kirklands slimsy bulb  
reflection  
she says  
they must've run right past you  
that's what happens when you're always  
looking at your phone

so anyway this poem  
in noble garamond that whispers of the secrets of flowers  
made me think of you  
how gently he handles words  
like dear and clover

quietly as the pair of cream coloured  
butterflies flit  
he notes  
“perfection caught in amber of our days  
jewels the life; on the offended thread  
we hang the instants of the souls surprise  
when it is ravished by the absolute god,  
who comes in any shape that he may choose  
but the expected one: as flowers tell lies.”

all this to tell you firmly as the afternoon begins  
my thoughts involve themselves  
with love  
bodiless and temperate  
as though strolling

before first light i  
searched the ghettos and the universities  
for  
companions and we  
covered our faces from the darkness

now dawn starts just as we meet  
what perfect timing  
i think there will be just enough day  
for a little wandering  
a little music  
some movies  
and a noble life

August 5, 2022 at 1:18 PM  
how do i protect you from the things you've done to me

August 5, 2022 at 7:12 PM  
trunk shadow lays voluptuous

teaching the word pulchritudinous  
in its vast unintuitive seduction  
across the poems dedicated to lost memory

momentarily i gather in all my coming  
forgetting  
and forgottenous vines  
and bind the tawny tones of lives  
into a feast of dissonance and rhyme

drying the wet and private flowers  
of choirs unwoven into  
a vocal line dripping with desire  
remorse  
and time  
i bleach the vanishing concrete  
of the suburb  
and stain it in the dying star's  
evening shine

if in enormous weariness  
when i am just as old and just as young  
but called an eighty age  
i have forgotten this single plum  
let me find it just then ripe

a secret from the working  
thirty one

my vast diagonals will  
never accumulate  
into a unity  
but like a dissipating party  
of drunks and gods  
demand purity  
inventive sex  
and a butterfly's peace from  
the crescendo of exit

love is all i have  
beauty is all i leave

these evaporations steam off me  
as i read  
in the cicadan heat

never quite managing to say  
exactly what i mean

August 5, 2022 at 11:56 PM

there were just things to negotiate first  
a crumbling edifice to be cleared  
from the attic  
a frenzy  
a burnt carpet from an idling cigarette  
hazard lights clicking metronomically  
that refused to be silenced  
i was just waiting in the street  
sitting between red lights and green  
drinking yellow signals, the reverse white  
wife of decay, the brake red, while the  
raging name friday summered it's clothes  
showed its legs and  
erased the visitors from memory  
servers and security guards stalling  
and street car wires flashing  
ropes of pearl and abacuses sending  
motorcycles cyclopean beads between  
shaw and grace  
i was waiting in traffic covering my ears  
a monkey  
studying my own evolution

August 6, 2022 at 4:53 PM

though it is not furniture  
we must live with it  
these alphabet towers  
between the carvings and the rugs  
do not fit neatly  
they must be in every home and in every  
life as though they were smaller  
than a fallen leaf carried in on a shoe  
or a seed  
but they are bigger and older than nations  
they shear roofs  
and share reflections  
permanent adolescents they admire



themselves endlessly  
enumerating their own qualities  
in that opiate hush of  
vanity  
enfolding beholders and beloveds  
into storm shelters  
and flinging safe inconspicuous  
entities out into the cup of noon  
they scrape the blue off the emptiness  
and brush the wedding parties lips  
with it  
drugged with euphony divorcing  
every married language

such as photographs from seasons past  
of lull and stroll and laugh  
they ache and dull and all go flat  
whispering nothing lasts

my days were branches  
the sky fell through  
my leaves were happier

there were songs of one singers talent  
and songs of one singers pain  
there were songs of how songs remain  
silently we misrecognized the refrain  
and died amongst two lawn chairs  
and an iced coffee  
while the cyclists passed in shiny helmets

you didn't tell me anything  
you didn't tell me anything  
the grass was shaken  
the wind was clutched in the scruff  
and barked about

the time for blessings is done  
laments and odes are over  
o poem you pulled so many tongues  
like rainbows about our shoulders

i sleep amongst the towers  
awaiting visitors  
i walk beneath the limbs

forked  
head  
calamity

devastation refused these words  
sea and flower  
cypress  
towel  
hand  
pilgrim  
waste  
the objects escaped eternity  
and died happily in the snow

bedouin cackling  
were the guide assigned  
you crackled off into the swelter  
between the brand named plastic  
and whispered despair  
despair is the answer

i punch the arrows on my phone  
photographs i took beside my lover  
flipping by  
we were baked into an era  
pungently

be warned  
prophecy is wicked and relentless  
the car keys in my lap  
with a mountain of poems

pictures i wished i hadn't taken  
twice  
waste rolls

let us not be marked by  
what encumbers us  
or named by burdens we release  
there are flashing portraits  
that claim the passing months  
and days that disappeared  
supporting the diseased

dog walkers and grocery shoppers

sweat it out without a grimace  
searching for their keys

the sinister and the stupid  
unplug myths  
camouflage the very idea of structure  
subtract the capacity to grieve  
and chatter friendlily  
making suggestions  
as the form of subject cuts it's flesh off  
with sharp distracted glass

bellow  
and enfold yourself in rapture  
protect your soul  
you may use the appropriate colloquial  
hammers  
but use them sparingly

spring is not promised after winter

i  
with my disintegrating gender  
move quietly between  
disasters  
with a little of patch  
to clean and tend  
telling the ones i pass  
this is not the end  
this too can be captured

refuse commercials as often as you can  
the terror within  
is matched  
by gasping facts  
temerity is asked  
patience is not the same as waiting  
there is some food and lodging in this tower  
older and bigger than nations  
but it does not obey your station  
and will vanish while you're napping  
so be careful  
there are hunters  
who eat flesh  
evil does not look like what evil told us evil is

August 6, 2022 at 8:18 PM  
we must be brave enough to earn gods forsaking

August 7, 2022 at 3:38 PM  
there are donuts on plastic tables  
and a stainless steel double door refrigerator wider than a  
child's wingspan  
where they keep the agency

headsets and stray walkies chatter in  
unison  
like a chorus  
the room is otherwise vacant

these vagrant details  
disperse and absorb themselves slowly  
into a fine grit  
growing nearer and nearer  
to holocausts and slave ties from further  
distances

close neighbours to the first internet  
and cellphone  
to the oil wars in west asia  
the moon landing huddles intimately adjacent and  
trench warfare shuffles up from  
the door of oblivion  
where it was thought to be forgotten forever  
and suddenly seems to even share  
a century  
and be knotted in the same motion that  
gave birth to the  
corpocracy

August 12, 2022 at 12:48 AM  
1  
the sleep swallows crickets  
the arm swallows branch shadows  
the window frames  
streetlights  
the frameless sky frames the eye

a socket of motion  
moon without shadow

2

the man runs backward and forward  
through the cluster of shadows

the man runs down the path  
barred from bright moon glow  
with the nest of canopy

ditches flanking

the dog apace  
runs adjacent

they pause panting

the huddle  
of moonless road  
does not glow around them

then they turn and run back down  
the path that is not moonlit

3

in the forest  
facing away from the sun  
in rotation  
patches change  
from obsidian to indigo  
the way forward  
can be plucked out  
like choosing the darkest flower

where the sunbounce does not have trunk  
crevices to pierce  
through  
but only perfect closed  
canopy against the moon reflecting

there the path continues

choose the darkest patch  
and walk safely

in praise of shadows  
tea kettles and stone corners  
come to mind  
the branches crack  
as the pupil faces its native hue

August 19, 2022 at 12:45 AM

there are greater things, pearls of evil  
which i will never banish and never share  
which are burnished upon the silence  
and which grow strong and dark and rare

August 26, 2022 at 11:34 PM

these son having blows that string  
halloween lights and leave  
funeral  
coffee behind

crush poems with the butts  
a heel of life  
this is the account  
slideshows  
short condolence  
and saucer clatter conversation

some nicotine stream in the drive way

you can't call it departure  
was there a thing that was here and no  
longer  
gummed together under the orison  
person  
a horizon or prison that gathers and disperses

so how de we sign our names in a book  
to say  
your father has died and now we're both  
in this room

some dust is duct taped closed in a magic  
trick surrounded by candles

and printed pictures  
of a face

a head literally now ash next to said  
photograph

vibrant smelling flowers surround

this lack of place  
won't rest though it hugs the name

it woofs sleep and apes  
the complete absence that we crave to delete

spirit squeezed out

no more settling for the smoke  
without substance  
that breathed  
and swore and made meat sauce  
drove vans and grabbed necks  
and built cereal boxes into mini milk  
pouring miracles

the room empties into a pew  
the blue carpet remains studded with  
felt stars  
the padded colour of the beige walls  
like a dopey cousin gazes through you  
from all directions  
and the group moves into the chapel

August 27, 2022 at 12:20 AM

imagine time passes in an infinite variety of ways  
and every clock built counts and measures an absolutely  
singular and unique form of passage  
clock making a refined practise developed to require a rare  
combination of mastery and genius to ensure a genuine  
clock was made every time  
sometimes clock factories pop up  
and there they attach ovens  
tvs  
telephones

and air conditioners to the clocks  
to conceal their only short coming:  
they are not clocks at all  
they do not tell an irreplaceable type of time  
sometimes they repeat a popular previously captured  
passage and tell a version of it  
usually unreliable  
it hardly matters  
ovens and air conditioners are convenient  
and televisions and telephones are entertaining  
but somewhere inside we yearn for clocks  
and we go buy ovens and air conditioners  
televisions and telephones to satisfy  
that yearning  
and are confused by the pit of emptiness  
how could we be dissatisfied  
not only are they clocks  
they do so much more  
but they do not tell time  
at best they are always a little fast  
or a little slow  
many wish to make clocks  
and go to a clock factory  
and end up making ovens  
and televisions  
air conditioners and telephones  
they are told there that this is how clocks  
are made  
some are frustrated that every time they  
set out to make a clock  
they make an appliance instead  
some are proud of the gadgets they turn out  
often they are told there that clocks by themselves  
never sell  
they wonder sometimes how and when they stopped  
making them  
and started making ovens  
and telephones  
air conditioners and  
television instead  
people go around trying to tell time  
by heat  
by texts and calls and apps  
by the cold  
by the shows and streams and channels



many who once wanted to make clocks  
hardly noticed when the clock is removed altogether from  
their output  
why would they  
they work at air conditioner  
oven  
tv and phone factories after all and  
it has been so long since they've seen a clock  
they do not remember them clearly  
some say  
after all  
clocks are just appliances like anything else  
some say  
well you know  
clocks never actually existed  
some say  
unfortunately  
real clocks can no longer be made  
and applaud the clocks made by those long dead  
hang pictures of their makers above assembly lines  
and pin reproductions  
with their engines removed on the wall

September 11, 2022 at 6:53 PM  
horizontal deafness

September 21, 2022 at 3:29 PM  
i learnt from love oceans  
the sound of fan buzz  
behind drywall and air  
temperature disappearing  
in your inferences  
i learned to swallow moments  
like learning french on the toilet at work  
forgotten buried shelves  
i learned to lose a decade to a sharpening of my spit  
swimming through the thicker  
and grab a husk from the bank of tides  
to be carved onto a shore  
to be better than your memories  
to have less than a shoe

to promise escape and fantasy  
to bulge  
leavings are heroic and difficult  
almost as much as giving away  
which must be incessant

memorize these lines  
they are the great blessings of that which  
has overleapt the insufficient term god

September 24, 2022 at 10:59 AM

yes and it spent its life as a skylight  
with little to offer in the morning  
darker than the ceiling  
grumblesongs tumbling in  
the sharp black brick of nightweed wafting  
down as dawnstaggered thieves of light  
daggered their way up the sky ladder  
to peak into the closed world

yes the poet spent its life like a skylight  
by afternoon all the antish eight fingered  
office singers turned off the fluorescents  
and hushed as a cosmic miniature  
hurled over the borders  
with whirling truculence  
and beatitude  
tesseractifying meagre harbours and budging the still  
ragged  
dimensions

by the poet the office of objects  
always called world or reality  
shone  
and the dots of mind knew  
they were canvas  
patches and blots of pigment  
that by will and accident chose a colour  
participating in the great erase

with night the poet blew silence down  
the fluorescence off

shadow lounged  
and gobbled up the post its  
spreadsheets  
and printed signage  
while it turned away from the room of  
love and hate plugs  
and dates and gazed off  
into all that has not yet been  
adequately named

October 16, 2022 at 11:28 AM

A Window Without Curtains

October 20, 2022 at 1:39 AM

hollywood movie characters don't have orgasms bank  
accounts bowel movements or watch movies

October 21, 2022 at 11:51 PM

i don't regret it you have things to sell and you have a  
passport printed in centuries of cruelty and exploitation  
that i can never earn and would never want.

October 21, 2022 at 11:53 PM

protect humanity from receding into monkeys again

October 21, 2022 at 11:59 PM

imagined marriage police

October 22, 2022 at 1:09 PM

because you're a liberal. because you're the extremist  
defending or accepting the world as it is. the extremist  
does not exist. we are alive in and out of time and we do

not burn our bridges with the real ones who have gone  
before. you're nice to snakes but my line to the socrateses  
and ches is solid and on to the next generation. you  
wondered what it would taste like and out of sight out of  
mind people suffer and die to pay for it

November 1, 2022 at 1:07 AM

i punch through and punch again  
into action  
abhorring madness  
a planing massive  
the landing of planets upon  
improved pictures  
i fracture and swallow static grabbing at  
halves of attitude and blush towards  
a middle  
which i've already rejected  
just to wonder where elastic travel  
snaps and which glass castles shatter

November 11, 2022 at 2:56 PM

i think of it all in the simplest terms as a cartesian plane,  
with space being one axis, and time another, their  
perpendicularity manifesting a matrix of points, each point  
occurring only once, occasionally intersected by a will  
function that orients it, bends it, creates ripples that extend  
across the web. space and time are woven inextricably.  
though they can be measured individually, through  
abstraction, they do not exist in isolation from each other.  
whether the web can be gathered in a single image i don't  
know, do the faintest threads attach those far regions of  
the plan where on the opposite ends of both axes, or  
somewhere in the fabric is there a pure break. a supreme  
disconnect which separates me from there. and yet i can  
think, so, do i not relink that thin web? am i not building  
like a string of gusted atoms as part of the weave of two  
hands holding each other as they stroll in wonder down a  
path, attached and also ultimately alone? but then, the  
cartesian planes paucity as image exposes itself again. is  
there not a better image? where do we break and leap to  
the infinite for these areas made must have an edge and

yet each point upon this finite colossus is a nut of infinite proofs for infinite infinities.

November 11, 2022 at 3:01 PM

i thought i might make an article. and then i thought i might make a book. a travelogue. a pop non fiction study. an urban planning text. but this desire consumes me further. i'd like only to come now to a definition. for city. a sentence. an image for the ideal city. to distil all of this turf and turmoil, such tactical terraforming and terrifying trysts, architectural splendours and simple ephemera. a sentence. a picture, a definition. some sentience. a clear image of the form notsaid yet. i sense it waiting to be spoken.

November 15, 2022 at 8:46 AM

we will make many paradises in our lives and many hells. and none of them shall envelope all. for there is no all to web these islands of eternity into a solitary cosmos. only a shimmering plane that they slice through. riven without mend by their divisions. from themselves. from each other. from all.

November 15, 2022 at 11:10 AM

one of the bravest things we can do in this world is to work as little as possible

November 15, 2022 at 1:22 PM

art is asserting a new temporality into history

November 15, 2022 at 4:21 PM

here's a demand

ten year plan  
half of all revenue by the hundred largest corporations goes back to infrastructure.

November 18, 2022 at 10:12 AM  
title: Whenless Whyless

November 18, 2022 at 1:24 PM  
to reverse it: not that a soul be immortal and body die but  
that body live on after a death of the soul. to carry a new  
soul. altogether different, separated by a sharp and total  
break.

November 20, 2022 at 8:49 AM  
sharp — almost completely contradictory turns for each  
character — a fierce and ceaseless lack of continuity. tip  
them into a series of pursuits and falls — curtains, waves  
and events, the sharp juttings of action taken, one after  
another — forsake all framing device to find its true  
flexibility. let it be vividly taken from quadrants of your life  
rejected and forgotten, events and behaviours — be  
minutely exact with them.

November 30, 2022 at 2:15 AM  
you need extension cords you need energy source you  
need land that you don't get by buying

why can't i see theatre for free. i don't understand it why  
can't i?

to be directing i never knew what it meant

to be captain

December 3, 2022 at 1:34 AM  
just as i was falling asleep i couldn't tell if my mouth was  
open or closed

December 3, 2022 at 9:57 PM  
in this world it's not a bad thing to not have money. in this  
world. you know what it means if you have it?

what if laws were written like wikipedia

December 5, 2022 at 1:49 PM  
depression is a story we believed

depressed is the new normal that's all

normal can be whatever you like

it can be talking about class warfare

it can be talking about shopping

it can be making music

it can be peasant farming on lord owned land

it can be paying rent

it can be social media

it can be reading kant

it can be reading cosmo

it can be paying for meals

it can be stealing your groceries

it can be marriage

it can be government checks

it can be slavery

it can be state-set minimum wages

it can be unemployment

it can be date rape

it can be incest porn

it can be money

it can be borders

it can be luxury

it can be art talk

it can be planning terrorism

it can be ignoring wars

it can be going into business

it can be texting memes

it can be talking about tv

it can be discussing laws

it can be having enough to eat

it can be developing space travel

it can be sleeping from ten to six

it can be giving the name ten to a vertical strip in the planets rotation and when a place passes through it saying it's ten

it can be planning, discussing, organizing and participating in inebriation

everything about normal is malleable

it can change in a week

it can change in an afternoon



it can change in a century  
it can change inside a person  
it can change in a lifetime  
it can change a lifetime into powder  
it can change a lifetime into paintings  
it can change a lifetime into walking for hours  
it can change a lifetime into a statistic  
an inconvenience  
a sequence of sexual encounters  
a pencil mark in a death book  
a bit of information  
ashes  
stargazing  
actions detachable and studied  
a name meaning beauty  
a bank account  
a deed  
a debt  
a need  
regret  
depressed  
it can change a lifetime into a history of depression

it can change a history of depression into a lifetime that  
overcomes it

history can change

normals the same

it's made

a life is timed by it

normal names nothing

it's decided

it can be brave

it can be fake

a new one can be made

it can never be perfectly faced without changing

it's in taste

sometimes it says only science is safe

December 6, 2022 at 11:14 PM

a scene where a friend is fixated on their lover cheating,  
keeps expecting and imagining it. is spiralling in  
conversation with two friends. the male friend tells them  
they think that secretly they want this to happen because it  
would be an excuse to end the relationship. the female  
friend tells them they secretly want this because it is a  
repressed sexual desire to watch their partner being fucked  
by someone else.

December 7, 2022 at 8:41 AM

do not live with your (or your partners) parents  
do not work jobs you hate

if you are in a relationship make sure it makes you feel  
powerful, free and at ease  
do not be afraid to make major changes  
do not be afraid of precarity  
love where you live  
if you do not  
wrestle the blessing from the place then move  
allow your dreams to reveal themselves to you  
allow them to be strange and dismembered as though they  
don't all fit together and even contradict each other  
follow them and set up spaces for them to flourish  
do not be alarmed when they change shape as you nurture  
them  
the bigger they grow the more you listen to them  
the more you follow your dreams the happier you will be  
that is a guarantee  
make friends with your ups and downs whether they be  
spiritual creative emotional financial or otherwise  
go for walks  
have real orgasms to the deep sexual fantasies you refuse  
to acknowledge even to yourself  
allow yourself to be absorbed by art in the many forms  
that have been made by many others for millennia  
read about science  
sit in silence  
try to grasp difficult and complex ideas  
talk with people who make you feel lighter  
talk with people who challenge you  
set boundaries with people who tell you what to do or how  
to live  
set boundaries with yourself when you project expectations  
from people you love onto yourself  
be open about all that's inside of you and trust that you  
are loved in all of your complexity by the people who have  
chosen after all this time to still keep you in their life  
do not be afraid to take space from people who you do  
not agree with about ethics, aesthetics or how and why to  
live no matter how painful it may be  
because "realistic" is generally a term given to a very  
transitory and limited idea of what a life can be  
because it denotes a perspective which changes every  
handful of years and is often restrictive and obscures  
rather than illuminates reality  
do not be realistic  
be honest

be honest with yourself  
what do you want your life to be like  
do not be ashamed or afraid  
do not be hard on yourself  
love yourself and forgive yourself  
embrace your past  
step into your life

December 10, 2022 at 3:55 AM  
you tried to do penance for it but that doesn't work. you  
didn't try to understand it. because that's the harder thing.  
that's worse. the healing doesn't begin until you try to  
understand

December 11, 2022 at 3:43 AM  
a farce about the character who's always explaining in  
philosophic terms every situation

December 26, 2022 at 7:58 PM  
thinking of family as a sequence of deaths

December 31, 2022 at 4:02 AM  
there are many places in me that have changed completely  
only the pivot point has not. i might seem unrecognizable.

January 10, 2023 at 12:31 AM  
everyone comments on capitalism to hide the fact they're  
resigned to it

January 10, 2023 at 10:28 PM  
with the fuzzy dry  
chlorine blonde of post swim  
in this cold grouping of concrete

called winter streets  
snowless and clear air  
clear eyed and walking home

construction fences close off pathways  
and flashing hazard posts are stacked  
together  
bleating amber silently

dew lang lane  
is an alley between dewhurst and langford  
lined with unpainted ply wood  
peeling garages  
hoops drilled in under streetlights

places and figures applied to sight's paste  
sites passed and soon to be  
a cited past

can it be said  
my position was once among all this  
disappearing ephemera  
poemless and astroll  
coming home from a swim  
saying nothing to myself

January 11, 2023 at 11:59 PM

galloping i

justly or gently  
escape the  
orbit of use

January 26, 2023 at 4:56 PM

i am woman. i am all that remains of the god man made.

February 11, 2023 at 7:03 PM

warm buzzing in a well lit room  
green through glass

over looking existence's eager extension  
the smoothness of broad scale  
a brush with planets elicits softness  
the sharp grit turns of a finer touch  
an insider eye

green through glass  
an instant  
an intersection

the smart grip intuit  
the unfolding of abbreviations such as  
decades

such as landscape  
taking a flight from florida  
north  
with a thick book in my lap  
and a sour bald headed flight attendant  
responding to thank yous with a grimace  
something subtler than a smell  
blows into me

not quite a memory  
as though i am  
enfolded  
in a bright glass room with close solar arms  
and leaf green beyond  
an illicit softness  
there is nothing which is not explicit  
out beyond the boundaries of language  
to which we advance  
over shifting ground  
flying in and rumbling in the flesh cans  
and sheets of decay  
drawing up  
the ineluctable and the ineffable  
declaring nakedly  
the impossible is implicit in everything

February 21, 2023 at 3:09 PM  
the landlords of the future are feminists.  
the landlords of the future are queer positive.

the landlords of the future are anti-racist.  
they vote liberal  
they vote ndp.  
they have hipster moustaches  
the landlords of the future wear airforce ones and oversized  
sweaters

dictionary dot com sent an email blast  
to say that landlord is a dated term  
they prefer you call them home providers

some landlords call themselves artists  
some landlords critique capitalism  
somewhere there's a landlord  
using the word hellscape  
and disparaging neoliberalism

all war is about land and ideas

two opposing ideas for a land  
two opposing lands inside an idea

all war is about land and ideas

land is an idea  
an idea is a land

whose idea of land are we living on?

is a parking lot land?  
rented by the minute

when land is mixed with ownership  
is it still land  
or does it become something else?

what is ownership?  
is it an idea?

do we live in the land of ownership?

in the land of ownership who owns the idea of ownership?

can an idea be owned?

the landlords of the future have therapists  
they are sympathetic to mental health  
they pierce their septums and bleach their hair  
they have stories about music festivals and hallucinogens  
they have anecdotes about vandalism

they own the land  
you pay them rent  
it's only fair

their lives are hard  
they're human too

they're just as hurt they're just as scared  
we all have bills  
what can you do?

if an idea can't be owned  
and land is an idea  
how can land be owned?

all war is about land and ideas  
false ideas must be defeated  
not only disproved  
occupied land must be taken  
not only claimed

if you rent your home  
are you at war

if they change the name  
are they landlords?

what future does land have in the land of ideas where  
ownership is defeated?

if land is required to be free  
and ownership is required for land  
and freedom and ownership are opposing ideas

are we in a war  
that endlessly repeats

the landlords of the present believe in peace  
they're against the military



they make posts about defunding the police

what future does land have in the land of ideas where  
ownership is defeated?

your landlords are feminists  
your landlords are queer positive  
your landlords are anti racist  
your landlords have therapists  
your landlords believe in peace

we need a new form of war

all land goes back into the past  
what land do we pass forward

what future does land have in the land of ideas where  
ownership is defeated?

March 1, 2023 at 5:16 PM

between the coffee orders in my notes  
i write no poems  
the collar on my coats are warm

a running car and neighbour smoke  
the craft truck closed  
and so

we begin again in saying less  
a little old  
we trap ourselves in rhymes and vans  
put on a dress  
and stretch our hands

names are learned  
misfixing measure  
packages delivered  
we sink back  
into unsettled letters

a white book beside me speaks of  
how books die  
how writers lose

warning of the failures  
who come with charms  
or trapped  
tigers teeth  
to bite and chew each extended arm  
that would lift them up  
to new reached peaks

they make themselves out as allies  
but never meant to climb

in the disease's vicious grip  
they wish for fellow men to die

i learnt from ogres  
to cook soup  
spectacularly ugly  
to the trending group  
with stolen food

i leave the loop  
cut broken

there are laws

you cannot borrow nudes  
or bloopers  
and there are no trophies  
better than this pair of slippers

silence  
my impeccably unfashionable friend  
we see each other more often  
am i right?

or have you visited me since i was stitched  
to my parents myths about themselves  
and me  
chewing loose the thread  
kissing my heated brow dry  
and making room for new visits  
from those angels who escaped  
collapsing heaven

through the closed car window right of me

speckled by the pearly muck  
some dripping melt drops  
off eavestrough and catches light  
as we spin east away from winter sun  
it sparkles more splendidous  
than success  
beside the snow bank  
i'm parked inside  
from the precise angle of my eye

sweet gendered world  
you bounce a grist of effects  
and flecks of unfathomable sayings  
spread like sex across the bread  
we lift  
an oven of unaccompanied but deeply  
woven sects  
shedding skins  
and still somehow saying less

perch birds  
the flitting poets attention  
sent across dimension  
to retrieve some path  
let me tell how  
i forged a mouth  
and found new things to talk about

after i will introduce my oldest friend

the only escape from this vampiric fold  
is to drive a stake and make a claim  
to make mistakes  
begin again  
to take off capes and change your name

the cakes are best  
when led by sane  
sometimes weepy bakers  
who proudly grimaced  
til they were twenty seven  
then glad and humble  
spent the rest  
with the only friends that they had left

March 3, 2023 at 10:22 AM

protect that harsh eye inside  
that says the dishes will be dirty tonight  
dressmaker  
lily of music  
i know all the corners speak to you  
the crawling vines  
come in strangler garb and choke  
the mornings into a ragged grin  
of survival

dish clothes are dirty  
clothes are in piles  
this is the picture  
you will be proud of  
while the symphony of filth surrounded you  
and your body bent aching into a pool  
your pretty finger pulled peoples voices  
like potatoes from the wet earth of your  
keyboard  
your throat sat open letting a wormhole  
tunnel through to distant ages  
to a fantasy of beauty  
you made hallways for us where we were  
closed off by vicious space

stitcher  
greenest thumbled visioner  
these powers and gifts will burn and plug  
and being in the world will hurt and fuck  
but you have seeds and you have love

and tonight your long working lady  
dressed in jeans and gloves  
is coming home to help clean up  
and lay mats out  
and stretch your knots into silly dots  
of pleasure  
our snotty coughing foggy eared delight  
of passing sick  
rubbed off  
we enter march  
kissed by an era that's asked for our art  
for our intelligent hope  
for our complex forms

for our as-of-yet unspoken details  
which we will resurrect

you're allowed to curtain up that bright  
and tuck in for an hour of rest  
be good  
you beautiful person  
there is no other you

March 3, 2023 at 11:56 AM

movie idea

walk streets and tell history of how they got their name  
ie dufferin

March 5, 2023 at 10:43 PM

A Shuffler

^ ^ album title

March 5, 2023 at 10:49 PM

eternal return — movies rewatch

March 8, 2023 at 10:27 PM

and cliché then came to string it's plume of crystal covered  
voice on the broken floor  
it repeated again to bleeding feet their blindness  
asked for eyes where nails grew  
and fixed menness to means  
meanness to mes  
and wheezed a dead breath  
called belief

the crow ejected  
croo

cliché came again to the clean up crew

the sweepers sticking out their tongues  
to catch the orphaned fragments  
once proudly glass  
o pleasantly sand before  
birdless and without figure  
haunches down  
on spangled song spread shoulders  
cliche hummed petroushka chords  
to the push brooms who killed puppets

far below the crow  
saw

cliches last return was with a miser bag  
a pouch of floors  
with no support  
it tread from automatic door to  
official report and left a price tag  
placing it's never coming sleigh  
inside each sighing soldiers eye  
coke and a cross to die on  
is all they asked in return

a murders borrowed birthclang echoed  
fie

the emptiness that elbowed in after  
adjusted itself to the lack of all container  
and began the hungry crammed  
scan of lifeland  
letting loose it's grammar  
the squelching stammer  
the colloquial murmur  
cut loose from their manners  
abused  
dense  
a weather system  
bedigited the hammers reprimanded  
each other  
clung to a trammelled cloak  
and corrected their tempers  
a tampered poem was left  
cluttered  
and like a spread mother  
or a planet

recharged the healthy line  
that has no end  
meeting itself  
at every point

spiral clutched to concentric ring  
the girth eclipses as it's measured  
the wreath unfixed  
the sequence severed  
such crucifixions become a cutting  
easier definitions are undone  
not loving  
not won  
the coming has come  
the shuttling sun fizzes from none to none  
times lips loop and like a mouth  
make many shapes  
circles carried from the bleached mud  
leaned sequence make a climbing tunnel  
a ghazal of fuzzy minds  
a wheel ladder  
made from  
number  
hole  
and place  
the divine perchless multi faced  
engine which is either murdered or embraced  
ecstatic ecstatic  
leaves no trace  
leaves of ice  
leaves of lace  
the shaded script encases  
the record of no remains

the ungloving of greed salivates  
happy is a long elaboration  
flakes of further intelligence  
find finer tools are not at all few

auspices auspices  
a black feather falls from the bottom  
of this text too

March 9, 2023 at 2:23 AM

music is universal everything that's ever been recorded is  
actually an instrument. a complete and available  
instrument obstructed only by access, capacity, and,  
apparently, copyright

March 13, 2023 at 11:45 PM

contra terra

consider starting an anthology

March 16, 2023 at 1:17 AM

the chess game between friends  
between multiple friends  
the same tactics used or repeated  
loops and repeats of relationships  
conducted like games of chess  
only the repetitions  
only the tactical

then a loving friend  
then love  
then a nest of multiplicities

March 21, 2023 at 12:28 AM

coughing and loading songs  
from the toilet  
sending music to friends  
from the toilet  
the playlists are open  
a canal

March 21, 2023 at 12:54 AM

soups made from closed notes and  
smoke in your sinus  
slow brewed for seven stages



the one who read voracious  
and timelessly  
without a language  
a supreme cunning infant  
unbordered

the sexually awoken  
the clock struck stone  
leading games towards  
touches and telling lies  
watching tv shows  
with sex scenes  
while mother covers eyes

leaning on seven eleven another  
wishing for cigarettes and paris  
patches of fog where dream should be  
inside excited  
for something

the swimmer one who saw the sun  
whose hair was cut cutting pills  
and sold the library for beer money  
cuddling and fucking and forgetting  
to call back

overlooking a castle long after  
listening to lectures and  
leaving two cities  
to be alone to be alone to be alone  
the whisper  
the stone path  
the mud beside the river

laced  
a flower attached  
the finished  
chiseled and diffident  
while i count my weight  
and tape my receipts to paper

the bowl must spill  
be broken  
and hold many soups  
but a good soup recipe must outlast all its bowls

March 21, 2023 at 10:27 AM

the streetlight is like a bird

writing poems as though scrambling  
the prescient pin plucked out of the  
mishandled present and handed  
back to the poet just too late to use

if a poet lived with the pin and not the pen  
grenades

writing the songs of walking  
a trampled third curved into a computer  
chair the rolley kind

in this wise bed we hold hands

there is a mouth that waits to be mine  
it is firm set  
athletic  
i drag my feet going to it  
laughing  
and skippy yawning my  
attitude into cliché decay instead

the coldest water from our tap ran full  
in the bath and both of us lay in  
springing out and screaming  
and you turned to me and said  
hand clamped on my arm  
that's death  
a cold you can't stop

i want to take my pants off and watch porn  
gifs and begging audio and cover my stomach with cum

March 22, 2023 at 12:39 AM

i'm writing erotic literature with my pornography history  
the faces i've seen the changes the lives the tapestry of  
lives  
a cinema of their lives structured to my sexual evolution  
an intercourse between this cinema and my sexual  
evolution

as though this cinema is a serpent and my sexual evolution  
an orifice it is entering but i enter the web

March 23, 2023 at 7:45 PM

i write this poem with ash on my wrist

things tickle my ear differently than they did

the stoned afternoon of smoke over rouge  
covered clouds with candles lit  
and acoustic guitars playing

was there another who named the moon  
after a nail clipping

joints go out

March 23, 2023 at 11:07 PM

sitting over the sewing machine again smoking song sticks  
of smiths and sparkling the candles lit again  
take it one side at a time sometimes

April 1, 2023 at 8:45 AM

i saw a bird scrubbing itself flicker  
having a bath in a puddle, the mud lit and small  
stones of a truck rental lot  
with the hot stars heat and it's bright  
gaze hanging on our turning rock  
that little pretty dinosaur  
shuffled its plumage in the spray it made  
brown pool with the pebbles and the stones  
bought in a hardware store to fill the holes  
that rented cube trucks and 3 tonnes  
bounce through  
on their way out to pick up  
lysol wipes and camera packages  
a row of splendid well kept craggy trees  
stood like a conspiring  
group of friends between the shorter

rooftops  
garage doors and wood fences  
residential attics all around  
sirens sail by like the cries of falling idiots  
the taste of coffee sits on the teeth  
with a texture  
bits of rubble are worth  
their glinting brilliance  
they leap off the ground  
and shine like mirrors and shields  
the trucks weave back and in out and forth  
leaving treads and running a sweet  
gorgeous fume up into the morning  
like fidgeting fingers laying themselves  
in different patterns  
a train line on one side and a kids playground  
on the other  
the bird is long gone  
with its brown tan and cherry red feathers  
and i'm leaving too  
in my cube  
to pick up a skid of mattresses  
to be advertised  
on some satellite channel  
between empty news bites

April 2, 2023 at 12:11 AM  
europe in twelve artists

plato  
paul the apostle  
dante  
da vinci  
cervantes  
shakespeare  
beethoven  
monet  
nietzsche  
the lumière brothers  
picasso  
the beatles

April 2, 2023 at 12:42 AM

if you don't someday somehow then somehow you pay

April 2, 2023 at 12:43 AM

sketches, letters and scouts or the ecstasy of the exact  
word and nothing else in what's written

April 2, 2023 at 2:24 AM

i always end up never talking to my exes

April 2, 2023 at 3:21 AM

there was a wine coloured bedroom with rooftops through  
the window a tv grey gardens cream sheets and two lovers  
one was asleep

there was a phone with messenger open and two fingers  
on both sides and two thumbs typing between two  
brothers half a country away

they almost told each other the very thread of continuing,  
were there pleasures, the bliss of coming to decisions they  
couldn't share, embarrassed?

there are pieces left over, like a toe from a blanket, a  
person they almost knew

April 3, 2023 at 10:06 AM

when we are readers, we are not a you or an i. a poem  
addressed to you is always addressed to some other you,  
right next to us, but not quite us. a poem from the winding  
i is another adjacent position, rhyming close to our i but  
also a stranger. to our right we turn and see you and to  
our left we see i. the reader lives in a subjective position  
which we have, as yet, no pronoun for

April 3, 2023 at 11:24 AM

ingeborg we brush in  
your first poem ventured out

hazards blicker and piano trio music  
vends their mesh  
the black dodge caravan is parked outside  
hotel 1

these black jeans around these legs sit  
in these leather seats  
with this espresso drink  
the heaps of factory assembled  
plastic and crumple sheets called card  
spin by shopping carts wheeled past  
by people living in the street

ingeborg  
your poem in my lap  
or  
you might say  
my poem in your lap

we listen in from the closed doors  
of our construction signs  
constructing signs  
and stitching them to the vanishing material

our senses are doomed  
as waves to crash against the shore  
be carried away  
and reassemble  
in a shape that shares a name  
but is not the same

so i wish to rush out and scream  
upon the crane riddled balconies  
of poetry's invisible country  
that when we first met eight years ago  
we fell in love  
your words were the spit in my blood  
we shone and you showed me world  
and then were torn apart  
my meagre funds could only find  
the free poems online

and now with your collected edition  
translated into english  
in a seven hundred page stack in my lap  
i can roll through your lines  
ecstatic

might you roll through me with the same  
bitter pleasure  
like fresh brewed coffees sharp smell  
stinging a room into a haze of clarity

though you carry your spear wounds  
and the printing of all history  
upon your black hole spirit  
we meet at our impossible lines  
and gaze from there upon  
the parallel epiphany:  
the epiphany of parallels

April 3, 2023 at 12:14 PM

what poet was called upon  
to herald the age that would deserve beheaded  
to stand around that uncrowded word  
to venture across the sharp borders which protect it  
a wreath of darkness other writers edged around  
inside the illuminated aura  
the word beheaded  
waits to be used  
the blind hand reaches slowly through  
the vistas of solitary light  
the sticky branches and the gummy sounds  
through to the struck aural vacuum  
that halos the horrible word  
not the revolutionists  
they took the guillotine for their word  
from that site  
only later did one  
who survived the nazis see beheaded stuck  
to her time like wet paper or wheat paste  
a little shredded but sucking on the fingers  
that try to peel it away  
not headless but beheaded  
where once was head

now is not only the lack of face  
the lack of hair  
of smell or sight  
of hearing or taste  
the lack of mind  
but more the taking away of them  
the severing  
ending of them  
the void left as permanent symbol  
of violence's triumph  
and this woman with her  
words so like a finger  
flexible  
precise  
grazed in horror and did not recoil  
but pulled the thread until the whole word  
was spelt  
beheaded  
so she named her europe  
this was the name for the world she stood against  
sharp  
delicate  
smoke rising from both shoulders  
facing the west after the holocaust  
and pronouncing it without a shiver

April 3, 2023 at 3:51 PM

this is my grimace before the poem  
this is my yawn  
as it's incantation begins  
swan feathers flung in the concrete belly  
of air  
are snapped up by the monkey faced despair  
the nail biting garbage changing  
long calls  
that trounce themselves down  
tearing with bewildered teeth  
at their days  
chewing free the very limited flesh  
of their own design  
and leaving a slowly evaporating carcass  
it is context like this that is required before  
making an opening



something must be mentioned about the  
faggots and fissures of gas  
sharpless heat packs dancing and dying  
and called by quick tongue  
stars  
it must be addressed  
that through a weep of unblack  
a pageant of change continues  
that contains  
the very limitless concept of god  
as simply as a vase holds flowers  
look through the sky  
to the untouchable  
that defies such paltry ideas as  
beginning and end  
there you see  
this collection of arenas of space  
a forged kaleidoscope that refuses to  
perfectly connect  
it bumbles our mouths and teases  
language into contortionist phrases  
rejecting our brief analogues  
we offer up in serious minded poetry  
laughing senselessly at each attempt  
you are a furnace some dumb-hatted  
playwright screams  
and a word more ecstatic than yes or no  
but containing both  
surrounds the suggestion and pops it  
like a zit  
or a minor planet  
it is forays such as this that must be  
established before we can say anything  
as simple as  
when i was twenty five i sent myself  
blindly into the city  
weaving through the flat glassed faces of  
anonymous architects decisions  
the mundane reds  
climbed out of offices and attached themselves  
to statues  
traffic endlessly ongoing going on into its own  
receipt  
i chewed on leaves and kicked my heels

and made a grumpy way with the sour hearted remnants  
of a mishandled feeling  
down to the lake  
and gathered the grey skies grey reflection  
into a straight line  
staring  
into my new name for empty  
as full as anything  
waiting for a respect or a place  
receiving fragments  
adjustments  
i bewailed the poemless expanse  
while verse in unbroken lines and precise metrics  
tiny details and jolly characters walked  
by gleefully  
behind my back  
oh how ugly is the world  
oh how pointless is the word  
i said and said and said  
and did not turn my head  
while a universe of lyrics were tickling and  
tricking  
giggling and bursting into compounds and gases  
begging to be bewreathed in new sentences  
i see them now from very far away  
they lay a tender hand upon that  
depoeted hunchback and pass along  
into non-existence  
leaving i it less  
there is only this which i knit  
absentmindedly now  
a tread of tears  
a track of smiles  
a testament to  
a facelessness  
denied expression  
a longing and nothing else  
how essential it is to know first  
of the great combusting  
bigger than birth  
of ships which sail in the sea of themselves  
the bits pull apart and collide into  
the form of a child  
or a caress  
a mountain

a thumbprint  
a fist a split a kiss  
a wish  
the hug of hydrogen  
oxygen  
carbon  
that is involved in a gesture as elaborate  
as saying a word

April 6, 2023 at 5:12 PM

i am at a cafe where they do not  
like when you drink coffee

they have wrinkled noses here  
they crinkle and tinkle and make other  
noises that rhyme with inkle

they do not believe in history or poetry  
they believe in pulling themselves  
through the hours  
gaining and losing money anxiously  
and hoping for a shower or a bed

there are others who are coming with  
batteries and hammers  
to clear away their building  
and lay a parking lot with an atm in  
their place

these machines are slowly developing  
a button you can press which ejects  
a newly assembled poem from the rubble

the history which they write will treat  
of our most familiar milestones  
quite differently

the machine that makes the parking lot  
will also produce a poem  
as ecstatic as a fir tree  
shaking wildly in the wind as if  
it were a twenty year old human  
who had taken two caps of mdma two hours

ago and the gust and blow was music  
with the  
appropriate beats per minute

this is how beauty changes  
this is how a waiter blinks and forgets  
the miracle of having a tongue or  
a finger print  
this is the clutter of polished silver  
that never shines  
this is a little coffee for four dollars  
watery and thin  
served with a grimace

this is leaving no  
tip

April 6, 2023 at 5:51 PM

did you ever hear the story of the poet  
who was beaten to death for a six pack  
it was six thirteen year olds  
in a park off of victor street  
his glasses fell from his face and broke  
on the ground

April 8, 2023 at 1:56 PM

though i am only off to file taxes

(four subway stops down  
in a ball cap and a sweater  
underdressed for the brisk spring  
and a book of german poems

the printer didn't work this morning  
so my t4s and tallied expenses are  
all digital)

still i must protect that page white as a  
blown out sky on camera  
with its flowing fly wing  
symbols

there is another stream

though we love individual faces  
it must be admitted  
we love the human face  
in general

though we have touching times  
we touched a riverside  
which we cherish  
jealously over other riverside moments  
we must confess to loving river  
as a form

and so with the transit rumble  
wrapped around my sensory  
equipment for the given instant  
it was given me to protect the  
white paged form carved in ink

(though i must address  
this is no longer the case:

since beginning the poem  
i have stopped in a corner store  
connected to their wifi  
then connected to their printer  
printed my tax material  
and walked the three blocks  
from there  
east and down into the basement  
of the accountants offices  
where i am now sitting  
waiting to be called upon

eighteen  
letter sized slices  
white as the white  
pages poems are often printed on  
with all my revenue and expenses documented  
looking at the reflection of fluorescent  
lights in a pile of stripes  
superimposed upon the stairs  
through the glass door

...

remember with me  
when i was sitting on the subway train  
with a poem perched on my crossed knee)

here in the tumult of instantaneous and  
unregistered data  
i must protect  
poem  
the crawling many faced  
and figureless form in its most general  
sense  
so often spread  
in  
acrobatic little houses made from  
solvents resins pigments  
waxes lubricants varnish  
and laid flat upon  
a sheet  
whiter than walls  
thinner than finger nails  
and made from a tree

it arises to me  
though the casement of subway  
ephemera seems impenetrable  
something else arrives

ten years gone by

my rare passages  
with just such a white paged book  
of poems  
jumbling between stations in another city  
return to me  
not as active memories  
but as though i am continuing  
another stream  
picking up a sensation  
that though untouched for years  
i learn in that moment has been lying  
very near  
as close to me as the full messy panorama  
which is at my cognitive digits

there are many ways to measure distance  
and many reasons to too  
no one has yet told me how  
a spring nine years before  
the writing of this poem  
can slide between the slights and slats  
of instant  
and set down upon the page i read  
unreferenced  
irrelevant  
and real

see then i was (now  
the accountant has called  
me in and i am in her office  
typing on my phone as she  
types on her computer  
quickly filling in all t4  
information from the canada  
revue agency's website  
having no use for my  
printed pages)  
training to file taxes  
with a book of poems by a german man  
raised by the nazis  
and angry in the aftermath  
pointedly picking at the corners  
of life's pocket  
asking about the holes  
and how things are falling through  
when a whence dangled open  
and left a hunk of my self like a mouth is  
left when the right balance of lemon juice  
and sugar touches a tongue

this whence was a then  
a then gone by that  
bustled into the now  
now gone by  
and spoke with the clarity  
of a gifted singer

in the past  
i was training to a thrift store  
or an architecture museum

on a week-end  
my few free moments away from  
school  
and i would  
squatting on my toes in the sunshine  
with a much savoured cigarette  
read the words of a woman  
ancestors from africa  
raised in slaver america  
and angry in the aftermath  
words like bushels of wind  
to blow the doors open and hear the elements  
of existence stand up and say their piece

i must protect these memories  
which do not reduce to a sense  
or an instant  
but continue  
riverlike  
as a form  
which is gathering itself towards a name  
or pulling names off itself gently and  
entering its home

even now  
with my taxes complete  
sitting at home on my couch  
in a daze  
i mumble dumbly  
while trains slide through my  
station  
dropping new strangers off inside  
and taking away those that had been  
waiting

April 11, 2023 at 2:36 AM

i like pretending to be both but i know i'm not either.

April 20, 2023 at 8:26 AM

with the brightness down and the soft  
breath bluing



morning birds away while shelves and stacks  
and ivy planets  
ash and continue  
there are rooms in buildings  
and tiers in forests  
there are people we twinge when we touch  
with our thoughts  
there are ex lovers who twisted our senses  
of our selves  
somewhere they are sleeping  
and they too creak when they step on  
the floorboards we left them  
bits of the world will rest  
while bits of the world place bets  
and bits will autocorrect  
bits of the world will rage  
fits and waged war crimp and splay  
the poured globe  
spinning  
a daiquiri of unattended lush for no one  
spoon awhile and say  
thank you to the thornies and the  
parching  
thank you to the deserts and the morning

April 21, 2023 at 4:28 AM

still there is a smell on me  
a red scarf and river foam  
between the limestone bricks  
in the burst of dawn  
rolling in  
some things were said  
with a red scarf  
some mention of bustling into  
some one's life  
strange isn't it  
how suddenly there you are  
you were thinking of your ex  
who's name you never say  
and i was thinking  
how we might never die  
we may be greek gods caught  
in a simulation

red scarves and river foam  
playing 1979 off your 2012 phone  
we were smudged by immortality  
we dipped our tongues in  
achilles stung  
poems come to me  
films too  
you then spoke of sleeping and waking up  
and of thinking  
we were on beach vistas in the smulch  
and first hot starting out  
the day running toward a swelter  
cigarettes and red squares not scarves  
the scarves were green  
the squares were red  
and free university in canada was a march away  
a montreal away  
an almost move  
falling out of a passenger door  
a drake interlude  
doesn't everyone breakdown in the car with a lover  
sometime in their 20s  
we were stuck with the same people we'd  
turn out to be  
perhaps the same goals  
more freedom and more movies  
bumping into lovers lives  
and brightening like dawns first heat  
i can hear the river foam smashing pumpkins  
and the sound of a pen and a bird etching  
vanishing and  
launching into life

April 26, 2023 at 5:28 AM

this before storage full  
was in anyones vocabulary  
i had green in my windows  
all summer long with the elm  
leaves

April 26, 2023 at 5:44 AM

if sex doesn't mean the same thing to different people are  
they different species?

April 30, 2023 at 12:05 AM

i wana remember this. no matter what. this is how sweet it  
was. wondering if i might sneak by never being noticed in  
life and leaving all the great art work behind like the most  
beautiful buildings or forests just add water and the  
landscape opens

April 30, 2023 at 12:10 AM

as i listen through new music that comes out, keeping up

some abrasive stuff i try to get inside heavy stuff hyper  
stuff and my phone dies or it pauses as i take a video and  
i realize it's better with it off.

we will feel this when hollywood turns off. we will feel this  
when america turns off. we will feel this or we will be dead.

May 1, 2023 at 11:29 AM

1

let there be not so much love in a living  
room that it's fugitives don't clutch  
an unspeakable secret  
leaving

a mouthful of cherry blossoms  
on a cul de sac  
let there be a bushel of linnets  
fleeing the automavoice of a suburban bus  
and the snarl of an expressway  
glinting rows of dental automobilia

as long as there's a new green to see  
there's a new poem to write  
and love will not be enough

let there be not so much love that we don't  
still know  
peppered with dandelions  
we are fecund hoses of time  
pouring riches into utterly  
locked reservoirs

2

let it be a round message  
perishing along with our private  
ideas  
of justice

which clefts a bourgeois home  
from the notion love  
before they are swallowed in each other

indeed no message is ever fully  
received in  
deed  
no message is ever so full  
a little nothing can't be added  
to change its species

there is some endless knot  
which is just a twisted loop

3

spring was parked upon the dozing continuum  
a sneezing bewreathal

after all we still have the world  
though it means nothing of what it once did  
the word is still there being pinned  
in all sorts of places

after all there is still  
people  
for an uncollectible plasma  
precious factory of interiorities  
faces that can never be kept  
the word still trots out guileless and proud  
attaching itself to a crowd  
of labyrinths

4

when translating the word love  
much later  
or maybe to yourself just now  
let there be no mention of god or woman  
or babies

when translating the word justice  
be careful to omit  
man and men

when translating world wonder what  
agelessness would be

where  
without royalty or angels  
the engendering opens again  
let a yawp escape  
while translating people  
then slip away to  
the wordful surplus the world  
rejected where love and justice  
speckle and rule  
kingless and cloudless

whether  
we wear the making of madeness  
or mad we bear the breaking of angles  
the framing of sameness unsingles  
and pairs our branches  
into a new green creation  
greater than anything that can be  
translated

May 2, 2023 at 2:27 AM

never mind the invention of this or that. the invention of  
the story. the invention of the game. inventions like this  
are what I am concerned with: the tool the image music  
home money camera cut when was the last invention like  
this? phone

May 8, 2023 at 4:17 PM

it was two thirty in the morning and i was  
in the kitchen at the table  
the last time i saw richard was playing and you were  
sleeping next door  
i had tried cutting arthur's impressions but it didn't bind  
and i was tired and tried to masturbate to porn then to our  
videos then to pictures of you on facebook and looking at  
these pictures growing harder and harder i think to myself  
im never going to forget falling in love with you  
everything was becoming perfect  
ejaculating totally elated  
aloft of love  
after i grab for my phone in the dark  
feeling as perfect  
cock in hand cum on floor  
a dancing photo of you with blurry hands  
and a blue jacket  
a sublime inward smile  
i am shaken as tree limbs split in a storm  
by our being in love  
and how absolutely good it is

May 19, 2023 at 6:46 PM

here's a funny thing:  
when it comes to human affairs that which is invented or  
imagined is of more importance, even, yes, is more real,  
than that which is not invented or imagined. so a memoir  
of childhood is of historical or ethnographic interest and  
occasionally of literary interest, but take the same story  
and call it a fiction and find indeed that it matters in a way  
it never did before, for it is now a story, and the fact of its  
being invented or imagined makes it realer. until an  
element of fiction is added a thing is distinctly unreal

einstein teaches us no intuitive link from experience will  
lead us to scientific truth. only a leap of imagination

that the imagined is a key element of scientific thought  
and method gives us a möbius strip of art and science,  
they are siblings of fiction, equally indebted to it, and  
equally resulting in truths, definite, verifiable, mysterious  
and slippery.

May 24, 2023 at 10:28 AM

seeds and eggs! we're not snakes and trees! mother and father were a poet's names, not scientific facts! give me the poet with a new name for parent!

May 26, 2023 at 10:27 PM

the storm of the christian count cant be  
stopped can it how can it can we please  
they're bearing down on us carrying us up  
into a terrible nowhere one after another  
tagging us along on a hellish run around one  
way of numbering a thing too open to tell





let it have a day and not be dated  
she in a piss we woke up by the cat with litter in our hair  
the curtains heavy shielded over the window (my least  
favourite) and janel  
grumbled and hissed her way from the bed to the futon  
and i joined her, the two of us  
on the curled couch  
rohan and riel coming in and out of their  
bedroom wishing us a good morning  
and after making coffee blissful and honey  
sunned happy  
putting filters in my simplicité five cup  
coffee brewer when janel reminds me  
i have a dentist appointment in an hour  
and says she'll walk with me  
i tell rj to help himself to the pot and huff and puff from  
room to room getting ready  
janel yanks the clothes from the laundry tub and shakes  
out our grandma cart stuffing it with clothes  
i told you i'd do the laundry  
i have to go  
are you not waiting for me  
i don't know i thought  
no no forget it just go  
i wait and help her down with the cart  
we've traded bad moods twice now  
lifting the other one up then sinking  
negotiating the cart down through the  
construction near pape  
in red and orange fences heavy fabric  
blowing in the wind obstructing traffic  
the home hardware closing down  
janel lags behind  
i have the olive green bag stuffed with linens  
we trade the pack at the corner and  
i continue onto the dentist  
eating that summer euphoria  
of sunlight lying on concrete  
inside they tell me \$250 for the cleaning  
which is almost half what i have in my  
account but  
there are two cheques coming to me  
so i agree and sit down in the lobby  
i try to start reading a book of essays on  
einstein's

ideas and work  
but get called in before making it very far  
and settle  
myself under the apparatus presented so uniformly in film  
every time i sit under i can't help imagining  
a director going to the dentist  
thinking to themselves  
this would make a great scene  
we have to put this in  
as they settle in  
the space ship shaped chair  
under a nest of orbbed light attached to a crane  
yanked down and hovered close  
or an event like this is used to  
present the characters quotidianity  
i think also of us monkeys  
building the hyper wired drills and picks  
to chisel each other's teeth with and keep  
them strong  
janel's still at laundry when  
i'm done and 250\$ poorer  
my mouth glittering like brushed whalebone  
fuzzy and smooth as only  
a dentist can make them feel  
my mouth is durable and detailed to me  
as i turn over the chipped terra cotta tile  
into the glass and the white and the  
beige and the gray  
that is lyra's coin laundry  
i mention how i'm wondering whether i'll get any writing in  
today because it's been a week and i'm glitchy  
she tells me to go now  
or we make a plan around mustard  
or burger making  
the making of beds  
counter wiping or arranging for a concert  
cleaning up and folding  
then putting laundry back  
i insist and we're at the long rickety  
white table folding together a little  
bitchy and both hungry and the moment is paradise all  
over  
we happily move for the others going back and forth  
two upper middle age white men  
one upper middle age black man

all working class  
maybe tougher  
one white man swears at the machine  
three seventy five you've got to be fucking kidding me do  
you want me to kill you  
and one asian woman  
who's young  
perhaps a student  
the rack rattles along full of our well folded  
duvet cover and fitted sheet  
flat sheet etc  
we round the corner to pape and janel wants a  
spanakopita  
so i watch the cart and ask for a bottle  
of water which she also retrieves  
and we both express relief  
as we consume our foodland purchases  
coming up to the door we go in and carry up the cart  
i rest a rotisserie  
chicken sealed away in its see-through plastic top hat  
on janel's jacket draped across the  
cart and she takes it off quickly  
i hold both spoke bottoms and janel pulls on  
the handle of the cart  
carrying the  
chicken as we step it up both flights to  
the top of the gray and narrow strip of  
carpet  
taupe walls and fairy lights  
set of stairs  
keys in my back pocket  
i reach across janel  
who i see has put out her hand to take them  
from me as i  
insert the key  
diamond topped  
nail polish painted reed green to  
distinguish it from another  
diamond topped  
key on my ring and turn the knob  
the door opening  
janel saying  
you always have to be the one to open it eh  
sorry i thought you had to hold the cart  
we lift it the extra two steps

oh yeah that's fair  
and close the front door behind us  
janel is very sweet in the kitchen  
do you want an iced coffee? it's healing spell time  
i collapse on the couch in the front  
i was complaining to janel about a head ache i had that  
started before my dentist appointment and had me  
nervous for the drilling and sucking sounds reverberating  
in my skull but it was ultimately quite pleasurable  
after the appointment the headache persisted and  
i avoided putting on my glasses  
which give a piss yellow tint  
to everything  
the optometrist had recommended  
blue light protection  
hearing i did a lot of work at computers  
having not had glasses for two years i  
bought two pairs and splurged spending six  
hundred dollars on them  
receiving generous christmas presents from both sides of  
my parents to help with the purchase  
now i spend my time split between wearing them and not  
because the cancelled blue is missed  
but i suspected this afternoon it was because they were so  
dirty  
and i had to clean them  
wiping glasses down and setting up the latest recesses  
episode which i exported that morning when i realized i'd  
be having my teeth scrubbed by a professional instead of  
writing  
janel has fried herself an egg to add to the burger leftovers  
from rohan and riels dinner last night  
passed on to us as leftovers today  
she suggests i write with the iced coffee but i opt for the  
upload  
letting the week go by clean of writing  
mimeo will be done soon and i'll have to train myself to  
new rhythms  
besides i suddenly remember  
two books arrived at the post office  
which i had ordered months before  
and i eagerly dress again and go out  
momentarily debating whether i should transfer the  
coffee janel made for me to a to go cup

remembering however that i'll be carrying back a package  
and it'll be better to come home to  
closing  
locked doors behind me  
i leave without my wallet  
hoping it'll be kirk (though at the time i could not  
remember  
his name beyond it is one syllable and starts with a k  
i feel bad because he knows and  
recognizes me and comfort myself  
by saying he has to look at and use my name  
to do his job)  
in the shoppers i weave through the mote of people and  
head for the back  
where a woman is setting up four months  
of mail forwarding for seventy dollars with  
... kyle? keith? i know they're wrong  
it makes me think of the woman at  
the gas station the other day  
im mad seventy dollars to fill up my tank  
ive never had to pay seventy dollars  
that's too expensive  
every time i go out of the house i spend seventy dollars  
it's insane  
we should all go on strike  
i don't live to work you know  
when the woman at the til' is done  
kent? (wrong again) says  
hi erik picking up?  
and i say  
yes  
and then say thank you and have a great day  
when i'm leaving  
hesitating for seconds on whether to ask his  
name but deciding not to  
out on the curb  
i tear into the pack  
remembering kirk with certainty  
and feel inside  
to my surprise three books are in my hands  
the first one that comes out  
is the one  
i'd forgotten  
i'd ordered  
the beatles complete chords songbook

as a birthday present for janel  
underneath it is  
the cantos of ezra pound and  
science and method by poincare  
the day is deep purple perfect again  
high vaulted and happy  
i swing up into our castle glowing  
janel is still on the phone with her brother  
rj and riel are out at the store  
instead of giving it to her  
i lean it on her piano stand  
and go join her in the kitchen  
where she is telling her brother  
to read philosophy  
i know keeping up with politics is important and current  
affairs  
i stick my new books on my queue shelf  
in the dining room  
and  
take the guitar into the studio to work on  
a psychedelic country  
song for a stoner comedy about a cat  
making immediate  
and exciting headway on it  
what's this  
janel sees the book  
and we have kisses  
and joy  
happy birthday month  
isn't this the one doug has  
it is i used to have it as a kid i got it as a gift  
for both of us  
and you said it feels like your  
birthday month is over  
indeed she had on the couch that very  
morning  
gripping about bumbo the cat's  
neediness  
and long nails  
i spoke too soon  
you did  
will you sing one with me  
sure  
we sing through  
here comes the sun

hey jude  
i wanna hold your hand  
let it be  
and love me do  
my alarm goes off somewhere  
during it to remind me  
i can finally eat (because the fluoride)  
finished and happy  
janel says  
im tired  
and we get up  
riel and rj get in  
and janel sets off to set up for her  
virtual concert  
accepting the surrey  
muse award the next day  
i go out into the living room and set back  
out on the song i was writing  
inspired by the chord book  
which i thought to myself  
as we were playing was one of the greatest  
and most beautiful books ever printed  
a genuine classic  
and a must in the household  
especially the musical one  
i duplicated the lyric document i was working off of  
and started typing out the cords  
stopping and starting  
tapping the red button on voice memos  
trying to find it  
i finally manage to squeak  
a shaky and ungainly two and a half minute  
take of unpredictable jaunting chords and jaggging patched  
melodies  
the song hanging together nicer  
than i thought  
and i stand proud  
and go to janel  
who has finished setting up  
in the bedroom  
riel is recording a podcast with another artist  
interviewing them and eating takis  
when she's finished  
i take janel's phone into our bedroom  
and we do a dress rehearsal on zoom

of janel's six songs  
i get her to record some of it on her end  
and half way switch from her calling  
me to me calling her to make it  
more accurate to tomorrows event  
the run goes well  
and i return to her down the hall  
excited  
she's glad and feels good about it  
asking me what's next  
i show her the song and we talk about it  
she speaks to my rhythmic choices and  
how they resolve in unexpected ways  
and suggests that i plunk the melody  
out on a piano note by note  
to make it strong and exact  
i thank her and put my clothes into  
the dresser  
she says  
next i'm excited to put the new sheets on the duvet and  
have a clean bed  
you want to do that  
yes because that's going to energize me  
i start writing an email  
while janel makes the bed  
when she's finished she comes to me  
utterly wiped  
how are you?  
was it as energizing as you hoped  
no i'm exhausted  
we laugh  
now i want to watch movies  
yes  
do you want to walk to tsaa and get bubble tea and  
choose what we want to watch?  
no no no no wait bubble tea? hmm that's interesting  
she gets up  
i need to make a chicken sandwich  
leaving  
i continue on the email  
dropping in some stills and a screenshot of  
the chords and lyrics  
moving to the kitchen  
janel is making chicken  
i become shifty and shitty



sulking because she's not taking a walk  
with me  
i guess i'll just go grocery shopping  
stand for two minutes in the sun  
if the day takes you that's okay  
i walk away from her down the hall  
did you hear what i said  
yes  
what did i say?  
i make my voice hard and masculine  
if the day takes you that's okay  
she doesn't reply or she says that's right  
i go back out into the blasting beautiful  
sun still chipper and bright aired  
the spring dashing fast to summers stretches  
in shoppers the only mayonnaise still has canola  
janel has requested garlic  
avocado oil mayonnaise with no canola  
no matter the price  
and i have suggested chamomile tea  
because she thinks she has an ovarian cyst  
and all i can find online  
that we can do is drink some tea  
i have to go to pape but the mission is harmless i  
text her a picture of a green marble wall with  
an orange caution sign leaning against it  
and tell her im shaking off the moody  
and hoping she's feeling healing  
back we eat the chicken sandwiches  
there's one for riel too  
they're incredible  
and i finish the email  
delighted by everything  
we retreat to our bedroom  
watch a stack of trailers  
pick the sleeping beauty by julia leigh  
and watch it  
the deliberate pacing and austere  
hyper focussed compositions  
telling a kind of eyes wide shut from the  
perspective of one of the women  
who works at the parties  
university student  
with an alcoholic mother  
we plan to watch my new uploaded

episode as well as a hard days night  
after  
but mid movie i say  
i would be down  
to watch another movie by her  
janel hmms  
we'll see what she's got for us  
after  
im looking through her filmography  
while riel is showing janel  
the new song she made  
as we were watching  
and i see the movie was made by a novelist  
and she has no other works  
looking up the movie i see it was slammed with dismissive  
and vitriolic reviews and  
i wonder to myself  
the movie is clearly a thing that  
was cared about  
even meticulously arranged  
perhaps excessively studied  
but i can recognize the repeating locations  
and the days shooting in each one  
precisely and exactly plotted out  
the character's various works and homes being rented for  
a day or two and  
them slamming through scenes  
with as much refinement and style  
as possible  
if with a coolness that totters between decided  
and insecure  
a sense of perhaps wondering even wishing to enter her  
lead character's subjectivity but also holding it  
at a distance  
split between the two impulses  
the long shots with late ambling prowling  
advancing moves of the camera  
even tender empathetic closing ins  
and the sleepy long fades of the eternal repetition of  
making enough money  
to survive the abstract  
idea of studying something  
it may be rife with reasons for critique  
but i can't help but be offended  
by the

litany of  
words like  
pretentious  
glib  
boring  
i feel for this woman with her debut  
picture  
twelve years ago  
marked by 48% Rotten Tomatoes  
underneath its poster  
she returned to writing  
and i was sad that there was not a second  
movie about something else  
from her that we could  
watch  
i was curious  
how she would grow and what else she  
had to say  
once she got her debut out  
i worried these nasty critiques  
had silenced her  
and lost us her voice  
but i only worried briefly  
after all she has gone on publishing  
and some of us only have one movie inside  
janel suggests rolling a joint  
and i like the idea  
riel meets us in the kitchen and asks  
janel to sew her backpack  
my joint rolled  
i go to the bathroom  
as janel unloads her sewing machine from  
the cabinet  
there's six new cds from the huge stacks  
i'd stolen recently from value village  
which i hit shuffle on after lighting the joint  
and taking two hits  
we chat for awhile smiling  
janel does not smoke  
emptying riel's backpack  
and wrestling with her machine  
i find myself dancing in the kitchen  
quite  
freely to bob james trio

and feel the throbbing in my mind of overcoming a  
shyness  
not making an exhibition  
but dancing uninhibitedly  
around others  
when the song finishes  
the backpack is also finished and we pause  
and go back to the bedroom to watch the discovery of  
blue (the episode edited earlier)  
which shakes me and afterwards  
i tell janel  
i've never seen such a clear and complete  
portrait of myself  
i'm so glad i can live this life and see myself  
clearly while i'm living it  
i could cry  
i believe it she says  
she is close and kind  
she tells me it is beautiful and it looks like me  
and she says how glad she is that we'll have this when  
we're older  
we go out  
janel and riel are laughing in the hallway  
i bring my laptop out to the kitchen table  
considering starting on some editing  
with the rest of the joint  
janel has a little tantrum that i'm not  
coming to bed with her  
i do  
we hold each other  
she's tired  
i masturbate  
she and i dance in our horizontal way  
my shivering writhing orgasm is cosmic  
for minutes after i'm in an open daze  
lying in each other's arms after  
everything  
under the blankets  
i say  
i love today