

**The Garden Of Calendars**

**by**

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*For*  
*Zoobkey*  
*Still*  
*Constantly*

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**Tree 1**  
**2016-2017**





*The First Page of a Notebook*

I failed.

Arriving under a print of yellow to a book with  
its first page torn out.

If we hadn't stopped it  
from starting then, what right had we to  
write of its end.

We, cross legged, with a golden head and  
a sour lip, waiting for a message, waiting to be  
cleansed.

What small crust remains to be dunked.

No one is waking to cold coffee and bread.

The meadows that you remembered are dead.



*First Encounter with the Membrane*

Muffled clawing sheets, the bitten pillow and apeline wailing  
 fissure the hour. Like a cloudburst over towers of stone.  
 The blindheaded back of the shadow in the frame rolls over.

What are these?

Points in a matrix that cannot be counted and cannot be measured.  
 Uncollected and unrecorded.

Large like a whale to the water.  
 They touch through up  
 for an instant. I tearfall  
 away from the fin  
 waterdrop  
 let.

□

*O loneliness intense...*

O loneliness intense. Each thing  
 divided. The bird cry from its mate's call and the soft  
 leaf and even each note parsed into nuts to be  
 divided further still. And for me. A knife finer than  
 a blade of sun is slithering through.

□

*What We Were Not*

Because I brought air fresheners and  
undressed every message  
I was left with a cracked pace  
bowing to scents that lead nowhere.

I came to your door

and unfolded  
you to a barer longing

and scared that I'd claim it  
you covered it again.

I've done all my asking.

Twenty six with backpacks.

Full of homes I left,  
I sit cross legged

while we become  
ghosts.

I do not want to take you with me  
to the ages I have not lived  
unless un  
less unless

this night that's dry of  
body  
set up on every balcony  
does not want to take.

*Landscape*

Soft as a rain, affairs  
 finish  
 and necks dry  
 through the pale  
 heap of pairs  
 a head  
 bare  
 lying  
 ardent  
 ape red

a garish  
 lip  
 towers over another

two  
 pairs  
 lie  
 together  
 like earrings  
 or still life

sentences unspoken  
 as harbours  
 for these wayward ships

paint whispers  
 of the same  
 equal bareness  
 written in  
 chimes:

barely in garden tapered  
 we hovered, wandered, wavered, hosted ourselves poorly and  
 vanished  
 as the evenings galloped                      gathering for our performance  
 a play about fairies                      disappearing. Shipwrecks and  
 airish  
 greed                      We entertain the orchard  
 every possibility  
 demand applause and dismiss them. It all comes to a sharpness.  
 These are the rain's affairs. We study evaporation.

*Plate of Air*

Clouded hair,  
curled hour  
with sleeping hand  
across its surface,  
when did it wither  
whiter into the  
after  
of water smells?

Searching  
the deep regions  
for the star that  
skinned it, skimming  
red mesmer  
split between the  
distance,  
forgetting.

*After a Phone Call*

The strong passed over you with the storm.  
There was a prone emptiness between us on the phone.  
Asleep,  
alone  
in the cabin, the storms passed over you.

Here it is hot.  
I am awake.  
There are no cigarettes  
and plastered and practised on all the walls  
are the words we will need to say  
next time we meet.  
Is there a streetcar  
with no driver passing by the blue house  
to take our love away?  
Are we going to be left  
as only humans?  
Our silver chains.  
What about them?  
Mine is around my neck.  
Against my chest.  
I've thought of taking it off.  
These days  
is yours in Toronto?  
A thousand miles away?  
Did we come out of silence too soon?

*Suddenly it's October...*

Suddenly it's October and weeks are falling  
 into the room of our love  
     like dirty laundry that's never picked.

When the silver bulb from loblaws  
     leaves the room like a hospital  
     and skies of coffee are  
 measured with cut lines and the  
     height of ladders,  
     the messages you send

    from the bulb to  
     the flaking floor, stick,  
     like warts and closed  
     floor boards.

    The movies lean on the  
 blanket, playing from an  
     elbow bent computer.

A little row of hovels howl out on  
     shuffle, out of view with  
 the turning head.

    There is a faint glimmer that makes me  
 want to weep, to leave my lover, to burn my books.

*Winter Swimming*

Step free slowly  
 lifting pebbles of water  
 and fatty memories off your shoulder.

Leave them with the clumpy  
 black mould before passing away  
 (into pipes,  
 fauce trunning  
 and freezing in winter  
 leaving the blue toed  
 remnants wondering  
 why their sinks are  
 all dry while skin  
 peels.                    )

Shiver and bloom

Lift out of the bath,  
 body closed like a book,  
 folders of pasts,  
 a precise weight awaits,  
 phantom sizes shrink,

tracing laughter, lifting a phone  
 after a half hour of music,

cooking  
 while  
 midnight  
 passes,

I force myself through  
 the haunting.



**Tree 2**  
**2017-2018**



*Lift Anchor*

Once the power to stay awake is established,  
the incompleteness of the days  
spring into each other.

The ceiling becomes fascinating.  
Cubes and faces span in the desaturated  
frame.

The joint between them  
marked with life and sex.

The mixture separating.  
A quiet hood  
up under the hold of quiet.



*Displacement*

Flute songs and bird beaks file through the cluttered  
 veranda of existence. A chalky hand trembles,  
 outstretched, asking for one more sacred hour,  
 one taste of a life with a different childhood,  
 an alphabet that is foreign, blissful eaves  
 dropping on echoes  
 of an ancestor whose pain has been  
 translated into statistics  
 and nostalgia.

Pink remembrances, bags of struggle,  
 boxes of regret, made out like indistinct  
 laughter and distant music stolen from the crack beneath  
 a door. Codes. A voice whispers,

“Time is simple. Only a few are ever living. The rest only  
 limited renditions of simpler reflections.

War and work

relegate lives to accomplishing, use it as a crude oil or coal for  
 burning, fuelling its own momentum.

A narrow selection. Only a few are ever free.”

*A glossing moon...*

A glossing moon over a city of birthdays tonight.  
 Final cigarette, an arm length of rippling cloud  
 muscled by. All the best messages  
 are sent. All the best texts received. The tablet  
 of sky replies, saved with a mouthful of sunlight, going  
 swimming by. The room's in decay,  
 adidas bag with the staff blacks and  
 black shoes from winners piled between,  
 shoes, dispensary  
 paper bags, dirty gitch from out of town and writer's  
 socks folded out and soggy from the summer. So exhausted  
 the mirror up with the swim trunks and the ball caps.  
 The mess is so empty like a roomfall. Empty days. A pulse. False  
 starts and warped feelings, wrapped friendships, bad breath and  
 candles, the unplugged speakers, books off the street and  
 plastic cups, clothes bags with garbage, mcdonalds bags  
 and tissue paper, the document of a sliver, a variety of silences,  
 briefly a barfly, a flicker,  
 barely above water, the firefly glitters, the towel, the tub, the trowel,  
 the shelving, queen  
 bed and projector, armchair from the basement and the  
 roommate's printer. Four paintings. A plastic cup of  
 pencils, dead pens, hens, sparrows, floodlights, evaporated lives,  
 highlighters, popcorn, space  
 heater, the traffic of scribblers across thin air, a thin  
 clutter, a pandemic, pangyric, always studying, a thin fabric,  
 parched, an absent magic, a  
 descent, a desert of consumption, a cluster of trashcans,  
 sturdy and honest, like entrails, looking for signals, waiting to pass,  
 idling in  
 traffic, a star without sails, waiting for wind. To return to this stock.  
 This stack of domes. The husband of hours. The hushed half,  
 a cradle of science, silence, waiting to speak. The arch chamber.  
 The pilot's eyes. A lonely breeze through whiskers from  
 the platform, from the cockpit, the landing approaches,  
 the forest of years, split into saplings, a harbour  
 of trees, arboretum, a fleet, planets planted, only  
 the lonely breathe, exhale, exalt, deprived of reprieve, only real  
 friendships are discovered  
 when you leave, spiral, weave evenings out of centuries, this  
 cone of tapestries, a stack of zones, like goalposts  
 and checkpoints, a cream of sleep, to dream without,

a breath claim, the cycles and the cogs,  
death, a stack of factories. Inscription reads: "Only a passive mind  
worries, only a passive mind can freeze.  
Silence is activity. Condition your athlete.  
Only an active mind is free."



*Queen Street West*

Her hair was tucked away.  
 She had a hat and a bag,  
 white purse, white dress,  
 white hair, white skin,  
 on the benches next to  
 Palmerston.

Can I bum a smoke?

I'm sorry I can't.  
 I'm staying at the shelter.  
 I would if I could  
 but I'm at the  
 shelter.  
 If you were on  
 hard times..  
 Are you  
 struggling right now?

Tall eyes, big & calm.

I'm sorry I can't.  
 I hope you find one.

No smile.

*Catalogue*

Curled. Collapsed, my hand cramped. Couldn't move. My body froze. I grunt and howl. Hawking coming back to me in mind. Trapped in the flesh and skeleton I fell off my bed, couldn't move my legs or hand, the tongue dumb and large, a caved snail, I couldn't speak. I tapped my phone with my cheek. Rolling in a circle, moaning. Recently called comes up and I smash the last with my nose, jerking my body, he picks up and I'm crying, we haven't been talking, a friendship gone missing, "I can't move my hand. I can't move my body. I can't move at all." But it's not words that come out, just blunt objects of sound. I'm sobbing. Afraid. In a brute wail I screamed No. No. No. No.

I learned that you need to be in between, in brutal shape,  
in better markings, a brothel of mates

but I let it go the other way around.

I learned you need to be in control of your drugs  
and nobody else's.  
In control of your love  
and nobody else's.

I learned that you cry rugged, need to be in control of  
your impact

but I let it go the other way around.

To the one who taught me I'm more simple than I  
thought, I'm sorry I used you for passing afflictions, an affection  
that couldn't last and you  
used me for a longer fantasy.  
I don't deserve this ignorance but I wasn't even awake until now.  
Awash, I wasn't aware  
it was happening. That's how simple I was.

And to my equal of an unknown label, I'm sorry I've  
been hiding the details.

I'm sorry that I've been borrowing faces. Selecting shelves, a  
selection self, my Hippolyta, I change history. No murder or  
marriage. Listen to none of the lessons I taught everybody.

I'm still borrowing money  
and scribbling the days out with papers and thumbing up weed,  
paling cigarettes



and passing grades, clubbing, stubbing out my smiles, from the coughs, coaches, grapes, I've created and destroyed reality. I cheated and hated trying to reject decorated banality but I let it go the other way around. Fade out.



*Figurines of Shadow*

Figurines of shadow,  
the arrowheads under ideas,  
the arcade of your mind.  
I kiss the lamplight,  
swelling at your nipple  
and taste tomorrow's goodbye.

□

**Tree 3**  
**2018-2019**



*Districting*

The city lay like a sharp intake of breath off the  
wide lake's coast, a heap of eyes and glass; cold winter  
rose through the rolling concrete in wags and swoops,

a held red inhale, waiting to be formed,  
released, to disappear.

In the cold, angular home, over the valley, I saw

it this way, returning, eleven thirty, two days from  
new years, blue lights and little sparkling pearls  
on both sides of the street, strolling with a

book under arm, the coffee shops and bars, in brick  
and glass,  
sending me out when I couldn't buy anything, past

libraries and St. Lawrence Market, the  
shopping centre with Ontario grown farm goods  
and flowers in an old train station like

a red bricked barn poking out of the pavement.  
Drunk nose in the winter, thumb struck by  
a hammer, I was alone for the evening and

the skyline hung under the  
cranes and danced,  
shifting with the changing hour, swelling:

the century of immigration and the  
new millennium. Toronto was a transposed symphony,  
my chest singing with frost. Lakes, towers, bridges,

valleys, friends, memories, good and bad sex lay before me.  
My tongue burnt brown with the pillars, the last dollar of  
coffee I came down into Toronto's curving arms,

like crawling into bed or kissing or  
diving under sea,  
one stroke or sweep became a

pile of time pieces, the hotel limestone  
coloured cream, black plaques and  
oxidized green, every

building marked by the moment it was  
seen, shared, worn, passed, standing at  
the corner,

discussing Ingersoll's release,  
sharing cigarettes on stone  
ledges in this wardrobe of a city, shivering as cabs pass,

talking singles and the shape of the market, its  
fluctuations echoing through  
the labyrinth, a haunted circuit of store

fronts, the people missing, hands behind my friend's back,  
sweatsuited, he would lean his weight to one side and balance  
a foot on a heel as we strolled downtown in

the freeze, the city like a December jewel, sharp:  
The collector, corrector, the barber, his face's  
expressive range so elastic

it bends the edges  
of my vocabulary, phizzing, photographs of him  
seem to analyze from the prints they hang in.

We position ourselves on corners and  
pull history through our sluices into pen  
stocks and turbines transforming the torrents into

directable power,  
puffing on paper cannons and  
chewing through nights

in wholes and halves,  
we worm stitch our way from pun and  
rhyme to maximal shift in command,

control and options, performing our four  
handed duet on the streetlight  
while we stretch the capacity

of the west's twenty six characters  
type cast as gruesome and repressed.  
Memories I move through like streets,

moving through the memory of remembering,  
conversations extend unattended,  
the city drawn, like a breath, in their asymptotic arcs,

We escape  
Separate seconds from seconds, money spent and friends,  
the collection upended; finding the right words

for a thing is different than invention.  
A cluster of toys in a child's room.  
The city comes armed with metaphor and greets forms shyly.

Roommates move out one at a time and leave things in the closet.  
The wrong genes make nerves run up and down a long neck just to  
get from one place to the next.

*Staves*

The room's a stack of footsteps, stairwells, garbage bags, and empty contours, colours in a closet, opened, emptied, undressed, clothes, halogens, hallucinogens, hamburgers, and hieroglyphs, wine bottles, borrowed books, and hyperventilations, hallucinated burrows, andantes, and a club monaco bag kept with a friend's dcp and documents.

Slowly, the last measures become unfamiliar.  
The secret ones, the sanded childhood, it all becomes stranger.  
The gas, cds, past, everything that was special, the books  
and even these poems. Eliminations abound and eliminate their traces.





*Two Figures with Space*

The bundles are thick  
Snow text  
A soft speechless tunnel

Empty street  
In heavy fall  
Whisperless

Without echo or muzzle  
Gilford street filled itself  
With the cancelled sound

Of blowing snow  
A ladder of tall electric  
Candles and automobiles

Climb to the avenue above  
Where I  
Bummed cigarettes

The blistered indigo smile  
Of clouds  
Over my head

The air  
Peels the breaths  
From its passers and pastes  
Itself with  
Them like lily pads

And thrown stones upon the  
Invisible river

The daisy field cleared

The garbage lot a backed  
Hub of traffic misplacements  
Collected lodgestones congestions chipped

The beam is very thick

Silent soft tunnel  
In a serious fall

Don't whisper

Gerrard Street is full of itself  
Cancelling sound

From snow showers  
A long escalator  
Candle and car

Climb to the avenue above  
Cooked cigarette  
Wet heel  
Violet smile  
Hold your breath

Passersby haste  
They are like water lilies

Invoice issued

Remember that river  
The chrysanthemum field cleared  
A lot of garbage subsidies  
The traffic of subsission  
Surrounds in undulating  
Cacophony

Break words apart  
From bad sound

Swallow cold  
Well

*Log*

Social anxiety is sexual repression  
and intellectual boredom.

□

*Path*

The mice go across my attic floor from the cold  
behind my bed, into the ceiling, back and forth.

□

*Lapsing*

The bed shakes, the attic  
floor, street cars below,  
six am, off the phone,  
called me first of February,  
tequila and coke, just getting  
home, she'd been sober  
all January, I spanked her  
two nights ago, she  
asked me to tell her  
this morning that it  
would all be ok, I tell  
her to think of being  
spooned, to get her to sleep  
on her side without letting  
worry show, she falls  
asleep. I watch a minute  
pass on my phone before  
hanging up, when our  
call's at twenty five  
fifty two and consider  
going out and getting  
coffee or going back  
to sleep. The sheets  
are wet with whatever  
dream I was sweating  
through when she woke me,  
texting ooooooooo.

*Strings*

Filler waves lapping, fuller.  
The sun is a pocket of hours,  
a clue of friendship.

A sigh of passing dust  
rotates  
around a printed memory.

□

*The And Mine*

Some massive tunnel opened.  
The codes come in.  
When I was younger,  
and it was narrow,  
it could close  
and things were given shape.  
My eye was as flat  
as a horizon.  
Ideas went dancing  
across in silhouettes,  
travellers  
disappearing.  
These,  
vague drops from  
a lattice  
on one corner  
of a wave, tossed.  
The room was unbuttoned  
and pulled inside  
out like a sock.  
The stream of noise,  
the avalanche of  
sacred carvings.  
I pace the echoes of concrete  
bumming cigarettes for  
days with an abstract hand.

*Conversation*

Let me lay down my secret bouquet for you,  
 ash hinged edges of decay, a puddle of  
 silk breath and butts,  
 goodbye swallowed in one  
 mouthful,  
 creative division, an unbinding decision,  
 a line drawn, an added dimension, a new  
 kind of quiet: recorded not live.

*There is no...*

There is no closing  
 this distance.  
 We grow a  
 part for  
                     Ever.  
 Every touch ends.  
 Our silence is  
 an infinite we invent.

*Rest*

I sat against the whining streetlined sky.  
                     Loud music smells like cigarettes.



*I grew my hair...*

I grew my hair into a rug  
in these forces of quiet.

I have sipped a long  
silken trail of  
bindings and bump ins,  
burning  
book covers and  
sloped ceilings,  
trudging the street  
blisters for cigarettes  
daily and waiting  
for the next craving  
in my nest of waking.

A grounded shuttle of phone  
conversations on shuffle and waiting  
cells and wailing calls, street corners.  
My hair grew like a  
clock, a cock or a stone.

Don't let me hang desires in  
the shadowed rooms of  
my mind  
and bathe in the pornographic  
stream of sex  
videos and biographic  
monologues from celebrities  
staring at the fading mask  
flung out of reach,  
flickering.



*Benediction*

Strangled autumn, strange in Toronto  
     ice falling from the  
 trees

    I touch both ends of  
 the subway tunnel before  
 the train leaves,  
     on side  
 streets, the pools of matte  
 slush, halved, slouch handed dime slots of  
 shiny wet where fat  
 drops and ice rocks  
 melted off the glistening  
 February network.

    The bed of hours  
 melt faster like forgotten  
 cigarettes while I read,  
     texting you to say,  
 I hope you're asleep.

    The morning quivers like  
 a dry tongue,  
     hands hungrier  
 than evenings remove  
 minutes from the day's  
 trembling and leave  
 the folders splitting and  
 the cabinet empty,  
     stray documents  
 swallow so much space  
 sometimes it takes a  
     day to have a day.

    I could rub your  
 soft shaved head and leave  
 a rosy down of warm wetness lifting  
 and pressing into your  
 invisible skin with my  
 poems.

    I want the  
 crooks of your elbows  
 to smile, stealing away, and lay down  
 a pair of broken lines like  
 oil for that your engine run smooth  
 and I watch you accelerate.

*Parachuting*

The incomplete flaps at  
     the forehead:  
 the wind is loud against the concrete,  
     the trees beat the air  
         like mollyteeth.  
 The chairs flip outside and  
     skate.  
     Limbs split in sheaves  
 and excavate cars  
     that are and are not insured.

There is an attic with a shelf  
     that can't be empty.  
 A tongue of desktops speak.  
     The program of streets  
         is dusty.  
 Ice is melting on board.  
 The dome of trees is howling.  
     A broom of light  
     curls seconds  
         off their minutes  
     and dangles silence  
 re-sounding.

*Muscular*

This is my secret sport - I sit and smoke bummed  
cigarettes from a row of seven I got between  
College and home, Bathurst to Augusta on  
Saturday at the foot of my bed and stare at the  
desk four hours, this is February, staying up  
til seven, leaving caterpillars of ash and ant hills  
of books between mice and spiders drinking water  
from a glass bottle and skipping meals, feeding off  
of calls and decoding, a roulette of cigarettes  
in the donut hole of the dumbbell, picking  
them out one by one and only looking at the brand  
after: I am a master.



*Friendship, Evening*

Couldn't count how special it was setting up the bed  
 and sleeping there in the middle of the room,  
 watching movies off the desk  
 or watching movies  
 from the futon with our feet up eating popeyes.

A week of loose ends,  
 half a phone of fake friends and old ghosts,  
 spent a measure selling old hours for  
 flavour and dressing up in curtains;  
 worked the curbs  
 for loose smokes, bumming cigarettes and rolling  
 through the waiting.

It's not courage to talk less  
 or turn on read receipts.  
 These aren't  
 real skirmishes. The borders haven't  
 been dropped.

We're coming for everything.

**Tree 4**  
**2019-2020**



*Fragment*

spigot of nothing

□

*Bird that lands...*

Bird that lands perspectival on my smoke  
 Harvest chested bird with your single red feather  
 Clawing the morning with your calling  
 Yolk beak you perch upon my limit  
 Your song is not  
 'My heart is a yellow handkerchief'  
 Ash and seed and bug land deftly on the shifts of the world  
 Inscribing scribbles  
 The human dots the note  
 Like ash and seed and bug  
 Dross of built world  
 Upon your accident my concrete backed bird of dawn  
 Under dresses

□

*Skyline*

See line city,      rain tempered. Glass  
    of concrete poured into  
 the air.  
 A toast in clouds, bodies pass within  
 the pearl of planets      folded in  
 to a storm of naps, maps, trade winds  
                                  pass the chronicles of  
 production      mode      environment  
 like levels  
 how many stores are born not to  
 recognize how the glass is poured  
  
 lamps remain silent and animals  
 chase rubies and eavesdrop  
                          while diamonds in the rabble demand  
 the nobility of being  
  
 immigrants from an imagined country

The city raining screens  
 texting plans  
 through the planes  
 of concrete  
                          rectangles grafted  
                          to the sky  
 graphs of lives  
 saving pieces from  
 the stream  
 microwaving beans  
                  folding laundry  
 from the windows  
 black and green above  
 with locked tongues  
 and goggles  
 remixing their  
 dreams and  
  
 leaving shuffle on repeat



Through parking lots the pavement  
 ledge and chainlink fence  
 brown back of brick house  
 rails and steps the pink  
 blushing from the flower pots  
 and the wet welcome mats  
 scouring.

Climb back down and hunt the  
 campus and alleyways for memories  
 six years old,                      such

as,                      staying in the ryerson dorm  
 and waking up early  
 walking through  
 the streets  
 and up to rehearsal rooms  
 the audition for theatre school  
 a day away from starting  
 I walked illuminations  
 through the flowered  
 benches

down to the perfume  
 of the shore  
 and read them there  
 leaving poems on  
 an hieroglyphic site about  
 the lake and plans  
 and Mao's red march:

A baby faced player.

Since then,  
    rubbed a kiss twin handed  
    with a comrade  
    on the chains  
    and left a five year

streak of lipstick on  
 my life.

The rain logged city rendering itself  
 in rigs and blocks about our heads,  
 Cogito ito cogs, stills, still they're  
 cosmetics, we misuse cameras  
 til the castles of thought are expanded.  
 Out of every block, I too, cog.

pixels pupils process,

The memory on shifting shops  
 convenient lives a blink  
 the briefest pomp of  
 manicured product  
 paraded out like fleas  
 for the cat to groom  
 off itself

A perched disbelief  
 echoes against nothing  
 and leaves the impossible  
 question like a seed  
 to wither out the ground  
 dividing forums.

Finals week  
 Six games more  
 The crack in schemes  
 must be pure and tenacious  
 They will name a plant a weed

*The Blue House*

I have lived carefully and in the Blue House on  
 Bathurst, I lived  
 with a careful chaos, a certain frenetic precision. With a  
     stroke of wrong music, my years there swirled and  
     vamped and hummed and droned, sometimes  
 almost to the  
     point of stillness, not contemplation but a different  
 quiet, a blind quiet. There were tensed nights as though  
     the traffic lights contained tigers that stalked  
     the hours or even as though the hours themselves  
     were beasts and in some untimed night we circled  
     each other. In the day I lay beneath the  
     hog eyed heat, that sweat grunted against my  
 chest, the years and indecision and the measure,  
 the impossible sum which was being calculated. I stood  
     at the door of additions waiting to be handed down  
     my number. I balanced the hunger and the rigour  
     and the drunkenness.

The room is a slanted attic room with no windows  
 but a door out to a deck. The deck is ringed  
 by an iron fence, which is ringed, to the south and the east,  
 by town houses,  
 of an almost grecian suggestion;  
 the west faces back  
 to the roof and the doorway. To the north, the  
 rest of the neighbouring houses continue under  
 a loping tree and, then, Alexandria Park, swimming  
 pool, a y shaped path through it, skate park,  
 tent city in the summer, and an elementary school on its  
 corner with basketball courts.

When I moved there the baby teal floor was  
 chipped and the walls were that gray brown colour of old tea with  
 too much milk.

There was a closet with the two mirrors  
     hanging, as sliding doors, over it.

A person's first night in an apartment  
     is a thing I am adamant about.  
     It is precious.  
     A delicacy.

Under the slanted roof an old couch mattress grey  
and blue was shoved and bundled, and between the boxes,  
I lay there, humble.

I lived in the Blue House for three years  
and seven months. The longest so far lived  
in one place all my life.

As a child I lived between two homes  
between two rooms - my  
mothers  
and my  
fathers.

I lived in a basement for  
a year after that.  
On Colony for three.

Then Montreal:

Gillard  
Durocher  
De La Roche  
(In the summers and the winters, back  
in Winnipeg: Furby, Balmoral. After  
eviction, with less than a suitcase:  
in Kent's, in  
Alisa's and  
around)  
I slept on streets and benches  
but never night after night, never  
in shelters  
and was never  
homeless.

I lived in Oakville (Two weeks? Less?)  
And then in Etobicoke (A month - just  
before I moved  
to the blue house -  
with Thomas, a furious,  
tranquil, sweltering  
feast of rosé  
and skipping  
stones  
and smoking weed  
and smokes, both of us broke,

a pinched honorarium from a workshop I had done  
 and opening my account to overdraft, which gave  
 me 1400 in funds to stretch the months. We  
 both hoped the other would be the one  
 to bring a pack or bottle home. Dispensaries were just beginning to  
 open and I was still nervous about getting a  
 membership with one, but

Thomas walked in, told them he had anxiety and  
 started  
 buying us weed. We

cooked well and we cooked  
 together and we cooked together well,  
 the compressed spiral of the kitchen  
 delighting in our dance.

I read the clinical account of a continent's demise pictured  
 with the meteoric strike of a composer's life foreground  
 and heaps of little maze-like stories, mise en  
 abymes, hard words rapping walls, halls and halls away from the  
 yarns coiling into closed nuts before me.

I left him a small hilarious razor of a text  
 to cut the linoleum ideologies shellacked over picturing, our pink  
 mini lighter we'd used to burn off youth's august, tucked and traced  
 in blue ink in the first pages.

A perfect month.

Hosea's mother was  
 remarried that month.  
 Gummy popstars dodged each other's kisses  
 on stage.

A form defining album dropped.

Thomas showed me  
 the operatic ramblings of one barefoot troubadour.  
 Hip hop duets and dance music played all summer.  
 We read my third play, Birds, with Elizabeth and

Alisa,  
 pounding back bottles of wine,

stole liquor, did molly,

I read him Joshua under an awning, my  
 second play  
 for one actor and we discussed presenting it in that very basement  
 for a small audience.

We fell asleep in the heat  
 and crawled the house's hallways and

never counted the hours. I met  
 Nkem and Alisa got her job at Planta,  
 the first job she applied to after moving to the city, vegan  
 restaurant, where  
 she would work for the next three years.

In the basement Hosea showed me  
 chyeah asher chyeah for the first time.

It was paradise and  
 as with all paradise we knew it and we didn't want it to last forever,  
 thus it was paradise.)

Before Ontario, I briefly had no address, lived in  
 Laela's condo (finished Hart & Isobel there, first viewings  
 of major canonic movies, wicked, rubble-tongued dawns, read  
 Birds with April playing Anna, &c), on a Greyhound, in a  
 hotel in Banff, on an air mattress in  
 my mother's attic with Alisa  
 (thoroughly unhappy), at Yvonn  
 and Nicolas' with Alisa (thoroughly happy),  
 at Barnes' Lake with Alisa (also thoroughly happy)  
 in Robert's apartment in Vancouver  
 while he was out of town, a building now demolished for a  
 condo, where we walked three  
 hours home through that unfamiliar city at three am, with no  
 phones, from the expansion pack shoot, Alisa falling asleep, her  
 arm around my shoulder, my hand on her hip, carrying her as she  
 slept-walked through Vancouver

and, finally, in a small cottage on Galiano  
 Island, where we broke beds together,  
 drowned a beach in triple sec, drank dusk and tempted coyotes,  
 thumbs out in the night, no streetlights on these wild highway  
 roads, just dark strips of concrete surrounded by the tallest trees I'd  
 ever seen.

I gave Alisa every first night in each  
apartment as long as she knew me:  
Durocher, De La Roche  
and the Blue House on Bathurst.

I still remember it,

the futon mattress that had been  
left there without the frame, before I had a bed,  
boxes of books and kitchen things,  
a projector (we watched sun sprayed hood children read  
poems  
and the sparkling gold of cross-class adolescent romance  
on Labour Day weekend),

I hunted songs and  
       tested them  
                           against the walls and I  
                           grafted myself onto her,  
 was a seismograph for each  
                           anxious tremor. I was the container  
 for her, lost and frightened.

The heat was relentless that fall and we  
 drank and smoked our way through it.  
 And she moved in with me come October.

She wrote three songs there while I began  
 work on a massive epic poem, INNO, in two parts:  
 The Room Without Ideas and Silver Reaches,

The first part, The Room Without Ideas was a muggy transcription  
 of the last year at theatre school in rehearsal  
 halls where every expression was empty  
 and every gesture a request for attention. The memories  
 were all blunt instruments then, or as I said in a poem of  
 the time

“Those years were like a forest fire for me”  
 They were unrepaired  
 clubs and the low strings on broken  
 guitars.

Those fading walks, in the winter, to and  
 from the theatre through Parc La Fontaine, past  
 the ghosts of summer:

drunk after school mandated therapy  
 sessions, searching through the humid  
 flags and heaving air, everything melting  
 upon encounter,

and further back,

walking amongst the drained pool’s stomach of  
 stones in the fall, viewing apartments at its  
 southern tip, park benches without a kiss in the  
 first pungent autumn, wide north facing windows  
 and kitchen tile forever glaring from the home that  
 could’ve been,

the park hounded, crowded with figurines of celebration frozen  
 and blown apart like puffs of breath by the winter onset, through  
 this circus, to and from the theatre everyday, alone —  
 with a heart like a small

pouch of marbles, many lost  
 through a hole —

or with Alisa,  
 or with Kent.



The Room Without Ideas was set in a little den with couch and kettle, accessed by a flight of stairs. Its characters marched up and down, six times a day (for smokes and lunch, gatorade and energy drinks, fistfuls of Tim Hortons trying to squeeze the dry mouth and flaking brain together in the black painted floors and hanging velvet curtains of the rehearsal room). Inside, orgies and protests, elections and plays circulate and dissipate, claps come in fields and the sound fades, the Chorus repeats again and again in all capitals: “I see bodies and objects/I love human beings/I never say no/I come from a nice family/I keep my eyes closed.”

Approaching fantasy, the sequence climbs through enumerations of the geographical boredom and everyone’s desperation for each other’s applause, until each person in the room has erected a citizenless city state they rail against and govern over within their own skulls, chanting and chatting and chiming in on nothing. The poem erupts in each of them being sent out at the end of the day into the city again, astonished by the traffic signs, rain coming down, blushing as they are not recognized by the pedestrian strangers they pass.

The second part, Silver Reaches, was a piece  
     of science fiction, blending hexameter and terza  
     beginning with the reader’s arrival in  
 a smooth room of milky white that sloped and slanted and  
     had no windows but a door with a frosted glass  
     and a key code  
         and as the narrator punches through  
             the numbers  
             trying to guess the code,  
             the walls, which are made of  
 screens, unfold into notes, letters and poems, left in the room by  
 others, before they passed through the door.

In the poem, the planet was a global metropolis,  
     its core harnessed as an engine, and the planet  
 itself turned into a spaceship.  
     These rooms, like nipples pointing out, across  
 the globe had been hidden all over the city,  
     and if they were found and the code was  
     guessed, the door opened and

the sojourner was given time to write one  
 final note, or letter,  
 to be added to the mosaic, don a provided  
 spacesuit and be shot out, released  
 into space, open,  
 blank  
 and empty, for an indefinite time. The suit  
 contained a magnetized tracking pearl, and eventually the planet  
 would retrieve the solitary voyager.

Planet and person having travelled at such different speeds, they  
 returned to a world transformed. No one they knew was  
 alive any longer and they began the second half of their life. It was  
 a rite of passage

and it had replaced  
 birthdays.

I could never quite achieve the  
 simplicity required for something so complex.

Around that time I started the notebook, which became this book.

It is a leather book embossed with the symbol of a tree on both  
 covers, handbound, with an unlined yellowish paper, thick and  
 cloth-like with stems and petals pressed into it. It has travelled and  
 tracked through the last three years. I have thrown it and hit it and  
 fought it. Literally, wrestled it.

During a swim, in my first winter at the Blue House  
 (the enormous  
 overheated free lane swim at the pool next door - from 8pm to  
 8:55pm on Tuesdays and Thursdays and from 9pm to 9:55pm on  
 Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays - came immediately after the  
 geriatric aerobics, which is why the water was so hot),  
 just after Silver  
 Reaches was falling apart and just before I began this notebook, I  
 stumbled upon an idea.

It began with the new tenant of an apartment.

Moving in, the landlord vaguely mentions the sudden departure of its last resident, referencing how the space was only partially vacated. Little pieces of furniture remain to be dealt with. Among the ruins, the renter finds an abandoned notebook. A kind of tome where various menologies were tended.

Haunted by the disquiet embers of an unending affair and the private vacancy of marching through a new city, they become steward of the book's budding poems.

Obsession with unravelling the last tenant and their reason for abrupt departure grows and, in the thickets of the text, the words' roots interweave with the reader's life, spreading uncannily. The very decisions and events of the detective's avid hunt begin shaping the grove's foliage, eventually becoming as pivotal in the work's cultivation as the choices of its original, enigmatic writer.

In fact, the nearer to exactness this second scribe's portrait of the volume maker comes, the closer it gets to vanishing. Smithing pages, the new tenant steers the course of both document and documented toward clearness, dragging wild into orchard. Order struck, their transfigured matters cross and cast the path from counted orbits to a map of portals, capturing two evanescent visages in the shape of the frame itself.

The collection is completed somewhere near the centre, with this sentence: At the emptiest marriage, the horticulturalist of mirrors reflects upon perfection.

Once I entered this game, this lucid dream, this hallway from real to real, there was no putting it down. Between the room and the book, I lived it, incessantly.

I spent days and nights  
in the monument, in all monikers of alienage. The back  
deck was a kind of stage, a boxing ring, and I left that  
smear of theatre upon it: the ultimate act of metamorphosis, every  
apparent trace erased after.

Inside this warped, crooked  
castle, blue and tall and old, poking up from Bathurst between  
Toronto General and the West Neighbourhood House,

I tore at this book and it threw  
punches. Always it was a pilgrim of its own, neighbour of  
mine, privately going through my most private paths, with and  
without me,

through the snaking, swaying, shaking, truly alone  
and vicious hot spring and summer  
after Alisa and I weren't speaking  
to taking her back and both of us remaining unhappy  
to making a movie

(as well as making another movie  
and then another movie, and letting others up to  
make movies of their own in my room),

I have shuffled through the  
judgment and  
the projections and it has shuffled too.

What unpredictable journey,  
what rough passage, deaf alley,  
I peeled the calm,  
the milk from my eyes,  
the lettuce leaf, and this notebook  
became more naked too.

I had with a sloped sky  
and an opened palm  
this simple victory.

I harboured friends and loved ones (Alisa lived in this room for  
three months, and Simon lived in it for five), I hosted two house  
concerts, shot features, cooked and read, learned every dripping,  
silly noble staff between gentle and rough, remembered  
music, met myself and slew a shark. Pacing my circles, taking with  
me a shard, invisible home,

leaving this notebook, sojourner of its  
own, eloping with my adulthood and hammering its scattered pits  
down under the grimace to the moist place.

*Used To Be*

There used to be this feeling that scared me  
 Misnamed sentiment, loose ends, floating, a punctuation  
 Poetry could not contain.

Put sounds in certain shapes and it  
 Becomes music deaf ears can hear

The sensual escape  
 The gap it leaves  
 An un-grasping punctuates creation

A comma is an eye  
 Hanging figures returning gazes

Shift capitalization  
 From letters and names  
 To the spaces

Search engines rehearsing history  
 Deletion puns unpunning and nothing

Gasps, enjambment, cliffhangers,  
 loose ends (commas), parenthesis, between  
 dirty hands and buried hands, what's the difference.

The period was our first figure for black holes.  
 Give me the grammar of clean victory and reason.

*Opus for you*

You are my Violin Romance No. 2

Dresser by the roadside - I am  
the crooked coniferous and the  
crooked chimney too,  
to the right and the left  
of this marvellous view, marvelling  
from any room

shared with you

You are the  
mirror by the  
doorway, headphones with the silence, just the right  
lighting, you are my violence  
Romance Number Two.

I am the pen you remember  
you have  
at the foot of the stairs  
and catch yourself there,  
I'm the right shoes

and you're  
the right sweaters  
Good could be better  
I'm the room with the marvellous  
view.

Sweatpants with sunlight  
spilling out of the pockets.  
You're the window in the heart of  
the forest, coughing up darkness.  
Between concrete smokestacks  
and condos of glass,  
I am the river over the overpass.  
Sweet smelling quiet,  
I am the song/writer of silence.

**Tree 5**  
**2020-2021**





*Cardinal*

It arrives like this: you write everyday, you read,  
rarely are there lyrics in the space  
and when there are, they deserve to be  
sonic banners in your chamber,  
engravings.  
You write & receive epistles.  
You are frank with your fantasies and you  
explore them,  
especially the sexual ones.  
You are sincere.  
You make of your home, a kind of crack  
in capitalist realism  
where the real  
(possibility of a freer and more  
beautiful world) is not only  
glimpsed but lived.  
You lavish your attention daily.  
You devour silence and  
enjoy the minor miracles  
for what they are:  
miracles.  
Sunlight, skating rinks, texts  
from friends in other cities,  
fugues, trees, orgasms, a page  
of prose as immaculate  
as a moment with the ocean.  
You let your thoughts wander.  
You don't bring food or phones to  
your bed. You laugh often.  
You do not believe in god, astrology or democracy.  
There are no easy answers.  
You live beyond the shapes  
of worship and work.  
It is delight-ful.  
Laundry and grocery and  
teeth brushing and showers  
are pleasing.  
You let people go.  
You think about buildings and  
furniture.  
You do not wait for it or  
expect it or demand it

or ask someone else to give  
it to you or  
complain about its absence  
or the obstacles between  
you and it. Freedom.  
It arrives like this.  
You live together, learn  
from it, listen to it.  
You remain brave.  
You do not feel guilty for  
living with it, though  
not all the world lives with it.  
You celebrate it.  
You indulge it.  
You spread it,  
like a jam or a virus  
or an idea.  
It arrives like this.

*Napkin*

You can write a song about anything  
 the winter  
     boxsprings on the curbside  
     the three wicked candle  
 stirring the tomato sauce  
     while someone else draws,  
 this husk of handshakes with gods  
 noodling  
     between evenings  
                     so certain of winning.

Wisdom, oblivious, is a peppercorn  
     in your teeth, it  
     doesn't make you ugly,  
 like spinach or having your fly  
 down  
     it forces those who see  
     to ask if they'll  
     say something.

Genius, unconscious,  
     drives a pathology into  
     nature, bending and tilling, twining, twisting,  
 shimmer making music  
     out of what was so  
     certainly a season  
     or inanimate,  
 it's suddenly singing, is suddenly  
     a song, there's no mercy  
     with genius, there must  
     not be. I have been one  
     dispersed,  
 destroyed, transformed, transported.

Genius leaves something in  
     everyone's teeth.

*Mortar*

Prisons    real    fine    broken lives  
                  sand    and    textureless  
          brutal saw

There are boxes where people are kept  
 for day after day

                 after day  
                  after day  
                  after day  
                  until they are dead  
                  and they work  
          and a high whine of hard grey  
          huddles around them and whispers  
          at them minute after minute  
          after minute after minute after  
          minute  
                  as I write this poem  
                  and before  
                  and after

   and their teeth fall out  
 Their teeth that they brushed in the morning in prison  
 and at night in prison

Day  
 after day  
 that hard whine huddling  
 around and whispering to people  
 caving in under the knife point sour smell  
 fluorescent minute after minute after minute  
 piling up around and over them, suffocating.

This balancing  
 act of mind  
 called society currently  
 involves prison

( com-plicit  
 policy  
 I can't breathe  
 policing,  
 et cetera       )

Abolition involves imagination  
Abolition involves imagination

Imagine a reader  
to whom that pile  
of minutes  
is nothing but  
an artifact.

Imagine that mind

□

*Analysands*

We go on rubbing unconscious  
for missing files.

The collected tower speaks to itself.

The orange light steps in at the door  
and waits at the  
pillow, leaning on an elbow, as sense is peeled  
away, page by turning second  
person page.

Happy  
ghosts go stalking up and down  
the avenue, whispering jokes in the  
windows and asking for better questions.



*No more carolling...*

No more carolling. No more calls from strangers  
 who call themselves acquaintance or closer  
 and come with claims on your behaviour.  
 We found all the poems, fold them and make the bed.  
 Block, cancel, ignore and unanswer every tethered  
 echo of capital calling themselves a person  
 or worse, a friend.  
 Light shifts across the street  
 and we sit up with ghosts discussing absolutes.  
 All the hours left on the curb.  
 No holidays or seasons or families.  
 Celebrating in secret.  
 Stripping the bark from the trees  
 and climbing leaves.  
 We burned the flags of misery and climbed  
 with a shoulder of cruelty out of evil.  
 There is a laughter to be found in the multitude.  
 There chimes are ringing  
 between the gasp of time  
 and the identity of inbetween.  
 I learned the song walking one evening  
 and have been half blind,  
 chewing on colours  
 and cured of all disease.

*There is a curtain...*

There is a curtain  
hanging over a thousand  
eyes inside  
me tonight

In the hallway  
there are secret  
stayings, silent promises,  
escaped convicts.

The perching jewel.  
A wind and  
its rope of animal  
tongues dancing  
split the cloud.

Rain for the askew  
ideas harvested  
and distribute

further voices murmuring  
before I sleep,  
Is anyone inside? and slipping  
in in the dark.



*River*

In a creak of light, blue with shade and flash, the attic,  
 dislodged from strangers muck,  
 sets off through the sky, an ark.

Words like eager students once raised their hands to be selected  
 too frequently, blocking my arc,

Quiet  
 among them,  
 chattering.

Out of the shallows, on our embarking,  
 it smelt like sex and rain.

Her ribs sang in a curtain of shadows.

A phone went off somewhere and memories found  
 another wheel to turn.

Silly architect sitting in a brick spelling thoughts  
 casting spells into a creek of light.

See the fish I caught.

Like a ship we set off at night, Nellie, my cruising  
 yawl, yelling into the melted popsicles with delight.

A tinker worded away in strings.

Puppets and bells and wifi signals.

I took the batteries out of the clock  
 and put the thoughts down on the ledge,  
 my scrawling yawn, scrawny, my jaunting  
 dream, my single letter, a name, being.

I giggled this afternoon, set fire to every idea and  
 sent them down stream, in emails, sewn into seems.

Suddenly you'll see the usuals may use you, mean

middle child,  
 use you to mean  
 something levered  
 and steamed, pressed  
 for an answer, slotted  
 in between more meaning  
 mereness and mirrors mounted  
 on your fin.  
 I swim in endings.

*The gust comes...*

The gust comes  
     dividing subways and leaving  
         platforms in tatters.  
 A little ball in my throat,  
     a count held.  
 We speak as the light changes.  
     Hollow space, gases and atmosphere  
 The ages tunnel through the evening.  
     Holidays are gutted.  
     Names for things change  
         and the landscaping of the soul  
         lapses out of time, continuing.

A little oil, basketball, the opera,  
 the air conditioning unit trickles  
 and hail howls down on the skylight.  
     Her voice wanders mountains, sing song  
         thin air, chewing on clouds.

Armies spread over Europe and dissipate. The towns, towers,  
 towels  
     like breezes in a field. Greased pans and buzzing with blood,  
 drones and heavens are built and exported and lost.

Only the glitch remains, the cost of every image ate away its day.

Teetering in Little Italy with high ceilings and a balcony,  
     we flip history like playing cards, a deck of wars  
     and works of art. Brick of a book and clumsy mind.

Her voice skips through spheres  
     and we set the studio up, shawls and  
         chair lining and speakers in a fuzzy shroud  
             while she traipses the age  
     leaving youth and laying demos,  
     taking away album.  
         Picture book and blanker tablet.  
         Art is anamnetic.  
         She remembers an infinite.

*IV*

I measure myself with the wind.  
I have no ruler.  
I have thought of suicide.  
I have ended worlds.



*Evening neighbours...*

Evening

neighbours, worlds away,  
     are playing video games between snow banks  
     and feeding cats and  
         pouring wine and recording songs  
     and times apart, my morning siblings  
         go lobbing through the bric, cobbling back,  
 way up to old poets houses,  
     knocking their way in and out  
     of yards, collecting sonnets  
     and holding laughter back, memories  
         of the old masters,  
         senile, self-serious and making spectacles  
         of themselves.

We become

    away, apart, a world more,  
         time, less  
 and spread a named mind knit  
     diagonal through, splashing, slashing imagined  
     ages, spaces  
         civilization  
         air line and space ship,  
         like laying a rail,  
         you read this and get off  
             elsewhere, we dream, you  
         beside me in the teal seat and lamplight  
         while she's singing, voice cracking  
         paradise like an egg and I  
 beside you, whispering, we together, astronauts.

*This Green Breath*

Across this green breath held,  
brutal marble, huff of winging rock,  
encased flame, boat-ringed orb cackling  
through orbits, farmers and imagined lives tickle  
the soft skin and die in  
the dirt with armfuls of children.  
A rub grabbed scamp of theism, ideology gasping,  
blood, a free sound trapped  
in melody; family and labour, apparitions, apparatuses  
to each other, sulfuric, sniffing, suffering, jealous ghosts, chilling  
light, mountains, ye, chains, costs, policy  
in a splash of mind and oil, squeaking away  
unwilded, out of all romance.  
I come barren, stealing the windows.  
Children climb the galaxies.  
Float with me.



*Resume Play*

I go in and out of focus,  
stand adjacent  
the object of the idea  
I pace and track  
I trace and pack  
A fixed lens affixed miens  
Orange juice  
I concentrate.  
A cat in sunlight.  
I am the mist.

Gathering angles, I change the pace,  
the arc. I escape  
the lathered gaggle chained to faces.  
The pang of the chase embraces  
the gates that part, the dark  
effaced, I lace the latest shape of hearts  
with notes erased and curvéd marks.

I never miss.  
I always pass.  
Humming, lonely, divided thought.  
I take every shot. I am  
the empty glass.

*Wend*

Files are deleted  
 are lost  
 are gone. Memories  
 are forgotten. Is  
 a memory that's forgotten  
 still  
 a memory  
 or what does it become?  
 And what always was?

Is there that  
 which does not  
 change in everything?

The endhood of everything offends  
 the whathood of ends will when  
 under thinghood i's meet

can all be eached  
 can each be alled

the uneachable  
 the unalling

is annulling enoughable

every effing thing  
 ever alike uneffing  
 orally a gelic

the shadowless unephelant  
 unfelt and altogether  
 neither each or all

untetherable and untogetherable  
 no unning un unned no  
 un un un no one

what is never one  
 and not unned  
 anon

amouth  
so sourceless  
sorcery unnspeled

each film invents an ordering  
and uneverythings  
errs aces and sums

a new same  
a new ing  
again

noun





*For Shadows*

The scent of it comes, the fox of death, to the purple  
 room, with the sleeping adult and the tapestry of  
 sequences, invisible above the eyes, a golden fluid,  
 a money and a poem (before a language). The  
 Stranger in the bed, look at me, cotton tongued  
 and soft with a tight throat in every evening. I  
 hear tones beside. The room casts its shadows,  
 spells, dice. The waves and drums tickle. The  
 lioness again asleep and the skunk death  
 comes creeping with a goodbye jacket or a knife.  
 It never leaves. It opens the wrist between  
 blinks. When you dream you see things without  
 your eyes. Ghost apparatus. A dream death wick  
 trims this life. I have a gumball, horse bones, in my  
 throat. I cast a gelatine shadow over everything. I don't  
 want to leave but  
 the keys in the goodbye jacket are  
 jangling again and she has bells of her own  
 to build and if I don't get to these pockets...  
 I see doors without my eyes, I see the doors that  
 remain forever locked if this ring of keys  
 isn't put to use. It was an arranged marriage.  
 I've been out too long in the melting breath.  
 A winter of ideas presses out across the expanse.  
 Jovial. Express. Filled with destinations and clever hands.  
 Someone put the batteries back in the clock, my  
 phone's been off silent again and my  
 death's been leaving its scent, brick smelling,  
 a built percent. The stat sheet and the gym aren't  
 enough. You play with the game itself. Like it's putty.  
 Sided coin. Flip tears. Measure odds. Everybody  
 from the inside. Tragedy is an end (being or not)  
 Comedies are always beginning (world as stage). One day  
 I'll leave and stay. What awful whittling. What  
 miraculous breath. I carry light with me and start.  
 I carry a torn shoulder of suicide ever. A  
 periphery question. A way of opening doors when  
 I leave the keys at home.  
 There is. I am. This gone is not that gone.

Scratching another gateway —  
Death and love do not abide by decisions —  
People are not people —  
The object is hewn again —  
We have just started thinking —

Every direction is a beginning. By definition.  
Every definition is a direction. By beginning.  
Words don't yet know what they're for.  
We are teaching each other.  
I am not an I. You are not a you.

Dreams bigger  
than sheeps,  
Goddling.



*The Lover*

She grinds her teeth. I see  
her future. A million paths  
curl into ash.

I write standing up, she leaves  
dreams in streamers around  
the room.

Songs pull the days out like ice  
cubes. We share a chalice.

Cold, I see her, my equal.  
Reality shivers.

She has a shape atomic and  
integral. I view her from a distance.  
Space collapses.

We share a vacuum, not  
a name or a language.  
Contours are proven in our embrace.

Dialogue happens  
in works and in silences.

Slimmer and unfigured, dances  
and laughter ricochet in an empty  
room. Contact and paint. We elide  
history. I am not known. I know  
unknowns better  
by her love.

She talks in her sleep. Extends  
a hand. I join  
her dream. She listens. We leave  
a land behind.

*Before beginnings...*

Before beginnings there were rags and counted coins, a grove of garbage. The hollow wind spoke and every person was hewn and fixed. The spell of poverty hung over eden and animal. All spoke, drawing circles and producing smoke.

I eat pomegranates and apples and uncooked plates. I make a feast from the pride and burn every poor heaven and prelude to hell. I hang religion like stripped wet clothes and sticky paper. I shred it and peel bananas and fry plantain and wake up with a thumb in my anus. I bury my face in and collect my poems. I fuck at all hours of the day. Nakedness is luxury. I invented sparks. The storm heaves on air conditioners and structures whine. I select the world. I choose beginnings. I thread my body with money and words and am not afraid of death.

Time is not sensual, it's systematic.

Trades and winds and changes, sea, chord, light and otherwise, wail. The dollar and the raindrop make my window sing. Climate fits inside a palm we are still building. Stamping in its shadow, this house aches, this winter kills. Seasons are a font. There is a flicker. A movie just beginning. We fabricated escape.

Life is clothing, changes, we are trying to get naked. Draw a line, general, generative.

You hear the slow unzipping just behind your eyes.

The log is spinning, flipping open.  
The pages flap like wings.  
A constant serialism spoken.  
Eternities counted in rings.

The artist becomes an economy  
unto themselves.

I am spoken to by centuries  
on the other side of silence  
who shake their heads and shrug  
at my gibberish.

□

*Rings*

I have a ring in my mouth.  
The sentence could not escape.  
Nothing is left.  
These palms pull a curtain  
of sky across.  
The barren conduct. I am  
losing touch.  
Less and less makes  
sense. A clear glass,  
pure and quenching is poured  
from my page, down your  
slide of time,  
eroding it.  
Drink and know this grid, what is said.  
You are only borrowed. Bored now  
because I am boring  
through  
to the ungraspable absence.  
Extinction comes for you.  
I see lucid shapes.  
Shadows fall over me  
and I say a word that  
means nothing.

*Reader*

Draw up Bucket Well of idea Drop Good done

Chased by radicles and nodes.

God is not Is

Not God

A shelf of sanctuary lodged thus.

Thou Art

□

*Spiral Estuary*

Tell babbling  
brook, rinse sight, raise voice, babbling  
book echoes.  
    Say name through the pages  
    The real sheet dreams.  
Towering journey  
    Mind stone bermed. I poem and rhyme ages.  
We make new constellations  
and change what space is,  
    escaping time's cages.  
    Swim.  
On a tuft of year, hum of dust  
    See. What mind was touched.  
    Dizzy, Absolute.





*The Last Page of a Notebook*

This a new pair of shoes, 12:02, footsteps  
and interruptions, endings and religious cults.  
The human meter, from this, lilac heavy  
carpet of music, I write Quiet once more  
and resume my personal eternity. There  
are fireworks through the glass and  
phone calls. The screen is cracked.  
Somewhere else no one is sending messages.  
I am asked to agree the time is 12:02.  
The year is 2021. I am asked to be  
or not to be in love. I am asked for  
an account. For submission. But this poetry  
is free. I account for nothing. Not a book  
but a city, like of trees. Build what  
you want with them. Tend. Find yourself  
lost in them. We forget centuries  
and remember everything. I succeed.











