

Jeff Derksen / A CITY CALLED CAPITAL

Linear tankers lie
on the harbour's
horizon. The speed
of globalization. "Community-based
crystal meth focus groups."
Jog by. "China
Shipping Lines." Nature
in the city. More or less.
Crows crack mussels
on the concrete, at sunset rest
on corporate
postmodern architecture.
Low-level boredom at
capital's exhaustion
of options.

Outfitted. "Urban." Machine
in the garden (punks in the
park). Admirable
really. Video reenacted riots
coal miners, strikes kicking in another
final offer on the table.
We don't negotiate with workers
or terrorists post-Thatcher, post-
Mulroney, post-Reagan, Post-
Kohl, post-market bubble, post-
industrial, post-port city, post-tin-pot
grab-and-go neo-con local
cronies: Bennett, Harris, Klein,
Guiliani, Campbell interchangeable [add in
your own] and hollowed out cash

in the back of a Cadillac
assholes. Local collusions, lush lives
upkeep luxuries, plus
“last of its kind” everywhere
on the slopes to the sea.

What did the dinosaurs
invest in? “America
is upon us”, legally.
Nature, what have you done
for me (non-home owner)? Nicaragua
is everywhere. South, the lights of Caracas pour
off the hills at night. Optimistic
for an instant. “What happens
when the names runs out.” Cronies.
Terrorism drill. Inked fingers
in the red pre-dawn.

Gas gouging? How
Seventies! Monopolies? How
Lenin! Child labour? How
Dickens! Bombing Baghdad
again? How nineties! Apocalyptic
weather patterns? How
Sci-fi! Urban regeneration? How
organic! Things. “Zero.”
Bent muffler pipe
as gateway archway. Retooled
optimism. Mayor of the world.