

# ARCHAEOLOGY

## ARCHAEOLOGY: noun

ar-chaē-ol-ō-gy | \,är-kē-'ä-lə-jē \

variants: or archeology

- 1: a stratigraphic sampling from the groundwork of personal time

i) OCT '09 – MAR '10

On origins:

make nice with the river

Cells desiccate, dissolve, another year lost

Some are named for flowers,

the failure of morning to remain,

Victorian morals

and dead queens

In the dream I'm on a rural road

and take the ditch

Here is the working class,

a railway, an open museum

of creosote and timber

The topography was service

How viable a strategy

for me, a simple animal

*Natura non facit saltum*

**ii) APR '10 – JUN '10**

The orange canoe S sealed me into  
X's voice is the creek by the baseball field  
"I take the spatial concept of heaven seriously"  
Red fibre and tallow in May  
Succumb to rain and strangers  
I assay in chemicals an ovum unknown  
The river of stolen bicycles  
and all the kittens of welfare

**iii) SEPT '10 – OCT '10**

Even the tree bristled a proxy for sheltered evening  
The cause tumbled out into the grouping  
The future was something liquid  
and inert taking from its branches  
Voltairine and the thermal husbandry  
of subversion  
Did the freakish ecology lift you?  
Hunger. Cigarettes. Shiraz. Cymbalta.  
I could lie in bed like Descartes  
Sections of brainstem stained violet or aquamarine  
I lulled within the fortune of your sorrow  
then relived myself on your lawn.  
In childhood  
find a small rubber head  
of a horse in the forest  
working its way sideways  
into the soil

**iv) FEB '11 – AUG '11**

"Death lines every moment of ordinary time,"  
while on my own porch some days ago I said  
aloud to myself, "platitude, portmanteau,  
Jean-Jacques Rousseau."  
Not all my shacks were oneiric, not all in summer  
Small mammals along the narrow logging road  
My mother sits by the stove smoking menthols  
My grandfather tried to put out the fire  
but the baby remained in the structure

**v) APR '12 – AUG '12**

"I only think as far as I read"  
Intermedullary rod, plates, screws  
—fixed to bones in my body that is a red couch

I pushed it through a hole in my jaw  
*Sic transit gloria mundi*  
immanentizing the eschaton  
we, the siblings  
born with bricks in our mouths

**vi) 2012–2013**

I'm just a tenant in the guide to semblance  
If I am my own double-bind  
“experience is a hoax”  
who buried her children  
the teacher stands at the chalkboard  
the number 5 is a postman with a fat belly and cap  
bones surfaced in the mud during flooding  
mandibles loosened from skulls like a gasp of air  
the silence was uterine  
is this an Indigenous  
or occidental dream?

**vii) 2013–2014**

We are all inevitably  
interlocutors of the slaughter  
Hear your clinic, hear it clear  
I enter your book and someone laughs  
A pile of sentences to bring in for the winter  
Here is the neural tube foresting its moment  
I understand now I must choose a shore to speak to  
An unabridged conference call with the sky  
Staging  
Depths of field  
Walking down the highway towards town  
“Enter quickly, as I am afraid of my happiness.”  
I've lost your address.  
In any moment *I* is an iterative contingency.  
The world has already destroyed me.  
A lilac oratory.  
I date myself.