

**RENÉE SAKLIKAR / from volume 2 of *thecanadaproject*,
a long poem, thot-j-bap**

Testimony

Migrants, men all, shouted to one another, each arm a thrust toward the ball
They learned that the café Mallarmé, formerly café Léa was once café Aussie
That Patsy, decades earlier, [redacted] both (A)bigail and (B)artholomew
The woman, N, mentioned only in letters, between (A) and (B)
Sophie, it turned out, used many aliases.
Liliane and Mme. Dumont not cited
Nathan. And never seen again
Inspector to migrants: approach.
The story, as if a text, would not be—
Inside citizenship, they experienced. Except for

It were the way his gaze clouded over,
When she said, comparing temples to churches
Great upheavals existed just outside the perimeter
Everywhere the old river danger
The present is the time within us
While being subjected
Captured as a result
Detainees provided
During or after the use
And as it was
Meant to be saved, for later
The soul.

Against that much, best to start
As if in a race,
Time and its dimensions.

at the café Mallarmé (formerly café Léa)
lintel carving: full/empty//push/pull

Unknown, the woods used

Inside, Patsy as if she were a-
leaving:
“You know I’m from Terrace,
right, way back?” Nathan as if
he were an oak-leaf, shrugs.
Patsy, as if she were
a confirmation: “Not Paris,
Terrace.
I love the looks.” Nathan
shrugs.

Inside: gesture as refrain.

Patsy writes (A) to (B).
Nathan never will. And Sophie,
Liliane, a relation to—
The place of Mme. Dumont.
A referent. And revenant, H. L.
McD.
And of Patsy’s grandpa-Hank.
Of N, there is no mention.

Outside: some unidentified
migrants.

A coin is corner enough.
Beggar boys sing *un coup*
De dés, ah-ayee, jamais, jamais.

Sanctioned core-complexes: Dublin, London, Tokyo, Dubai, New York,
Amsterdam, Berlin.

On/off list: Los Angeles, Montreal, Budapest. All the Luxe sections. Famed
fixtures.

Everyone happy to possess the appropriate visas.

The young man, Nathan, a world traveler, feigns comrades.

At home, he builds a tall fence. A special made his bookcase:
deep, wide. Past arm's length, Houellebecq. The special is on the TFW.

He smiles to hear the tall-tale: how in the room, she was.

Psyche is goddess. The tunnels are dug and laid from early age. Image of self.
A capital E. He bought a linked series. The future is a new order.

A Brief Report

Of Patsy's grandfather in the before
They called him Hank, although Hokaido-nick
-named, he called his own self, Wind-Up.
His mountain designated. As if it were a way-station.
As if there were a sounding, well outside the city.
Country verdant, a giant butterfly who spoke.
Hank would say ever-after, down in the town of towns
(After that time when his boat. They never spoke it):
If forced to use your knees, assess all ground eventualities.
He taught N how to hold the sticks. He watched (A)bigail, too.
Once upon a time, they were together. Everywhere the old river danger.
If forced to mispronounce, use your look-out guard.
As if in fragments, Patsy, after the Catastrophe, re-members.
All this behind her eyes. All in, her voice: *before Paris, I stood for hours in Verona.*

[Informant to Nathan: "She was seen. Officine Grafiche di Arnolfo Mondadori Editore."]

Should have proceeded so slowly
That the plants had not only
Cellular walls that could resist
This was the immensity, the forests
Great aborescent. Those giants.

[Informant to Nathan: "She named them before disposal: Gunz, Minderl, Riss and Würm."]

Evolutionary. In-com-ple-
Amid the cataclysms that changed
To the point of destroying it, de-

As high and as constant as pos-
Outside sanctioned cordons

Everyone incessantly insistent about happiness.
Fulfillment in the mandated enclosures.