

Roger Farr / from *SURPLUS*

IX

Arden's "Pulp Mill Dump" —
Reading history with a metal detector.
An industrial smear zone. A shard of the local
Economy. The mall must be behind this
Organic tangle. This composite mass.
The spires of Harmac must be here somewhere too.
For if soil is a material, and a log boom clogs
The harbour, then the city shall stand as its
Base crumbles. To be mulched. For export.
From the forest, to the box makers of Okinawa
Then back again. Pulp poetry. All tractor drivers
Are Realists. Rent from the ground. Torn
And stumped by a description. Violence
At its core. The concentric rings of commerce.

X

Tissue over diagrams or fragment
Their sums with different measures. Frameworks
Framed as "Freidman's Dream," filed for later under
"Sphere." Stand on guard to bound sums to
Another sense that might pass the primary
Test of deficit to chart profit margins
At the periphery, this art of certainty
Precision folds, mimetic angles
Resistance to cops, Baghdad's insurgents
Send shots from the cradle, to transport that
Sphere "here" means we might not go to work.
More space and time at hand without directors
In our regions. We won't rent rooms or
Answer their calls. "Dialogue is a swindle."

XI

I'm sorry to make of poetry a mockery again
But this evening, as I exited Safeway, the historical process
Of separating the proletariat from the means of subsistence
Forced itself upon my eyes with such a violence
As to break the levees of false consciousness.
For it was there, among the Tylenol and the razor blades
Among a disturbing array of meat and dairy products
I spent \$3.38 on mozzarella cheese, \$1.04 on Macintosh
Apples, \$2.29 on fresh basil, \$1.10 on hot-house tomatoes
\$1.95 on French-style Artisan bread, and \$4.99 on a Green
Drink. Now I admit I'm no *Campesino*. But as the last
Long rays of a late September sun cast shadows over
The obsolete lawns of Point Grey, I understood precisely
Our need for autonomous land initiatives.

XII

But September didn't end. It was noon on a Tuesday and I lay sick in bed. Disaster was everywhere. On the radio Someone mused over the connections between Catastrophic weather and fluctuations in the economy: "Perhaps their proximity is more than a generic feature Of the news," she said. I looked outside. No sign of Imminent collapse — just the vestiges of some unseasonable Snow, just the usual images of babies in carriages, rolling Down the quotidian streets, toward the park where the P'ilipina nannies meet. I don't know. Maybe Zerzan Is right. Maybe modernity, in order to prolong the "Civilizing" narrative of capital, had to construct Nature As an object of utility, a *quantum*, which by the end of this Never-ending month, may just reach its absolute limit.