

JEFF DERKSEN / from The Vestiges

“all that is solid”

is solid again

gold, silver

nickel, copper, coal

“the power of the straight line”

mass produced.

As for those who love

to be astonished

we

 don't

 do

 body counts.

Mini tyranny!

From me to you

“Bring it on”

“It’s always Tuesday . . .”.

A neighbourhood
On the verge

urban frontiers
named and renamed
new pioneers
on the skids

taste cultures

and neighbourhood shock therapy
right to the heart
heart of the city.

Rattling “Sunday morning
early dawning” and the alternative
economy

bottles and cans musical

in a cart
down the alley to the park.

Where things were once made
When an hour was material, at

hand, demands
for what you never had

“shiny shiny boots
of leather” lean against
a dumpster.

Hours add up to space
to live per square foot

“I am tired, I am weary”
Worried to kiss the boot.

Youth of Eglington

Youth of el Vente Tres

Youth of South Surrey

Youth of Scarborough

Youth of Five Corners

Youth of La Paz

Youth of the banlieues

Youth of the plazas

Youth of the moment

“an object outside ourselves”

that petrol emotion
that market meltdown
that baton on bone

“a thing”

What’s gold doing
today?

What is copper
down to?

“At this point
I will no longer
refer to the city

but
to
the
urban.”

“I found a flaw

in the model

of how the world works”

(Greenspan)

Thought that cities
were the keg

that would reveal
what relations

what public histories
lay under
the paving stones

(which were arbitrary
for throwing

“of what gets empowered
and
 what
 gets
 contained”

the city digs itself out
as others dig
themselves in

another
use for nature

music, acoustic

that late sixties
ringing

“Where Evil Grows”

will it bring, will it
occupy
the libraries

the weak points
then the strong points

an access
to a language

“only the image of a voice”

through a soft coup

reduced to admiring his ruthlessness

so present
as to decompress

“shattered”
students shake blankets
from the library windows
taped up for the teargas canisters
to come

“Spent a week in a dusty library
Waiting for some words to jump at me”

“You do, you do . . . ”

What we need
right now is

“fresh availability
of cheap
labour”
and land

“and love sweet love”

watching history:

“did not rise like the sun
at the appointed time. It was
present at
its own making”