

BY 'N BY

Alki nesaika wawa wegt bymby! Jay Powell says

soon we will talk again by 'n by (maybe) in a little while
but behind this I was younger I understand now half as much
then wait that was long ago the more we cut through
the less we change already my death is my own time not yet verbed
understood to be natural eventually I will know this elastic forest so you say
some long time ago even next week I will understand the numbers
and the location and I'll go there in the story alongside the river by-and-by
if it's indicative maybe we will go in my boat before noon I was younger
now I feel strong just another older brother spelling has never had anything to do with it
or has it there are rules which may not be easy to comprehend also
keep it simple row row if it's a canoe remember

all that talk about northern waters glass, that time was glass paddle your own
North Atlantic Turbine there was dirt, there was the earth deep time lurks
ocean then was further just a post office surrounded
by Interior Lakes Salish I thought of it as leaning the theory of rain, bends
my bardo is post-mortem post-modern another bad trip
almost a festival, a regular *chahko mika* coming to you or at you good
to be home again, ain't it but in the by-time coming round

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Twilight at the Edge of Town! Mark Soo sez

by 'm 'by we need to search for an interruption we need to flip to two light
between the river and the powerline the chain of recognition is released
time flies and stays still at the same time back and forth below
the snow line above the tree line these are the lines between
the poles "blind matter" in the sky landscape at the mouth
the lines that become faces above the water if you can remember them
a quantum entanglement looky looky there's the interference beam pattern
between "two places at once" hologrammer effect not just dual
but four steps: negative/positive (forward) & negative/positive (backward)
or no-yes/no-yes waves coincide at the Gate of Words
until you get to the bridge and the grammar of a long summer day takes over
"it never used to be this hard to navigate the edges" so then so then so then
electron tongues interfere with themselves so, like, play

remember how the noon sun smells remember the future
 look both ways for trains and listen to the signal's insistent clanging clanging
 the rule is similar far means near "undeclared enigmas / wander
 bumpy and / flecked" betwixtuation's disobedience
 between two tracks the hyphen lies
 so then ramble if "you think we'll be able to" and know the line is a cycle too
 creosote fringing the tracks brink of the river slope wait
 and wait the density bogs all summer long here and there
 coincident barking distant barking
 a laminated panorama a circle clanking walking into town
 as if living there was only on one side and we had to be between here and there
 the rare seam of graphite shining what will then
 this and that sings the interval we want "to hear that sound again . . . especially that bump"
 jack into the meantime no diff the rendering of the interval in that photo was soot
 it was black and daytime neon along the tracks residue
 and connections to navigate the light we fished through the open doors of the creek
 could hear the neighborhood but I would fall asleep again
 at dawn I'd wake to the sound of an incessant siren a reminder that kept reminding
 when is never the same place again standing in the doorway is such a struggle
 but a gate would help could be a different marker to the untrained eye
 a side-to-side door history had already done the really messy work
 bymby I would have to go to work again but the interval remained the same
 so the stage is mass poetry's mess augmented a raw bardo
 just passing through a perfect 4th at the same time I could hear its regularity

habit hadn't come to work yet overtime the town spills
the edge is garbage contained by the thingness of place memory
he sd is a kind of a hulk a chain
or a balloon wafting over two steel tracks not the caboose but what's after

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Two Places at Once! Marian Penner Bancroft says

When Osprey arrived in April the geese were in the water and shitting all over the beach. To be expected, the sticks and moss of last year's nest on the piling had been mostly kicked away by the Brants using it for their spring hatch. But now, getting ready for their own spring breeding, the two raptors were confused about which partially ruined nest to rebuild, last year's or, on a nearby piling, the one from two years ago. The notion of an unformed time, through which *habit* can be read backwards, relies on the transfiguring capacity of the mind. "Something equal" also poses the question "what's next." Osprey cannot but double up and bring new sticks and moss to both old nests. But there is a timing problem that then gets codified by intention. Two nests at once, an "impossible stratagem" for birthing and raising a couple of chicks before it's time to leave in September. Biding the time between the pilings of design and our "recurring hills of sleep," all of us along the lakeshore (the birds and fish, the backhoes, the ferry and the ambulance) keep in mind the puncta of power lines and telephone poles. The horizon and the moon. This little while is experienced as location. And memory. A gift, not a clock. Caught between two nests, Osprey is betwixt and in the by and by not oblivious to the wind talking, tugging, gathering and releasing. In this between place we can all witness

the accumulation of presence, the braiding of seeds. The hours are not equal. The horses,
the barn, etc. Nor the nests. The two delays the one, the once. Circle over the lake, float
slowly round and round, hover, turning turning—by ‘n by . . . bymby . . . by m by

Jay Powell is a recognized Chinook Wawa expert who lives in Vancouver. The second section was written in response to Mark Soo's exhibition at the Surrey Art Gallery entitled *Twilight on the Edge of Town*, on view from April 17-June 6, 2021. The quoted text is from *Poetic Realism* by Rachel Blau Duplessis (BlazeVOX, 2021) and *Two Places at Once: Transfigured Wood Part 4* by Marian Penner Bancroft (Western Front, 1986). The term "betwixtuation" is a coin by Minneapolis poet Elizabeth Workman.