

my goodness! the sea monster ate the sun!

there are various things that glow
neon orange

basketballs
whirling rapidly down into keys
street lamps
blocking alien signals we're supposed to receive
lawn signs
proving neighbours are socialists and vote ndp
mango gelato
hinting at torturously high future credit card fees

and then
clouds become stairs
and the mountains the stepping stones
and the waves the engine that pulls that monster
I love to call a friend out of her bed

she dances politely
she knows where's she going.
no stopping that kind of focus and determination.

and with one giant bite
captures the sun
that really fucking big neon orange sign in the sky
and devours it like I just ate that bit of
almond chocolate from mountain equipment co-op.

I think she chewed on more, though.
I seem to be missing my heart
somewhere in this cavity
there was something beating earlier
and rushing through a slow apartment elevator
down unknown paths, across lawns
chasing her latest meal with all the
photographic evidence I could muster
it must have been slurped up in the pursuit.

I don't mind, though
that a heart of mine has been laid to rest
with other heavenly remnants in a sea monster's chest.

August 30th 2007 - 9:50 p.m.

Hastings and Main

I had to check,
for there was doubt.

as always a little bit of insecurity.
what is secure on me,
those keys bouncing in the backpack
letting everyone know I am metallic?

the ipod in its protective sleeve
that is less than useful when no longer
on my possession?

the haircut, clothes, shoes, glasses,
the amass of what I claim as minor style
that otherwise can be ruffled and tossed
and thrown aside?

so to check,
I had to walk.

others would cringe. perhaps even
I would.

there was a thought of imminent danger
and also a thought of,
why am I so paranoid of others?

why am I lost in the battle between
wanting to help
and wanting to stay safe?

why is my safety valued in this little head
above that of our community?

a reincarnated savior I am not.
but in the attempt at being less than
one who talks the talk,
I literally walked the walk.

September 2nd 2007 - 10:30 a.m.

the predictable title was too easy

guilt factors high, here.
like the mountains
like the depths of the harbour
which stirs blue wisps into the kelp
and yelps to be penetrated by me,
even just by toes.

the consumerism that rampantly
overtakes my wallet,
just as it did to hundreds of thousands of others.
the unpreparedness that I swore
wouldn't be the case.
the loneliness and subsequent checking of egos
that intoxication encourages
and solves.

the stealing of internet connections
that take away from reading time.
real reading.
the thrifty use of my coffee maker
after one too many external espresso purchases.
the marks on walls I never made
but want erased for fear of torturous defense.

guilt factors high, here.
on the hill,
long since removed from that side
where painful memories haunt
the disturbed and current addictions
prohibit their resolution
long since separated from the trendy areas
where vegetarian cafes have flourished
in and amongst the lesbians
and rapid delivery of illicit substances.

the solitude a few hours of silence brings
just like at home,
just as when no other comfort was around but writing.
the endless questionable use of
interruptions
to new friendships that could easily go awry.

the water usage that might be too much
or the music that might be too loud
or the cooking that might be too fragrant
or the crumbs that might be too unswept
or the neurotic that might be too unsure of
his surroundings.

the toothache that could have been easily cured
had I kept that silly mall appointment
or the chapters that could have been easily read
had I stayed home that last friday night
or the garbage that could have been easily managed
had I removed the plastics from the bin before the coffee grinds
the espresso that could have been easily ground
had I stayed in that organic shop a little while longer
the guilt that could have easily been deflected
had I been on top of things a little earlier.

guilt factors high, here.

September 10th 2007 - 12:09 a.m.

teachers

the way they came circling
out of those waves
and my imagination sparked
interest in the oppression of others.

was that what the last unicorn taught me?

the way the auction went
when I was three
and somehow they let my little hand
choose my name to win a prize.

was that what ducks unlimited taught me?

the way the neighbours came
and went
no matter their skin colour
regardless of class disenfranchisement.

was that what wadena taught me?

the way we all smiled, nodded
knew each other's name
memorised membership affiliations
and purchased collectively our groceries.

was that what the co-op taught me?

the way she sang
en français
sewed my clothes and nourished my pickiness
stocked my craft drawer and my reading shelves.

was that what my mom taught me?

the way we coalesced
hunted for adventures
loved protecting those otherwise left exposed
and chatted randomly to gain friendships.

was that what my dad taught me?

the way I fell
most enthusiastically in love
the entire notion of being somewhere new
and paining for life to explain itself.

is that what spain taught me?

the way I identified
found solace in erratic notes
hated and loved and challenged and sought understanding
found permanent friendship in the weird club.

is that what tori amos taught me?

the way I didn't struggle

sitting at the front was almost a burden
to be placed in a place where performance was expected
and success a guarantee.

is that what high school taught me?

the way I drifted effortlessly
hidden away in the camper trailer
caring little of judgment or exhaling real air
self-buried in the knowledge and moral guidance.

is that what fairytales taught me?

the way I belonged
at least, in that little child's mind
to a place filled with endless caring and sweets
and a chocolate waterfall of pure imagination.

is that what willy wonka taught me?

the way I hesitated
with the insecurity only a twenty something could hold
to belong, to be cherished, to be known as acceptable
and held the best job ever to fall in one's lap.

is that what the legislature taught me?

the way I was crushed
with the despotic weight of those various factors
the ones months of exploration have slowly unraveled
the ones still weighing on my conscious conscience.

is that what depression taught me?

the way I cried
long nights looking upwards with no guidance
desperate for a change of scenery
and still entirely at peace with the opportunity.

is that what wales taught me?

the way I challenged
ceaseless fighting over what only now is irrelevant
inclines of 90 degrees and insurmountable, unremitting difficulty
all for the lowest stakes in the game.

is that what the cfs taught me?

the way I felt astounded
with the breath of the universe blowing in my face
and socrates dancing in my head shouting, "look beyond you!"
for the cave wall was illuminated with insight.

is that what drugs taught me?

the way it knew me instantly
as one meant for its shores
as the one barely left standing, reaching out to be cradled by its goodness
as the one tearing apart only to be quickly reassembled.

is that what sicily taught me?

the way I felt protected
always under the guise of fashion but secretly wearing armour
a sort of geeky counterbalance to kryptonite
all bundled in a visual intensity singular in its impact.

is that what neon green taught me?

the way my life has been redefined
remapped, retold and revealed
the way everything now has a permanent reference point
and context is everything, endless and good.

is that what consciousness taught me?

September 12th 2007 - 2:19 a.m.

ode to silliness

ah, yes,
the silliness.
the silly season, some call it
and I call it, the past.

for the blood doesn't need to boil anymore,
I've been there. done that.
I have the pdf minutes to prove it.

ha! noted abstentions,
microphone checks,
orders of the day.

as if I knew what that was,
as if I do now.

silliness is that, exactly.
silly.
and the years between us
(silly and I)
have, really, been paved with gold.

September 13th 2007 - 12:20 a.m.

for your safety please hold on

the last thing they asked for was my tears.
in fact, they
never even got that far.

Sheila didn't have it in her plans for this to happen,
and Reg likely had a heart murmur just entertaining the notion.

but there I was,
hastings and main, my familiar corner
about ninety odd minutes
into the new day.

and there I was,
hastily entertaining, my familiar circumstance
about how to connect with those
I've been told aren't the same.

the last thing they asked for was my tears,
in fact, they don't ever want them.

Graham just finished a shift on the picket line
and then the beer parlor. or maybe it was just the street.

Scruffy just finished yelling fuck you at his street urchin
acquaintances
he was raped by two men in his youth.

but there I was,
haste and mes mains in my pockets
about to embark on the
proletariat chariot.

and there I was,
hoisted and maintained as an equal
about as equal as one gets
when dressed for a club.

I didn't want to cry, and I didn't let myself
even after the poverty-stricken aboriginals
left their seats for an elderly old white man
in the front.

and I knew, and kept repeating,
they don't want my tears.

but what else can I offer?

Graham, the one who has experienced
all dependency issues of the illicit variety
and who says his old lady figured he'd be in jail by now
was going to make it home safe,
if I could help guide him.

Kyall, the one who has experienced
all guilt issues of the white privileged variety
and who says he's trying not to feel vain about this now
was going to make it home safe,
if I could allow him.

the last thing they wanted, asked for or needed
was my tears.

but what else?
what else?

I'm desperate to assist.
and just finding my way home
isn't enough.

September 15th 2007 - 3:15 a.m.

and a little like me

it's a little bit inhibiting, I guess.
I imagine it was for those before, too.
those who built these institutions, full of hope.
the moments spent transfixed inwards, doubtful.
the questions that lingered about goals, never-ending.

and what were those goals?
did they challenge the structures that were the walls?
did they fold in their cards that were handed out with the songbook?
did they melt their candles down to wicks end just to finish their manifestos?
or was it a random assessment of negativity and hopelessness?

doubtful. doubtful.

just think; the trees!
planted throughout the streets and in courtyards
fruitful occurrences of green to supplant the dreary
and inspiring climbing organic ladders to the stars
where children perched and adults conscientized.

stonecutters taking great care to make boulders into cobblestones
to be lain as our pathways
carving up the hills with that great idolizing of the potential beneath
and future generations' exploitation of those discoveries
the basics of infrastructure.

those community developers, the nerve.
gossiping over each other's misdeeds as they built, to think.
the educators who marveled at basic advancement, the rewards.
philosophizing over each other's attentive pupils, the competition.
it's a little bit inhibiting, to think they were a little like me.

September 19th 2007 - 12:34 a.m.

shade, timber, knowledge: of a tree

there once was a seed
growing nice and plant-like in the shade of another tree.
it sprouted its roots,
dug deep (mud can be thick)
and spread itself wide to become another tree.

fruit developed, nourished plenty.
the animals enjoyed the cover; the children
enjoyed the bonfires generated from the broken branches.
a family surrounded that space and lifted young ones
into the heights so they could experience a climb into the celestials.

eventually, life changed;
the family had moved on (figuratively)
(literally had moved lower, for their bodies became the nourishment
for future trees)
and the tree had no contemporaries.

but what to make of such a silly little
charming story?
when three out of ten republican leadership candidates
believe everything is wrong, and everything is right,
with evolution, the former, and intelligent design, the latter?

are we doomed to become cavemen again
in this world?
can I plant the seeds for future generations of knowledge
or is this merely a hopeless enterprise against the tides
of patriarchal colonial fascist violent tendencies?

I would hope not,
for I've sat by trees, and tasted their fruit,
climbed their welcoming branches
and worshipped the solace they provide
communities.

just that.
what struggle, what silly struggle.
we've come so far, and now the boat is pulling away from shore
and hauling away a bow full of timber
for we've chopped down all the knowledge our history has acquired.

September 19th 2007 - 7:57 p.m.

I became a moon of orbit

precisely how I was launched,
not sure.
it probably had something to do with
the combination of a fuel, a fire, an ignition:
let's explore.

fueled by the desire to belong
and know.
I thought I had spent years building up
the supply,
but when I checked the tanks,
the void's echo shocked me silly.
I found the closest source and
liked what I tasted,
even if the burn was immediate and deep.
I didn't mind - the lungs never do,
when competing with the brain.

fired by the notion that I now belonged
I had the energy to be.
the potential - the kinetic source!
all of a sudden there was no longer a
rear view mirror,
the notion that I had been anything else
was ludicrous.
they would want me on the pallets
burning because of sheer emanating heat
and the youngsters would have done anything
to emulate this flame.

ignited by the love that this brought,
I blasted off. I found myself
quickly, however, in the far reaches of this
celestial expanse
and while the view was superior than any vista
I'd ever encountered before
it dictated quickly for me to look back.
the gravitational pull to reality was obvious,
the forces of physics always are.
and when everything I knew
became this planet I found myself revolving around,
that's when the harm was done.

September 19th 2007 - 9:55 p.m.

caves! mars!

we crawled out this morning,
the orange was a little less intense
through the dust.

Spector leaned over and said,
“what you feel like doing?”

and I said, “Nothing.”

there wasn't much oomph left in my voice
when the last two years had worn thin.

there is only so much radioactivity
you can bare sleeping on
until it zaps you of all energy.

“Why'd you even sign up for this anyway?”
Spector charged, huffing.

“You knew what you were getting into
long before they sent us here.”

and so I did.
but what a sight that presentation had been,
what a world they presented, what opportunity!
did I know we'd be monitoring those supplies
the carcinogens surface-level
and the other hoodwinked explorers
long since our neighbours from down six feet under

“It seemed like a good idea at the time,” I said.

Spector was disgusted. Always disgusted.
I guess that's the way it goes,
when you're marooned on another planet
with a lowlife in tow.

still, I had higher hopes.
I guess it's understandable they deserted us,
but still.
caves. mars.
the opportunity was too great.

September 21st 2007 - 8:25 p.m.

(un)complicating things

it wasn't meant to be this complicated,
life.

I had a path, a vision, a plan, a map.

except, the fallacies.
ah! the misguided direction
that relied on denial.

that's what conflict brings, though,
isn't it?

resolution.
it's the ying to the yang
and right now
two hours eighteen minutes of a
complex phone call later
I have that.

life,
complicated,
resolution,
unfolding.

thank you.

September 27th 2007 - 1:01 a.m.

hace un mes

ha!
to think, young one,
the world would find itself nicely
weaving baskets and mending socks
oh,
and healing the little ragged minds
of characters from cartoons about
westerns and the chase between
those who have the legs and those with the hunger.

I arrived quite hungry, it seemed.
the belly hadn't been filled for some time,
and the carnivorous vigour at which
these past four weeks have attacked prey
has created, if anything,
somewhat envy in the minds of all those
real meat eaters out there.

and I arrived quite rested, it seemed.
the feet have moved swiftly to cover the terrain,
so much. the variety alone-
like the gelato shop counter,
there are places to go and things to do
and people to know. know. know.

I am being silly,
for the metaphors are lumping together
just as my espresso grounds do each morning
in that delightful manner which awakes.

but one month,
and more. more. more.
life wasn't supposed to need to get better,
and there wasn't a need, really.
but it did.
and now I need to share,
I know. more. know. more. know. more.

September 28th 2007 - 12:20 a.m.

altar

a stance with my legs soiled in the mud,
I stepped forth and raised my hand for the assignment.
charge me into battle, I thought,
because I am ready.

they came around, sneaking behind my back.
they had some sort of armour
and I wasn't sure whether the outfit would really fit.
it's not my place to be one to criticize, yeah right,
but are you sure this is what I need for protection? I thought.

beneath the wrinkles on their faces,
those experienced ones,
lay this delectable knowledge.
I wanted to digest it, as rapidly as
I normally fail to savour.

fearless, then,
we were marching,
souped up with all the latest
ammunition and protection for the unknown.

that time spent in the jungle
eons ago in another form
likely gave me some innate abilities, I thought.
the rain, mud, sleet, stench, sweat, blood, tears,
they were merely reflected off
a newly impermeable shell.

I looked the part, I really did.
they even thought so,
I could read it in their pupils and their
charged stamina that carried me
out of where I thought I was before.

and then we were here.
and facing up at that temple,
lost in the glorious magnitude of
what it meant to be here,
I fell to my knees and worshipped
at this altar of the experience.

September 29th 2007 - 5:34 p.m.

compass

the tyranny of the waves is unjustified,
I know.
and occasionally against the odds
I have made it through to those lands
where ripened sweets tempt out
the notion that I did it alone.

but the squall gets more ferocious
the further away from home we navigate.

this little boat,
a smidgen attempt at craftsmanship
to prove my infallibility at waterlogging
is going to get sunk
without knowing precisely how
to steer clear and pry left of the
sea monsters awaiting my approach.

please, be my compass
to shower me with the intellect to get
this map lined up to those stars
and righteous way forward.

I am certain, you see,
of the need for such.

October 3rd 2007 - 11:45 a.m.

the polemic

a natural attraction to
dissension
is it that proof by
falsification is my
guiding mantra?

is it that my moral
guidance towards
sympathy for the outcasts
lends itself to protecting
space for ideas,
even that are controversial?

is it that identity
is easier to find by
isolating out the things
that I am not?

I'd rather think I'm better than
a sum of all my political buttons.

hell, it's me critiquing the anti-war
protester gatherings
twice this week.

just as it's me revolting at the notion
of being in that simplest of upper-class
social gatherings.

and it's me wondering how I make it all work
when the days turn into nights
turn into sunrises turn into sunsets
and the churning and the pressure and
the need to do it all consumes.

the invalid find comfort in my space.
and I find internal warmth providing it.

I just wish there wasn't that guilt
of feeling like I'm doing it
for any other reason than to be.

October 26th 2007 - 9:48 p.m.

nutrition

what sheer imperfection
this happiness was
folded shirts,
emancipated lungs,
rolled sleeves
muddy knees.

the glory of not really knowing
what reality was.
enrique, oh how close
to right you were,
other than you said
what else.

I always knew the other.
the else always came,
storming up the sewer pipes if necessary,
the ragged, the rough,
the tousled and teased
the desires to be
normal.

now, leaves on their
decomposing death beds
love me.
now, exhaust fumes from
carbon emitting SUVs
love me.
now, coffee stains on
white shirts, searching for laundering
love me.
now, fonts too blocky, standard, crisp, professional,
for that critic of yonder
love me.
now, retail establishments lost before in their search
for my customer appreciation
love me.

I always knew something was
missing even in the
chromatic spectrum I had
felt fully indulged in
of emotional colour.

looked far.
traveled.
even gave up meat.
took the red, blue, green,
yellow pills that came
before me,
figuratively or not.

the experiences
couldn't accumulate fast enough.

and I got by, oh yes,
a diet of McDonald's,
or doughnuts, will maintain
the caloric quantities
necessary to keep
hunger at bay.

but full nutrition
needs a little more attention.
I thought, secretly,
a multivitamin here or there
would keep me afloat.
a swim in the waving suds on occasion,
would sustain my strokes.

how little, minutely,
pathetically little
I knew about sustenance.

all I want,
all I've ever wanted,
all I ever will need,
is now here.
I've been and am
nutrified.

October 14th 2007 - 11:32 a.m.

the bond between water molecules: or, community

it's quite a need
to rejuvenate
once what was
was what once I thought pure.

oh how the cleansing
of waterfalls can
be so filthy
in the pollution of
critical thought.

how I know now
where my friends stand.
the surrounding
pool of this island
drains
and I am
reconnected
to a mainland.
that is real
community.

October 12th 2007 - 8:19 a.m.

pretentious, that impossibly parked pontiac pulling away

they had a nice father,
a fat investment trust account.
those mutual funds always do deliver,
I heard.

glass shards remolded into the delightful windows
that guide eyes upwards, not to the sky.
penetrating jealousy, always on.
no one home, thankfully the lights are off.

granite is the fierce foundation
that makes up the richness.
we can't imagine, or comprehend,
what it's like to have that excess.

and that's the way life must be,
for the asshole who can't even bother
to park the pontiac solstice appropriately
and wouldn't really give a shit if it
rolled down a hill and smashed into a baby carriage
when one lives in coal harbour.

October 13th 2007 - 7:38 p.m.

worthy neighbourhood

there's an empty
development-worthy
lot
with greenery.
a localized farm,
community nutrition.

there's nationalism waving from
gritty iron bars,
a pride-worthy
relic
of an immigrant perhaps
who found this to be
the pinnacle
of success,
Canadian citizenship.

there's a congregation,
and their song is weep-worthy
and the mass is
that devout inspiration I need,
unknown friends.

there's an arrest happening,
common-worthy as this litter
or the clouds
scattering tears.

downtown eastside.

October 14th 2007 - 11:44 a.m.

a newer covenant

the blowing forces outside
jostle those plant remnants
who have found their way down.

but who could have known
the currents would emancipate me
to the sky?

certainly not a particular lost wanderer, you know,
the one leery of future prospects
not only of how metallic it all will be.

certainly not the child,
who would be buried in the grass clippings or mown ferns
without some internal resolution.

there once was this four letter word that
I found myself afraid of believing
I felt towards myself.

and with the simplest of calculations,
the universe has delivered my replacement,
fully under warranty.

because it said when I was dropped off:
this is how karma works.

the shame of feeling: undeserving
melts with this fall equinox.

the guilt of existence: burdening
flakes into the air like the impending snow.

the insecurity of me: debilitating
slowly rises in life's oven from unformed dough into victuals.

the hatred of self: rupturing
exploring with the simplest of the emotions to appreciate.

love is my life's guarantee.

October 16th 2007 - 12:30 p.m.

the freedom of poverty

she's sweeping leaves
with a folded free
newspaper.

we give 'em away, the
news is that
ubiquitous.

why can't charity be
so fluidly exhumed from
our wallets?

he's stumbling with a bite
a sandwich
graciously donated.

we give 'em away, the
waste is so
despised.

why can't caring be
our collective purpose
instead of our free ride syndrome?

October 16th 2007 - 12:33 p.m.

inked

I've been inked, too.
what to many is conformity
and perhaps here it's the
rational motivation.

it's really my courage.
my desire to be me,
to hate less, love more,
cherish always the
intense emotions life is
demanding of me to
explore daily.

I've been inked too.
but not because it gives me
security
the way gang signs do.
unless we suddenly
redesign gang definition
to include those like me
who want to do everything
within their newly acquired
power
to assist.

October 16th 2007 - 12:36 p.m.

shopping list for founding fathers' families

the treats, the coffee.
the freshly milked cows.
the cream.
the ironed shirts.
the refilled pens.
the laundered clothes.
the polished workplaces.
the tidied picture frames.
the dusted shelves.

the restocked brandy,
the delicately accented flowers
scattered appropriately near the
neatly scrubbed windows.

the children kept at bay
away from their fathers.
or the fathers' sons
allowed in on this groundbreaking
level of discussion.

what coordination it all took!
what scheduling of potty breaks
they must have anarchistically organized.

in order to
be the founding mothers,
in silence.

October 23rd 2007 - 11:55 a.m.

the splintering of our species

what to be the determinants, they thought,
as they mixed little doses of the latest
genetic concoctions
in that laboratory known as Society?

they threw out the class distinctions of the past,
those burdening, loathsome notions
of who is rich and who is poor
and replaced it with the vanity of
who is beautiful and who is hideous.

they tossed aside the merits of the species,
those complicated thoughts
of who will achieve and who will sit idle
and replaced them with who will act pretty
and who will say, "yes, please!" to any request.

they chucked the formalities of goodness,
those rambling concepts
of who will contribute or who will show conceit
in the face of measuring precisely who has nothing to give
but their own narcissism.

the splintering of our species
began early on,
when in that simple chemistry experiment
we stopped working together to create an
explosion of accomplishment.

instead, hell bent
on individual gains,
we allowed those to succeed and these to fail.
what animal creatures we all are,
when we lose sight of humanity.

October 24th 2007 - 7:35 p.m.

the tribune

just like history
modern struggles can be traced to the past.

elves, gnomes,
the insecure fairies and goblins
hiding below the fallen autumn

castigated, molted by the revengeful trees,
the sullen society that has no place for the fantastic.

we have paths,
some more trodden.
all leading, learning,
and we can be leery of what
adventures they would have us arrive at.

and access to help can be more than an extended lifesaver away.
coping. those intoxicants helped.
but how to ever truly believe in progress?

I've studied the occasional war,
the ones where trenches filled
the lost arms, hearts, heads,
even of those who returned,
and wondered how to win my own.

so I ingrained quite literally,
historical struggle into my blood.
I cauterized the hope that
only despair will encourage.

and look! the hills have
monsters charging this way.
daemons pushing fast.
the front lines might not hold
the impending flood.

but they couldn't handle-
come on if you think!
this hurricane of me
is the immeasurable force
of millennia of winning armies.

October 25th 2007 - 9:58 a.m.

street currency

apparently canadian tire
money has multiple uses.
take for instance the envelope
one can make to roll up
a block of hash in
like I just saw on
east hastings.

currency of two kinds,
it seems
became necessary in places where
traditional money
is practically elusive.

what to put in those hands,
those cupped, chapped fingers?
a coffee, a bite,
or the coins that buy
something, nothing, everything,
illicit or legal?

what to say to those hands,
those reaching, pained,
struggling, uncovered,
when all I want to be is
this jesus-like modern day
secularist on the streets
and can't?

my currency I think goes
somewhere useful.
but all the measurable investments
mean little
when I encounter those
basics of the economy
where demand and supply
meet my leering eyes
on the simplest dodging
method through their world.

October 26th 2007 - 9:45 p.m.

exoneration

you can savour the moment,
and it will attempt to last.

but sometimes, there is no taste
to be had,
when the blood is drawn
and the feeling intense
and the movement of your neurons
into their little collective happy places
replicates that scurrying that happens
each autumn when the chipmunks
find their winter burrows.

you can savour the moment,
and it will attempt to fulfill.

but sometimes, there is no hunger
to be quenched
when the stomach lifts
and ecstasy the elixir of peace
drills deep into the veins and
pushes out all intoxicants
into their rightful place
in the bowels of the world
where bliss has yet to embrace
even those cold surfaces.

you can savour the moment,
and it will attempt to provide grace.

but sometimes, there is no elegance
to be admired
when the body believes
and acts appropriately to develop
all that we know is the solitude
and contentment and indulgence
and kindness and pleasure
and delight and elation and joy
and rapture and euphoria
and blessedness and glory
and benediction of this world's
most precious gift of vindication.

October 28th 2007 - 1:24 p.m.

circus of hate

not enough love in that manger,
in that deranged,
lost,
head of heads.

the beds folded neatly had corners
unruffled
the pillows always fluffed in the morning
but not too fluffy or pouffy,
we wouldn't want that.

the dogs, obedient,
yes,
but not like the women,
who sit and beg for the scraps
of civil society
bestowed upon them.

no, not the dominant view,
but one that hasn't been
exonerated from christianity
like it should have been.
yes, that's a normative statement,
if there ever was one.

I guess I had it all wrong, then,
when I thought
we were beyond hating each other,
and when I thought
we would be better than
bringing a circus of hate into town
every time someone dies.

November 1st 2007 - 12:33 a.m.

following the footsteps

there once was a path,
and I knew that walking it would be
good.

justice,
liberty,
equality,
the good shit.

but following the footsteps
is not always easy
when the gaps can be so large.

I like to think
I can manage my own,
these peds are fairly large
in their own way.

but the stride!
the massive, terrifying,
tremendous movements forward
everyone has already made
that I now need to leap
like that lizard, like that tiger,
like those monkeys from trees,
like those flying squirrels,
and unlike this sloth,
just to get between each print.

that said,
I soldier on,
as any good little boy would do,
for there is much, indeed, to.

November 1st 2007 - 12:36 a.m.

gnomes and villages and trees and the like

the mystical never did much more
than fascinate me.

what, when I would wake up and walk
with the swiftness of the air
the speed at which beautiful paces can be made down the creative path
is fairly brisk.

safety, then, in that eternal
community that lives on
in a little gnome village inside of my head.

let's cut the bullshit
and pretend for a moment that childish behaviour
isn't more than a refusal from modern adult considerations
of how to rebel.

that said,
in the trees, and the moss,
the ferns and the undergrowth, the leaves buried a place
where the fantastic brought about more than fantasy.

safety is in knowing we're people too.
and sometimes,
even those of us who feel on the edge
know we're people too
by knowing more about the world
than even our brilliant calculating minds
care to imagine.

for our own security,
and for that of others,
it'd probably be a good idea
to indulge a little more in the characteristically psychotic
and less in the grease-covered nachos
and believe, once in a while, that figuring it all out
isn't what makes us great.
it's knowing that somewhere, secretly,
the gnomes and elves are plotting to make us happy
and that knowing exactly how or why isn't the answer,
it's that we know we're not alone
in a world often hidden under the bushes.

November 1st 2007 - 12:42 a.m.

surfacing

I've always been here,
floating beneath the surface.

it's why I was once there,
on a black sand beach.

the water was cold, and so
I opened my eyes
and saw
something I hadn't seen before.

we know what it was.
it doesn't take this author
to describe.

it was the sun!
it was the stars!
it was the waves!
it was the people!
it was the joy!
it was the volcanoes!
it was the lava!
it was the food!
it was the magic!

it was the world,
sitting there,
beckoning against the odds
that I could hear it calling
from under the waves.

now that I've come up
to fill air into these lungs
I know why.

life emerged from the sea.
tsunamis, too.
and so did this little evolved monkey.

November 1st 2007 - 12:47 a.m.

thunder and lightning

they say we only have
a minute possibility
of being struck
by lightning.

please call 9-1-1,
if you're in my vicinity.
I've been ignited,
and the normally grounding
rubber I have in my boots
hasn't done much good.

I am off,
I am free, and I am on fire,
flaming with the intensity
of those solstices that our friends
the wiccans turned into celebration.

I am alight,
I am free, and I am burning,
blazing with the furor
of those astronauts when they open the pod
and look out with virgin eyes into the only real warranty-worthy vacuum.

I am flushed,
I am free, and I am fevered,
singed with the love
of those creative minds who bothered before
to plot out exactly why we fuss with life.

listen, comrades,
friends, lovers, foes:

I am thunder, a reminiscent reminder
of my strike.
watch me roar.

November 1st 2007 - 12:52 a.m.

ahora que tengo veinticinco años, ¿a donde voy?

he's so betrayed by what
he thought would have been
this life.

he thought nothing of the sort,
that happiness would ever
be these shoulders' shawl
and yet here they are,
warming so much
they are contemplating a shedding.

he thought nothing of the sort,
that joys would ever
be this career path's making
a choice between the good and the bad
so evidently clear in the mind
and he impressively choosing right.

he thought nothing of the sort,
that hope would ever
be this heart's guiding range,
that the parameters would ever be set
so he could go out and inspire,
and never falter to show conviction.

he thought nothing of the sort,
that twenty five years later
he would know where to go in this
miraculous birth he knows he was granted
and in the shadows of the titans
he still found a way to distance himself
ever so slightly
so that the sun would know where to shine.

November 1st 2007 - 12:57 a.m.

luxury

oh, there is luxury.
more than the abundance of x
is the wealth of wealthy.
the way purchases consume coins.
the manner that our wants
always trump their needs.

the wheels roll on,
electrically powered,
and deliver us to particular
or discriminant destinations.
but what of their electricity?
what of their power to get somewhere?

a coffee. a strudel.
a moment spent in line to
exchange our cash for
the luxurious privilege of
mass-frozen and preserved shit.

not quite unlike a moment or two
in line to trade currency for
the right to ever access their
own pathetically low payments.
where they queue to merely take handouts.

ah, yes, don't worry, cynics.
there are joy riders-
just as your neighbours burden
the system with excessive greed.
houseboats really sum up the death
of charity.

November 1st 2007 - 11:54 a.m.

authorized

authorized
means not me.
it means a little break
in the winter's rain
that stops and says,
sorry, but you aren't even
allowed to get dry.
you don't have appropriate
clearance.

the libertarians
gather in groups.
how quaint.
their endogenous socializing
necessity
collectively challenges
the norm.

the anarchists
fold their flyers, printed
in non-union corporate shops,
in the little huddling corners
of our urban landscapes
and devour the self-gratifying notion
of converting a few more.

authorized
means not me.
but only because from the sidelines
all we can do is watch,
listen, and externally critique.
but we're not given the
authority
to contribute.

November 1st 2007 - 11:57 a.m.

postmodern alien

“hi,” she said.

“why would you presume to start
a conversation?”
he replied.

“don’t you think you’ve assumed
that I want to talk to you?”

“don’t you?” she replied.

“yes, but that’s not the point,
you approached me
and thought I was able to
talk, for one,
and that I would want to talk
with you,
for two.”

“well, um,”
she hesitated.
“How’s it going?”

“Doesn’t that presuppose that
things should be going well?
what a loaded question!”
he answered, defiantly.
“It shouldn’t matter how I go,
how I feel, how I am,
it should be all relative to nothing!”

she turned away. left.
didn’t say any more.

“Doesn’t turning your back to me
assert your power relationship over me?”
he quivered.
“come back here!”

but then he was only upset with
himself.

November 5th 2007 - 5:10 p.m.

raindrops keep falling on my head

what would be the screams saying,
when they impact!
the millions of little faces
flinging themselves from the clouds
a lovely serenading synchronized swim
through the air
the bullet speed
mass suicide
of rain drops.

we can bathe in
their mortality,
and they never even knew their names.
to think of the efforts
to forgo identity in order to
cherish our bodies and planet
with the nourishment
of airborne aquifers.

what must the animals think
as they reach upwards and
taste the sky's tears?

what glamour they must feel
when the air instills
a new solid state on their bodies
and crystallises their forms
when winter's might
crushes the temperature lower
and they are our snowflakes,
the building blocks of every
igloo and ski terrain?

and how sad the clouds must be,
every time they mourn their tears
they open up the vents again,
and out fling
the latest batch.

I will cheer them up,
with my hope and aspirations.

November 6th 2007 5:30 p.m.

gender division of labour in the oil sands

one woman,
will she satisfy their needs?
for the lineup to
Fort McMurray
is littered with a breed of
rich, working class men,
spread across the divides
of identity
but solidified in sex.

black, or not.
mostly white, lost in
the fashion time warp
that must be
Northern Alberta.

Fat? oh yes.
some look more than
well-nourished on the
bachelor survival methods
they live off without wives.

November 6th 2007 9:03 p.m.

homeothermal

fire places can war more than feet.
cold hearts, apart,
breathe transparent exhaust
that they emanate.
they pollenate those withered bits
with the love of creation.
they soar when needed to
spread the wings,
deeply folded in every
weary introvert and
exhausted extrovert.

they take passion
and show it in a physical exertion
the same way bodies try,
sometimes failing.
they melt notions of
sustainability
in every worthy log lapped up in flame.

fireplaces can warm more than feet.
frozen people, though,
can't be resuscitated.
that only requires time.

November 6th 2007 9:30 p.m.

intruder

why, why, why?
I ask because they will.
only 55 minutes at 37,000 ft
and only briefly does my angelic human
form touchdown.

not for a fear, oh no.
each day I wake with less of those.

I cry here, secretly,
without allowing normally unstrained
tears from their cages.

I don't want pain
for those who are good.
my punishing is in watching their suffering.

that's why. as if a
documentarian following a
dying elephant calf,
I put down the megaphone
(they can't hear me from the ivory tower)
and lift them up.
that's why.

November 6th 2007 9:33 p.m.

babble

ah yes, the moments of splendour,
they like to spread out,
the spilled blenderized drinks would otherwise coat the counter
if it wasn't for those dratted cloths.

and I would be the spiller,
the oxymoron of the kitchen
who likes the colour combinations of what happens when
bubble teas leak their pearls all over the place
and their tears make even the coolest of trendy white boys
clot up inside in their lacrimal systems.

what? what?
ah yes, the realizations of complexity, they like to melt away,
the ooze of the guilt that once solidified in the hearts of
every lost boy and girl who felt nothing
but hatred inside for existing.

and I would be the liquifier,
the thawer of the warmest ices
that leaked his own ambitions into the
waiting chilled rigid notions of humanity
the one whose cogent argument for sanity
compelled even those hardened libertarian
snowflakes they would be better baked in the sun.

¿what!? ¿ique!?
ah yes, the commandments of youth,
they like to discharge themselves like lax moral high grounds
the way the pro-lifers find quick solace at the sexual options centre
when the bastards arrive.

and I would be the counsellor,
the trainer who has found simple paths beyond the snowcaps
into the valleys of where we thought we could head.
the one who likes mixed up metaphors and long-winded phrases
and unravels all that deconstruction brings
with the worker belts and their tax-free boots
the one who knows the flaws, knows the faults
and still is willing to help others
pick up the pieces.

November 15th 2007 - 10:05 p.m.

dying to go to church, those four ladies

if you fill the coffee percolator
in time there is
room in the evening's agenda
for a cup prior to
the meal.

maybe even, to be devious,
while cutting up the
donated tarts and pies,
we could split a piece.

look here! I have
four freshly scrubbed forks.

I've set the juice crystals
the pitchers and stir sticks
next to the sink. ready.

when is Evelyn arriving with
her custard sauce for the
berry tart?

Any moment.

who found the
gravy boats?
they're here, hidden
behind the china.

Oh, marvelous!

do you remember when
Francine had her reception here
and we had those donated as
part of Wilfred's
estate?

That was a lovely meal.
Yes, the meat was so tender.

Phyllis' jellied salad seemed a little soggy.
put it in the freezer,
I just cleared room
after removing the ice cream.
it needs to thaw anyhow.

oh, alright.

Do you have a sink running?
yes, but the groundskeepers
haven't bought new soap.

That's alright,
I brought some from home,
Wal-mart had it on for
\$2.68 a bottle.

oh, that's
quite a good
price.

Where did you get these
seat warmers?

Rae found them at the
Wilson auction, the whole set for
\$25.

Do you have any tissues?
That bitter cold left me with the
sniffles.

Right under my seat, dear.

Oh, could we catch the news?
I heard they caught
that
pedophile.

oh, the children these days,
I don't know how they cope.

What's that van doing?

November 27th 2007 12:53 p.m.

ability

He was a genius, once,
when semicolons needed placement
more often than they do now.

when lawns needed mowing
in particular row arrangements.

when the correct packing of minivans
suited for a family vacation was necessary.

when the ordering of stock and supplies for
various events became the norm for friday nights.

not here, though,
situated on a foreign bed,
grasping for some innate ability to
mould all these others' opuses into
his own.

but ha!
it's not so simple to think that
only those things are ever necessary.

perhaps there is insight for him,
and somewhere, organised neatly
under that travel equipment, or
tucked between appropriately spliced and semicoloned clauses,
under the clippings of horizontally-manicured urban grass scapes,
in the shipping and receiving statements of trans fat-laden treats,
there is a man who
knows he has a place here,
one where he can give all he can
and even if perfection is out of reach
it's something more than what he thought he ever could have given
had giving up ever been contemplated.

December 14th 2007 9:46 p.m.

fortuity

you may have more than
a red sleek chair
perfectly angled against the
stark white blindness that
life's blizzard confronts us.
it is the blood that runs through
your veins, that innate sense
to design your place and
and to be happy.

but I am luckier.

you may have more than
a delivery from richmond
the boxes are piled high
with the \$2 gadgets only discounted
japanese stores may deliver.
the animals, sewn to life with
cheap child labour et al
abound in your apartment
and make it a home with children
or for them.

but I am luckier.

you may have more than
manners that speak volumes of your character
a nauseating kindness that never ceases to show
love when so much of the world
thinks we are to be vilified.
you are polite in that eccentric way
a chinese fortune cookie
tells me tomorrow will bring riches for us all
in bed.

but I am luckier.

you may have more than
friends who would find a spare plate
to serve you in your inability
to prepare simple meals with that
meticulously clean kitchen.
with warmth and the flames of their
gas-powered fireplaces and hearts
they would cross oceans or
even find a way to walk around them
if it meant bringing you peace.

but I am luckier.

you may have more than
most. I've been sitting
observing what some do not hold
in their lives like you do.
I've been noticing, in the passing
time I've spent reaching you
on a constant basis,
that others are not so fortunate
or welcoming of the love that
is all around for them to receive.

but I am luckier,
for I have you, and
that is all I need.

December 17th 2007 11:59 a.m.

where

where, where
the compass would be spinning
and not find polar north.

direction is seldom needed
I guess
when we need simply to begin.

I couldn't ask
nor expect, nor dream
for a journey like this one.

we flew, oh yes,
and the carbon emissions
gathered in the storm clouds.

we bathed, oh yes,
and the beads of water
flicked off our wet towels.

we climbed, oh yes,
and the mountains folded
neatly like I now can do to shirts.

but a starting point?
I guess the lingering of doubts
one year ago gives ample clues.

where we were,
it wasn't the place.
that irrelevance is demonstrated.

where to go,
it wasn't to be prescribed.
that was evident.

it was where
I needed salvation from
in this little life.

so where to begin?
when ends are not supposed
to be so descriptive?

the days churned out events,
occurrences, actions,
and oh yes, experiences.

the nights churned out dreams,
happenings, parties,
and oh yes, nightmares.

but in some strange way

it wasn't where but how.
it was how to be.

and I found an answer,
fortunately, where I knew
I could be okay.

it was simple,
like the clouds, or the rain.
they know how to be good.

and so I chose to be,
also. to be good.
to be happy.

where to begin?
how about there?
why not, friend?

December 18th 2007 10:53 p.m.

harder part about being alone

the harder part about being alone
is not being in a corner.
it's that behind you,
the thrusts of wind are all that
the wall entails.
the cliff hangs sharp under your feet,
with an edge so razor-like as
to let you know,
this is what is keeping you from falling.

the harder part about being alone
is not being filled with solitude.
it's that in front of you,
the raring dream scape that otherwise
plays out in mainstream horror films
that reality demonstrates
can't be turned off.

the harder part about being alone
is not the fear of indifference.
it's that inside you,
the knowledge of the overwhelming
burden that your mind
has been graced with to solve
all that danger confronting
your survival.

the hardest part about being alone
is knowing that
reliance is only on your self.

December 24th 2007 10:01 p.m.

test

in this test,
I've come up with an assortment
of grades.

on the one hand,
I have so much knowledge
that it overflows on occasion
and tires all that
are examining my abilities.

on the other hand,
when they start the water lodging
of persecutions,
I come up with nothing but
tortured emotions,
and fail to breathe.

in this test,
I sometimes come up empty handed,
in a world where what you bring
to the table is the ultimate evaluation.

December 24th 2007 10:04 p.m.

all of a sudden

all of a sudden
there was a simple task at hand
- where? where?

I thought the forest density
would be consumed in this fog.
I thought the trails' costumes of leaves
would be swept up by the wind.

I liked to move quickly, then,
as I sought out what I thought
needed doing.
I liked to feel breeze
more appropriately on my face
than whizzing ahead of me
from the pace of others.

all of a sudden,
where to became where I was from
when I arrived where
I am now.
the land of splendour,
where no longer this stomach ache
permeates my mind
where no longer frantic doubts
crush opportunities to
excel.

all of a sudden,
I was happy.

December 27th 2007 11:29 p.m.

B23

a scant six months ago
maybe seven
I was exactly here, in Calgary.
the city that haunts me by lingering
in my memory as my mecca of consumer choice.
now, the obese ruin
of unplanned economic disaster.

a scant six months ago
or seven
I had no idea life would start to twist
in ways of formation unbeknownst to that man,
who lingered in the airport hallways
for countless painfully lonely moments
hoping to find a little salvation.

a scant six months ago
maybe seven
a boy was crying internally for a grief-stricken life,
waiting for some sort of unknown metamorphosis to take over
turn this encompassing shell into an enclave of hope.
to take this fragility of life and find meaning,
however temporarily.

a scant six months ago
or seven
staring out at those who
would travel copilot with me to London
did little to stem my eyes' cravings
for nourishment of a face that would stare
back lovingly into these eyes.

a scant seven months ago,
there was little, but hope.

probably why alive is my corpse.
probably why nourished is my brain.
probably why healthy is my spirit.
probably why life shows me
daily a new opportunity to appreciate its angelic experiences.
those that lift even the neediest of larvae
into the monarchs of the insect world.

December 30th 2007 9:08 p.m.

I work for them

I work for them,
waking to make the tax
dollars for these women who,
when given a hard up in
the short wait of the express line
shower insults our way.

traveling to fill the void for the lonely vegetarian
waiters littering the pathetic
chain restaurants
stuck offering grilled burger
in airports.

smiling for the hippies
who wear new leather
moccasins as they devour
the latest text messages from
their distant lovers.

labouring for hours to
earn my ends meet for the
women flaunting north american
middle class elitism in
their sheep skin UGG boots.

snoring for the bus drivers
who in between combing their
germanic red hair
goatees, they take tickets
from children and load
seniors' luggage into the coaches' underbelly.

bumping into the delicately
polite immigrants who
justify tiers of labour
and unjustifiably low wage levels.

obeying the smartly dressed
suits who want nothing
of me other than my lack of presence in their
errand-filled path.
I work for them.

December 30th 2007 - 9:17 p.m.

a pleasant euphoria

there will come a time
when the limitless ends.
I know it.

right now, realities that
set focus on the here.
the near future.
but the casual forces
breed much cynicism.

who would dare dwelling in
the kinetic pull of
society that dares make
political accomplishments
out of consumerism?

what could I hardly do
to affect people more concerned
with celebrity children's drug testing
than opposition assassinations?

still, there is here a flame,
a candle of limitless hope.
one that has guided me this far...

December 30th 2007 - 9:21 p.m.

creation

from the outside,
a simple little face
guided in direction and shape
by the bristling black hairs
above his lip,
beneath his cheeks
towards the chin.

from the outside,
a tablespoon's worth of exhalation
monumental only in that
it breaths life into that slowly rising chest
filling those two organic balloons
with the stillness of sleep
and continued existence.

but look a little deeper.
the incredible cosmic reaction
that the universe decided was necessary here.
a dash of galactic space dust
a pinch of the remnants of black holes
the darkness of the exterior nightlight
the brightness of solar flares
the unquantifiable number of connections
between the elements from one
billion years apart
just to make him for me.

January 6th 2008 - 9:37 a.m.

107 steps

with cracking knees I've bent
down to the street level
to observe what it is
that we're stepping on each day.

look, here, in the dust between
the feet and their encasing shoes.
patterns of the bliss that
only life likes to arrange,
the jigsaws lacking real edges
and the rawness of their formation.

look here, in the gum and wrappers
the unknown phlegm gobs piling up
in the least of intricate arrangements
the drab and dreary, the mighty mistaken
lack of colour coordination,
the disfiguring dirt crumbles on the pavement.

it's with this view,
street level and looking upwards,
do I see what every single placement
of one of these long appendages on the ground
really means.

what could be forgotten or thought of
as nothing more than a movement
is actually an impacting moment -
not just where I'm going
but a place where things occur,
like the accumulation of bits of
heaven under our soles.

and every day, and every step,
intensifies the gathering.

January 6th 2008 - 9:42 a.m.

organ donation ban

So, it's come to this standoff.
Where the little girl, begging to survive,
perched on the perilous cliff of death below and life
on the edge
is pushed just a little further.

I was here, offering my safety blanket,
the care that it would take
to bring her back.
I was here, offering my only gift, the real one,
the one of quantity of life.

I actually held within me
measurable amounts of life.

Just that, one tiny glitch
in the plans to save.
just that, one tiny difference
in the plans to be gracious.
just that, one tiny distinction
in the plans of altruism.

they wouldn't take my
safety blanket,
they wouldn't take my
assistance.

oh yes, it would function exactly the same.
and oh yes, it would bring new quantity of life.
everything would be normal,
restored, blessed.

but they've ranked our gifts on a unilateral scale,
and mine now doesn't make
the justified mark.

how dare, how dare,
to take the only gift I may give.

my, how the mighty, how they
build the institutional barriers
to their own children's survival.

January 7th 2008 - 10:33 p.m.

\$5 for Molly

four food groups
roofs overhead, sheltering warmth,
radiant sheets
the latest dreads, or at least
a rugged concoction of cotton.

instead, \$5 for Molly.

it buys little nutrition.
it pays little rent.
it purchases little clothing.

but the morning dose of
guilt.

the wondering of when,
when will I crumble from
sympathy?

when are my consumer
purchases going to have
less importance than minimising
another's grief?

\$5 for Molly
buys that.

“Have a good day,”
I leave, to float in the air
just above a practically
useless drop of paper,
that bluish one hued
with a rich Prime Minister
or some fool.

“You have a good one too,”
simply rises up.
a minimal response.
a minimal effort.
but maximum impact.

January 11th 2008 - 1:09 p.m.

sweet escape

I am her, that
plainly clothed nerdy woman
with the unkept hair
MEC bag and simple,
regularly manufactured shoes.
but I'm also smiling.

I am him, that
stylishly flamboyant man
frosted tips, simple 1/2 frames
a scarf to ward off the
fashion police.
but I'm also grimacing.

I am her, that
common downtown whore,
silver sneakers match the
silver wrapper of her chocolate bar,
huddling for hours in doorways.
but I'm also lost.

I am him, that
desperately urban young male,
white as surrender flags
hugging the solemn character
of conformity on the outside,
listening to Gwen Stefani
secretly on the skytrain.
but I'm also asking for acceptance.

I am me, that
slowly and surely found man,
an observation pen in hand,
longing to follow religious leaders
in a quest for morality
hell bent on discovering simple ways
to grow my altruism,
humbled by others in this quest for experiences.
but I'm also escaping.

January 11th 2008 - 11:08 p.m.

conviction

there isn't a cliff I could be perched near
where pushing me off would be an option.

vertical maneuvers,
horizontal declines
and still, this is a rock
failing to budge.

rabbits nibble at the grass that
roots around my base.
birds peck at the sun baked, salted
pest carcasses that line my edges.
humans kick rabidly at my sides,
hoping for some sort of impact.

but I know better than to
encompass myself with easily disturbed
surroundings.

it takes eons - which in the scheme
of a 14 billion year expansion project
is fairly minimal -
to find cementation to such values.
but I had a lot of time,
reflecting so many hours
while the rest lay lingering between
R.E.M. and day and the moments scattered there.

and here, even with all the cranes of Dubai
even with the forklifts of every discount warehouse
and the pile drivers of every private road contractor
stacked up against me,
do I fail to budge, even the slightest.

conviction is that deep in these veins,
a close bond found in the physical world only
perhaps between the quarks and electrons.

no cliff would dare allow me to fall over.

February 6th 2008 - 8:22 p.m.

this economy

this economy,
apparently created by masterminds of humanity,
lacks something.
inclusion.

why bother having a system,
why build the roads and vehicles to success,
why process the fuels and the satellite dish-delivered stations
the lunchbox holders and the coffee cup containers
the garbage bag handles
and collections of ashtrays next to children's seats,
why design an entire network of cars
to get from poverty to wealth
without asking the passengers about their needs?

this economy,
apparently drafted out of the knowledge of generations,
fails somewhere,
here.

why build the docks where shipbuilders proliferate,
where the ignorant of fishermen may try their luck at marine life,
where the hammers and nails are imported and the
colossal structures unite the deep of the water and the depths of the sky
where sails and engines and turbines and all those little
microeconomic tweaks that get things going efficiently are constructed,
where cargo cranes diminish our notions of
what can be moved from those eastern seas to the west,
and of what consumer needs we actually have,
without noticing the crafts left stranded by the tide?

this economy,
apparently the summation of historical evidence to the contrary,
disappoints me,
sadly.

February 9th 2008 - 3:19 p.m.

the heterodox kid

the heterodoxy I like isn't probably that innate.

I like conformity,
what, when the universe determines
baby seagulls all should scatter
when threatening human presence
triumphs on their secure space
of grubs and pigeon droppings.

I like uniformity,
what, when the candies pumped out
by the ingenuity of those food corps
politely meet my taste buds with the
well-tested and well-worn familiarity
of a million times before.

I like homogeneity,
what, when friends transcend their
cultural constrictions and class oppressions
and just act as friends,
the ones who are there for you no matter
your dire straights or your unsubdued needs to feel comforted.

I like consistency,
what, when the weather neither peaks nor falls
in temperature,
and the sun determines
a bubble bath in clouds is needed to soothe
otherwise scorched shoulders from its rays.

but I don't like the trend of
buying into
the consumer consciousness
that neglects human need
and accentuates
individual success.

I don't like the current of
upstream swimming for some,
what with the flows of this society
ever pulling backwards
on the shirt-strings of those
struggling to succeed.
I don't like the inclination of
winner-takes-all collective mantras of wealth,
when those with
generous factor endowments
find entitlement in this land
with enough to share.

these dislikes and likes
haven't always been indwelling
in this blood.

the red stuff lacks
the knowledge of much more
than oxygen as nutrition.

but every time
homelessness and poverty
decide today is not the day for global rejoice
of our economy
I guess I reject orthodoxy
a little bit more.

February 9th 2008 - 5:02 p.m.

warlock

lovely, was the morning light,
the opportune time to be outside.

but the cauldron kept on percolating
and wishing for more ingredients.
satisfaction in the realm of this warlock's brew
always seems to make happiness take a step aside.

snow was falling, innocent and all.
it may have been rain, it's hard to tell.
the fire burning here, alight with new timbers,
coals scorched blue with heat,
evaporating any notion of penetrating precipitation.

no matter, for a soundtrack was in the carriage,
an aural cocoon that supposed the man
could benefit from a little metamorphosis,
what, with a visible cauldron
steeped in history engorging those around him.

it didn't work. neither did the elixirs,
black, trapped like black, the opposite of what
reflections of that morning light might have been
in his eyes had he opened them to the world around, where
walls stood firm, water ran freely and love was waiting.

it became apparent, and perhaps not too soon,
that this cauldron would not be a appreciable experiment forever.
oh yes, perhaps once in a while,
a little flare up wouldn't hurt too much.
there would always be an eye or two lying near
for the additional punch.

but we should be warned.
the warlocks in all of us desire little more than revenge,
and while sweet, they say,
it's really a matter of taste buds.
I'd rather prefer to savour something delicate,
like the fruitful good ideas
the morning light might have lent
the ones waiting to be borrowed permanently
in an opportune time to be outside.

February 11th 2008 - 11:52 p.m.

elements

I feel small.
there are breezes in the air,
and they carry long stories of what it was like to be around
when these building blocks scattered.

what was carbon, was it
born with a desire to pollute?
did it know that it was harmful to us?
did it inherit guilt in this stage?
did it seek out sequestration in this world?
or did it say - I aspire to be diamonds.

what was oxygen, was it
birthed with a rejuvenating hue?
was it aware it would be sought after in bars?
did it yearn to be filling our lungs?
did it know how essential it'd become?
or did it say - I aspire to be water.

what was mercury, was it
thrown from that galactic womb in rejection?
was it aware it would poison aquifers?
was it spurned for its liquidity at room temperature?
did it contemplate evaporation?
or did it say - I aspire to be glimmering.

the breezes, subtly,
have been mincing words.
the languages are so bastardised now,
what, with the yelps and screeches
of insanity that generates only after
we have lost our ways and connections.

but there is a notion there,
waiting to be listened to.
the building blocks tell us
the essentials are still, and always will be, truth.

savour, little one, the breezes tell me,
for the world is as complicated only as you make it.
What we see are merely elements.
build, build, build.

February 11th 2008 - 12:28 am

era

an era
requires beginnings
conclusions
perhaps a denouement

let's begin.

smoke on the water
collects above sullen waterfowl,
wings flapping, feathers
coagulated with oil slick
and timer pulp mill run off,
a process of rekindling
between natures that
is long since recognised as
false-ridden.

this dirt gathers in new ways.
the doors of leased vehicles
accumulate with filthy guilt
for those single suitors looking to
impress consumer-conscious women,
lost in their battle
for independence and adherence
to hegemonic shopping addition.

surely there are more than those
who threw down
their sickles and hammers
centuries ago and
raise their postures
above complacent kneeling
at this capitalist temple
of the market driven lifestyle.

surely there are more in this era
who reject that middle-aged men
are adding value to our street corners
by their eight year old
rekindled fort building skills.

surely there are more than us
who forfeit our rights to daily peace
in the acquiescence of taxation returns
to the benefits of these legal entities
with more sway than our
collective manifestations of distrust.

surely there are more than they
who would call for 1968-era solutions
(the full-circle development
where the rights of the romantic
era of freedom
are accepted with dignity as implementations
of the right paths to utopia.)

let's begin,
for this era falls on my shoulders
with water-logging burden,
sweeping me into a tide of well-wishing
ideologically-free idealists
seeking the marching papers that,
followed correctly,
take us somewhere.

let's begin.

February 18th 2008 - 1:03 p.m.

what a white guy has to say about first nations people

solutions seeking
can be so misleading.

tell me, young one,
why this impermeable water
fluid like its natural aquifers,
at least in summer,
would want to bare
assimilating this new
salty content?

tell me, great elder,
why these winds are not fragrant
with the hope of the future
coming tide of ideas,
billowing out past the prairie horizon
that I know you've explored more than I?

I will tell you.
I have that privilege that desires to be appreciated.
I will tell of the greatness
that I have envisioned for you,
and of my knowledge,
accumulated through the colonial institutions
I've helped impose
through solitary silent endorsement
and willful participation.

that I will do.
what I won't, sadly,
is stand back and suffer in these shadows,
the mystical removed from my hope
and the dire needs present in my memory.

I know, what a further imposition.
it's what intruders do, impose.
but only because
I don't know how else to help.

solutions seeking
can feel so desperate.

February 22nd 2008 - 10:55 p.m.

intransigent

it'd be absolute bliss,
but laying in the bed they make
is just one part of the reward.

with the morning squeeze of orange juice and eye lids
opening the pours
and letting the rays in
and letting the liquid out
they'd admire what they've accomplished.

they'd lay there,
waiting on their help
and wishing nothing but congratulations for their accomplishments
of the minions that have managed to
make it all work for their favour.

but priorities are lost in between the yawns
of executive wake up calls.

it'd be absolute bliss,
only because when nothing really matters
what matters is the unrecognisable reality of what exists.

I exist.
and not alone.

the unknown subsist because we have to,
for they would like us to fail.

the undisclosed manage because they know otherwise,
their numbers would peak and plummet, too.

the nameless persist because
they like revelling, too, in the bliss,
the elation of what it is like to prevent their success.

it'd be a benediction, that morning,
when we all awake and squeeze oxygen into our chest caverns,
illuminate our pupils and admire our achievements,
for this world exists, these people exist,
and this intransigent remains
ready for action.

March 1st 2008 - 11:46 p.m.

congressional murder of crows

the crow congress said something.
they gathered above,
wires as their soap boxes,
branches as their benches,
cawing about all of the matters that make
the day to day search for existence
relevant.

we passed, underneath, unbeknownst to them,
those who do not worry about the disgust others perpetuate
when a large man drinks two sodas in one sitting,
those who do not toss at night about the ramifications of
particular vote buying corrupt strategies.

I imagine the agenda was much more simple than that,
focused on the intricacies of crow life,
something I guess they've been gathering about
for the eons of their existence.

I wonder when they stop flying and think
why they are here?
I wonder if they re-contemplate
the move from the central Asia?
I wonder if they knew a pending car crash
would occur under their collective perch?

or was it merely that, a murder,
where the gathering of like souls
brings merriment?

March 6th 2008 - 12:58 a.m.

running

I've spent years lifting
these knees high.
sprints between occasions,
obstacles the fumbling barriers
on this run.

but what motivation?
why the shuddering shoulders?
I know my internal measurement
says I can relay
better than the nay-sayers.

line the fences, then,
with the superfans and
cheerleaders we gather
along the way.
their cheers and enthusiasm
have a root emotion.

their tears are soaked with
salty love and desire
for my success.

confused? hell yes.
there is no other way to be
when on the track and
constantly looking over
those shuddering shoulders
for some distant disapproval,
as if that should stop me.

it's as if this lingering
insecurity was weights
on these ankles.
I can't be shackled anymore.

thankfully,
those exuberant angels.
the ones running with me,
are the key's keepers.

they love me.

March 13th 2008 - 9:07 a.m.

to acquire supremacy over our lives

Some things under our control
really aren't,
like life.

some things out of our control
really are,
like the life we could make.

so sit, then, and rest on our laurels.
no use making change,
or changing the way we make it,
if superiority is our stoppage.

be weary, then, of any sort of hostility,
no point raising our voice,
or voicing our points ad nauseam,
if sway is not in our cards.

I don't buy it,
just as I don't buy a lot of what
is thrown into our hands, our individualistic,
greedy, unrestricted imbibing hands
that want physical attainments and
lack the ability to assert emotional yields,
and I seem to be doing fine.

some things ascend out of
our comprehension of what is viable,
but that shouldn't halt the masses
from wanting something else.

March 15th 2008 - 4:21 p.m.

the big picture

my hopes for change should be drastically slimmed down.
not out of hostility, though, or the fear or proceeding,
or marching orders handed my way.

look out our windows there are now billions of us.

we need to get real about what
that really means, and how that
honestly modifies our outcomes.

and what is real?
real is the diameter of this tiny planet in a sea of miniature stars
swimming ferociously to catch up with the current
of the ocean of swiftly stirring constellations in one solitary galaxy
seething to rise up and be noticed in the vast absolutely not emptiness
of this universe.

no more fights,
no more weapons drawn then.
we have limited time, finite scope, sparse resources.
we can babble all we want, but it does no use.
we'll be swallowed up into this forgettable element stew soon enough.

I don't want to wage wars,
those strange crusades for protection of our turf, any longer.
because I like the miracles we already have
the challenge to drift out of dreams into the beginning of day.
the nuclear sun that heats this hot blooded skin.
the calming effect of a simple ocean breeze.
the cheer that emanates from children playing.
the muscles around my lips that refuse to relax when a dog approaches.
the gravitational pull that makes the growth of trees a reality.
the billions of little grains of wheat that form into billions of bread loaves.
the nurture of love that solves the mysteries of our origins.
the experiences that give me consciousness and emotional existence.

I guess the bigger picture really is
lost,
then,
unless we all string along with
aspirations of anything but the celebration
of this life.

March 16th 2008 - 9:24 a.m.

structures

more than ever,
it's not the falsified structures
built around us.
the little niches find ways
to host the downtrodden.

the ground swells with
corporate sponsored seedlings
to find life amongst the
granite and concrete.

the definitions are so dangerous.
people!

who would have thought
that we would seek reference
outside of lifting skirts
to know ourselves.

the fathers who face the odds
of a societal construction of
masculine provision
each time they enslave themselves,
the modern ball and chain
politely presented as a 2 piece
and a stunningly original tie.

the same homeless, or poor,
or either, man,
who fails to ride this bus
marches alongside.
what a metaphor, this
physical manifestation
of class struggle.

the one portrayed as non-existent
in a world of structures.
oh, the sheer hypocrisy.

the same world building slums into solitudes
for the affluent,
those capable of using tinted glass and granite countertops
to blind themselves from the street vermin below.

the mothers to be, who
spend more time each week
preparing an external visage
that impossibly measures
to a psychopathic orientation
of what natural beauty and
attraction should be.

we divide, a population fearful of math,
we separate and hierarchically build
structures to tier those
otherwise loving entities
away from us.

people!
oh, the post-modernists must
resent our ever complicating fortitudinal resistance to oneness.
they must drink copiously
in the dankest of social reclusiveness.

to rid themselves of their
fearing minds of consciousness
that it really is all going to plan,
as anarchistically and stunningly original as
that may be.

the question remains.
now, more than ever,
are we building dynamite,
are we lining those support beams,
and are we planning with our willful ignorance,
an incredible destruction?
and if not,
should we?

or simply, is it enough to
persist in this era
where time is structure
that builds new bridges
for us to cross?

March 16th 2008 - 1:15 p.m.

culture of fear

I sense a culture of fear,
where brown equals danger
and danger equals fright
and fright boils down into
the carbon solid hate.

what tornado has torn through
your rights?
what trampling of dignity have
you endured?
what disgrace has this society burdened
your future?

there might have been a time when
there were no gods on land to look up to,
where the skies filled expectations
of what we wanted in this short blip on an
oval of a big rock spinning erratically around a star.

there might have been a time when
we didn't lay into one another with verbal abuse,
where the colours simply reflected those in nature
of the diversity of our own kingdom.

and yes, we're doing perhaps better than
hosing each other down to wash off the
indelible ink of human birth.

but we shouldn't be happy with our
culture of fear.
we are cooking in a cauldron that has
been blackened with age,
stained with the past concoctions
mistakenly thrown together in the hurried attempt at survival.

we drink what we brew,
and the bitterness is nothing more
than the first taste.
be warned, I tell myself, of
what dangers may come,
when ignorance breeds jeopardy.

March 19th 2008 - 6:45 p.m.

the directions of our society

some pointed upwards,
with stars in their shimmering eyes
gasping with the exaltation of what
dreams may come.

some looked downwards,
not even focused on the intricate coordination
of pebbles and stones in the esoteric system
no one could have planned.

some marched forwards,
inching along in the only direction where
progress made advances and receding was
foreign to our vocabulary.

some fall backwards,
terrified of what dangers may might could be
somewhere around every next single corner
rather frightened et al.

some just existed,
longing for a moment of zen when
the directions of our society would point
to success, regardless of our orientation.

I am those some.

March 31st 2008 - 9:34 p.m.

plantations, slavery and society

we have been planters,
fields sorted out and crops cultivated,
seeds littering our pockets,
saving every potential gain.

sewing in our blood,
the way we weave to and fro
and inordinately calm the masses
with what we grow.

they sit on the sidelines,
sipping their life's lemonade,
the product and delivery of us.
we, the farm workers.

they savour little,
the profits of our labour
lining their pockets:
a suitable exploitation.

it's a strange relationship,
where the sun might as well beat down
on either collective set of brows
but we enjoy the weather most.

it's not out of fear for toiling,
it's not out of doubt for laziness,
it's the asphyxiation of thinking
what disaster comes when we rest.

April 6th 2008 - 3:12 p.m.

confidence

confidence,
it's under there.

It decorates that otherwise
definition-lacking formation,
the curvature that edges
only make more pronounced.

it's growth,
an emotional stability
that removal tends to
shake.

it's a standoff,
the protests that never were
attended,
but secretly find such affirmation
and camaraderie.

it's a dictionary of redefinition,
the logic of gender moulded
into cells that accumulate
visibly redder than the blood
I know exists just millimeters below.

I could remove it,
yes,
and not change
but physically.

I am more than a wearer.
I am more than a leftist adherer.
I am more than a conformer.
I am more than a masculine expression.

Confidence,
it's under here.

April 6th 2008 - 3:19 p.m.

unicorns

The growing idealist collected
unicorns.

it wasn't meant to be a sense of
conformity,
and certainly, who really yearns to
differentiate oneself from the flock?

but the seas of pouring stallions
reverberating over the waves,
under the viciously lonely eyes
of a monger,
brought the flood that likely enters
those who choose a celibate devotion
to the high and mighty.

but the potential place in history,
as the keeper.
the one who forged through the barriers
that mystique and mistake place
he who would caulk our records
with the new entries dreamed about
by the lost souls of the middle years.

it wasn't meant to solve these life lessons,
and objectively,
little real thought ever went into what processes
would ever find their way into implementation.

but the shelves lined themselves just as
the edging trim paper encircled the walls,
and the reflections in thoughts
became the manner for existence.

the growing idealist collected
unicorns.

it didn't matter what some said
of the impossibility.
it was the smidgen. the dying,
desolate, dreary,
and droll attempt at defining
the small chance.

it could be,
dormant, under the brush,
in the farthest reaches,
unrealized to those who carried on other business,
concealed not only to our eyes but also to our minds,
the mere feasibility astounded.

the growing idealist collects
unicorns, of sorts.

this world needs the whole herd
to rove this kingdom
of glorious possibilities.

April 8th 2008 - 11:26 p.m.

