

selections from

molecular hyperbole

Lary Bremner (Timewell)

a 27 small things i did today day

- reframed that glossy spin art piece from pnc 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

E=mPo2

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

: opulence 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
: endearments, 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 undercurrents 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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running out of paid vacation days in the old scriptorium

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 *akimashitte 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-planters' 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 mitzva*hs
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