taps (c.1996-97)

jam ismail

‘you want to be there one last summer.’ cousin echo-mocked, amused. ‘that’s just like, wanting to be one last time with the girl you plan to leave... when she is at her most seductive! ... the vancouver summer...’ he sighed reviewing night, blue beauty a glow earthspun moon eclipsing bottom lit bright star gathering to itself amber of north shore, zircon of grouse lazuli, east deep as the lapis the chunk, miniatur in the national palace showcase of the ‘temporarily absent 23rd province’

cloudbreath hilled the neighborhood as uhhh walked from stop to stop, looking back, should bus come, would sprint stress fallen arch? the comet high shuttlecock brooding cloud wing

for - ‘in order to plan well, you must exceed the personal’

returning turtle raised hand to knocker. a taped plastic shopping bag, red & yellow, declared ‘wellcome’. the uterine red on tv - in an order based on the number of strokes – a cervical seal on curtain - remained on a bullish footing

the uses of the inevitable
at the end of being empired
as identities cascade - irrendi - the wrong lips
as seccs pulls down to zero – vye, diminuend / brim - itch
mopiko’d, relieved of promiscuous osmoses
as cog of the wog hums ‘twilight of the dogs’
as ~ l ~ l ~ supercedes l l l /
as second-hand becomes pre-loved
as scotch rum gulp mao toy gaah fan
as the iconomy changes
as that’s the kind of day it’s been

between long march rocket

& cirque du soleil, on this park bench at 3pm between 2 sleepers; a greyhair, nylons frayed & the darkhair rumple who yawns
when sundisc nicking edge of penthouse lashes sight to needles of

raintree, were you once called casuarina
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