selections from

molecular hyperbole

Lary Bremner (Timewell)
a 27 small things i did today
day – reframed that glossy spin art piece from pne summer 1968
- composed more of the same name you will have in eternity
- played freddy hubbard vinyl & the replacements in alternating succession
- etched an etch-a-sketch map a’monday for a possible new year direction
- asked myself am i encircled or an encircling of the way the bubble bursts time?
- remembered the 12 new kanji i’d hoped since yesterday i would remember
- exchanged happy new years with chief leonard george on the mall escalator
- carved myself a SUBSTANTIAL REVISION NEEDED red rubber stamp
- went out the door once more again carried forward by my own moonlit weight
- wrote “make from what you think you’ve learned even more mistakes” down
- let out a laugh let a laugh laugh out
- spoke in & out of class
- glued 36 ukiyo-e clippings over 3 photo rejects & called it collage
- sang bits of johnny mathis songs on the phone with dotty lusk
- quoted dogen on facebook to irritate the more-politically-radical-than-thou set
- saw the birds on the foam of the minute at the end of the sea sky land
- considered what’s for dinner as the late afternoon light of leftover lines
- realized i was only an old school poet gum-booting across pro-active playgrounds
- washed in soapy sink the grit of years from thrift store vinyl lp sandy bull’s inventions 1965
- smeared the balderdash wallpaper with pastel crayola for value-added stylistic gravitas
- sifted an intangible through the filter of a schematic was a floating in & of the room
- made of this a vacuous filigree a semi-happy idiom an interim of my own ours
- stitched 8 pages of restored deletions with little echoes of referential contingency
- thought of how if this were then i would likely be walking the dog about now
- saw fall in my mind what i took to be the last maple leaf fall in fukushima fall
- walked the flood-bank two hours back to furukawa, pushing a flat-tire mamachari (in memory)
- vowed to always remember jamie never succumbed to hard-heartedness
if you want i can show you another time went
missing somewhere between to & from

an everytime you devise for yourself a center or
a mind with half a mind to answer

writing so retrospectively so self-consciously
a poetry shirtless shoeless

neither what you think you wanted to say nor
what you now believe has happened

cumulative anticipation across a sustained interference
emotional ergonomics of the call center

half-decent wi-fi & an unchecked lottery
ticket in my pocket

all the stagy asshole-nouveau self-branding
poet success

not so much ‘writing’ as a brief history
of typeface out loud

a guaranteed lonely way to live sideways
in everywhere at once
impractical suggestions on average
one per page day

solitude: a collection book one
& book one

written from without from within
a research to die for

a spell of concatenation dissolves as it
feathers out the window

its only the non-writers who believe in
bookish transformations

as they yaletown skylines across 20
fukushima years

direct deviation from coming across all
the history ahead

new circumstances jogging on the spot men
trying to out do each other

& finally around daybreak a cluster that prays
to inconceivable facility

there will never be enough language
to manage the moon

after the snow had fallen the poem left him
thinking he was not alone
enka is as much as i understand of my words
moss is for the gaps

someone with whom you lived through
a disaster or the least

comfort of a humid breeze arrangements
of your work-in-progress soul

flooded with light a photo portal no
photo could reproduce

walking letho-logical gangplank you’d better learn
to read you’d better learn to sing

get down to business get up to play circular
avocation of unlearned words

i fail yet again but this time in better clothes retire
to the lean-to for some genmai-cha

don’t get your blunderbuss in a knot choose
reverb chorus echo & flange

now you’re talking now you’re beginning
to make a little nonsense

the book just appears to be there to support
a span of words in world

but not to be free from stacked
for sale money
my baby done left me the one
i was not to be

i be hailstones bobbing like mandarin
oranges in the sea

remembering bathtubs with gryphon feet
cicadas endless summer oath

for all the good i’ve done in this life
i could have just kept

right on sleeping right on standing under
the moon with a broom

instead of language’s terrible temple overgrown
ankor whatever

its not articulate its just particular its just three
more meals i could not do without

a door frame set in an open field
fools no one’s magic

alive
a live o

language cat caught up a tree birds having
flown leave us gawkers lame

all the words on the ground in the sky
liquid consonants solid vowels
words are not beautiful they just sound that way

eventually you are back here again deep in the oldest part of your body

light across the pockmarked fields is light almost done a conviction as is arcs a wind as it keeps on its own moving

over under leaves knowing from where the songs arrive is

asemic scrawl of footprints mud atop yamadera tiles

it’s a poem by echo-location would not be a metaphor for four nor a table for two falling scars when all the shooting starts

unfill the notebook insert yourself an anywhere in each

if living you are reading this while dying now be how lucky you are!

a film of the invisible or its actual opposite? a sometime in mid-life when
i began to read backwards all
the books again

quotidian specialiste but shrinking back
from official season words

favour multiple devices that pursue
time’s ions in e-minor

any two that twine their tongues are
mad with lingo bliss

translating the financial column into
breadcrumbs & wine dregs

wishing a new pastoral & let stand to
cool for 15 minutes

writing as a useless bodyguard a minimum
wage-earner’s woe

bleak tally to move elixir through bones
named arise & prance

a pile of phenomena as unnatural as airs
in future perfect tense

or defective mood of too much now
ever to extrapolate

the drunken ethereal gesticulating gizmo
of precision & segmentation
the mac&cheese swaying like hokkaido
lilac in the breeze

devised mind brine of looking up to see
clouds above lynn creek

the nv municipal dump where bears
foraged & andy bruce

stashed his apple jack & switchblade gone
the passing through fear to joy

whose heart is on whose lips the room just yells
the hint again louder

trace elements of the funk of nuance
holds onto nothing as

serious as the serious merce cunningham
movements & what is

the unit of movement but one more
line to prolong the preposterous

einstein each morning grappelli by evening
on sonic collision course

with slapstick october even if you
make it you can’t keep it

your own carbon-dated periodic
table of memories
why read when you can live why read when you can write?

you’ll never run out of the accidents that matter writing answers & making up tests later

-- in those days we gathered at dawn to be our own agile minds in trial & error –

& every next day i find the words lying where i left them but now saying entirely different things

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i don’t usually but you know like they say

Feel about to move but don’t move
Take the earlobe between your lips
Catch the lunch special
Leave the laundry for another day
Use only words that say what you didn’t know said
Feather-dust the harpsichord  Scour the attic
Stack the climbing kiln
Enter the great hall
Finger the holey places eaten by moths
Kick more sand in a Charles Atlas face
Recognize anyone’s still-life in oils at a glance
Say (        ) in a small but confident voice
Follow your thoughts out the window
Breathe in as usual out
Hum under the blanket
Unsubscribe from that theory
Read Madame Bovary to the baby
Fix some freshly-grilled sardines on a Portuguese bun
Lay awake longer in the inexorable advance of age
Beat out one for the old humdrum
Scrub your fingers with coconut milk & lemon juice
Begin to see (as happens) less of someone  more of another
Catch your breath at the apex of the bridge
Look around, but don’t just look around
Look up    look down    & look here
Speak your canadian mind      remain polite
Know what it is
Know what it’s worth
Use the apron for your hands the dishtowel for the dishes
Shuffle some private papers around
Circle each salient point
Fly to Amsterdam
Bus to Delhi
Jump down turn around pick a bail of cotton
Laugh the ever-penultimate laugh
Check for loose strands
Black-out all the prepositions
Miscalculate the debt
Get up & shut up & bow down
Think before descending
Stop on the stairs to look up at the stars

Then come find me in the courtyard

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my plan for keeping the self invisible goes terribly wrong

by each oblique a clarity & gone before my voice a
mind made these pagoda miniatures of possession

is this word one ‘pivot’ or two like a ‘floppy hat’? or
culley outlines of the unknown matted leafage pond

not embroidered neither mythological not of the caged mind
but in strewn song & well-placed stone the sea dreams the sky

gardens i’m getting like so 19th century cynical i can never
quite squeeze that big power ballad into the mix-tape now

among the was i was i like the me’s i were in fits of the fog
that blotted the coastline in the cedar stands that still sway

moving light through beauty through death to
a regeneration that your doctored-up describes

poetry: recording angel & all this
who says where is it written that?

the multi-foliate spiraling out to form a resinous
entrance to the other dimensions that imitate you

producing the least something to illustrate the general
collapse of the reading switch of loophole’s anticipation
lucky moss-man of letters & dog with
the insect certitude of a power within

power rain noon dinner & a nap
destinies getting a little obsolete

imagination constellation meadow
of particles of particulars words for

nothing’s directions as ever the last
line moves inwards & into the trees

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poetry: a fire in the rain-trough that rings the house

- for Paul Nelson

the mind already in its afterlife
designated cherubim of the math that imagines
enabling sight in ultra-violet light
pastoral enhancements that haunt the water-cooler
insider trading results in massive fail
See: implied portent; drama, replete with lugubrious strings
the optimal improbable one
“chemical junctions of the pleasure circuits”
the art of reverse-engineering the accident
epater la bourgeoisie patter
synesthesia graph (Hockney dancing Tharpe, Ellington painting Aphex Twin)
up to my elbows in your arms, your disarming venus ways
the elite of oddities with the baffles of erudition
chat-room exchange of diminishing returns
fumbles for the light switch, saying no no to another’s it’s no trouble at all
when emulate to mimic returns
See: strawberries; sea mammals; piles of potlach blankets
consciousness in mobilized rhythms
See: potluck; poverty; residential skills
in addition to the bruises there were the new circumstances to deal with
autobiography of the imagination, first draft
what should have been but by having been written down now can never be
counter-expectation at the coffee counter
dreaming you are heading home but actually asleep at the wheel
the faux punk is the real punk!
ventriloquistic acts of misanthrope & benevolence
slowly deciding two snow angels are more than enough
gospel distillation of the nothing that happens all the time
everyone’s eye hear me
pandemonium on the harmonium
you don’t have to actually do something, but always be sure to write it down
starts with mumbling something to mom, then develops its own cryptography by degrees
thinking about the tattoo a long time, both before & after
a death that informs you all pasts become identical & never age
a loose line traversing a lost leaf
oxygen’s altitude addendum
the Kodak Brownie’s ability to think in terms of ‘crestfallen’, ‘jalopy’ & ‘old’
castoff Usui Depaato mannequins in the rice-fields surround Motomiya
rolling your eyes at big bully death & equally the immortal figures in stone
a seasonal latency of Nanaimo bathtubs dreaming of summer victories
the left eye puffy, the right one fully closed
blossom regalia, out to the warbling radius of morning
opalence popping, vocal posturing, semantic twerking
see: fireworks above, slugs below
we are given just this fistful of time, these singular caresses
matches the sofa quite nicely
doubles as a decorative I must say
stockpiles that from which you work to make alive, a life
the feral text in the oinking of the hour
a love-note written backwards & upside-down (that’s the rule!)
an Ipanema of toilsome derivatives
a gang of retrograde expressions slouch smoking in the shadows
a hybrid music still crying out for a catch-all categorization

online gamer! lift up thine eyes to the mountains!

the sudden onslaught of a minor-key musk in a shopping mall

the thumping amusements

the turned-up leather collar of the lost moment receding

a replicated marvel done in slightly more expensive crayons

a cranky, old fart Dogen, caught back in the realm of condition & desire

inflected sunset fresco of the royal imitation guild

expeditionary dredging of the Elbe for the great lost Kevin Davies prose

each intimacy abutted, each revelation abridged

I think I’ll be staying on as an ephemeral photon

a commercial jingle composed on a crumhorn

resembles less my house than a carpeted pylon

no clocks work here before midnight, but who would know?

interminable fumbling at the light switch, until if up is off then down must be on

holes just large enough for a baby, a child, a woman, or a small man to pass through

counting down the strokes until we can all unmask

what you thought backwards from what it is also was

a free hand trailing in the water, in the wind

the bray of laughter in the face of the officious

a rat-trap for my Lit-12 text

the squirting flower on Zonko’s lapel that said it all

doo-wop night for local billionaire investors

tracing the evasions, evading the traces

life according to the Root-o-Reeni Slim & Slam dictionary

because later never happens that way

a bun in the oven & a manuscript in every drawer!

random atrocities overlain with a comforting drone

kind / ling
the lesser-known B-sides of Little Nectar & The Nectarines

a decision overturned, a sentence deferred

Dante on sabbatical, gone to Hell to see the sights

something no one in their right mind would hire you to do

haywire repairs to rogue waves

finding the missing pulse in ten columns of grammar

dearments, shot out of season

See: walking papers; bum’s rush; jive talk; street smarts

left me only my wallet snapshots & the promise of an early spring

trolling the undertow of thought for thought for thought

the flickering under the floorboards

old holes in socks at a sock hop of I don’t care

improving medieval carols over white-noise

second-class doves make first-class carrier pigeons

goes for long walks in dry sneakers, with a camera & a Shasta dog

the translation side of the Canadian cereal box that don’t float

asking is that a statue or a dead mime?

Positing purely circumstantial evidence as absolute proof

grasping at any pretext to create a theoretical existence

is often worse than saying nothing at all

from sad to suddenly inconsolable & sneezing constantly

the hidden quantum physics of pornography

the freedom to forget your table manners when eating arugula

all that pseudo-comical oh! what to write in a café in old Amsterdam

handsome, so sure of his her-self, but speaks not a word of your English

the book comes to its final resting place, a stone’s throw from 13 Rue Git le Couer

language undone just before its closing in on what it is to become

wasps of waspy waspish WASP pain

pizza sauce on the pillow, again
the scent of the pavement after the wild talk of didn’t it rain
a stranger in strange Land Rover, a tuneless Hummer in the office
the long-envied breakfast nook of Clancy Guy Patrick Gibson
the backroads the local people know to use
my highly impenetrable personal allusion as our mutually-shared & universal sacred troth
an hallucinogenic steamboat traveling up the Danube
drunk & confused but harmless I assure you quite harmless really
whorled, the way it turns the word world inside out
contrapuntal catnaps { neko no hiru-ne, Satie no renshuu, aitta-mama no mado }
cross the street remember something cross back again
word asceticism moonlighting as civil service (sir)
recovering lost time in incremental denominations
a device to block the pop-up windows of harboured sentiment
post-varication, fallacy generator made of heat-seeking musli
she said her name was Memoranda, my understudy muse
because, made of words. it’s obviously a trick of some kind
the present is invisible, the crabgrass an afterthought, an applique
perfect control emerging from what were, admittedly, my initial misgivings
a miracle antibiotic, but good for only a single generation
duct-taped-over mailbox flap, the wabi-sabi of the wild west
Utopia, the beta-version
a precarious double-life, weighed down with the tedium of writerly intentions
an indication as to where you might also, when ready, look
telescopic maledicta, holding the last note seemingly forever
vacillations of the (so-called, the putative, the alleged) ego
sparklers still fizzling over an unmarked, an unoccupied, grave
a New Age empowerment speil, delivered from knee-deep in the anatomical mud
a weighing-in with all the organs & inventories of vigour
resemblance, not in the mirror, but “in” the “mirror”
on the cell & walking the dog

speaks on whose behalf?

remembering an awkwardness in the backseat, all life’s liaisons ended

recurring residual birth-fear

music converted to images that transfer time in slacker/flapper cadences

words in the light of which facts are speechless

the way the voice somehow means must or do

as if you had to be told, as if I

walking around the square

I don’t know as much as we

sparks of rain on pavement, tremor-rings in sand

and the food! oh the food! let me tell you about the food!

every time you use it, it must be reset back to zero

defects that glow in the dark

this loves you more than what matters will kill you

half-hearted garden of transplanted improbabilities

is all you are & ever were

a harmonica solo in solitary, heartbeats in the labyrinth

from the pre-articulate to a clear carpet all the way to Durango

the earnest grimaces of paid prognostication

something said to a tedious companion at the acme of his self-importance

a way to outwit la nausea

can hook you up, can really hang you up the most

the slapping the sleepwalker risk

KP duty of Promethean proportions

the marvellous replica, treading air in the fall

what anyone naturally writes while listening to Damu The Fudgemunk

the matter-of-fact confidences of the pulpit mechanic

embarrassing media-leak of your pet-name meme
when even I can see its just another Wreck Beach afternoon tranquilized by the sun
asking but will my new opera make money?
because I didn’t get the job or lost it to poetry
or didn’t want it or it’s too late now anyway or I don’t know nothing
an un-natural act, barely distinguishable from pain, from joy
the human future of insects at their mantras
messages conveyed by phantom couriers de bois
a cup of what each garden was, to & from your lips
a song just as impractical in countries where climate rules
reading the want ads by the light of the bare bulb at the top of the stairs
any ritual repeated in changing circumstances itself changes
winking parabolas seen walking off a long pier in the setting sun
a great big I grant you all your wishes flourish
refusing to reason with the difference between information & experience
ordering sounds to drink up the state of things
hearing the neutrally cadenced voice of antagonism
words as they who teleport us to parallel misunderstandings
crop circles forming in the false economy of fiction
a commodity in ruin, & (sooner or later) advertising
okay, I’ll see what I can’t do for you
iteration animation, full stop
nebula astonishment
debris, intact

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write because you know that a blade of grass in your mouth is enough to crush any shadow
write because the euro-retreat was exhaustive (exhausted) but left you unimproved
write to reveal a ‘what this giving takes this taking gives away’ kind of small cleverness
write because we are ever under the spell of occupation
write to discover a way through the frozen concentrates of schizophrenia & routine
write from the endless notes that tell you we are all irrelevant to these language events
write to step across each lodestone that proves itself an iron pyrite of stimuli
write for the nearly all of us who fail to find even the fool’s gold glint in it
write to hereby coin the terms dogmagony & hedgomatic
write for the sake of yes fellow world humans acting badly en masse
write to speak of the phantom causeless precipitousness
write because you figure the poem is still your most likely quotidian best-guess generator
write in response to the eccentric germs of untreatable doctors-turned-politician
write ‘i’ve come to the encampment of sensation to teach gratefulness for the excellence of apricot tarts’
write of nothing but your gratefulness for the excellence of apricot tarts
write to know the sky a patina designed to funnel birds of only a certain hue
write to state obvious reasons for crews on tankers and tugs in the harbour
write for the ever-flowering failure of waiting for writing to write
write when you want to see pigeon holes stuffed with akinashitte omedetto omikuji
write not for the pastiche but neither for its leftover rice-starch glue
write to confess your uncontrollable sneezing reaction to even the weakest springtime sun
write to record the discussion in discursive & the left disgusted
write how you love to mucho your gusto & ittadaki your masu
write to confirm new & tentative usages at the annual gathering of the archaic
write to reclaim a slogan torn from the unpublished works of the unknown hostage
write when there is nothing on the walls but too much reason to unreason
write in a state of alert relaxation in breaths equal to the number of commas left unread
write because you lost someone very dear to you & then you grew up fast
write to conjure the non-reactive world of one action living next to another in peace
write because it’s a simple matter of ( ) as i’m sure all of you ( ) know
write to inject a little meta-lingual levity in to the conditioned existence proceedings
write in real anticipation of the surprise cookie of promise coming your way
write to remember we are not talking a fortune here not even a living
write to reveal the tangential take of ensemble work conflated with the marvelous
write standing on the precipice of a windfall of melodic collocations
write to relinquish the grog of memory from the gnats of sleeping star
write to protect the non-existent ‘essence’ of all the tree-planter’s minds
write while the thing in your dinner mind slow-bakes 360 in basil & oregano
write although words have become a spiritualized decomposing bio-luminescence
write while the bristle of composition massages words in off-duty precincts
write until you can navigate language like you do a bowling alley or a subway car
write all over the tv-littered tundra all over the tundra-flecked tv
write to ask who are we to spurn the herbivores of mirrored ceilings & leather’d floors
write to say let us start here at the stern & move steadily forward to the bow
write in the realization there’s no apparent end to the syntactical vigor of a j-pop repertoire
write for the laughter under la dolce vitamin & the columns of the daily mainichi
write a letter to gary barwin scourge of the spanish main available for bar mitzvahs
write just to read a few more of those kids’ stories that end in peaceful slumber
write to absorb the litany of botched coups d’etats echoing in a pre-war icebox
write because you’ve gone & spent all your retainer but finally cracked the case
write to compare your libido to a norton anthology in a koh samui beach hut
write to carve it in words that resemble liquid hoof beats or the glee of companions at sea
write to raise an elixir in light lift a glass to the glare of the sun
write it yourself in tactile skitters across the surface of the old frog pond
write a deceptively simple but eloquently off-putting pungency of no design
write yourself up all the embankments & down all the others beside

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this train is slowing down so i’m writing now as fast as i can

when all you really need is a good oogha-horn a suit of amour & a pocket-sized copy of clark’s solution passage

all you get is “see you later” hisses from your misspelt name on the waiting list

& you just cannot escape the feeling it may have been your last kiss / the moon all over the road the beach all over your shoulders as your mercator projection strikes glancing blows to the airborne engravings you’d planned to write in the remote style of your class-enemy convictions

plan 1: sugar high & kick some butt

plan b: everybody jump overboard i’ll go first

plan x: give it a charming name & collect the royalties

plan gaia: just focus on getting back to the cave by nightfall