

**LEA GRAHAM & rob mclennan / metric,
a collaboration**

composed March 24 & 26, 2006, in Ottawa at Pubwell's, 96 Preston Street

nashville

eight car hours border,
border some

lets go to
in the meantime, baby

cry nashville,
& a paper twang

drawling pen,
& finger inflections

where few & fewer
great white hopes

or memphis heated
dreams

letter to cooley

drifters we are
planted

a range of foreign points
to estevan menace

moonling words zip over lines
spent spiraled west

& further, coulee hill
& drift

from the america of olsons kingfisher
& a capital of trees

duncans fields—
to dance a game of creation

the clutter of it all

an open field would manitoba dust
unsettle

to watch my sharpened sleep

a head lowered, picked out tongues from her hometown
& based a religion on the entrails

we read future between the large
& small intestine

do you recall the gray; she edits the wind
w/ fingers

punctuate the dark; revise each morning

outbreak

to succeed an oscillation, wildly
& sing in her forever song

confluence & vault of feeling

an archaeology patchwork cars
& plastic hula dancing

this message on the husk,
downstream & wanting

an address in which
we send out further meaning

meaning what?
the fixed, wriggling

out of us like sweat

letter to allegrezza

a confluence of chicago words work out
cultural, a factory sense

of you, buona serra, buona notte
& sun at lake edge, your face another language

write away, the length & breadth of her conclusions,
out sweetly, utterably

into this south—a thursday blue of trains,
the scent of strawberry sun

the poem in which
you tell me alternate histories of elvis, america

in water & name,
refracting

into paper fact

letter to brockwell

to embrace the bullet; three drinks make four, the
hair of the dog

“all possible shapes,”
in amazing recall, a trip or trick, strange gifting

unnamable martinis, sedentary thick

a reverence in fog,
we all wish to be

when we cant pull—

chicago

within or above
lake shore drives the open world

michigan lakes big shoulders, stone
& arc; the object to *avoid*

lights & turns—
or the west is west is the billy goat tavern

that the sun

or meet me, focal point
a gateway; 100 years the worlds fair

reminisced, egg & slip mornings, farm

& where intent; drive, she said
or are you now

border crossings

if as the crow flies, two birds once
what railroad tracks

turn verbiage, a scheme

a hut & hut & duty hut, the
duty-free; entire zone

that is neither but

between concepts
or

a world

& what is still a single; patch of earth
could never own

flat fields of color,
power lines surround us, join

ottawa-gatineau

breed a cat hair condo breath
on provincial bridge the sunny side

chaudiere falls
mornings cauldron, rush & sun

wait for the punctual

this goddamn—
after talking jackson

street wise wear
& wears

caught up in drive

among preston
geometry, a bright sun day

the line goes under, out

metric

confluence of paper, prayer, an echo
distant hills, a measure

what failed in 78
divides

from town to Ontario town, a signature
soft against

“una medida”
a different line, the southern cross & cacti

would paper scheme

pen poise & gaze—
an arc, scalene

or inch but slow; behind