

THE ENPIPE LINE COLLECTIVE / The Enpipe Line Folio

The Enpipe Line (<http://enpipeline.org>) is written in resistance to Enbridge's proposed Northern Gateway Pipelines. The pipelines are tar sands infrastructure. The idea is to go dreams vs. dream in a collaborative poem designed to intervene in the processes that allow proposals like Enbridge's to emerge.

The text you are about to read is roughly 1/1,000,000th of The Enpipe Line's actual size. Each individual piece is measured (300 cm of 12 pt font = 718 km of enpiping) and its length is added to the total length of the line. If the poems that make up The Enpipe Line were to be materialized in actual size, they would stand one kilometre high and span close to 50,000 kilometres.

It was thought that creating a poem 1,173 kilometers long—the length of the proposed pipelines—would take years. In fact, it took weeks. The Enpipe Line contains song, video, image and group-authored works such as Ta'kaiya Blaney's "Shallow Waters," a poem read to Ezra Levant by Ben West in the now infamous "Ethics of Oil Cage Match" held at the Rio Theatre in East Vancouver in November 2010; C O S T I S' "1.5km"; and R3's "Warriors whoop at me from between the trees," which is archived on Alert! Radio. In short, The Enpipe Line is a snapshot of a culture of resistance to the proposed Northern Gateway Pipelines, and projects like it. The first print edition of The Enpipe Line is forthcoming from Creekstone Press.

Folio contents:

JESSICA WILSON / A tar sands song
KEVIN SPENST / coming down the pipe
ROB BUDDE / The New Economy
KATHRYN MOCKLER / Pipeline
ARA THOMSEN / Pipe me full to exploding with your sweet
PAUL NELSON / Enbridge/Endgame
NIKKI REIMER / ceci n'est-pas enpipeline

A TAR SANDS SONG // Melina, Melina. / You remind me of a tar sands story. / Growing up on Lubicon Lake, / Eating the moose and fish all cancerous. // Melina, Melina. / You remind of a tar sands story. / Growing up and fighting power, / While the government just turned away. // Stop the looting and polluting, / Cuz the planet's getting hotter. / While the rich is getting richer, / The poor is getting poorer. // See the activists, on the corner, / Dreaming up ways to make things better, / Then I look up at the sky, / See a cloud of smoke from an upgrader. // Boom chaka chaka boom. / Boom chaka chaka boom // Melina you are a campaigner, / Spreading the message of the tar sands / To the world, yeah. // Melina you are a crusader, / Saving the forests and the water, / For the future. // Stop the looting and polluting, / Cuz the planet's getting hotter. / While the rich is getting richer, / The poor is getting poorer. // See the activists, on the corner, / Dreaming up ways to make things better, / Then I look up at the sky, / See a cloud of smoke from an upgrader. // Boom chaka chaka boom. / Boom chaka chaka boom /// **COMING DOWN THE PIPE** // As if his lips were at the / open end of a thousand / kilometer pipeline, / the CEO announces: // "By opening the world's / energy market to Canada, / Northern Gateway will help / enable the nation to achieve / its true potential as a global / energy superpower and to / enjoy the benefits of its resource / wealth for generations." // His opening from lungs / markets pipeline, cinnamon, / bitumen and spice by / hearth warm for generations / of energy superpower children. // A fantasy pipeline foundry. // Our ears open for generations / until pipelines clogged unpiggable, / big words build up viscosity / until fissures gush hydrocarbons. / Around future remains of mainline / we hunter-gather back, praying / once words around a fire: // "Buy open market Canada / world-North urn on gait of will, / ennobles the nation to ache / its rueful tensions as an / energy super fixer-upper / forever cleaning bitumen from / beneath our abode inch ill of wealth. / Forge enervations to sleep / under oil-spill black night. / Forge enervations to someday strengthen back." // Announced around the open fire, / at the end of a thousands as ifs. /// **THE NEW ECONOMY** // How must it be /

to be caught in the Empire, to have / everything you do matter? / —John Newlove // the forecast is for / castes of greater and lesser / and the charts glaze over / with want // the bubble is water and air; / the tipping point is a mean temperature // hedges are like properly broken / lines—in keeping with property values / but the risk is not yours // bookings are accessed by writers / of wealth and exemptions abound / in derivative contracts, leverage, recognizable / structures and the liquidity of investment / in the empire // no need to listen: certainty surrounds the old / economy—playing with oneself / has always been a good bet // self-absorption is a hemispheric / phenomenon and cancels out / the emotional use of language / and how it addresses the animal // futures, forwards, options and swaps / are the only way one line can move to the next / in the empire // pyramids cover with sand // unless the word has no operating / leverage, I have no interest in its / profit, poetic value has no // place in reasons for imaginary debt // and so, eventually, comes clean /// **PIPELINE** // The / ones / who / are / not / there / don't / have / to / think / about / it. /// **PIPE ME FULL TO EXPLODING WITH YOUR SWEET** // Pipe me full to exploding with your sweet / siren song / tantalizing taste buds with chocolate-almond poison / maybe in a thousand years we'll be extinct like the dinosaurs / so much for the theory of evolution / take me captive with your lovely words / words words / words can arm and protect / words can join and connect / my words are not dead, / they come to life as they hit the page / sprinting to their purpose / living as I read them aloud / or as they lie dormant in a resting stage / these words are alive. // Don't be an ageist, tell me about this earth / she's old but full of wealth / this ancient green giant / alive with macro/micro organisms / from the mundane to the urbane / she wears them all / in a living, breathing shawl / this weave is washable / but don't try and dryclean / this expensive raiment / with chemical defilement / if you unwrap her there's a price, / there's a curse / if you steal her shawl / to line your purse. /// **ENBRIDGE/ENDGAME** // The world knows that Canada is a climate criminal for allowing tar sands development to occur and yet they continue to allow it. / — Carrier Sekani Vice Tribal Chief, Terry Teegee

// Ensuring safety in every aspect of our operations, respecting the environment. / — from an Enbridge Corporate Press Release // Petroleum that exists in the semi-solid or solid phase in natural deposits. Bitumen is a thick, sticky form of crude oil, so heavy and viscous (thick) that it will not flow unless heated or diluted with lighter hydrocarbons. At room temperature, it is much like cold molasses. // What if she needed the oil (Gaia, dear, take your bitumens) blood travels arterials stabilizes a system warms feet dirt nurtures wheat alfalfa brome grass timothy wheatgrasses clover wildryes. // What if she took this as WWIII cd deploy tornadoes a few well-placed quakes or the rainrainrain wd you gather an ark wd you react biblical? Could she be a mother-in-law w/ glacial memory, a Romeoville or Kalamazoo still fresh sorties she might think her patience shaken her late experiment with insects & their dirty shells losing novelty. // The fear of those atop the food chain is that they'll see they fleshy bones on a plate next to the spuds, a bowl of eyes roll like jello holiday necklaces of teeth & she bats last she whose patience thins w/ bit of bitumen, each tar sand sucked from her ligaments, each cancerous scab we string across her heat-seeking flesh. //

Gitga'at	Gitaaxla	Haida	Haisla	Nadleh
Whut'en	Naka'zldi	Wet'suwet'en	Dakelh	Carrier Sekani

await / the prophecy await the power of the coming Mayan Blue Storm. // How'll the Blue Storm look on yr / 6 o'clock news, how another pole shift / on yr smiling baby's face? /// **CECI N'EST PAS ENPIPELINE** // our PIONEERS / help Canada / transform the Wilderness // virtual time machines / 400 million years / a 19" drill bit ride / "edutainment" / great pleasure & pride // [1719] Wa-Pu-Su, Cree chief and trader / lump of "that gum or pitch" // [1790] the "fountains" // [1889] ten years after being shown the / seepages/by First Nations people // [1898] bottling and selling/it locally // [1906] reported blow from / diamond drill hole // [1907] Rudyard Kipling visited Medicine Hat / declaring "all Hell / for a basement" // [1912] Alberta's

first cross-country // [1914] shot 5 metres above the drilling
 / floor ///-----the First World war established
 the / importance of strategic commodity----- ///////////////
 [1922] large Pouce Coupe, / blew out on / October
 10, killing "the driller and / seriously burning/several others" //
 [1926] and the western patch has / never looked back //
 interlude / We embrace our rich roots/ / the true soul of Canada resides/
 in its / hardworking people, past and present/ / whose vision and effort
 built our / prosperity/honouring the men and / women participating in the
 various / trades/(and support services) // "You was either quick or dead" /
 a cheery time for the inhabitants of sleepy little Smiley / "rank wildcat
 country" / horses were used // [1811] Alexander Henry / eastern flanks
 of Rocky Mountains // second interlude / —"trail of iron" / —Native peoples
 traded bear hides/smelling of kerosene / —fools lost deep in the holes / —
 much money and hope was poured/into the valley / —Fitzsimmons knew he
 had a good/lease / —for centuries, Aboriginal people knew of/and used
 hydrocarbons / —prompting Cornwall to form a syndicate/with the Calgary
 businessman // loaded onto scows! ♪ / lashed to the side ♪ / of
 a paddle boat! ♪ // 90 years after its discovery, most of / the fields remain/
 // because objections / halted/ /// —the blowing in of Royalite No. 4
 resulted in high flows / —several million hectares of unexplored Crown land
 / —estimated 21 million yet to be produced from the field // [1941] first
 mined at Abasand plant // [1955] first commercial in / British
 Columbia // [1960] the deepest Canada / drilled to a depth
 / of 5,041 metres/in the / Crowsnest Pass // [1967] The
 Great Canadian went / into/production, producing/synthetic
 / Athabasca // [1988] horizontal / opened up new
 / exploiting/tight formations // [2001] bitumen production
 exceeded / first Alberta // (tailings / pond / research / a
 major / focus) // c' eci n' est-pas une pipe / c' eci n' est-pas une
 pipeline