

josh massey / BOREALITUDE

TUCKTAMUCKFUCK

(Holy City Out of the Mud)

Somewhere down there, if this is an epic of the mountains

must invoke the right muse, the killdeer, most daring
vassal in the bird kingdom

Always call your kilometers screams the killdeer faking lame wing with shocked
flutter then dive bombs proboscis beak, some murderous humming bird.

Where are we going? Over berms, we are going break neck along this
arboreal Styx, this is the Underwoods – peat bog, mulch pit, humus endless days of burp feces
and farts clay belt mineral soil slurry, the black wolves tongue lolling into deeper woods,
branches behind branches,

(the firs, for a sex, swaying in harmony with muttering sequoias)

Following the wound into the

interior

The land from which for years been hauling, the mountain a sunken wasted face,
sucked from the inside chiseled from the out. copper/zinc/forgotten thought extraction.
eating into the Mythos.

Money dusting the roots. old growth text. cutting down the old shelves.

The dog, the Schnauzer – some mini Charon as the bush ferry overturns the weeds, we
follow the bear running in front of

clock it at forty damn looks
fucking Ford 350 turbo mudding.
log decks body decks treblinka

H²S

“We” is just one big caravan of souls.

“Kilometer 7 loaded Low Boy coming at you.”

Swerve into the shoulder,
True that, smoke a dart, yeah. Weather chain those maws.

“Kilometer 21, loaded pick-up with trailer off the Septimus, for two.”

Cut your dodge open like a tin can. Call your clicks, chief.

the Heli is waiting on the other side of this twisted root system
take us to the festival of angels beyond the veins of industry.

heated floors paradise

Nematode worm paradise un

(we x 2)

“Body Job on the Brassen kilometer 120” – and you wonder what are these strange
machines calling their –

“Loaded Two-Ton off the Brassen onto the Limbo, on the. He He...”

We’ll run them off the road, amateur undead... no speeding in the north western afterlife
the lanes are jammed up.

Leading a colossal dump truck down the (Soft Wood Lumber
Dispute) into the (No more Red Wood)

Where the roads impacted gaseous black. “Kilometer 40” watch it there’s a commander
following

But we were leading an eighteen wheeler. The roads are narrow roads the roads
are look in the rearview at the shredded stumps and slash; now see bodies reaching their stumpy
arms upward towards the concealed sky, signaling to the smoked-over heavens – bombs away – and
all the minced body parts, spread debris. bags, bandoleers; hard hat, the green steel helmet. walking
through the battle field of the mind. Bodies everywhere, stepping over figments. Stepping over mind
bodies, bodies in the mind. One, two, three, hoe, one, two, three, hoe, hoe, hoe. Slash piles just
masses of dismembered limbs sticking out all –ish, the neat rows of aspen like corpses spread along
the tarmac in some sort of Sylvan Death Camp – a dissected humanity of limbs and leers and
glaucous gull eyes staring aslant or hanging out of sockets.

What is a Commander?

You post Neanderthal modern.

The commander is the tonka truck of Reality

Muskeg reaches grass water, water rat forever, around the winter road,
and the 2 story Herculean engine power, a Finch dobbling the chrism
beak. The Killdeer has calmed down.

This is where they hung the poets at the gates.

Layton (Cain), his tongue blue, an emcee. Born again as the blue grackle mocking.

The Commander driver, behind the windshield, pumps his arm in passing.
lays into the 4 wheel low. (yeah boy)

Yellow quadrangles.
forest Management renewing
this

is where we will be tortured for our sins

and die

Laughing, after the gas, in an opening, in the glade

The open sky, beyond the Stuck Truck (winch wasn't enough), those last kilometers of divinity.

arbutus

red nakedness leaning on neighbors, reaching
and supported

beauteous arbutus
arbutus/Buddhist
Arbutus/Brutus

àrbol

Shoot us The root
Of Us

arbre

Leaning, reaching over stumps.
 Into the ether, beyond the song.
 To retrieve the riches
A trillion varieties of bud.
 Send it over the aquatic.

Ah spit, ah Arbutus
ruse of us, shades of cherry wood, shades
of the orient in the western twilight

Arbutus. Shedding its bark as the city sheds its lights
In skeins of its colours/ skeins of arbutus.

 One tree grows through
Another tree. Yet another. There are beaten paths
– the lights of the city –
hymns of Arbutus
songs for Arbutus
receptacle for our feelings

 It is true you seem human.
Beautiful mutant arbutus

Prosper on perversion

When even the stars cry that everything
is that way.

Wake up to stirrup chir chir
Stirrup oho chi
Drop tap of rain.
Arbutus is there dancing
(have you gone?)
In another life
Were the ironwood
Cuticle leaves tropical.
The tit tit of rain taps on yer slippery bough

Famous botanists
Raced to name you

Mr. H Beaumont and the government
Donated the marine park for your prosperity, posterity
Where eagles, crows, hawks, crash wings through the t-tops.

Arbutus, we grow rugged & dirty by the fire ... In the fires of time,
The fires of rubber tires, the fires of the beach.

We stare at the brightest things & they distract us from the shadows of arbutus,
what goes on in yer citadels. radiate neither human nor plant
We who ponder deeply on the outskirts of your kingdom.

arbutus reaches its sprigs into my grave
Making me believe in a philosophy that is constantly rewriting itself
must be amended daily, as it rises from dreams, the roots in the head.