

Barry McKinnon / from PULP LOG

twelve

Cornfalkes in my Mac/ earlier, the student who said, *I wasn't talking only moving my lips...* this is the mood, of being disarmed — sense of powerlessness: ...they *could* instinctively form a group and kill you — the purpose, therefore, of a true education is...? tho politeness to the questioner may not alter the relationship, nor alter answers given: — they want confessions guilty or not — earlier wrote, *they buy us cheap, got us cheap*. I was thinking about the collective social silence and these goods displayed in the mall that draw us to the pure moment of the purchase — exchange of coin and smile, seems old fashioned but Instant Teller wouldn't work: *go* to your main branch, *go* hungry, burn gas and miles, or just stay. is everyone trying to get out of this the best of all possible worlds? *eat to the death* — is a mood, a task to remove the cornflake crumbs, apologize, admit error, misperception of confused juices, arguments.

seventeen

new systems for the world's revisions. today it looks as if the snow begins. I wanted to describe my desk — some thing in the abstract crashed disk of computer games and poetry — or/ in this old system of slow thot, give a weight to a thing known. it's breakfast with two strips less and Sears damned promo song so loud you think *I'm not coming back* — there must be somewhere else. — thinking: *we're half way thru what?* as I dream the season into being. do I love this north? when they put in the new systems something always doesn't work, or wasn't thot out, but nothing can't be explained and quantified or justified, and someone always pays. it's their game, fair game in this urban blight, northern light: profit, & loss & enterprise and of the commercial imagination... was I fair, was I right in my own revisions of belief & disbelief?

sit in the Simon Fraser Inn — the koffee-klatch oldtimers making jokes, talk politics, health & guffaws — these laughs till someone dies — sadness? who's next. you want to ask something — or see acute & accurate versions, ask what *is* history, beyond the local clichés. (Simon Fraser's picture finally taken down, he's out of his canoe, out of the picture now — a world moves on to what it is, a process. what is it? today, time rots at 10:15 — whenever they meet — where is it? this puke mauve, covers the old brown, reds and golds — it's the cold of a foreign design, the eternal *new management* sign that gives old place its place — smaller portions in this need to make it pay. this koffee-klatch is what happened without a glance, or chance. this is no trial but questions of error of all undone, or about to be — note this new purple rug, fresh dings already in the baseboard paint.

bored enough to see: to think, this town as trailer, tires flat, or no wheels at all — & where the prosperous dream, when this rhetoric of dreams abounds, yet each scheme at some great expense — the Nechako to become a trickle, the power sold off, the profit elsewhere. how was it to be? and who cares enough. we feed, our guilt — shuffle the rubble of another close-out sale, the dusty goods of Saveco, Krazy Willy — sardines and note pads & slight thrill of the bargain, barely compensation for what's being lost: outside — beautifully clear — nature's bored mind — there is no mind but the human voice that sees its body. we thot we'd like to see the future, when we can't see the future's here. how is anything different than my truck (smell of oil and age, running well, but how far would you trust it to go — assumes we'll one day head thru the bush on foot. (is this an invention — is the world the conglomerate of infinite angles, or some single mind? some have power, of that there is no doubt, and we seem the enemy, though they never cease to grin or shake your hand.

where have we come — to the sound of a microwave buzz. earlier noted the sculpted lard dog with a bone in its mouth. thought: what good revenge — or/ what form of love twists to this? now distraction of the whining dog, interrupted just when you thot, at last I've got it: words as thing, yet happy in the nebulous uncharted pursuit. is it not enough to live and scrape the truck's ice in the polluted air — enough to breathe and dream of making love? — a moment when the air is clear is a pure acquisition, but soon to be stink again. in some places the thought is purest in pain. of them they will say, or discredit that which is so clear and human. they want, it seems, deception & justification for their own convictions — what does it mean? where have we come? only hope for a beautiful line to stretch, inhabit the ugly, the deceptions, the failures, deceptive failures — have body circle incomprehensible as dance, sing dissipation to love and single word.

twenty three

Yellowhead Special: \$3.33 /3 eggs, 3 strips bacon, potatoes, coffee included — (we eat, talk of Deans who make deals, not to include you — they say, we'll set precedence first, then!...etc. in these long years passing, who'll be left in this gamble that you'll live long and healthily be part of future time and leisure and still be paid. it's almost a laugh, almost a cry — when you lose or gain hold of old sense of self (doom, boredom, sickness — tensions of the dispossessed.

or/ am I only hiding today from the Jehovah Witnesses visiting next door? ask myself, who'll be saved, & saved for what? — those few seats left in heaven raises question of my thickening cholesterol blood and thoughts of moving to the river out of this toxic deadly mist. let's live long and happy, be kind amongst ourselves in pleasures of work and time.

twenty four

thought at the pool: obsessive sense of decay might explain the wish for "free trips" — those foreign untouched landscapes as advertised purity/possibility — sex and sun and freedom, freedom 55 for the retired exec whose life was perfect for the 30 second illusion. / of the lottery, — a collective wish and who cares that you'd need a guard and legal protection. what is this sense that life is elsewhere but this pit? but once out of yourself, there's the possible desert of the unknown. oh let the romance be of and with the particular moment you invent — blessings of weather and sense of the children safe. that the words you forgot begin to form around a shapeless single verse — to sense wholly what's here.

forty

how greet Prince George day — (Whitman's vista & celebration of a world possible and unfolding — the singing inspired — the gut and energy of hope? or/ snow and dark and the dead Ford we must push to the street to meet the jumper cables. —

but coming downstairs, the images of Claire, my daughter now a woman in the lit room / loud rock and roll flipping hair into shape and fashion. and my son Jesse in a snow bank fort with the tethered dog as flakes fall, cheer me or/ I know if I miss this, I'm a fool — that a torn mood and self's sense of discomfort, the crabby unsatisfied man, must yield to the prosperity of what's here: love of mate and this fate of children — this good solid house is an achievement, tho creaky and in need of work.

how greet day: (my soul's confidence — the snowy field of the vista you must test, enter, and know.

fifty

corpus / be

no

where —

(is a false start. not the pleasure of some stretch into detail
— not the idea that wraps in its own satisfaction. *oh fractured*
*world!*etc., won't ring, nor you: it's only a dream of a long walk along
the sea wall with friends — a bit troubled in the strangeness of time's
distribution, the tribunal of one's own fate. — today I imagined being
hit and in an instant to know the altered shift of one's condition: vis
a vis. — *paralyzed for life* / yet brought to poetry's true moment — the
articulated condition when the heart won't work without the words —
what you wanted: perhaps only the moment of the image and sound
of skiffs of snow beneath the boots — clear air, today / north, a huge
temperature descent. weather *not* a metaphor. itself, a being in the
limits of its own driven force.

fifty five

wobble: — set the coffee time at 1:26 and think, *go over the short drive*: today, fresh snow, that any earlier promise of spring was false. the sink drips and I'm home between class, need this quiet not like the old days of constant noise, or time taken, drawn off. but who cares of any detail that may show you happy — or/ all weekends talk again of pensions, Swiss accounts, the shelter, the future, the GIC and RRSP. I really do care less — want any day, love — to see potential communication, laughter — to know the extent of any world's depth — the darkness —

working breakfast, working lunch, working supper.

maybe what I wanted to say was that as we describe the snow, scaffolding of the future goes up — the flimsy scheme that will protect the existing power — extend it without question or responsibility.

no doubt you can see it

— that drunk on the street doesn't know which way to go, knows there is no way or/ note the literal garbage along third. a ghost of a town of foreign cheap goods, sense, in this noxious wind, *the end*. all the more we must conjure old rules, partake the imagination's true route. do no harm.

fifty nine

think without knowing / speech without meaning /
holes open. Sears doors —

simultaneous cages unfold at 9:30 sharp.