

Bob Sherrin / from *BOBBY CUTS GRASS*

Dudefication

I Bobby Cuts Grass of the Burnaby Second Nations wheel my sled off Cariboo Hill I greet Jeep Cherokee Limited Edition Man his gold-framed vanity plate his Nokia bebopping the morning code from Tokyo I hail Lexus 3.2 TL Woman oh the cranberry sunshine lipstick oh the stainless cup rising oh the soy milk no foam no shit triple vente latte hold the nutmeg oh hold the pose I merge we all e merge

The big smoke beyond interwoven ridges of cedar hemlock blackberry poplar salal peckerpole skunk cabbage pumping it out pumping it rock 101 all nudes all the time Cherokee Man groans into the bad news I Bobby Cuts Grass Burnaby Second Nations elder lean into Mr Costello's need to put you down rewind reverse renew rear view side view this day of all days Moan Day I pull the wheel clip the gas be Merge Man into the suck of the flow one hand tappin to Mr Costello one finger up my nose one buttcheek lifting to pass gas one eye on the mirror one eye on the future bending into the left lane Ford Expedition in red shades sniffs my dual exhausts smoke off lips as he synchs to homeboy false blues anthem

Burnaby Lake to the right at 114 Ks rising through the Monet moment deciduous Ford Man flashes those high beams make way give way Bobby Cuts Grass fucken drive it or fucken milk it

yo dudes yo dudettes

We draft across the Vanco line the Lower Brainland signals
outgoing signals incoming oh Mr Costello it's the drugs the
food the drinks age gravity myopia it's the pale whale of my body
in the backyard among the spikes of seedgone sorrel the twisted
limbs of rosemary the 3.5 HP Black&Decker bitch pulling me in
her 100' wire the plug the ground the purge we all rewrap the
present I Bobby Cuts Grass all eye all ear all downshift
the sunrise refracting through dioxide all scan and seek Mr
Costello auto reverses smack into the front end of Mr Ocasek's Cars
my second nations blood undiluted by referenda the beat oh
dudes oh dudettes are beat I Bobby Cuts Grass am alive
alive Ho

Groove A

Westward ho the First Ave Trail first rough cut by asphalt road
coolies the moist sun in my elderly eyes rear view full of its
limp wash over the faces of two females in a forest green Wolfsberg
unit be they Jetta sisters or Passat Women they be behind and
beyond me as is everything else in our Vanco bliss hour drive

The Golden Light of Genuflection North shimmies across us
lowbuck extras the econo meter recuts dead slow the avenue
artery pulses sub woofer and Thrust exhausts the Cars predictable
on the indash my Burnaby Second Nations eyes zoom the beat to
my momentary principal leads in the ubersled behind the driver
in Persian flow speaks to her cell large brown eyes run the
montage among her mirrors lounging beside her an Asian
companion hematite otter smooth hair tucked back stares out
the side window on the bunkered RBC - 1st/Renfrew someone
offstage paces the wings of PoCo or runs the well rigged flies of
First Narrows Boxterland voice sibilant in her ear against
Motorola's shell post manicured magenta nails aloof aloof O
my fingers beatdance the wheel my ancient eyes water in the
smoke of sweetlight transience all embracing momentary
permanent chirpchirp of transmission

Oh spirits bless our tribe our rites our obligatory scenes
between the red light and the green oh bless our seek scan set
bless our start voice send as I Bobby Cuts Grass recheck my
blind spot open-collared RayBanned elder while the wagons
itch the slow rhumba young oldsters go west again in the groove
the rut the wallow the groan the blink her eyes our signals
chorus of many voices universal under all gods reuptaking

Transfer Nation

I Bobby Cuts Grass honourary and momentary elder of the 86
Mazda People venting sweat and Pepsi fumes shoulder
checking spitting farting mumbling upshift on the Iron Workers
Memorial Second Narrows Crossing aka The Bridge J Lo on the
Fox Oh the shaken booty refrain the clutched dick coda the
ripened steel bursts those deadgone dudes still sigh with the
stroke of faulty engineering

From cautionary comfort the midlane midlife midclass reserve
I of the Burnaby Second Nations slide right towards Lowry's
deepest cove and the 747-like hangar of Waste Tech there the
Third Nations woman in the toll booth moves her steel-stud lips
wants to know my homeland for Waste Tech country is the
ancestral meritocracy of the North Shore Peoples I quietly but
proudly declare Burnaby, Man

Now who am I but Mr Cuts Grass who takes his place before
the ancient yet ever-changing heap of Lower Gainland detritus
TVs bicycles mowers yukeles stained sex and death mattresses
defenestrated pillows and quilts booted-in black bags the shape of
4 year olds mounded to the 60 foot ceiling no photochemistry no
unrestrained asbestos allowed c'est dommage pour Thetford
Mines

Mon dieu momentary of the waste tips his load onto those of other
Gainlanders beside me a tall slim halter-topped North Shore
Woman speaks into her cell she sifts the good from the bad
final solution of homeland recycling conundrum onto the Waste
Tech pyre I herf tin cans underlay pizza boxes the rainbow
shards of failure and excretion I leave her to busted flower pots
trashed hampers crumpled posters Madonna Ice T and Snow I

honourary Mazda Small-box Pickup Man take my place in the pay-
up line just outside the trash hangar two younger women
sprayed-on T-tops and flares clutch their noses twist their hips
as though hit with bladder bite behind me North Shore Woman
brings her GMC Safari Van to a halt

In rear vision I see the younger clamber aboard giggling to their
elder she plumps her hair pushes kisses at the driver's vanity
mirror turns to laugh her wisdom back atcha to our right a
worker uses the clawed bucket of a digger to crush refrigerators
oh the funerary rites of the CFC-free oh Waste Tech Man you
mark my place on this crashed event horizon cosmos as we all
oh brothers oh sisters creep toward the wing-like barrier (have cash
or debit card ready) oh raven oh rail crossing oh sweet exit lane
it calls out to me your time Bobby Cuts Grass your turn

Velo City

I Bobby Cuts Grass snagged by a digital camera my bipolar
operation of a motor vehicle subject to this sentence likewise
simultaneously subject to the traffic laws the cameras that enforce
them

I enter the Vanco system via Powell and rightly so as a male elder
of the Burnaby People claim road superiority over an amazon of
the Upper Lonsdale People I capture her momentarily forever
with my Pentax in her driver's mirror full blonde white wraps
white blouse blue Jimmy the wisdom of my ancestors compels me
to trip my shutter then I punch it cut hard left and leave her
in my constantly remystified recent past all in hope yes yes please
yes of an acceptable future oh thrust of four cylinders oh chatter
of 16 valves all those imagined appaloosas mustangs arabs dig
in oh flashing green of level crossing flicks to red oh full stop
oh full railbed inspection left then right.

Oh absent freight I sing now of your invisible arrival the unheard
percussion of your wheels on gapped steel I punch it again
look back to see the running lights of Jimmy Woman pause at the
grade she advances on me through red my gender's burst to
freedom recorded in the oh shit wink wink wink of the overhead
intersection camera

I slide right slow down tune out

My people are cursed to pay fines I know but what of hers
perhaps the Solicitors clan totem of partnerships on plush
letterhead hot from Hewlett-Packard Oh NASDAQ god of odds
you have chosen others to have balls and brains equal to my fear of

nonconformity my thick razor cut carpaccio an 8 in shoes
an extra large in underwear 9 bucks per 6 pack 2 phones 1
fax no pets no timeshares no anchovies

She takes me from behind

Oh sweet-talkers that thrum so moistly high rpm thru the village
on the mountain side Edgemont Woman blows me off in the left
lane dips into Vanco's hidden ravines out her electropowered
window her birds are flipped while I Bobby Cuts Grass
squat motionless in South Slope stupor she of The Grind must see
only cracked ass in her rear view I need a nofoam latte I must
rise to doubleclutch again I need my ancestors' rhythms must
restore my counterpoint my counterpunch all chopped all
channelled I reach for my AC Delco tape controls oh help me
Mr Costello oh save me The Members oh break my english Ms
Faithful my old vinyl soul she done been stole

Awk Racy

I Bobby Cuts Grass hold the Olds ajar for the lovely Janetta of
the Wind we riff the raft off the plateau we go we Burnaby
Second Nations elders married up kidded up down the
mortgage funk of Cariboo Hill we go come Petula come
down down downtown off rez into the a ways away Westend

O holy night of Mexx o sacred scent of Danier we two
together seek Davie Street cred chopped down reamed out Civics
squat thrusting Cavaliers boom ditty boom each other under
moist light redshifted they deadslow the midblock autojive o
product shot the slouch the tude the sexlite code
recirculating vanity plate polished grill those slitty ground effects
feel the intersectioned electro-fuck dog on leg bumperwise they
go we go momentary wit dem latexed darlings we cruised
over elders tarted up candyass interlopers aslant now in the diced
rain we snort the over ripeness of moolah and sushi no post
911 left turns now poor shadeboys poor buzzgirls of the Lower
Fameland

O children do mock us in this demockracy rev that third
nations savvy give us the racing change o double clutch
upshifting the peeled tread release as we walk on by arms
linked to our eat the rich menu we plunk butt in the Bin of
mirrors order up a ritual sleeve of amber a tulip of cabsav merlot
through the window athrob with whatever music passes rhythmic we
hoist our eyes that heavenly crane shot arising her old long
fingers climb my old chubby arm

Look she says look way up there safe secure carded
pin-numbered into the second floor universal gym paradise

Aerobic Woman Buff Man slash the treadmill through
shimmering gold sign we read the semaphore their cocoon
our cocoon across the gulf smell of bubbling cambazolla
pounded basil hot

leaky oysters oh oh the buds of sweat burst flexed reflex knees
elbows headphones totem they shoulder rocket the nightshift
vision of the wreckage to come but now way up there whole
pure clean rainbow trout rising to the hook in one glass box or
another

Our eyes come down way down metal sash glass bricks trolley
lines to pulsing white pedestrian throbbing red hand they
forever walk stop walk stop walk stop walk smoke steam breath in
air passerby suspended nothing just is

