

## JEN CURRIN / Vancouver: A Cut-up\*

The boys & girls at dawn.  
Powell Street between each kiss.  
Expose some side of it. As if the city.  
They aren't even young yet.  
Face of a backpacker.  
That "we" still "believe."  
Gore Street. Gone Street.  
What passes for wellness.  
Between each kiss. Lucky Rooms.  
Dropped acid & sympathy.  
All this is important. Transitory.  
It's just my take. My lucky take.  
There's no need to make anything.  
My blue wall?  
My telephone?  
Squeegie kid, the cough-dreaming.  
Hotel Vancouver is walking.  
Granville Bridge dead-body-dreaming.  
Early apartment blocks. A keyhole.  
That we still believe.

Streets & individuals  
without any common language.

Mystery down all the trees.  
Vancouver  
is the mouth.

Any person's emotions: "I care. I don't care."

Between each kiss  
buses like shadows.

Thick forest to thought-photograph.

Terror the library.

Public toilets or huddled mass.

Day a crowd.  
The first hour in the first garden.

The first writer, the first reverie.

The itchiness-dreaming.

Once imagined living  
in common areas.

My fellow tenant and I,  
lucky spiders in the art gallery.

The ones walking and asking.

On wheels gliding through shadows.  
Sixteen patients in blankets—Did I say souls?  
In 1910  
Vancouver then—  
Will my book explain?  
Viaduct. There's no need to make anything up.  
Terror/reterritorialization.  
Raw longing to be "alone."  
Intolerant of phantoms—  
Looks like it's going  
to rain.

\* All text from George Stanley's *Vancouver: A Poem* and Meredith Quartermain's *Vancouver Walking*.  
Arranged by Jen Currin.