rebar, bared bones

Cecily Nicholson

i.

rebar, bared bones in spalling infrastructure tone of a place in ongoing crises of water

state delirious—it's all this or nothing—fatigue melts of semi-coherent poetry homes puttering things to do, things to do once there is a timeless day of almost pure concentration to unpluck neural machinery from the bone spurs

grown hermitage of thrushes banded to a flutter of juncos at the end of the year we had nothing, we had nothing but grasshoppers

vintage post-modern strip malls, ubiquity and mutation modes of public surveillance wayside water blues against lightly snowed fields flowed to a painful airport edge ii.

inquest weave warp custody slave-owner
philosophy tries to sleep past her brown body glory
fresh arrest graveyard shift incommunicado
in detention with no natural light or fresh air
on the block in
prison, an inappropriate facility
a frustrating removal! [smiley face emoticon]
set sun still seas the pock-marked moon
each follicle motion once flowed through,
the pattern of hair on the bathroom floor.
service arteries. systems interpolate sharp utility

iii.

corpuscular rays alight throngs of tracks five cars beside the tender new high speeds four-lanes and turnpikes future looked bright indeed time you'd work to buy a car romance of the road road is life call of open road objects source of beauty blight lodging market standards desire get away navigate vagabond trips choosing roads intermodal waterways paths were wagon roads singleminded conquest of spur line and through lines railroad lives great immigration refuge convoy for mutual protection mired in meaning livery horses power finning flywheel and vanadium steel then as now the durable tires key to victory racing the Bonneville salt flats

iv.

listening to yarns feelin seasons change truck trailer model of efficiency delivery at the speed of electricity four-cylinder front-wheel drive the new world car the universal car and compass a cat among ponies the hot one marriage of style and power style meets utility style as progress machines become art at the fair pavilion demonstrate landscape built for cars great multitude communicates without wires tend to rattle apart puncture-proof tires on the road trailing proof of tires come away with me passenger comfort ground corrugates strengthens rigidity investment snarl in a fledgling industry spruce, ash, cotton and steel cable crashlanding wings to lift and move forward reliable control power of success formula fabric running to freedom the ultimate as every Ontario white relation related to Ford or the company post-slavery point of view sees seceded formally withdrawn and far from diluted milk gruel coming up the long road north from cotton fields

V.

rally. rally the call of colour beyond segregated set part determined

the time had just come when I was pushed as far as I could be pushed. I had had enough

mechanized time was production synchronizing worker material machinery clocks

useful ornamental differences master and apprentice

press. press pushes inky type to the paper failure form spokes driven into hubs

machinists have an aura about them a north american system getting into tradition settling pots and pans

rock. rock emerges past dem crazy blues – mania downhearted blues – smite born free until the last breath

is fine knives, tomahawks, fowling pieces semi-automatic action of factory long arms early repeating arms won't take the bail out, just auctioned everything off right down to the bare logo

there's your watermelon Lilian the whole van mm hmms when parched soil yields linear lay-ins' green

every splash of water the simplest form, gesture the action of the poses or movement between, forms Cecily Nicholson is the administrator of the artist-run centre, Gallery Gachet and has worked since 2000 in the Downtown Eastside neighbourhood of Vancouver, x^wməθkwəyəm, skwxwú7mesh and səlílwəta? territories. She is the author of: Triage (Talonbooks, 2011) and From the Poplars (Talonbooks, 2014).