“n/w/s/e” and “17th ave / 16th st”

Trynne Delaney
trynne.delaney@ucalgary.ca
found I found myself at the turcot yards
with wheels for feet as always these aqueducts more familiar than Acqueducts.
digging up the old dirt the smog the concrete dust
the rusted bones the roaring idle of engines

a place only known to be crumbling-over
with under-skeleton poking through
inviting to touch healing palms soft
wet with concrete

these aqueducts more familiar than Acqueducts.

in the motherland stopped to read names carved into sunburnt stone
wished my nosebleed on them
missed the ruptural rapturous devily of ahistoric graffiti
faded lines of a scrubbed fuck precious as recent

a peopleless place there
here a club of machines gathered
and I thought I’d seen the future staring at me
from an overpass not taken

city and home and city and home is city is home.

curdling infrastructure
cheesing together long enough to cross
to let us fall
not too far weighted

waited down here for the traffic to pass
found it was recirculated air and exhaust pipes
that continued connecting this brutal ugly
our beautiful concrete streams

something of the ocean in the mist
rushed over this pre-mountain city, overnight
moisture teaches me to rise
from mo(u)ning and walk to the train
check my phone and listen
to a podcast preaching social media evils
blasted over magpies screeching on wires

none of these trees have given me their names
yet,
every now and then
I miss smaller places
oceans, barely tidal rivers
that rush me further inland, west

how this house shakes
when the washing machine
hits spin cycle
hints: the city hasn’t decided
whether or not it wants to hold me up
yet,
weekend walk of 17th ave just to check it out
stop for coffee
run into an acquaintance from out east
like some misty fortune and
walking home,
facebook recommends her as a friend