

Eric Morten / SUICIDE NOTE:
A WORK IN PROGRESS

standing on the Lion's Gate Bridge
looking west

Pacific

and full of sky

as the sun sets

people hole up in W. Van apartments

holding hands, putting on

lights, and cars

zoom by over the shaking pavement

in the horizontal

light close your eyes

and the day

goes

dark

as cars zoom by

over the shaking

pavement

while children appear

in back windows

to wave by

you said today,
 you didn't know poetry
so i handed you a line
about feelings,
higher spiritual planes
 and probably
would have included the flight attendants
bringing free drinks
if i hadn't thought
my favourite critic's eyes
 would get stuck up
in her head like that
with all her rolling of them
holding her nose as if before a dive

but it is only word
 and space
here
where everyone lies
 and relies upon
 what is
said
where everyone comes
 with sets of quiet instructions
folded like maps and filed
to abate
 a sense of drowning

the bridge is always there
as a reminder
of the way words
can slip
under
like the boats
of the fishermen who stopper
the mouth of Capilano
waiting for salmon
to tug on their lines

i saw the footage
winds were reported moderate
the span began to melt
because of something like momentum
all over Tacoma water

a sense of slippage
as the shimmer
seems to draw
one in
then two
three fingers cut by the surface
was there something
under there
(some one
green

a green dream, green
water
ocean, sea?
flat

[illegible]

space becomes substance,
green
acted upon by causes
words become spherical,
silver things

stops and starts
the way rollers come
to a beach
building sound
as the power leaves them
they rush up the sand toward
naked feet
becoming the same
in force and size
as when they began
a half step back leaves you dry,
untouched
and they slope
back to the sea

watch up on a beach
covered with life
seaweed
seawreath

turn over any stone
tiny crabs with intricate design and colour scuttle
in any direction
to hide their meaning elsewhere

from points
a to b
the bridge
arched like a back
in perfect dive
suspended momentarily
has direction
beginning,
ending

highest midsection
atob
down

the pilings go to the bottom,
sunk into the ground
 under water
complex networks and webs
of steel hang support columns
 into the air
becoming skyling symbols
 of aspiration,
breathing
pinnacles in green
 and silver primer
your eye is drawn up
 by gradient cable
 ladders
in expectation of a flag
 (or signature

but metaphors
 live and cling to the base
below the stain
 of the tideline

marks are left
by the rising
 and falling
 tides
by the rising
 and falling
breath of you
 eyes watery blue yet clear
speaking
telling face
 shoulders
you move down
 your body right
 to the toes tickling
 in the prickling cold
 water
ripples in the last hours
when the sun comes down
between
 clouds and sea
and shines on the rising shores
of W. Van
 where taxes are paid
 and the sun is always
your hair
glinting like the water
marking
permanent wave

trying to say good
-bye
with each small
gesture each
word
departing
from be
to a
next
in a
progression
and you
wonder
there was
a
reason
a
point
?

dark clouds roll in
often like the sea
the day goes
from up here you can touch
the spray
with your blue eyes
only
trying
to remember
how it was under there
it begins to rain
you look up
open
your mouth
fills with water
with
how it was

one end implies
the other
end
there implies
here and
leaving