selections from

KNOTBOOK

Lary Bremner (Timewell)
a trickle of extract as it trickled down his baudelairian cravat

- remembering Peter Culley

feeling it as thick light in the gouge of winter,
pink wires cross-hatching the sky-blue & salmon underbelly cloud, shadow-stained stained-glass & a too-personal parchment found 1727 william street apartment #4

poetry is the king of beers, the facsimile of facsimiles
it takes innumerable & arduous pilgrimages to the convenience store to gather
an authenticity that can never be acquired by hanging up your fool-proof in any artificial skin

my back-thinking reconstructs a makeshift memory to the joy of its multiple creators,
the ophthalmic apparatus mobilizing miniature exactnesses like
liking licking the freckles across the nose

impromptus to my infrastructure sat ever-hooded in the kitchen
on a wooden chair found in the gastown alley of another translucent/congruent era,
one of heady blackberry wine, all those portraits landscapes in the province of sentimentality

each spiral twine syncopated time, each liquid crystal chiseled out receptor
bouquets to comb all that egg off your face & to open that stuck floodgate heart, the real
birds were always cheaper & wilder than the gilded mechanical

you sat to set ears to fuzzy patinas, eyes to contrapuntal trane-timings, to set
memory to teenage woodwards’ book-lift, layton’s old gonad sea poem nestled there in the weeds still.
this my discontinuous is a recording that looped in our intertwined looping minds
riding nanaimo ferries to sfu rotundas in the rags of condition, learning i
still prefer the random acts of your will that approximated coffee tilting back in the words, the
talking heads & undertones upon which my inserted dear pocari sweat rhetoric relied

not in total, but in mesh-coil foils of a decades-delayed plan scribbled on
rained-upon maps & retinal circus poster backs yellowed of themselves or by smoked black
alaskan black cod, by kool & beedie smoke, by love, by resident bookshelf must.

*

depoetic procedures
- for Donato Mancini

1.

[ initial motif
parallel motif
spatial tension
synthesis motif
remnant hint of contradiction
unresolved cadenza
idiomatic inversion of title
]
2.

[ 

frost exempla *

pepper grains on ice

prayer rug flat

there in platz

counter-clockwise indications

via pictorial ‘action jackson’ vectors

pastoral discards (to a maximum of 3)

hedge enemy words to clarify an

I that

this I

just can’t manage not

to manage

]
3.

[  
  first person indicative  
  short sharp transitive verb  
  definite article abutting  
  mildly startling out-of-context noun  

- repeat x4 -  
  
]
[snapp speculations normalized
as toxic commentary
absent scored for music confessional touches
in the appearance of errata bunched between
available semantic inhabitants

*

O! faithful copy
O! medieval wood cut
O! sweet Hokusai
5.

[ Periodic Table, des Aliments Riche en Fer ]

Rock 101-FM at ambient (i.e., barely audible, Brian) volume

napkin, half-circle soy stain from leftover nori-maki

two thesaurian alternatives for “perfection”

dust lightly with residual micro-fragments

of pink eraser dust

]
ego-evasive foregrounded description
temporal / season-word clue (or clues)
one word-lotus of locus-precision

add subtle internal-rime couplet
(followed by) a reverse-engineered succinct closure
now / raise eyes to audience to elicit

(pause)
expression of rapt gratification
a continuity derived from
the sub-heading that points to green corners

nothing stated as finally nothing nor
as exceptional as

[ a forest floor carpeted
with syllables
]
8.

a hope springs nocturnal
as sorbonne sour grapes

[  ]

invention is anything that
goes on the map by doing

[  ]

everything is only scene
as abstract until it makes

[  ]

a difference in
a personal life

[  ]
9.

[ placement of riverbed stone in public park
to which add resonant augmentation of tree ]

[ focused isolate of inscription
raucous choral accompaniment
full-stop photo-op ]

[ pot down on the denouement &
false fade-out with slightest ]

[ snare drum return
in reprise ]
10.

[  
  entity I says
  
every word
  ‘s an alibi
  
  & can’t recreate “a”
  
  telegram sent in the early months of 19—

  or the classic rebuttal to an anonymous buyer
  
  from a ‘penniless’ artist

  “This is a miniature of myself
  
  which I carved for myself, indeed

  which I carved by myself. Here,

  you can have it.”

  ]
begin with the classified information

point to the window left open on purpose

think its intonation outward in a holding-pattern vigil

move from ecstatic to horrific in the space of a single word

put an eerie blue bio-luminescence all over the damn thing

go panoramic, but remain critical of any all-knowing intelligence
✓ it has a checklist
✓ it makes the word return the look
✓ its memory is made of stylized tension
✓ its build-up of residuals is a pressing down on
✓ its false-benign continuum gets you nowhere fasting
✓ it is working to put some bones under all that soon-dead meat
& somewhat some but dissimilar from
   an undertone but not an endorsement
   of its owning an extended extant lack

let the damage breath in every term
   remember for it to be true it must also be
   a self-contradictory vertical arc made

of the luminous evasions that constitute
   the glossolalia of the once love-child method
   in the golden bygone era of ‘evidence’

if you can’t complete the poem think of
   oppenheimer with his nose in the vedas for
      us to do this aporia the last thing we need

is a breezy scripted recreation of
   an historical place & time soap of
      all we do then & we did now
scriptum, for.

and/or against. all an&
evening, of.

(robbed of style)

it was
n’t until I s
aw my own
n weepy mu
g in the wi
ndow th
at I k
new
or

to make a bad equation by poking
holes in the so-called story of

process, a relentlessly un-
furling presque vu
15. I mean it's not like every day can be one of those big one-word headline kind of days now is it?
in the intervals thought brims over
- for Jamie Reid

not much of an everything
but a ‘something’ enough

&

you bet i am
i bet you are

&

swarms to
& of sense

&

the sound collector as he
sings back to the willows

&

sun as all morning the
raining since evening

&
to play this harpsicord lp
i put on a clip-on bow-tie

&

more inclement weather comes
in expressionless premonitions

*

i remember my tokyo habit of closed-eye listening
to the sound around me meant mountainous why?

i remember thoughts in plastic bathroom
slippers thoughts in capsule hotels the 12

slow breaths that lead me
to a sleep & when on any

swatch of ground i felt
how antique the breeze

to the more barometrically
sensitive creatures must be

i remember that light
determines surface in
even an atrophied meanwhile

i remember sea stones in soup

& the alan stivelle cd still playing
in every omottesando-bound taxi

*

what a cutting-edge can

of life-worms poetry be

the respite of

the reprise is

the split-second convergence of raindrops
as stream down the window pane in time

maybe it was you who taught me
‘the right words work only once’

to which i should’ve countered every word
is a variation of every other word misspelt

this is why i write you back

& this is how i’ll leave you
voice messages in the mountains for
the future *uba-sutetta* person i will be

i look in the hall mirror i see
45 degrees of writer in a wall

the fulsome zeros of another one
in the emptier mirrors over head

*
