THE GREAT CANADIAN IN THE ALGOMA DISTRICT

ENDANGERMENT LEGEND

The Committee on the Status of Endangered Letters in English suggests an increase in habitat degradation as a result of climate change, genetic isolation, and blogging. The historic range of letters covers the field, but range fragmentation has witnessed a steady decline in voiceless velar fricatives. Emotion is still transmitted through vowels. This may finish in nonsense.

The etymological root of the word "ecology" means "home." Language, its body of water, its fish-body, returns to its roots, its home. Language loves itself and is fertile. Another language grows from the biomass of rotting English. This may finish in nonsense.

This sentence houses letters within a field. The letters may migrate and yet this sentence remains legible: Decnesd on a fleid yb a lagnauge. The letters shift location and the reader engages them another way. Sometimes there are more or less letters. Letters are reused, reduced, recycled. This may finish in nonsense.

This is a lesson. Over and over, he writes, "I will not ruin the environment." He crafts each scratch, each symbol. He notes his hand's rhythm on the board. Over and over. He writes rhythm, "not," "ruin." This is not the environment. He will not ruin each symbol. He listens as he writes, as each scratch resounds. He writes a lesson over and over and he listens to notes, to nots. The letters tremble; sense in sentence surrounds sound. This may finish in nonsense.

Engenderment Log

This is a thing. Over and over, he writes, "I will not ruin the thing." He crafts each thing, each thing. He notes his thing's thing on the thing. Over and over. He writes things, "things," "things." This is not the thing. He will not ruin each thing. He listens as he writes, as each thing resounds. He writes a thing over and over and he listens to things, to things. The things tremble; things in things surround things. This may finish in things.

Ths s lssn. vr nd vr, h wrts, "wll nt rn th nvrnmnt." H crfts ch scrtch, ch smbl. H nts hs hnd's rhthm n th brd. vr nd vr. H wrts rhthm, "nt," "rn." Ths s nt th nvrnmnt. H wll nt rn ch smbl. H lstns s h wrts, s ch scrtch rsnds. H wrts lssn vr nd vr nd h lstns t nts, t nts. Th lttrs trmbl; sns n sntnc srrnds snd. Ths my fnsh n nnsns.

i i a eo. Oe a oe, e ie, "I i o ui e eioe." e a a a, ea yo. e oe i a' y o e oa. Oe a oe. e ie y, "o," "ui." i i o e eioe. e i o ui ea yo. e ie a e ie, a ea a eou. e ie a eo oe a oe a e ie o oe, o o. e ee ee; ee i eee uou ou. i a ii i oee.

His his our lesson. Ourselves and yourselves, he writes, "I we'll not ruin he environment." He crafts she scratch, she symbol. He notes his hand's rhythm on he board. Ourselves and yourselves. He writes rhythm, "not," "ruin." His his not he environment. He we'll not ruin she symbol. He listens ours he writes, ours she scratch resounds. He writes our lesson yourselves and ourselves and he listens to notes, to nots. He letters tremble; sense I sentence surrounds sound. His me finish I nonsense.

FISH vs. FLESH

Still
were fish here. Still, fish were here. Still, here were fish. Still, here fish
were still fish here? Were fish still. Here
were still fish. Here, fish were still. Here, still fish
were fish still here? Fish were still here. Fish were here still. Fish
still were here. Fish here were still
were fish here still?   Yesyesyou were stiff here.

LESSON

If worms then moths then selves.

Then selves with trout with mouths.

With   fists   in   mouths of fish.

Mull   over   turn   over   whelm.

On   un   in   un   when.

ILLUSION

We were useful; they
were not. However, our mouths
nests of worms of nets. River mouths
our thin lust for yes. Swish of fishfin, myth
of mothflesh.
Rivers   Fish
fish eyes.   eyes flesh.
Ifwhen trout nothtrue un-us, then fishermermen wire enmeshnet. There else
sense, yes.

LESION

Moth on loosestrife then moth in trout then trout in mouth yesnoyes how mouth swollen from soft-tissue methyl tumoursore tonsillolith on the roof of the immunity mournswim hell-over shit-out effluvium mess.

Or hurl.

LOOSEN

Life is not strife is infinitely finite.

LISTEN

Lonely   offish.
Only   of fish.