

Barry McKinnon / IN THE MILLENNIUM: Prince George (part 1

a man in himself is

a city -

beleaguered/belied the entrance (*himself*,

he enters

canyons

in Hades' hot air

memory of *that* travel

fear to a sense of life ahead: *the literal city*

busted out - clearing forests/ water/ air

not form but what

shapes

the city a body

to its

soul -

down

town tribes -

in their source of
detachment, begin to be
themselves again - *hunt/*

history, the millennial weight: no clear stream/or abode
exists:

these bulldozed souls

no pity or remorse to equal what's imagined

handouts on 3rd/ the giveaway suits
that clothe them.

oh forest, oh bear - vestigial illumination / the
grins

in simple light

they see

what do *we* see so clearly in its lack

to see without image / articulation - a reason

malls fill/downtown empties /history (capital frontier
without human hope: *this is the end, we sing* (crows peck puke, buckles in the side
walk/holes of asphalt, piles of blood

the man, the city - what parts in
the metaphor, this *way* of dreaming - is the heart a down
town / 69: the routes (bakery, bread, meat
balls, a pickle and up 4th to

the Astoria (beer - to the Bay, the Northern, Wally West, I.B. Guest &
down to the corner - 2nd & George, the Canada, the blues,
beer,

the sense of here/not here - this want of places to
be, enter & make
sagacious.

libraries are for loafers

no blame to local realities. nothing in the way of what doesn't exist,
in the simple mercantile presumptions

the smell of money - the brushcut hero who cld make it

the local ethos *up*
before the rest went to bed / with his bulldozer.

and in a dream of this world woke to

every one/every thing: *fuck or be fucked*

man a city: the female forest -

to imagine the hard/the soft (winter, cycles to summer spring & fall
bleeding to the genderless human want of tenderness.

root hog or die

when a city becomes its coldest hearts
we live in the illusion of its habitat:

the invisible/visible: the city *you see/ did good in*

becomes an old cliché in the toxic mill cloud that fills the bowl
and drifts with the winds - a swirl of stink in the citizenry / penetrates the corpus while the
corporate, that most visible as the source, least accounted for in the non existent public
square.

I can't breathe

a man must speak, to the threat dismissed, diminished,
coerced by need and want
to sing : *they think they*
do me no harm.

the they. the *who*, the *us* in the disintegrated
disintegration - nothing can be known; its own hopeless
statement - *the north / everywhere (but not revealed -*

in this what? will we only know the hot day in mid
July 69 into the stink, the heat, the Fraser
bridge / 57 Plymouth packed,

I want to go back

to what humans imagine a version: here / the beer
& coming out of the Barn into that heavy light decide,
that moment, to stay.

the apt/penthouse - top floor Trojan Manor 300.00

where do you think you're going? don't want youse types here.

moved to 1902 Queensway across from Marty's (shack - 100 a month (now Assman's
funeral

home -

the city: a world

you entered - : sensed body parts
missing in the civic need the forces disallow - & that called specious

what saves us - a clarity / conditions born of fog/
suspicion

the love and hate of uneasy
marriage (man/woman - a city unto themselves

what is the source of this thinking? ambiguity, contradiction
power, *that* hidden, conspiracies, pushed
buttons and cliché, until our bodies' demotion to banishment.

a shit hole.

when are you going to write something good

its activity is also its own resistance: what
to say: what subject, or image - what body part contain

the life / what weakness is strength when

the whole body vomits in nadir (the weakest
now culled once defined: a man vomits

in shame that now the city can not be made

this rotten dark soul, a man

a metaphor, a language convinced of its own rhetoric easily believed (men (the city) its self /
fooled

by little stakes/little power (that those governed

men will thrust their outlines - will sacrifice the rest. will
save themselves

others (those sickest

grin

at any scheme sabotaged by its own impossibility - know the inventors require such false
faith and fear

the city exists / knows itself/ cannot change

easily

oh corpus of belched noxious gas

oh corpus of the fruitless/oh corpus of malignment oh

generous corpus of the material world oh

industrial corpus behind the corpus oh corpus of the beautiful

& gentle wind oh corpus in our misaligned prayer oh corpus

of promise and care

oh grid of light, muscled male

stomp the tourist's head into the walk - that part psycho

path - the city staggers in a hoedown dance/wild

in iconic illusion of how it sees itself - dressed

to kill any thing in sight

arms of the suburbs to father illusion: conglomerate homo unity: turns place /
to no place / same place
to exist only in our attempt to define it

(off Queensway embarrassment, then disgust - teen hookers to cross thru

the riven world displayed by its line between: *us*
and them

little girls, the man, a city - /homeless

why did you stay?

the density of context peeled was revealed to a momentary
sense of simplicity, that it cld be known, and therefore, the man
cld know himself, being a city: *unto himself*, - its maps and routes, the air it breathed,
capacious unbalance to imply the need for its
opposite: nothing to go on - knowledge without proof /its energy.

to work
a language in its attempt to equal
the anxious swirl in an angular world of charts, graphs - the
gizmoed patter claimed & believed as real - that any power required
subservience to its whacko notions, be revealed as public sense: *not*
agreement, but truth of one's condition faced: bloody head in its
second of consciousness under the killer's boot - in metaphoric
drama

be allowed to live.

in the city: Nechako, Fraser

Husky, Canfor, PG Pulp, Northwood, Intercon, Lakeland, CN,
city core

body is thought

thru parking lot, plumes

/ trees,

/ polis / man

