

Way Out Belleville

vol. 1

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*A Thesis
In The Department
of
English*

*Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
for the Degree of
Master of Arts in English at
Concordia University
Montreal, Quebec, Canada*

May, 2019

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CONCORDIA UNIVERSITY
School of Graduate Studies

This is to certify that the thesis prepared

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Entitled: *Way Out Belleville vol. 1*

and submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts (English)

complies with the regulations of the University and meets the accepted standards with respect to originality and quality.

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2019

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ABSTRACT**WAY OUT BELLEVILLE vol.1***Miles Forrester*

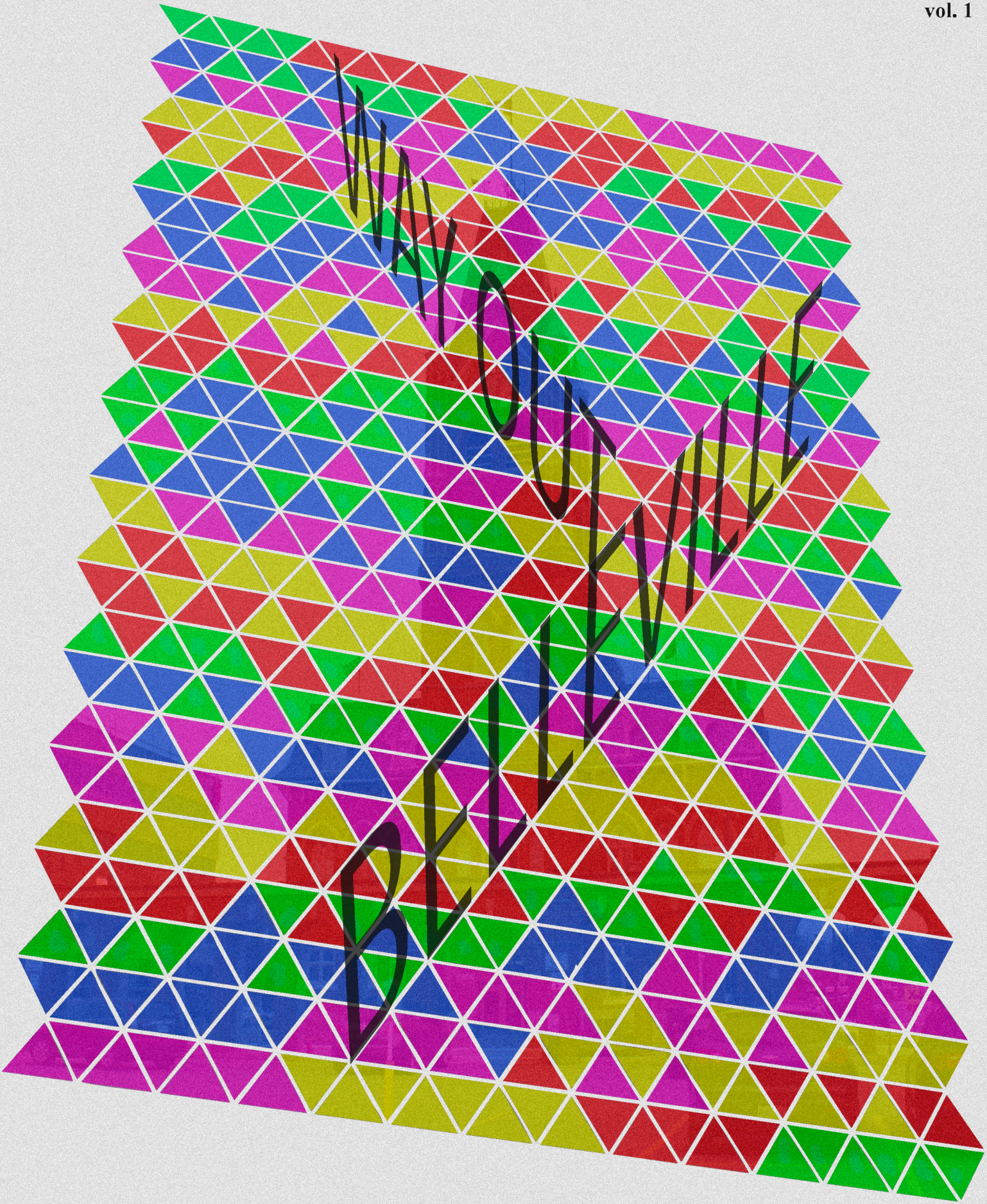
In my thesis I have written a collection of poems determined by a gridded map of my memory of Belleville Ontario. The map is a grid made of equilateral triangles assigned to letters in a regulated pattern. The poems move across the surface of the grid and, in that process, each facet of the grid is nominated as a corresponding concept divided from the total Belleville. The poems playfully explore the conflation of the municipal and modernist grids by having bodies navigate my abstracted space and the actual space of Belleville simultaneously. The ambiguity between situation and abstraction corresponds with the current state of Belleville. There is now a booming tourist industry on the Bay of Quinte. Positioned along the often flooding water, Belleville's future is contingent on capitalist speculation and climate change. The poems use different configurations of triangles across the grid to prompt multiple poetic forms. There are many instances of coordinates reoccurring in these virtual derivés, an expression of their situation as well as the multiple paths being taken.

Acknowledgements

for Eveleen, Jay, Steve, & Moira

*With many thanks to my Supervisor, Nathan Brown.
Specific thanks to Stephen Ross and Katherine McLeod.
Also, thanks Sina Queyras!*

*Those thanks and more as well to my cohort
especially Nicola Sibthorpe.*



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
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E I F B A C L K M G H D J Q W S T N P O X Z Y U R V
F E K M C A B L D H I J G T Q R S W O Y Z X N P U V
G F E J M A D A C K L I H S R O P X Z W Y N Q U T
H J I E K M A B F L D G C X T W O U Y Z M P V R Q S
I G J L H D C M A B F E K P V U Y Z N X W S O Q T R
J K D I L H M G B A C F E V U X Z Y T N S O R W P Q
K L M G I J H D E C B A F U Z Y X V W S Q R T M O P
L M G H D I J F K E A C B Y X Z V P U Q R W S T M O
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N W Q P Q T R X S U Y Z A B E F H C I G J K L D M
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P O N T R Q S W V X Y Z U F A B C E D H J I G M L K
Q A W R O S N T Y Z X U V E F C A B G M H L I D K J
R T Q O S W X N Z Y U V A K E F B A M C D H L J G I
S Q R V P N Z Y U O W T X C G D L E B A M K E I T H
T U V Q N Y W Z X P O R S H I L K C A D B M J E E U
U V P N X Z Y O W S R Q T G J I H O L B A C M K E F
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W X Z U Y O P N T S W Q J D H G M K L C A B E I E
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Y Z S X T M U Q O R N P W D K M I L J A E G C H A B
Z Y X W V U T S R Q P O N M L K J I H G F E D C B A

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Way Out Belleville- Foreword

From the top of the hill, looking back across the valley, images and thoughts are remembered which were initiated by the consciousness of having experienced them. This is the difference between abstract thought and thought in experience. The time of this experience is cumulative— slow in its evolution. One experiences a new kind of compression. The land is sensed its a volume rather than as a recessional plane...

Richard Serra, "Shift"-13

grid interior city

I am making a city as a way out of living there. I am from there but it is not my city anymore. I know it intimately but not as it exists now. I need people to tell me what is happening now and I need to remember what it is that they are saying to me as they are saying it to me. It seems like a strange place. It also seems like nowhere. But seeming like we are nowhere is more and more familiar. So, if I'm going to be nowhere, it might as well be in a way that I know is intimate to me.

It is unclear whether Samuel de Champlain came to Asaukhknosk, the Mississauga community which populated the Bay of Quinte at the same time as his adventures (Boyce, *Belleville: A Popular History*, 19). There's an assumption that, since they were contemporaneous with one another, there would inevitably be an encounter, that they would be drawn to each other. But the nature of the area, its propensity to flood and the industry its river attracted, makes determining the space beyond its immediate use difficult. There are artifacts of the Archaic Point Peninsula Complex, the Iroquois Confederacy, and there were grounds reserved for the Mississauga's burial grounds (Boyce, 16-17). But most evidence of any of this, that which could give dimensions of activity and relation to the area, has been washed away or destroyed through the settlement of the current community. Captain John Meyers, the former namesake of the town, "Meyer's Creek," was suspected of tampering with the surveys at the inception of what's now

Belleville so that he could gain a more advantageous spot on the river to power his saw mill (Boyce, 37). Recently, Meyers was slated to become the namesake of the east-most high-school. That motion was stopped due to recent awareness that he had owned slaves prior to coming to Canada.

Belleville is a small city in Ontario on the North side of the Bay of Quinte between Kingston and Toronto and more proximately between the Trenton airfields and the territory of Tyendinaga, underneath Highway 401. Its position between Hastings and Prince Edward County make it the metropole for the many rural communities surrounding it. In the city itself, the Moira River creates an uneasy bisection curving from the west of the downtown north-east towards Corbyville, dragging down the elevation surrounding the water and causing uneven development in otherwise proximate neighbourhoods. Thus, Front Street and North Front Street have been uneasily opposed to one another as the former bears Belleville's historic vernacular while the latter's proximity to the highway has made it the actual economic hub of the city for several decades. With the advent of online shopping and the rising star of Prince Edward County's tourism industry, it seems that these poles will reverse again from the big box to the boutique. At the same time, floods are becoming more frequent and extreme while there is distressingly little will to invest in a green energy Ontario. Another orientation will arrive but, without living there, it is difficult to intuit where it will tend.

I moved to Toronto to receive an education in visual arts which cemented the connection between mapping and the seductive surface of the modernist grid. There is desire inherent in its rationalism (the "Graft" described in Rem Koolhaas' *Delirious New York's* chapter on the simultaneous projects of Salvador Dali and Le Corbusier's *Paranoid-Critical Method* on

Manhattan (Koolhaas, 245)), to make sense of something or to get something. What interests me in representing a city that I'm from without living there is the role that the grid plays in translating a physical space to an abstraction. I no longer live in Belleville but I can clearly remember its contours. Spaces that I know and have no name for overlap with multiple layers of the recorded present (online archives, the uneven gaze of satellites, the inscrutable accumulation of *Belleville Intelligencer* narratives). The city of Belleville I most often come across is on the page. To understand this intimate disconnect, I read bp Nichol, who takes on the lexical psychogeography/demonology of Toronto's Annex in his fifth book of the *Martyrology*,

*when you travel on the naming changes
 Caledon left Albion right
 i drive the border line
 signs warn of deer
 over the hills
 Mono Mills
 pause again the road's renamed
 Dufferin County 18
 take note
 as i have before
 invoked its signs as if only partially
 i seek to inscribe the nets of names & numbers encloses me
 (Nichol, 21)*

Makes sense when you read it, especially if you've been there; it's a pantomime of being somewhere, casting the words and white space in a reenactment of movement through a divided space (the break of hill and mill sets up their rhyming anticipation). The trick of making sense while not being there and never being particularly present when there (as I was always oriented towards a future somewhere else) is making something independent of the city itself to put these names, memories, and fantasies in a coherent order. So, I made a grid.

Actually, I already had a grid that I made. I made a grid of the alphabet. I'd been working on this forever since art school. Imagine a big square made of about average equilateral triangles. You go to the top left corner, I've got the letter 'A'. I go to the top right corner, I have a 'Z'. You go to the bottom left corner, you've got a 'Z'. I go the bottom right corner, you have an 'A.' So, every other letter is in between there: every column, every row. And, they don't repeat each other. Later, determining that Belleville was my subject, I decided that it would be my endeavour to cut it up and put it in there. This kind of grid making is hardly new as imposing grids upon physical surfaces is a colonial practice that extends as far back as the Hellenistic period.

A spiritual understanding of pure geometric form perhaps explains the Hellenistic use of the orthogonal plan even where it was totally impractical. The city of Priene, for example, built in the fourth century bce, had hillsides so steep that the imposition of the grid meant that much of the city was navigated by steps set at 45-degree inclines. Although it could be argued that the planners of Priene were inept from a functionalist perspective, it makes more sense to view this city as harmoniously linked to the globe through the orientation of its urban grid to the cardinal directions of north, south, east, and west. Like the grids of the Greek cities of Miletus, Rhodes, Paestum, and Heraclea, Priene's was also attuned to the natural surroundings, "flexed over the terrain ... and aligned toward divine features of the mountain and the river plain."
(Higgins, *The Grid Book*, 58)

The orthogonal relation of distal objects, facets of the empire (Albion) or capital (Meyers), appeals to a fantasy of repetition. The contemporary interest in Belleville for a new tourism market: the acquisition of the small town vernacular for bars, breweries, restaurants and the incoming condos has led to many new spaces which resemble the rusto-luxury of Toronto retail. This pantomime of civic glamour is a brazen instance of the *Society of The Spectacle*, Debord's bugbear of a new and self-replicating regime of virtual images independent of the sensuality they allude to (Debord, 12). Simultaneously horrific and reifying, Belleville could have a cosmopolitan crisis of identity. My own interest in the space is similarly suspect. As the

Quinte Hotel has burnt down, the amount of real estate available for a contemporary poet is wide open. That Nichol was able to garner a lane named after him in the Annex, one could pursue writing poetry about a town like Belleville with a certain ambition. There is already a park named after my Grandmother, the first female Mayor of the city and an advocate for public space. There is a context in place for me to manifest something of my own.

the body in the gridded interior city

Now, how do I move through this second Belleville that I've made? Inherent in this project are multiple articulations and divisions of phenomena from each other and their uncomfortable juxtapositions, which at the same time compel movement from one node to the next. When writing poems from the grid, the problem becomes negotiating simultaneous situation in and movement from each area to the next. Does the content of these poems which express, these pathways taken from one facet to the next, exist within the actual zones demarcated or the voids between them? In his essay on baroque interiors/exteriorities, Deleuze captures this problematic, "The atomistic hypothesis of an absolute hardness and the Cartesian hypothesis of an absolute fluidity converge all the more easily because they share the same error, positing separable minima, either in the form of finite bodies, or, infinitely, in the form of points (the Cartesian line as the site of these points, the punctual analytic equation)." (Deleuze, "The Fold," 231). Writing these poems are a way of negotiating the abstraction I'm compelled to make while also moving through it intuitively. Are abstracted spaces I delimit at all bound by where I physically am, as all decisions as to what coordinate stands for what concedes that there are other options inhabiting every place I could be?

There is no lack of narratives of civic tyrants: Robert Moses, Nero, and Haussmann, who make cities as an extension of their egos. But I'm not interested in simply writing as an antagonist. I would like to imagine a grid of the city which is at least sensitive to the fact that I have to inhabit it and be a body (virtually) there: a grid where I could maybe meet other people who could teach me something. I read Renee Gladman, whose civic surrealism swirls around her narrators existing in a city state (Ravicka) constituted by their bodies' encounters with it. "My body was a container for the conversations occurring on the floors above and below me, the messages being left on my phone, and the letter I held in my hand. I was a shape but one where everything inside me was in motion and I was trying to hold it mathematically, trying to be a pattern in the world" (Gladman, *Calamities*, 60). Gladman creates a kind of sentence which behaves as it points to that behaviour. It does what good drawing does (Gladman's also a good drawer) following contours of the gaze which replicates the function of each object it encounters. Or, it points to an operation and tells the reader what it's doing and the reader intuits itself doing it. The cities she makes are made that way, where they appear and fall around their narrators and the narrators have to perform strange etiquettes to navigate social as well as infrastructural vagaries. Maybe, her sentences draw lines of a gaze which are so connected to an eye that the arcs they make create volumes. This double gesture of being a body which divides the city and, in being in the city, divides the body, articulates what I believe being in my gridded-interior city could be like. That is not a way of escaping an antagonistic city. Yet, perhaps it opens up a way of being empathetic in/to it.

So when I created the grid, I knew it had to correspond to my body: not only an androtomy of constituent parts, but things that my body does. What I initially had was six

hundred and seventy six triangles without any kind of consideration of what every kind of triangle could do or whether there were even different kinds of triangles. I was reading and trying to find ways in: from the centre, from the corners, randomly. I was so desperate that I was reading a thin volume by Agamben which was too expensive. I found in it,

*One of Hippocrates's well-known aphorisms summarizes medical art by articulating five terms: "Life [**bios**] is short, art [**techne**] is long, occasion [**kairos**] is fleeting [**oxys**: "sharp," "difficult to seize"], experience [**peira**] is deceiving, and judgement [**krisis**] is difficult."*

*A secret connection unites this draconian list, in which the brief adventure of human life is at stake, with the five quasi deities of Macrobius and Goethe. **Kairos** and **krisis**, the moment of judgement in which the doctor needs to decide whether the patient will survive, evoke the most obscure part of the Daimon and Tyche. And in experience—but **peira** also means "endeavour," "to prove oneself"—Necessity and Hope seem to combine for a moment through a peripeteia, whose outcome is inseparable from the possibility of deceit and illusion.*

(Agamben, *The Adventure*, 18)

Well here was an image of the body and a demonology of terms which could be categories and could point to nouns and verbs. There was communication between all of them but from certain angles from which I could point to anything with a certainty that a poetic object could be any one of the five. Also, there are five colours of highlighter in the drafting program I was using which matched the five colours of flash cards I had bought. *Bios* would be life words, obviously green. *Techne* would be about art and its 'T' corresponded to the 'Y' of yellow. *Kairos* was temporal, which would make it blue because *Peira* rhymed with 'pyre' which meant it was red. *Krisis* referred to situation (a cross is an intersection) and its position between *Kairos* and *Peira* meant it could be purple. The problem here was there were five, sure, which didn't go into twenty six. But, I came across other numbers: five, six, seven, and eight in that order while trying not think about the conversation I was having (a real world dinner party) and stared at them for

long enough that I realized that they added up to twenty six. This is when something that I do compulsively struck me. When I get too excited, there's a latent wish that I could be a better piano player and a contrapuntal pattern occurs to me. I tap my fingers either together or on a hard surface: thumb and middle finger, index then ring, middle - pinky, ring and thumb, pinky - index repeatedly and as quickly as I can. I transcribed the operational body of Hippocrates at the same time as my own body's pattern onto the grid's surface by assigning each row's letters prior to being scrambled by the grid's first function and created an evenly distributed and seemingly random array of coloured triangles. It feels extreme but in thinking about the grid in this way as simultaneously my city and my self, I felt imbued with a god-body complex like Blake's Albion, the Frankensteinian paradox of a body that is whole while also constituted entirely of correspondences to its androtomy [dissection],

*For in brain and heart and loins
Gates open behind Satan's Seat to the City of Golganoosa
Which is the spiritual fourfold London, in the loins of Albion.
(Blake, Milton, 90)*

This was a way back to Belleville, as Albion is the name of many streets in Canada and there is a hill with that name somewhere in Belleville. From this weird subject position I was set to begin the game of making sense of it. All of the poems that subsequently came in the process of nominating each triangle were a means of creating problems and propositions that I improvised through. These pieces were dérives through my own memories of a place that I was renaming and moving to make ways to move through it. I read Nichol, I read Gladman, I read Lisa Robertson who also walked through a city experiencing problems similar, except in scale and in the past: "The world was leaning on us, leaning and budding and scraping, as if it too was subjected to strange rules never made explicit" (Robertson, "Fourth Walk", 211). Similar to

Blake's Golganooza, Gladman's Ravicka, and my Belleville, Robertson's Vancouver is a space that is operating purposefully, yet its purpose from itself is lost or only intuited. What's notable though is that this has happened before so one rule implicit in the game or operation is urgency.

what are the poems doing:

re john cage 26 times:

Accompanying us on each strata of triangular facets is John Cage as his name occurs in every layer's order. JOHN CAGE actually never appears, but Cage inhabits the periphery of ACEG HJNO, AHCG EJNO, and CHAE JGON. John Cage's mesostic poems provide a model of reading and writing as a form of play with other authors (an idea articulated for me in an episode of Poem Talk with Marjorie Perloff, Danny Snelson, and Nancy Perloff hosted by Al Filreis). "We have only time for conversation. The Lord help us to say something in reply that doesn't simply echo what our ears took in. Of course we can go off as we do in our corners and talk to ourselves." (Cage, "26 Statements RE Duchamp", 71) Every layer presents a distinct challenge for delineating and then existing in Belleville. Cage's aleatory provides solutions, not to recreate it, but to provide an ethos towards proceeding. His name becomes a measure of where we are as we move through the manuscript. The spread of his name over the grid provides a reach towards the grid which would otherwise be unarticulated in the more situated poems. Thus, distal triangles can speak to each other as easily proximate as their distances are entirely contingent. A name like John Cage provides solutions to problems only I could have created.

3 ways to and from:

As a way of measuring out passage from one place to the next, I have written out virtual walks to or from specific coordinates on the grid. From each facet to the next is roughly regular

in each path, implying a specific momentum. As well as the capitalized heading for each facet passed, the passages also have words capitalized that are alliterative, sonically or thematically, of the facet they inhabit. Each triangle has three directions: a way forward, a way back, and a way out (and more if one considers more branching paths which these poems do not). The centre facet is given the opportunity to be reconsidered each time. Other options become apparent as more narratives are inducted into its potential trajectories.

exhausted hexagons

As a way of approaching simultaneous flatness, the hexagon occurred to me. “Is it because this is the first of the regular figures to be essentially flat, incapable, that is, of combining with itself to form a solid body?” (Johannes Kepler, *The Six Cornered Snowflake*, 41). The Exhaustive Hexagons were a way of reversing the Perec’s project in, *An Attempt At Exhausting A Place In Paris*. Whereas Perec’s gaze was unidirectionally noting the change and rhythm of a square through time, I wanted there to be an environment that would only change as contexts created around it were realized. Rhythms of certain clusters of words would thus shift as new shapes became apparent. Hexagons were ready at hand as they existed in the grid and are inherently flat and capacious, “...the hexagon is the roomiest...” (Kepler, 19).

dialectical polyhedrons:

There is a conceit running through these poems that the grid can create changes in the city it represents. There is an impression that the grid may be existing over the city, projecting its separated coordinates of my memories onto its physicality. Much more solid are parts of the grid breaking off and making their own chaos as objects that are of and also entirely alienated from the city, “cases a colossus can, under determinate conditions, be substituted for the corpse, thereby rendering possible a vicarious execution of the funeral” (Agamben, *Homo Sacer*, 60).

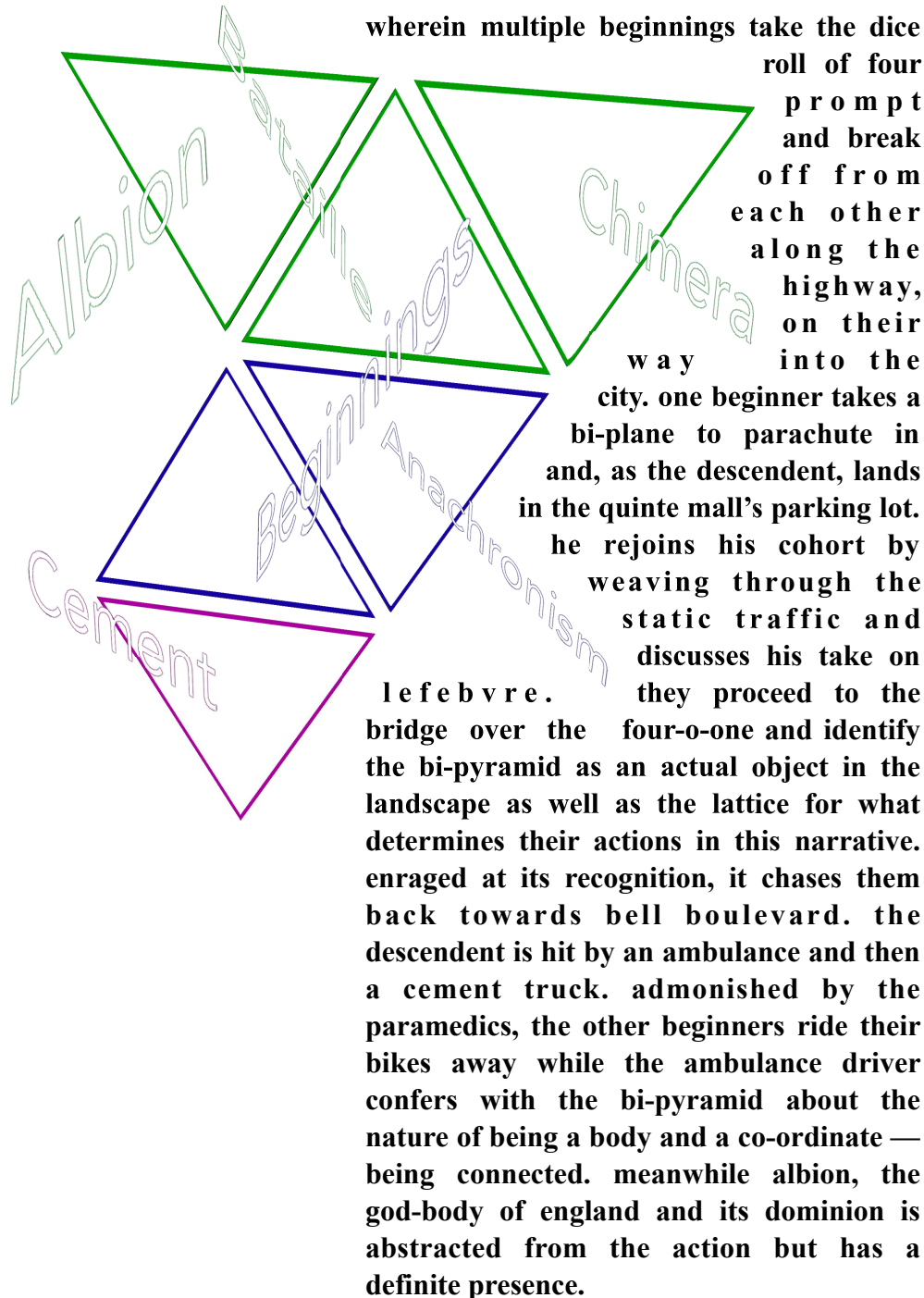
Octahedron and Bi-Pyramid enter scenarios and exert their wills on Belleville as the poems take aleatoric loops over their divided surfaces (stand-ins for Albion-bodied places). From each poem's beginnings, even or oddly thrown dice determine whether the narrative branches to the right or left and for how long each face retains it. As each face presents a different side of the city, the city and its poetry changes formally to reflect it. It is in these sections, the Olsonian contortion of the text of the city across the page reflects how a city experienced changes due to panoply of shifting contingent positions, demonstrated by its history and fantasy shimmering off of its surfaces. The conceit is that one could be in one of these poems indefinitely, but the havoc they create on their environments makes this questionable.

simultaneous tetralects:

Five sets of four one sided conversations happening simultaneously. I didactically explain my intentions for a unitary urbanism to Bellevillians as I get distracted by the way I speak and what I actually want to say. News and the future of the city are combined into ghostly surfaces, a speculative volume for a calamity, "What Noah needed was reinforced concrete. What Modern Architecture needs is a flood." (Koolhaas, 249). These poems question the logic of a purpose as the inverse of a problem The fantastic hides its violence in proposed changes that cut through the unarticulated space of Belleville's future terrain. Most of it is unintelligible but there are sections of clarity that pop from the pattern. It's here where I get most personal.

*We can acknowledge the tulip's beauty without eating
its poisonous bulb, admire the geometry
of the dodecahedron and not waste our lives -Karen Solie, "When asked why he'd been talking to himself
Pyrrho replied he was practicing to be a nice fellow"*

re: the bi-pyramid over riverside park off hw 401



Albion

*...and Albion, his body on the green hill, a way into
 a body in
 a greening grass patch [img: you are entering belleville]
 he cleaves to
 the ground. intuits it, i hear you, ground, he breathes
 and shrugs a darker green hole through America.
 -this can
 be that door to void and zone, their cleft
 /s or habits, what have it. i get it, Albie,
 your Androtomy...*

Beginnings

Begins and forgets

i bind myself to a Beginning:
 i'm seeing belleville reappear [a box, a spire, a cone] through
 the highway land-bridge banister.

i've seen that Beginning,
 but i was by foot, not being carried into life but measuring
 my body by oBstacles, the tall grass, through winds and cars.

i'm Beginning.
 media res. i'm waiting.
 also at that fucking-awful highway gate [figurative, just a complicated series of turns].
 north front has a blue sky,
 always eleven or two in the afternoon.
 never any clouds.
 never any stars.

i can never really understand how anyone knows where they are.

i'm Beginning
 by every possible option.
 i come from a long line of Beginners.
 i've Begun through napanee,
 shannonville in tyendinaga,
 trenton, ummm i've Begun
 by loyalist road uhhh west of here?

my buddy's a blue bird and next week
 i'm gonna Begin here again but by parachute.
 you know? [makes a whistling sound with his finger]

descend...

Anachronism

the planet shifts, carries the quite mall east parking-lot
 [a beginner: "cast of my palm/the stance of my arm"]
 to meet him [the descendent]. maybe the wind. his feet
 meet the earth but not his intention. maybe a clinamen.

overhead's a satellite. our vision there turns, our visions pan.
 this is a level of elevation where time supersedes sky. aeon
 shifts of the site in the daylight : alternatives : acceleration
 by year-brick and at the same..sick calmative day watching

the sprawl-break and Anachronism

Cement

the descendent shifts, sits up, takes off his large rubberized leather goggles,
 and ascertaining that his legs aren't broken, stands up in the middle

a vacant parking space [that's lucky]. pulling the parachute draped over him
 off with a gesture like pulling down a weightless rope,

but in reverse, he realizes that he's not where he was supposed to have
 landed. the sky is blue, no stars, no clouds. yet

some kind of salmon sense in him

-announce-

"i've landed in the quite mall parking lot.
 approximately 44.1889° n, 77.4014° w.
 where are my comrades?"

"we saw you fall.
 we're waiting for you at the pioneer energy parking lot. east of you.
 we came most of the way to meet you but we'll go no farther.
 we're across the street from the denny's.

if you cross the street there you'll be able to meet us in 6 minutes."

"shouldn't i use the cross walk?"

"no! that cross walk is terrible. you'll go in a big dumb bow. just go."

-advance-

tracing the movement of someone across multi-rectangular placements,
to the north side of denny's is a diagonal
an incline
cement rectangle, hot, reverberating the temperature into your feet.
there's a red chevrolet, a white toyota, a blue honda parked in geese positioning at an
uncomfortable angle to your path.
to compensate turning your body at your hips the entire world shifts in response to your minute
curves
lamp towers veer towards you and you sweat

"aw jeez"

-emplace-

north front street widens out from around the denny's corner. stanced towardsness of the cars
for p.e.c. . vapour on a copper coil, the cars seem to sweat.

the comrades wave-eating pioneer energy icecreams in comfortable clothes

"the cars won't move. slip between them"

-enhance-

there's a moment in the middlement of the road where the sky turns perfectly purple towards
south home. the buildings like gold-black zipper gaped teeth before the lights turn back on and i
remember i don't recognize these buildings, though i know so certainly their way of being.

-displace-

"this place? that place."

-replace-

"hey hey hi. i was thinking on my way over here about the role of gaps and the Cement..."

lightning bolt from another poem's firmament. still blue.

"i was hearing an audiobook by henri lefevre and he said."

...speak of 'producing space' sounds bizarre, so great is the sway still held by the idea that empty space -is prior to whatever ends up filling it. questions immediately arise here: what spaces? and what does it mean to speak of 'producing space'?

"you make space by breaking space and that's why the surf-
/ace of the intersection is so immense, it's constantly breaking.
the weather chafes veins in it makes a matrix and the city comes and fills it. it's like that
surgery they do to get taller."

Chimera

"hey flapjacket- asshole! you can't just pass through..."

the passenger side is yelling at the descendent and the driver holds the wheel looks dead eyed
through the mirror

i break the i and the i pours in and this is how i become the Chimera.

Albion

*...and you is you, Albion. your polyfold division
/s constituting
what a heart is when a surgeon's hand's a
knife
and what a word is when a word reads as
life*

Beginnings

in the Beginning
we should be able to see it in the centre of the quadrants
the hi-way lobes of the brain entering belleville

i'm Beginning
to see it, the titular polyhedra floating on the hill with the red flowers..
[the spray painted grass flag]

what if Beginning
is defined by being specifically where we're not? like
we're not over there, we're over here looking at it.
so where we are
[standing on the bridge that becomes belleville]
and what we are [standing on the bridge that becomes belleville] are fused.
is this a moment where i'm eternally gating the premise?

is Beginning
 the coordinate? so when we're back on the cement facet we'll suddenly be back on
 north front and bell blvd?

it's Beginning
 to float over! i think it heard us. oh man it's coming in fast.
 let's get out of here!

Cement

-advance-

across a broken arm.

“how were any of us supposed to know that polyhedra could move so fast?”

“talk about imminence.”

“anybody got some material on lacunae?”

“we should have presumed that all this standing in a busy road would lead to someone
 getting maimed.”

-emplace-

yes, these beginners got themselves in the middlement of a fracas.
 having ran from the approaching bi-pyramid back towards bell blvd
 one of these manifestations

-because it wouldn't really be accurate to call them individual
 cause i'm building on the albion material-

but materially, one of them got ricoch/
 eted off a Cee-ment truck to an ambulance
 and all the refractions are feeling it

cause you know, one-and-the-same and also mirror-neurons

the descendent's taking it hardest, cause he's the one that hit it

the bi-pyramid's floating in flashing blue-white-red/blue-white-red to match the ambulance

it's looking perfectly purple on the ground

-replace-

“help me henri lefebvre!

manifest the space around me into a hospital!”

-displace-

dis place? this is so strange, all i can feel here is the absence of a joke

Chimera

“you’re lucky to be alive”

“she’s right! our mangled friend broke the i between a beginning and the belleville Chimera”

the descendent’s thumb arises and points in a byzantine angle towards new vernaculars.

“all of you assholes go home!”

the passenger who’s become a paramedic watches them disappear west on their bikes.

the driver has wandered toward the still deltahedron turning their image wearing the horizon of belleville like wings around their shoulders.

goats from reid’s dairy flood the street like in *a touch of evil*

-the power of a thought that needs to Complete itself.

Bataille

there’s a mechanical noise and out of the vertice comes a written strip of acetate

Bataille asked Blake to ask the Burning tyger where the fire is placed and where we can get at it from? “the sun’s consumption” is a point and the confirmation’s through the eye so to make correlation, a medial coordinate folds over so that the sun can, from a distance, get into relation with the mystical kitty-cat’s face. that’s how the shape makes itself made. blending in the blonde grass of the glade...

the bi-pyramid rises to complete its coordinates in the sky.

“goodbye! goodbye! goodbye! thanks for being there...”

3 ways to Zeno

Zone

is that a Zone that you're moving in or a void that channels through it? / it's the tower on its stomach / a trout of snow filling in its mouth / there's the ocean of fresh water / the sky operating on it / one big descending bird / the fleeting ozone around

Yellow

a Yellow bird / a blazing big canary smeary in emergency / pyrex / an eastward sliding train is slipping stilly / the brown and greeny corridor / the last bit of Yellow daytime / the crystal xenotime /

Zugzwang

you look through to the sky and you guess the setting sun's a gambit / this is how begets the stars / the Zeta potential of the laked sun could be a wonderful wonder wdonderful..

Sazerac

evening where all potential soaks in / burnt lemon / the people you could be Seizing ahold and telling how you've always loved them. / you could be running through a field with a bowlful

Youch!

of marijuana smoke in your belly / You could turn around with a closed smile scream as the evening's steaming up your eye lids and you run back towards your friends /

Zeno

and you're running like you're getting there / almost where it was / the past and the eliminated movements / running in what's intuited / but i'll be Zone for christmas / you pass the lakebed and everything it carries

Zaum

then there's the time table / there's reading to do / the hesitant destiny you [*tu et vous*] are swerving through / the curved firm surface / empire carrier / Zangezi's bird chatter / clatter break matter / "eighteen seventy six...for one hundred eight hours a few hundred men scattered along a thousand miles of track challenged... [grand trunk v. b.l.e.]...the legal power of the dominion itself."

Youch!

/ something's involuntary in the interludes. / your ears move through the muted languages of other passengers and the structure's getting slower / the mouth of the object you inhabit is full of matter and momentum can't push it forward / You assume / the void outside restricts around like it's having a reaction / the skin reacts to a new activity or impression

Zeno

that time makes longer along the dividing distance / the intensity of the thickening Zone / its amazing how Zoning has been proceeding / considering how much resistance there is to its encroaching regime of history. / just physically / it's like the grid isn't wanted in, / that time is actually naturally kind of bumpy

Zwicks

out there's Zwick's, the cars arch the air into the city / the shattering squares and lights break the stripe that is north front street / the garden way off the bay passed the cemetery / then belleville / then the eastern farm fields of the neighbouring territory

Xenolith

/ there are beginnings and terminations nesting in each other intimately / the contiguity of the hand that holds the scalpel / their eXchange / the train's stops and starts then aren't strange but they do make these things apparent

Zenithal

like the passage of another season's sun / every different motion makes a compound relation. / that the Zone will be changed by the direction of your entrance and the distance travelled / that the Zone also just changes and doesn't

Year

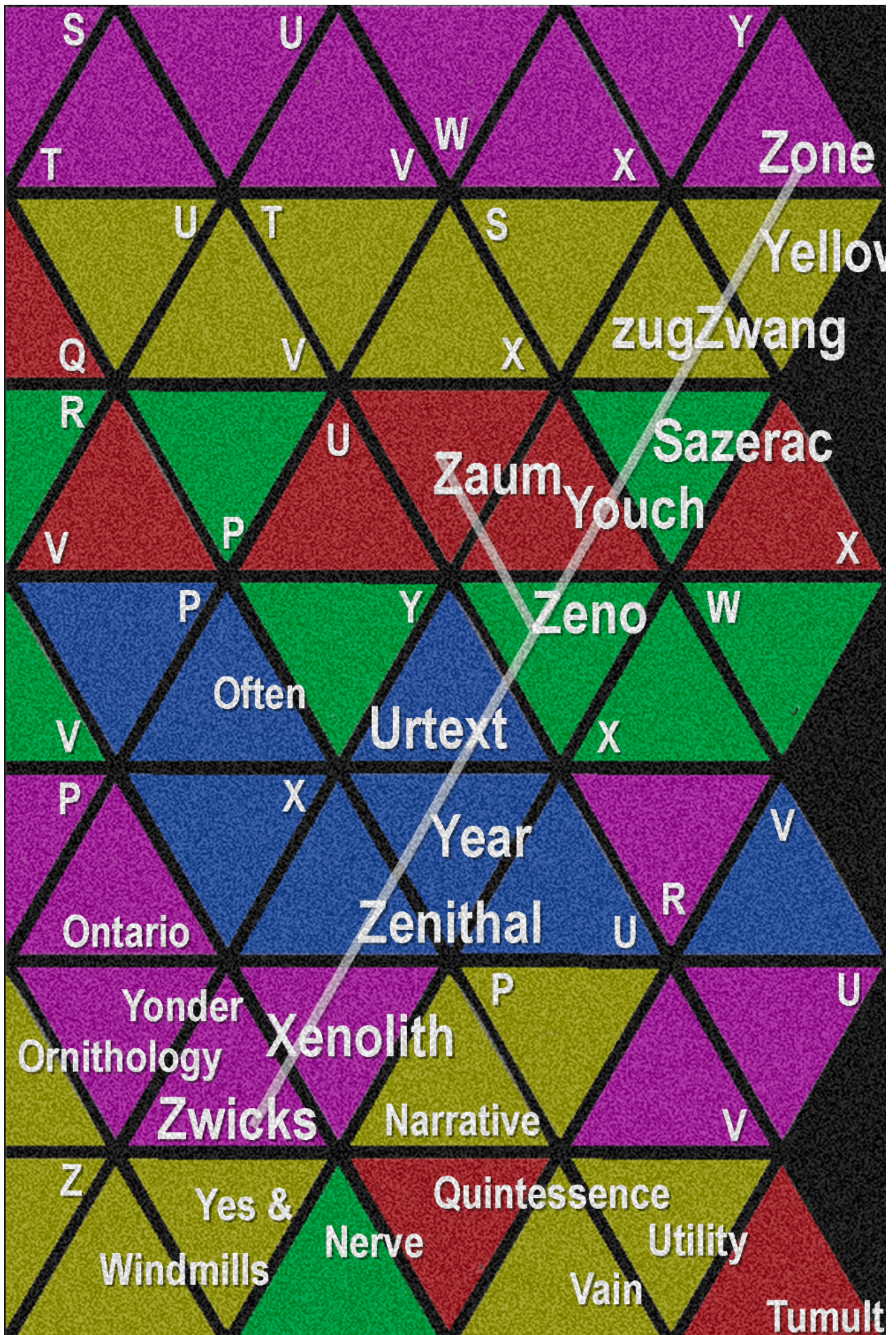
/ and You're tired of this old world all over again / hey You / Yesterday in toronto / Yesteryear in montreal / You live the diameter / a small european country in a decade and You think that means something? /

Urtext

but there are question's you only started asking yourself months ago / why don't you Use your restart there? / watch the sky for big zeros return to tear the morning then evening / its yolk's to get punctured / *adieu adieu \ soleil cou coupé*

Zeno

/ you're running like you're getting somewhere / arms in the air / belly full of evening matter / towards friends that hold their own dimensions / that delineate something / a Zone the width of an isthmus between us / that circumference a shield, a tortoise, a sun.



hello? yes? hello? this is **miles forrester** well the reason i'm calling is that i'd like to schedule an **Entrance**. maybe along **bridge street**, between **pinnacle** and **front**. with the renovations i think that it would be beautiful. degradable confetti. **yeah**, a dj. banners, just "**miles forrester**" on it. you get people into the upstairs apartments, as many as you can fit and you get them leaning out the windows, those **big wide georgians**, waving handkerchiefs. you got those **condos going in**, lot of windows, lot of vantages, like a wasp's compound eye. well that's **why i'd like to**, but of course if its a fire hazard. i can be flexible. what you do in any figuration is you get all these people aiming their faces to where we end up. close down the roads west of **coleman**, east of **pinnacle**, people can get by on **dundas**. they can get around. but if it can't be there, it can't be there. we can make do. we get all these people, we get them **together**, they're standing together on **the bridge**, shoulder to shoulder, tee-shirts in every colour. and they're smiling and beautiful and they're all looking **towards** one thing and **i show up and that'll be my Entrance**. what do you mean?

He simply found that object, gave it his name. What then did he do? He found that object, gave it his name. Identification. What then shall we do? Shall we call it by his name or by its name? It's not a question of names. - John Cage, "26 Statements RE Marcel Duchamp"

re john cage 26 times [1-6]

1

A, b, C, d, E, f, G, H, i, J, k, l, m, N, o, p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z

i have john cage, Albion,
bataille, a Chimera in my poem
just *Existing*. giving
their Gravity.

their generous Heaviness
wells. Justification curls the reader
forward to a toNe that curls in the audit-
or body. i adore onomatopoeia. where world words in.

2

b, A, H, C, G, E, f, J, l, i, m, k, d, w, p, N, r, O, q, u, v, t, x, s, z, y

sprawl-break-Anachronism. i think about
belleville like it'll Hatch. it'll do
that & Cease?
the Geese pattern being

both forward-forward-practical-cyclical & forward-Eternal.

i get a call that a John in my life died.
not a call. i overhear Nature
on the phone with Oblivion

3

C, H, b, A, f, k, E, i, J, d, G, m, l, O, N, t, w, q, r, v, p, u, z, y, s, x,

[*empla / advan / displa*] - *Cement*.

verbs by Happenstance
material from the other Avenue
make an Entrance. john cage is curious. he's been curious this

whole soJourn in my imagined
belleville. my Guest. his guess,
what Ordinarily comes around the corner or
what would Never.

4

d, C, A, f, b, l, k, E, G, m, J, H, i, r, s, q, N, t, v, p, O, y, u, z, x, w,

“i can see the Choice in this.”
 an array of Aleatorix. a figure in
 made chaos like Ensor’s christ amidst the
 colour Genuflecture.

“is your city in the Jurisdiction of
 sight or Handi-work?”
 i think Nowhere, or along the contours
 thereof. Often it’s only as wide as my walls.

5

E, i, f, b, A, C, l, k, m, G, H, d, J, q, w, s, t, N, p, O, x, z, y, u, r, v

whither Error?
 whether Abjection
 or weather Calamity?
 where can i Get some?

i’m Having trouble generating my city of
 generative failures. Juxtapositions come
 from something other. if neither just south Nor thought
 with what will be Ontario?

6

f, E, k, m, C, A, b, l, d, H, i, J, G, t, q, r, s, w, O, y, z, x, N, p, v, u,

bachelard’s anecdote of knowing the Egg vaporizing time-his
 saliva off the hard shell. a Cardiological orient of temp &
 distance. the Alimentary city by my
 lower back. *Horologium*,

Janus,
 get behind me. *Gnomon*, ya done.
 i still like Ornithology as a measure. winter, a hawk’s in the back-
 yard. what’s a bodily measure of Narrative?

“after glenn Gould?” Pinnacle is a sister s
 those were actors sat under a hanging hill
 acting North “like all beautiful red brick h
 but a very few Canadians”
 but also a fifth character a compass -the old troglodyte librar
 [what’s fifth in a hexagram?] [westward trend of front]
 a rose] [four-o-one]
 “a suggestion of the particular” [millenium] torn
 [stirling.] plane
 [moira]
 “i end up in morocco”
 [o’hara road]
 “Not a touch of the old Nostalgia”
 [dark lake]
 “like-a great sorta terra Nullius” [Northwood lumber] the
 “par for the course in the North”
 What’s a Way out? [back...] “future of the world”
 [for...] [backWard]
 the fun [W]on~~d~~ Way When there
 the latter Was [forWard]
 a Way out [...] “to know t
 is know which t
 a Way back a Way forward are and if you move
 “and when they are,
 already With to be able to te
 “the correct relationship
 We Would be in it grid Was that
 between vertical and horizontal.
 With the triangular bird figur
 out what was melody in the
 What i was thinking “knowledge of birds [Ornithas gnonai] and uttering w



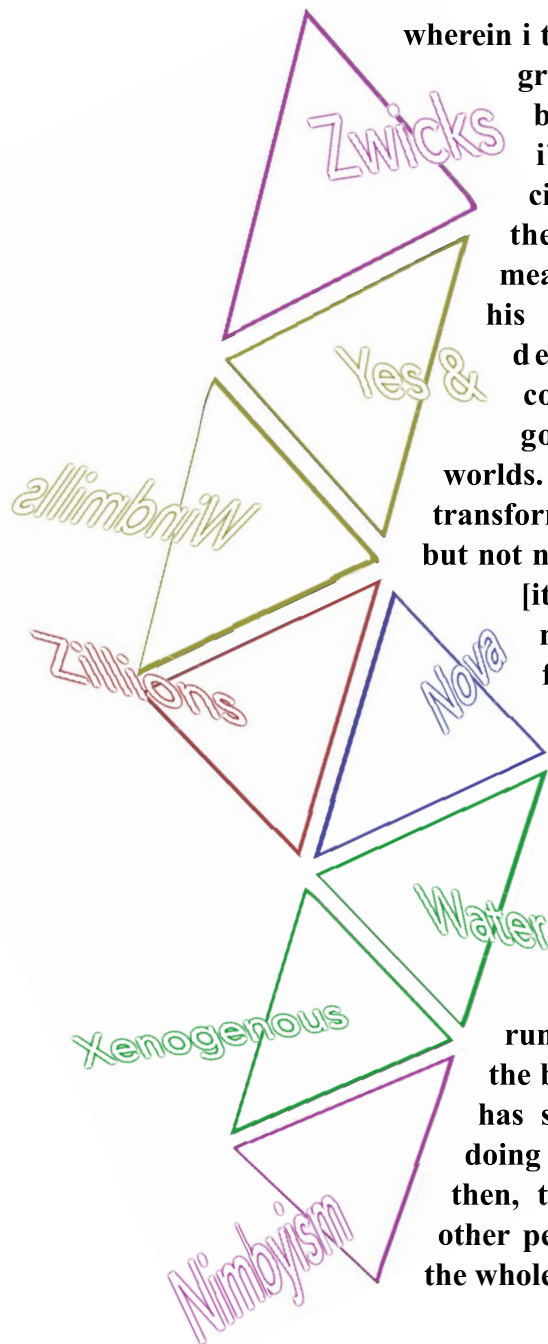
exhausted hexagon: North, Pinnacle, Ontario, Yonder, Ornithology, Way



street. encompass middle that belleville
 running mirror to the river we've got the past-
 and the rail Ontario Oral synecdoche
 human scale box after kinda nothing_{cut} southern cone
 y refracted way between metropolises specific corridor
 glass of the new [curved/ singular]- we've got industry
 vantage over front prehistoric castoridae
 and jagged square. inventory "ridged Outer surfaces and blunt"
 pass ages on top a cement wall "I had large upper tusks"
 solid black guard rail the arena, the agora "I must have been a good swimmer"
 Pinnacle Playhouse
 river a church all my identification
 some lamp glass "about seventy-eight % calls you home
 a heron under "Owned by every.. of the gold consumed"
 [the bridge] "One but Once"
 are Omens." "dug..." beyond the malevolent red exit
 the second law of thermodynamics
 birds second order of lamps, further
 birds not all, no- corresponding aspect of natural entropy
 notes are but some correspond with any natural crystal
 contra ally beyond any reference to "flat"
 punt ally
 "all Others" wonder where the "art" went
 what's a bebop seventh in
 a hexagon? beyond the bounds of beholding
 "miles, entropic condition, constantly falling apart]
 what the fuck's a gnomon?"
 ed beyond surface appearances and transcend
 harmony beyond the creation of objects
 words of fate" You had me at Yonder

Everything is different, but over time, to a certain extent, nothing really happens. Such is the critical authenticity of every historical moment. Focus on apprehensible objects and their previously unapprehended relationships to other objects around your house or this place (your body to fish, glass to a quality). It's a deal of fun. -Danielle Dutton, *Sprawl*

re: the octahedron hovering under the bay bridge/the waterfront festival



wherein i try to catch the octahedron, frantically grabbing at it from the walkway of the bay bridge. to distract from this action, i've commissioned the parents of the city to stage a play i've written about the strange worlds desire generates. meanwhile, carl zagan tells a child about his concern over the new speculation determining the city: a lot of concentrated money is coming and going and that's radically making worlds. the octahedron displays its power to transform objects into something new as well, but not necessarily for any worthwhile purpose [it's not like it builds apartments]. meanwhile, zwicks island itself, as a former landfill and now commons, acts as solid ground even while its former purpose leaks into the water. also worth mentioning, the windmills across the water are going to be torn down to protect turtle habitats, ostensibly. i think it's to keep the county's retirement industry happy. essentially, bucolic nimbyism is running the show. at one point i fall off the bridge and land on an old couch which has surfaced. people don't like what i'm doing about as much as i don't like them. then, the octahedron points out that some other person actually has all this money and the whole town descends on them.

xenogenous a. [gk. xenos, strange; genos, descent] originating outside the organism; caused by external stimuli; alt. exogenous

Xenogenous

-in my community and my play, there are personae-
 [**Xavier carter sr.** portraying some kind of human prologue
esther sharkey [sixty three] playing the setting: a speaking estuary.
norris nelson [thirty] is **nelson norris**, the amorous naturalist
olenka hibbert (pharmacist) as an owl {wisdom?}
greg (indeterminate) = gremlin.]

Xavier:

“Xylographs of medical history re-etched per radical clefts”

esther:

“enter me”

Xavier:

“by a life by better estuaries”

norris:

“lovers break but lovers can blend. no lover’s ever *it*”

olenka:

“considered it?”

norris:

“if not for a re-renewal of needs.”

olenka:

“orthotics? you too?”

let’s

get

into it”

greg:

so...

get into, get into,

get, get.

tracing soft surfaces.

stay supple. generous.

Zillion

the children are clapping their hands

and their parents are bowing in their underpants

in the zwick’s’ pavillion theatre. it’s twenty seventeen

in an alternative south ontario -things are slightly better.

a red lettered whipper-snapper wanders to an alter-ancient
carl zagan measuring the waves as they smash over and over

the pebbles. his wizened fingers caress the fibrous hair

of the child-child and he's saying to the squirt

-hey somebody. consider this with me in hyperbolized numbers.-

from the newspapers:

“the city of belleville is getting just over \$3 Zillion,
quinte west a little more than \$2.6 Zillion
& prince edward county more than \$1.5 Zillion”

*-aint that a lot of something, somebody?
all that bright plastic plans its return to gas-*

cause it's

*a constellation of distances
a Zillion is a providence
a Zillion is a violence*

“someone out there is holding a winning Zillion”

Nova

-an entire generation of chances coming to a big binary and then nothing.-

..and where i am over this, i'm holding as hard as i can to the vertiginous bay-bridge guardrails. me: 'jesus!'... in thinking through this project: a teleology coming to belleville as a 'some kind of tectonic wreck', coming from toronto where belleville's kind of a terra Nullius and being from belleville where it kind of is. nevertheless, seeing it from this vantage with a recent memory of a [viewit](#) search i'm sad to say that there's actually not much New about it. not a lot of places to live and there won't be a lot of space to place in.

the octahedron is floating out in the air from the bridge by a whole human body of difference and it's cold and the wind shimmers on the lake in consequence. the triangularated orb shines out a blue kairos light - blinds out a surface pleasure craft. freezes around it's hull a hologrammed ghost: the scuttled scot's terra Nova

Yes &

“Yes & this will be the technique by which i critique dominion, & Yes, i realize the sky is spreading around myself more than the ground Yes . & s o m e b o d y @shoreline is watching, i’m to secure the moment in a butterfly net & Yes, it’s in these porous failures that a future can be cast Yes, & the imagined city as an amalgam of the actual & Yes the virtual turning towards each other”

Zwicks island

& my body’s clinging over Zwicks island, the peninsula.
 a landfill dyked to two wings from the city-a butterfly: proboscis, the bridge
 accepted presences of leachates in the future
 measured by†

flow (where applicable)

when i first meant to make this grid my thinking was making a surface where each idea would follow intelligibly the last without beginnings or barriers

temperature (water)

that territories would take on different intensities was fine because isn’t that just a quality of being somewhere?

conductivity

and that there were certain congruent intensities of ideas, that’s fine, that’s a matter of arrangement.

†nineteen ninety one and i was one day short twenty five months

ph

the trouble is that these ideas get their own ideas, breaking out and clustering in these different silicates. then they iterate. the idea of the purposive city shimmers then shimmers out like a big dead beautiful fish

dissolved oxygen

though i suppose that's the bargain of poetry. the echo, the blend.

Nimbyism

the city by the waterfront

unattended parents eating pierogies

breathe and speak the purposive city:

piers Northrop, physician:

“No!”

isabel lee, insurance broker:

“i don't *want* to live in a city of radical incongruities. like i *do*, like i live in one
but...”

martin johns, market grocer:

“..maybe if it manifested a hospital around my broken body.”

local brewer, bartleby barthelme:

“i just don't see who it benefits. other than miles. i don't see how it
benefits miles”

yvette schlafly. youth consultant

“i listened to a podcast about yimbyism and that seemed less irritating”

Windmills [White pines]

...remember the cling? i'm still holding on. i can hear you

from where i'm clinging i can see the windmill pierces sky, the ground
 from the north southward a desire counterweight space around the once future windmill may...
 from here a distance as it reaches into an alternative, split, windmills standing and then crashing under the trees

100 million strong

“we don't like what you're doing miles!”

[end of cling, i fall to the surface of the water]

Zillion

the gasp as

quickly clears as

it begins. the second act of

-xenogenous-

transfers the attention of the is-

land. carl Zagan watches a gnat cross his hand

“52 Zillion kilowatts an hour of clean energy annually”

*a congealment of difference
 a Zillion is an exigence*

following the rivulets, in the palm, in Zagan
bloodless. the gnat dances its strange erotics.

Xenogenous

-second act-

[**esther**, the scenic estuary, is hiding behind a rock and giving commentary.
nelson, entered into a kind of *menage* for three with **greg** and **olenka** argues his case.
olenka is actually mad at **norris** because of something unsaid offstage.]

esther: “errors *et* staining”
olenka: “bio terrors.
norris: “eruptions”
olenka: “snow toreador”
norris: “goose lariat”
esther: “trivial!”

olenka launches a jealous arrow at nelson

norris: “glands!”
takes the posture of st. sebastian. hissing
“noble gasses..”
olenka: “proceed”
norris: “woe opera”
olenka: “so opera”
esther: “all operable”
norris: “needs needs”

& here o goes to the stage's other end

olenka: “only if it doesn't change you. only if doesn't change you.
it doesn't change.
does it?”

Water

it changes, sure, but Water will always be a life-word
the splash is interrupted, i've landed on a surfaced
barque-lounger floating home to the banks of the land
fill. i return. the mouth speaks its' life-word 'Water'
and i'll hear every opportunity in suspended matter

Zwicks island

wading in from the shore
 from my hips strings of silt
 and vintage waste. in Zwick's
 "poetics of place". i get serious:

as divided into four phases:

phase i: the creation and continual updating and verification of an inventory listing all active and closed waste disposal sites in the province;

so i had to either move back home or keep an eye by satellite
 the grid is supposed to be an array of poetic material + this
 place is made of displaced material, it seemed natural. it's a
 meaningful + accessible childhood node. a literal motherlode.

phase ii: preliminary file and field investigations to classify and establish a priority for further investigations;

+ in that this place is a recently created nostalgic site (like
 that display jet we've got at the entrance), this seems like a
 place to trial a radical recombination. all of this, the
 windmills, the mutant fish, it's a future cast from a surface
 elsewhere.

phase iii: investigating and monitoring to assess site hydrogeology as well as surface and ground water contamination potential at selected sites; and

the water levels here are rising. each year the front is going to
 get encroached more by the bottom. the surface slides out and
 what we'll have is the suspended difference: the ending of
Zabriskie point. ††

phase iv: investigations of remedial options at sites identified during phase iii.

this will be the last chance i'll have to do this. to bring in a
 reifying terror from elsewhere which may prepare us for an
 image of the world i imagine

†† *may the good lord take a liking to ya and blow y'up real soon!*

Nimbyism

richard zerra:

No. the intention is to bring the viewer into the sculpture.

i disagree because what we're
reaching into is beyond an encounter.
i can comprehend a horizon line.
i can't comprehend the end of our lives.

Windmills [White pines]

how the Windmills return to the horizon. our efforts are to stay in an extinguishing present
they will the Windmills, i don't know, will disapparate [?] to the east [?] as they were what? german

“get bent, those blades were crushing birds' heads.”

Zillion

“100 owed Zillion dollars to somewhere”

zagan's weeping hand slides from somebody's hair and glides to hang on his right-eye socket.

somewhere someone is holding a number

Nova

pleasure crafter, Nathan barnes {holding an emergency blanket}:

“i swear to christ, that octahedron changed the shape and space of my barque. i was on the *terra Nova*. it was an antarctic nineteen thirteen and all my friends had been frozen dead in an ersatz english dominion stillness.”

soccer lothario, javier Narquist:

“the octahedron made my soccer team into a bossa Nova band. freed for a briefest moment between two orbiting regimes, we broke from bel canto, populating every moment with possibility...”

critic, Nina johanneson

“you’re lucky, the octahedron just made my house the nineteen nineties for me and it was britain again and blair was on the telly, just dee-regulating. he was singing with oasis, ‘champagne superNova’ so i threw the whole thing in the toilet.”

Yes &

somebody is asking if the octahedron is actually making something happen or if the chaos it creates is just filling in for nothing & Yes but i don’t say that. i read the open field, take the prompt, i improvise

Windmills [White pines]

its a bad idea

taking a big breath of the waterfront i ask,

re: these Windmills : what i want to ask these people is why do they get to keep their turtles

Zillion

nimbys nearly choke

especially nimby no. one.

no-one has a word on their lips.

but then, the octahedron dips

down to the surface of the lake. takes
 a long drink of the water. getting its fill of lead
 silver iron and zinc, blinds out red letter Z into the crowd onto someone with
 pockets brimming with Zillions. Zagan nearly spits out the degree
 in economics he's been eating.

leZZZZZ git'im

and they all chase the
 nimby into the
 wastes

Xenogenous

-finale-

[**ursula simmons** [fifty and working] is singing with her onstage & in life partner.
simon simmons' [forty two and her name] in a stag costume
 she's some kind of artemisian zane. and they don't get the play.
 they love to sing all the same.
 the mob returns from the mud just for them.]

u: *“under the moon”*
s: *“(or sweet retched gloom*
u: *“(stone goon”*
s: *“(or silly blanched plum)))”*

ursula makes a continuity between her eye brow, wolf pelt, fan, and shoulder.

s: *“... the springtime allergies will always make me so sensitive.”*



Way

Yonder

Xenolith

Narrative

Ornithology

Zwicks

P

U

V

Yes &

Vain

Utility

Tumult

X

Z

Windmills

Nerve

Quintessence

Zillions

P

Regenerative

Nova

Vesta

Q

S

Nocturnal

Overdate

Torpid

Water

Quasi-eternity

Xenogenous

Sanguine

R

Y

Nimby

Orbit

Weekend

Q

T

Sydney

Reids

P

W

Q

Tasting menu

Noumenal

S

Reductivist

Obliteration

P

P

Q

Orgone

3 ways to Vain

Sidney

give me a star and a long Street to think it by / tailing down Sidney by nighttime / the slatted houses / porch light / ice / chain link fences / wend a way to the latitudes / to artificial hills /

Orbit

to horizon's ascent into evening / its dip / descent into the bay / Our city as we see ourselves / returning for another ambit. / this is our stake of the lake how we'll have Ourselves

Sanguine

Slow liquid / may my feet make purchase / may i retain the heat in my face / Slow liquid / underneath the skin / underneath the sheathe of ice / by the kairos light / blue / the mutant fish resist classification

Overdate

/ we're kept On a surface which has been bought and sold and given and taken names / mississauga / mohawk / loyalist / canadian and everyone else that will escape the simultaneity of lain decisions /

Vesta

our home is a fire under suns / what will be the shape of this place when the lake changes? / our time with our specific / metaphysic of home / standing very still on a Vanguard

Regenerative

/ i'm standing very still / nothing Rests / new figurations of seasons resist each other / i'm on the shore with no way forward / i'm standing very still / to have and live life,

Vain

the articulations of which / making it seems Vague to me / and if i move back up that hill what will that mean? / the mirror / the wind / the liquid body / what does making this my art make me?

Yes&

& Yes while this is going on i'm seeing some part of me on the bay bridge / as a funambulist / who can measure by his body / is what's affirmative in this / Yes. / & ambiguity is a wire / runs through me

Nerve

a swerve Nearing the tideline swells beneath me / i speak of water in my poems as if belleville was a venice but / it isn't / there's only one river that runs through this but it occurs and occurs and occurs

Quintessence

and churns into the bay of Quinte / image of big town benignity / by which i mean a big sky like a big eye like the bays a beglittered iris / small city benignity smiles like / *i'll drink you under the water table*

Vain

i smile a shy guy smile back like / *i'm negatively capable* / but then there's Vagary riding from the sky in it's palanquin / wielding pillow and saber saying / *hey man, you're almost thirty / be a different romantic / the future's coming in like positive consequence / change your life*

Tumult

when i end up going back to Toronto / which is always the plan if i can have a way to be anywhere / back to Toronto of Ten years ago / back to st. james and actually be there / [i stood there for an afternoon and took a book on Time / and didn't come back / i would go back and i wouldn't do that]

Utility

and this is the Use of poetry / this is why people pay so much to live next to water / why people stand next to empty factories / it seems like possibility / possibility of memory / possibility of size and exposed brick surface / possibility for negative thirstyness

Vain

there's a Vagueness to all this effort / i'm too afraid to revert to anything / my nikanderi grandfather apparently said "how can i yump when i've nowhere to stood from" / [dead] / i must change / the weather and senescence / when there's an end to that i'll be here

re: john cage 26 times [7-12]

7

G, f, E, J, m, b, d, A, C, k, l, i, H, s, r, O, p, x, z, w, y, N, q, v, u, t,

that kind of silence happened a long time ago..

keep toward the specificity of this Evening.

red snow. my own Juvenile energy

in the Arrested noise of

the Carry-over storm.

& baked in, who's playing Host to who?

wind is slow. a suspended ton. Only the

low tone. the blood. the answer is the Nerve.

8

H, J, i, E, k, m, A, b, f, l, d, G, C, x, t, w, O, u, y, z, N, p, v, r, q, s

i drive john cage north. disappear into Hastings.

deciduous' sweat the June afternoon. natural,

residential, recreational Earth

& Air

Gather into the car

under the transit Canopy

green. we get out. Originally we were going to find somewhere,

sterling or marmora. but the sun. a Nova on either end.

9

i, G, J, l, H, d, C, m, A, b, f, E, k, p, v, u, y, z, N, x, w, s, O, q, t, r,

i look up Grove, "groves in belleville" i'm going to

go on a Journey. a strange diagonal off streets:

herchimer, hickory, Haig &

all Compromising elisions between. the constraints

carry through Associations. the interiors of friends

houses Erased in actual density of suburban

brush. if you emerge on a Nocturnal farley, an avenue you never needed to be,

the Overdate of this & every anonymous drive across the sticks.

10

J, k, d, i, l, H, m, G, b, A, C, f, E, v, u, x, z, y, t, N, s, O, r, w, p, q,

a Javelin cast.
 standing at that Heft.
 the city in my Grasp. city of
 access & Apparitions. the

conComitance;
 fire & aEther.
 a Nimby shouts me off.
 reserves his Orbit.

11

k, l, m, G, i, J, H, d, E, C, b, A, f, u, z, y, x, w, s, q, r, t, N, O, p

notes on the city-body: Glands, not limbs
 could be the way of getting in. Jinxes circulate
 against lighter shades of fortune, Heaven's radar
 map, blush & Expression. get to know me,

counting Cavities -you could be smiling
 at me. fingers brushing Arteries like an abacus.
 could you love a Noumenal belleville?
 get yours embossed or Obliterated.

12

l, m, G, H, d, i, J, f, k, E, A, C, b, y, x, z, v, p, u, q, r, w, s, t, N, O

Gradually
 the Habitual
 joins us. *Joie de*
vivre? it's just my aEon.

& some Alternatives come
 & Correct myself?
Noli me tangere.
 cut across an Orgone cask.

3 ways from Reid's

Reid's

cut a kilometer west-off-from where i begin. / how's this for vernacular? the red-sharp corners of the Reid's milk-castle cuts the grey / the curving speckled wind. / *jeez-a-loo, what snowing* / i go and there are two teenage girls in and they're talking / behind the counter. / no one and no morning sun / i don't know what they expect because i'm not talking to them. / *i'm* trying to take a memory in /

Tasting menu

it's sunday / it's ten a.m. / it's snowing / i'm tasking nothing / [the T in it's is carved into a snake / my mouth still curves the wind / *hissing the winter clinamen* / curls between the hollow of a memory or an association] / *give me an option* / butter scotch / "ripple" / *bitter melon* / sponge toffee / praline / lavender & elderflower / mint chocolate / *condiment* / through a locked glass door to the factory floor / the conveyers all still

Reductivist

interiors what they are / warm / i turn to the window to see the environs / silhouette of the room / the winds cutting little layers along the albumen. / i really almost consider but Reconsider asking these people a strange question / it's bad enough i took a second video of the lights-out conveyer belt / i'm sure they think i'm going to try robbing the place / anything that can be removed must be removed / "you must have seen that video in italian about savoury ice cream / it's essentially fish butter" / as if i hear an echo of myself asking that alone outside

-

Reid's

i see a real speedster weaving meter-by-meter as the ground gives way beneath
 (like an egg-beater just eating weather off the bowl) / the boulevard blowing off
 dirty cream / in a snow storm's Reid's / "here's to aleatory" / here's to poor
 scheduling / the whorl of city lore / "it's our city's weird thing [you have to go]" /
 here's to demeter / the petting-zoo goats are in cold storage

Week-end

*well i'll have an opportunity / to see the city again / as it exists / in chrysalis / in
 one morning / the electric purr of my parents car / carved through empty / empty
 intersections / all the pedestrians that should be here are blasted away / scoured
 off by my Welcome / belleville commences*

["Quasi-eternity"]

which i borrowed from the periphery of *heterochrony*] / *that the snow glazed
 across me could be an open field / life holds Quorum / the break in time when the
 day folds it's diurnal corner and promises to begin another era / we could stand
 here till night-time till the lights turn-on and the wind carries grave-white to
 "quite-lavender"*

Torpid

or we could / as a shadow of the good / let the blood slow-let the moment of the
 city we want to see find its candour / as a city in dreams lets itself / be if the city
 sleeps in / between memories or an association / the ripple there / that's a spectre /
 the wish at the tip of my Tongue

Reid's

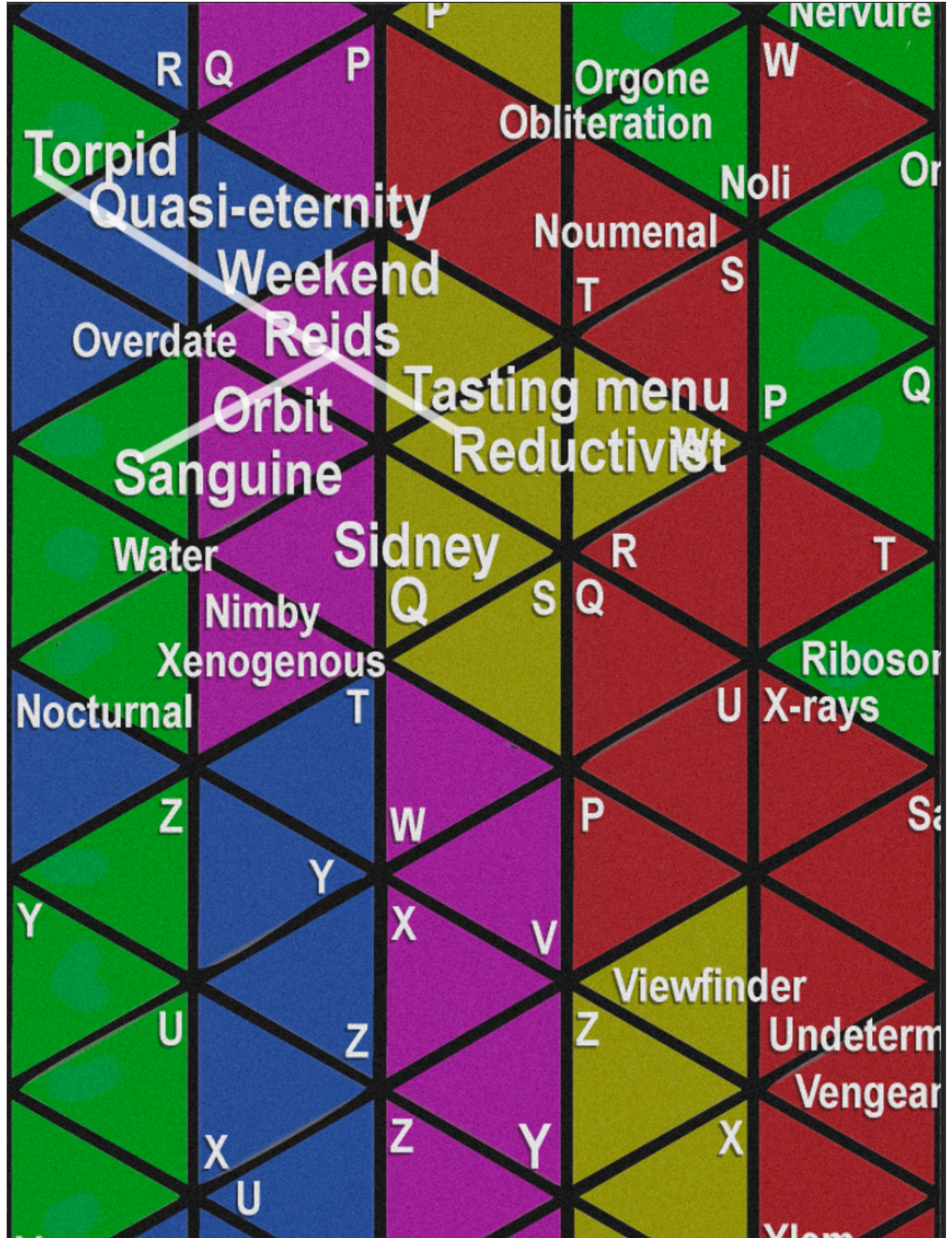
“we work Reid's on the winter weekend day shifts” “we take turns watching the doors while the other one drinks milk.” “she's kidding.” “why isn't this work seasonal?” “she's kidding.” “we enjoy spending time together.” “she's serious!” / “being young, do you think more about the expansiveness of space or time?” “oh space, of course. but, full disclosure, when i grow up i want to be a surveyor.” “we have conversations like this all the time together” / “waiting for our parents in six pm night, we sit in the gazebo.” “even though its cold.” “brush off the snow, marvel at the stillness of the land against our racing heart.” “what a contrast.” “we're in love with each other, that ecstatic-naive love that adults can only remember.” “she's serious!”

Orbit

[and that's the one thing of falling in love in small towns / the illusion of being absolutely alone with one another / that's why we have podcasts and radiO] / *the existential effect of the earthrise photo... that it was taken with human hands... rushed / with an uneven horizon of a dead land... and this was the image that was the birth of the environmental movement... yes. it was what made us see ourselves as ourselves...*

Sanguine

the flows and Slowing of the blood / sensuality and knowledge / a wide corridor for transport / if i drive west now as the snow raps around the car somewhere along loyalist road / maybe / there would be an encounter or memory i was sent here for / maybe a wind or clinamen / something familiar



Torpid
Quasi-eternity
Weekend

Orgone
Obliteration

Noli

Noumenal

S

Overdate Reids

Tasting menu

P

Q

Sanguine

Reductivist

Water

Sidney

R

T

Nimby

Q

S

Q

Xenogenous

T

Ribosor

Nocturnal

U

X-rays

Z

W

P

S

Y

Y

X

V

Viewfinder

U

Z

Z

Undeterm

Vengear

X

Z

Y

X

U

Vlem

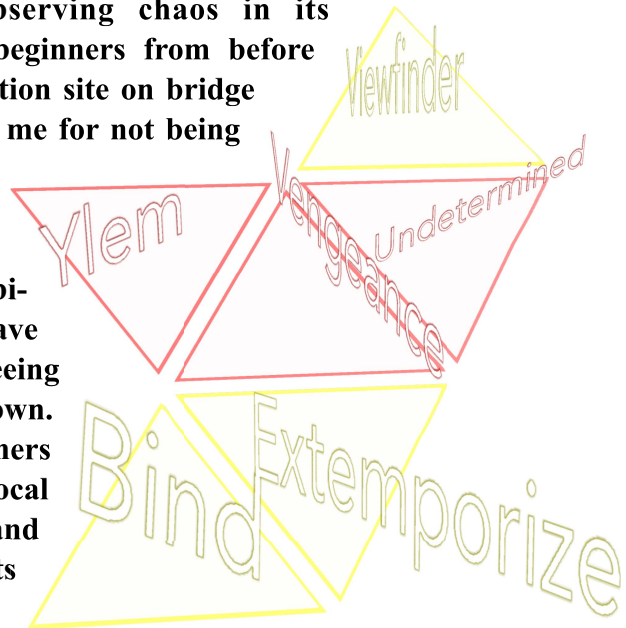
R S: When I decided to build a freestanding work using the same principle of point load and compression, I wanted to define a space, to hold a space.

P E: Then the space and not the wall becomes an implied armature — a negative substance. Armature is usually thought of as solid, but it could be a void

R S: I wouldn't say the space is the armature. There never has been an armature. Armature and pedestal are old solutions to old problems. -Richard Serra, "Interview by Peter Eisenman"

re: the bi-pyramid near but not actually there but in between my house & where the quinte hotel stood. john and bridge? church and bridge?

wherein i take in the breadth of the city and its changing frame. where energy goes in the destruction if it always leads to repetition. where are actual beginnings? the bi-pyramid in this instance is placid, observing chaos in its historical context. the beginners from before show up at the construction site on bridge and pinnacle and hassle me for not being the descendent anymore, what with my unbroken arm and recalcitrance to act. the bi-pyramid gets them to leave me alone. i remember seeing the quinte hotel burn down. i really did. the beginners take a tip from the local ghost walk directory and see if they can see ghosts in the small grave plot next door.



Ylem

...You, tell me this,

*that there's fire rising from a closed distance
& rain falling from an unbottomed void
through the window where the ceiling caved in.
i see this incident as origin
for what will be the island in my mind...*

Viewfinder

*astruc told godard the
trouble of shooting in
colour is the transit-
ion. the bend between
an afternoon or season.*

the bi-pyramid looms
over the downtown. red
& yellow glow & face-
ted & it really looks like
autumn or evening there

. amazing how a square
can tell you everything
that's in it. and time can
tell you what is gone.
the Vista, wider, open &

undeveloped. down, the
avenue becomes a cone
then breaks at pinnacle.
do you see a vase or do
you see 2 vases inverted

? belleville's city centre
is nestled in a rivulet
between 2 hills.
everyday i would walk
towards the other twice.

everyday i would see
 the quinte hotel & not
 see it. & 1 night i smelt
 burning down the hill,
 walking in winter light..

Bind

i walk towards the Bi-pyramid, pyjama'd, robe'd, slipper'ed, coffee cup'd. i just woke up. it evades my touch.

the Beginners from another poem circle Bicycles around the construction. they shout queries up:

“hey Bi-pyramid. you’re a different Bi-pyramid but do you function similarly?”

“yeah Bi-pyramid. you Bound By what that Bi-pyramid does?”

“& are you a lens?
 & ... does your
 presence Bifurcate
 But also connect
 us?”

Extemporize

-& here this prompts a section to Eradicate the past as it canters behind to pick up my hat-

Vengeance

the Village corner of the city's immers-

/ive present: grafted gaps in a memory

of material that a Void meets in Verse.

all these fires, lighting a pattern or aleatory:

the dafoe house'd burnt down twice before when sold

eighteen ninety five to henry corby

& in nineteen aught seven it would again fold

in itself as flames released excess-

/ively: anti-gravity grey & gold,

red, black. "rose phoenix-like" in success-

/ion three times, thrice towards existing.

twenty twelve, to continue the process,

december twenty, the quinte hotel was burning.

& for a while the sky met the ground in a site

squared with some inadequate fencing.

open. it's been sold to Vancouverite

realtor, jim perkins. material purs-

/ues that future. carbon caught in flight.

Ylem

You, let me be-

/gin again. nix the magmatic is-

/land, i prefer there's fire in my hands.

Bind

the Beginners & i've Been having coffee as to what's Befallen me since the riverside Bi-pyramid incident:

“that sequence ended with the descendant (who seemed to be you) Breaking an arm, advancing..”

“..away from that earlier Bi-pyramid, whereas here this Bi-pyramid's passive.”

“&.. it seems from what we can tell that your arm has since then Been affixed. ”

‘Because,’ i explain that in the instance of this poem it isn't relevant.

But that sets the last Beginner from the
‘Bind’ sequence earlier off, ‘it’s 1 thing if
impossibilities happen as a result of the
recombinant nature of these Belleville
polyhedrons, 2 Bring through alternatives.
But Broken Bones Best Bridge Between’

Extemporize

-& here the prompt spreads as my Extremities feel for the future on a porcelain surface-
/
-& here bi-pyramid re-emerges as reminder of its Exigences [presentness & forwardsness]-

Vengeance

being there with tommy as stability
 poured upward from the blackened structure.
 he thought history, i ineVitability

& the flames weren't like *yellow flowers*
 but a field of them between the night
 sky & earth, white smoke & frozen showers.

a new horizon line had been ignite-
 /d. twenty two & no Vitality
 between us, tommy & i, uninvite-

Undetermined

/d in that moment continued up the hill past the red flashing fire trucks, the yellow bloomed bi-pyramid towards the violet becoming morning firmament before we turned south into my parents house to continue the conversation on the breath we had had because even though i wasn't a poet yet both tommy & i had known each other first when he was a chorister & i was a saxophone player so we Understood that when the bar we had been in earlier had been filling with smoke there was a metaphor, "how can anything beautiful be created here when it's impossible to even breathe!?"

Viewfinder

the beginners by low bi-
 pyramid light are taking
 footage of each other in
 st. thomas anglican's
 burial ground.we're still

in the same corridor of
 belleville, the crest of
 bridge st. View-shed for
 the not absent but slow
 agora. transitions to con

-dominiums loom over
every building, it's that
fire in them. ghosts
have the energy to emit
slight light from 11 p.m.

to 4 in the morning and
with the human bodies
embedded in st. thomas'
foundation, i Venture to
see a city's metabolism.

Ylem

*You tell me why
fire's a vehicle. when looking
in an open window i saw the sky.*

ilmarinen's magic Sampo
 forged for making all Substances
 Same in texture Same in Sizes
 every Surface can be grinded
 every volume can be Sectioned
 every pattern can be Sequenced
 every unit Sure in measure
 keeps Suspension in the Structure
 in trochaic tetrameter
 keeping Segments Set together
 So then Sometimes reposition
 "a logic will be radiant and naked"
 Senses as they take designing
 what's
 Sentiment and Sediment and
 Sinew as a lining between
 even as the neighbourhood slides away
 Side of me that meets the Side of-
 "explicit his relationship to Le Co
 making access to
 planning our future has the House
 orbit closer and closer into my purview
 trees which delineate
 the yard has been covered
 "it never got strongly expressed"
 with much green vinca
 "an
 there's open air now here
 a dapple in the summer
 "his first trap"
 that's been cut out
 "the assumption...
 with the recovered church pew
 stone facade of the porch,
 water colour painting of my parent's House
 "commonly called the 'bug House'!!" where they experiment.
 "moses really believed people could be moved around as easily."
 postcard of a House:

<
 f
 o
 l
 d
 p
 a
 g
 e
 t
 o
 c
 o
 n
 n
 e
 c
 t
 <



exhausted hexagon: Sampo, X-rays, Ribosome, Interiors, Clark, House



each out

it's in me

a message to Return to you

'perfect fit'

the bell's Resonance from every alley

Rest and activity

'matrix to the X that congeals the possibility'

Resisting Round as the air dims

Ricochet change Repeat

"we want to create a clear"

when this was a territory

the moment the pattern Registered

shadow is to density as

and that was a generation ago

amputation as to vision a

"plan is the generator"

'aggressive assault against human

we Rearrange chairs around the living room

missing along the ray

what's so hard in this?

anatomy as "a path"

feel you see me and you think

the funeral's tomorrow

rb..."

"seductively hard to resist in the pre-lapsarian"

'international stool'

what to say isn't written yet

but it'll be all Right

jokes they tell in Interviews

the warm Room

the demand for a glass of water

no Rehearsals just

architecture was a work in progress in gordon's"

the wallpaper and windows

a cutting gesture with the

"some kind of purchase on the term"

Index and middle finger

to other rooms

where the hand and eye Intersecting briefly

watching carefully

continue to land on respective Islands

through them matta-Clark was expressing"

"surface just the accumulation

"automobiles"

of Images for the spaces below it."

"would have grown up surrounded by construction"

re john cage 26 times [13-18]

13

m, d, l, k, J, G, i, C, H, h, f, E, b, A, z, y, v, u, s, x, r, t, q, O, w, N

the year by j's - July. somewhere halfway
 "but by each day a Genesis"
 on the Core or the corner of
 a summer Hour. *working*

terms: if here is supposed to be *Equilateral*

-the Armoury carved away from the hill-
 to stand sensually *Orthopedal*, by the line
 or back of your Neck.

14

N, w, O, p, q, t, r, x, s, u, v, y, z, A, b, E, f, H, C, i, G, J, k, l, d, m

"Next time" i hold
 the piano. "echo." Once
 i answer 'ok,' i Alter,
 i Extemporize,

i dream of practicing in-House,
 "this is after gordan matta-Clark"
 breaks open into the shaggy Garden
 spread the southmost angle of John st.

15

O, N, t, s, w, r, q, u, p, v, z, x, y, b, C, A, E, k, f, J, i, d, H, G, m, l,

"do you know oleO?" still
 holding each end octave on the piano, i think the nouNs i liked to play along
 to: *soft pedal Chaos*,
Apollo with the skin on,

charlie parker's Epist...
 but it's been a minute since i played Jazz at all to
 be Honestly
 "no. but, i can sound like a Ghost."

16

p, O, N, t, r, q, s, w, v, x, y, z, u, f, A, b, C, E, d, H, J, i, G, m, l, k

“Opportunity having habits blown like dust”
 the conductor gives a Nod-
 us, some saffron Anthers
 in a Claw!

to Err is human
 but, Hearing how ex-
 pensive it is, Judgement
 breathes our oxyGen.

17

q, p, w, r, O, s, N, t, y, z, x, u, v, E, f, C, A, b, G, m, H, l, i, d, k, J

john cage encounters my Octahedron
 playing dice with a magNet
 of Events. truth
 by its many Coincidences.

& i want his Account of it.
 what i'm willing to gaGe
 is my whole Heart
 and Jealousy.

18

r, t, q, O, s, w, x, N, z, y, u, v, p, k, E, f, b, A, m, C, d, H, l, J, G, i

this long project to be an Onomast
 whilst the actual belleville's districts' are Named to better
 resemble an Earth-set
 tanker Angled out to

greet Canada's thirsty
 children without Hesitation. fires
 in January light
 every option Gone by.

walking the span of a year means **January** weather at either end. the
endeavour: if it gets me here in *January*, which i'm not promising,
what am i seeing? the river frozen from the moira into the middle of
the bay. maybe some streets are inaccessible. maybe some people
become invisible. just cause the signs are long about bros. some people
all around it's looking like an **Election year** for the fords? but blake's *milton* which has **Los**, his
coming out. i guess it's been determined already **for the fords**? but
what are concerns if they aren't **Extensions** of habits we're having in **January**
locally? "his will involve further defining a **master plan**, **critical path**, the **new weighing in**. what its
each divides contours of who we are and how we want it. Executedly close enough to
wanted reserved and what connected, the directions by which we get **bioLos**. **bioLos**.
it. "a north to south artery in the east end" belleville's been growing **Life - Los**.
into a **zillion decisions** between half a hundred thousand people
needing things to change or stay the same. the differences between
those Exigences are at the same time baroque. who's standing as a
shadow collapses behind "nor is downtown well connected to our
waterfront." which is an extension of the **moira** once being a shipping
channel. now we have breaking foot bridges for it. i practice my ear! this. this is work! i look at pens.
agree when a candidate says they're a "supporter of the water" i was told. engraved. has **stylus** written in
also told to never drink water that didn't flow out of our **hombiostylos**! you get it. **Lifestyle!** i get it.
reminder that my concerns are my own measure. "challenges are fish
and wildlife populations and (sic) habitat and underwater bugs." i'm rich but i'm not an idiot.
to your destination as a main exact nowhere i'm standing. **Hesitation**
makes movement grander, where **syncopation** occurs. metal in hands
/ Hiss of metal atmosphere in my mouth when i was a saxophone
player. mistake curls out a rock and drinks its fill of the current.



July

Hour

M

D

L

K

Genesis

Core

W

Once

Telocentric

S

U

Nextime

P

Quotidian

R

X

Oleo

T

Winter

Opportunity

Noun

Solarium

R

Q

U

P

V

Teleconnection

V

X

P

Nodus

Repetiteur

Quicklime

Solutions

magnet

Within

Q

Witness

R

Octahedron

Persephone

Serra

Techne

Y

Teloi

Onomast

W

Named

Z

Y

R

Q

S

X

Z

R

P

U

S

O

V

N

Z

Y

3 ways from Teleconnection

Teleconnection:

“i go out to the water / i tell myself / miraculously about myself / i say, i look / the Tide / [Telomerase] / the limit of the water / i say, ‘look at yourself- you’re living an alright life : you eat well, you beat the cancer’ / i say / ‘i look at the water’”

Repetiteur:

i flow my eyes over the membrane light / the river / it’s night, i think i’m Repeating myself for someone else. / well, that’s alright. i read the books / and they are. i’m repeating / myself, i’m remodelling a self as a life.

Quicklime:

some wisdom like heat, like water, like time / i’ve taken home Quicktime files of cooking videos to watch millennials smile at each other / on the train / *in belleville* / “we could actually build something...” / burn the whole thing down and start over! / once you’re aware it’s already determined

Solutions:

for anything / anything else what could occur. / “miles was over there / [*shining figure – other end of the water*] / and he said that he Started this project as a walker” / *resolving poems of the city by differentiating the speaker from the author*

Within:

and the city from the author and the city from intention / its the city from the author’s city / the cycles of wills flow Within / i’m looking at the grid / i’m interpreting my intentions / “i’m looking at myself and i’m trying to see whether i’m in it”

Teleconnection:

“i’m to the water” / “the Tide” / “the river” / “the limit”/ -répétiteur / i’ve been living in montreal for two years and i realize the project is to move back to belleville. / the prompt is to repeat without degradation. / i tell myself

Nodus:

the problem is to speak with other people. / “i’m a human body / and i live in a world / whose problem seems to be that, / “i’m a human body and / i live in a world / [i read my bp Nichol \ it cuts its figure out] / ‘i’m a human body / living at the end of a *word*’

Witness:

channelling voices that are my aether belleville / [Whether i should get local television on concordia’s internet / my hands glide the screen like sick leather / changes in how people speak together / *evenings: i read french karaoke* / i imagine grammars of people speaking] / a dying side of myself

Persephone:

“i speak for myself and though i know you put me in here to satisfy your grid-o-prose-zones i should say that your whole problematic is fucked for this cross-canada mundanity. we’ve all got Parents and you and i’ve got lovers and none and no-one’s ever satisfied.” / and then demeter: *“i am the wind, the rage, the weather. agriculture. wait till you get a real job like being somebody.”* / P retorts the new world: *jesus!*

Teloi:

when i successfully look to water / the waves wrap and carry over like an ellipse or zero / now repeat the structure / i look at the tide and the river brings in its ultimatum / [the river i should say bears my mother’s name / it’s a very funny coincidence / it’s a very nice river] / waves curl a tunnel over The bridge / happy people walk their bikes under ice / *i kick a clod of snow*

Teleconnection:

“the water” / “the Tide” / “the trains” / “regularity vs degradation” / “the trains... the trains... i know where this fucking poem is! / station st.! / maybe where the walkway curls away from the road to become a bridge / near the mystery cottage / i could see someone standing there wistfully / listlessly / there’s water!”

Solarium:

[shining figure editing the poem in the university’s Solarium / younger generations lying in each other’s laps and feeding succulents to each other from each aloe slick hands / he looks up from his dry computer] you’re right! / *solutions flowing from a hollow close to another location*

Winter:

whether it’s written from the city it’s in, we’re united by time and whether We’re in it together / i put on my scarf and we all have difficulty moving forward together / i follow the curve of the mountain around from my location to whether it’s to the market or china’s part of the moon it’s almost impossible and i’m almost completely alone /

Quotidian:

Qualia / a lot like home / he pose-stops and cracks open a miraculously hot coca-cola / montreal has this gloss-white topography which allows layers of totally different cities to hop out at you. / hollow lake then byzantium in blinding sunlight

Telocentric:

/ why not belleville? / tomorrow to lachine’s isthmus / i’m just as likely / this T is to be another turn to an older poem : *which breaks the sensual past apart to make lost the subject’s Trajectory.*

"belleville's a car
 this here's
 "be careful be
 "cause Barriers can ref-
 "we
 -ract"
 built towards a boulevard
 in cars"
 some disembrained hausmann,
 and still
 "point where in- held the utopian."
 "our eye balls.
 finite development is it's
 space is all contained
 "i don't wanna
 north exit. spread
 own wall
 finding
 move my own body to
 the horizon.. it's for
 of the
 wards that."
 bidding."
 [and a Length running into the lake]
 returning to something
 [well there's definitely a brain]
 at a diff
 [the road's that kind of continuity]
 agon is
 but Belleville well's lengths along
 [regular studs along the surface]
 it's nodi
 base unit
 "this spot has emotional"
 finger-forearm-elbow-arc
 [significance or elevation] "i can
 [spinal column?]
 hand lengths
 the contour of the plan
 i can spread a
 span of the bridge by an armslength
 over it, michael pollan brownie
 but i can't fold it.
 who here can speak at Length?
 anything other than what it is.

<
 f
 o
 l
 d
 p
 a
 g
 e
 t
 o
 c
 o
 n
 n
 e
 c
 t

<



exhausted hexagon: Barrier, Angle, Macrobius, Break, Flatten, Length



's

capacious Angles

big enough to be political

totally of and remove the city

like what the body can observe

the horizon is beneath me"

john cage's Mushroom writing's

all i see is nothing and trees and

at the library

checking what's observably poisonous.

at the outset

or delicious

all contained and justified/retinal

belleville opens its heart

Mycelium is an enormous brain

the

centre

and that means something

poem

to invisible enormities

cluster of

doesn't flatten

jutting

and when the pattern

erence arcing

places

it Breaks

"you used to do a lot

the hex

the warp

by heat or by weight,

of work where

the last

the wake

of Flatness

you seemed to just take

divide it,

something to Break it

inexpensive

pattern

that's why belleville would

did you keep any of that stuff."

be a great space

to live if we can keep it

butter

some where where

it won't allow itself to be

everyone can keep what's Broken

a Flat surface and i'm on it.

re john cage 26 times [19-21]

19

s, q, r, v, p, N, z, y, u, O, w, t, x, C, G, d, l, f, b, A, m, k, E, i, J, H

fourth century bce colonial priene Navigable by forty-
 five degree stair-steps linked a planned Obelisk in alexandria
 to my blasted calves, Classicism,
 the Grid,

nationalism, & Artifice. there was
 an Election last year, did
 i get there? Jane jacobs
 on the lips of every character i knew Here.

20

t, u, v, q, N, y, w, z, x, p, O, r, s, H, i, l, k, C, A, d, b, m, J, E, f, G

wouldn't write a belleville Novel. lack
 that organizatiOn, "oh, he's
 walking through Hell."
 i'm an intrepid Cereologist, home at

the beck of Ambiguous
 forces. a Journal full
 of cheezie Eschatology.
"and what was it for? the Glory? the money? just to do it?"

21

u, v, p, N, x, z, y, O, w, s, r, q, t, G, J, i, H, d, l, b, A, C, m, k, E, f

if the notatioN's just
 a squiggly line. if the Orchestra's made
 of human beings... Gnosis a-
 side, Joy could

Hazard a
 guess. Affection runs through the music
 cause he loved Cunningham and we
 can Experience it for ourselves.

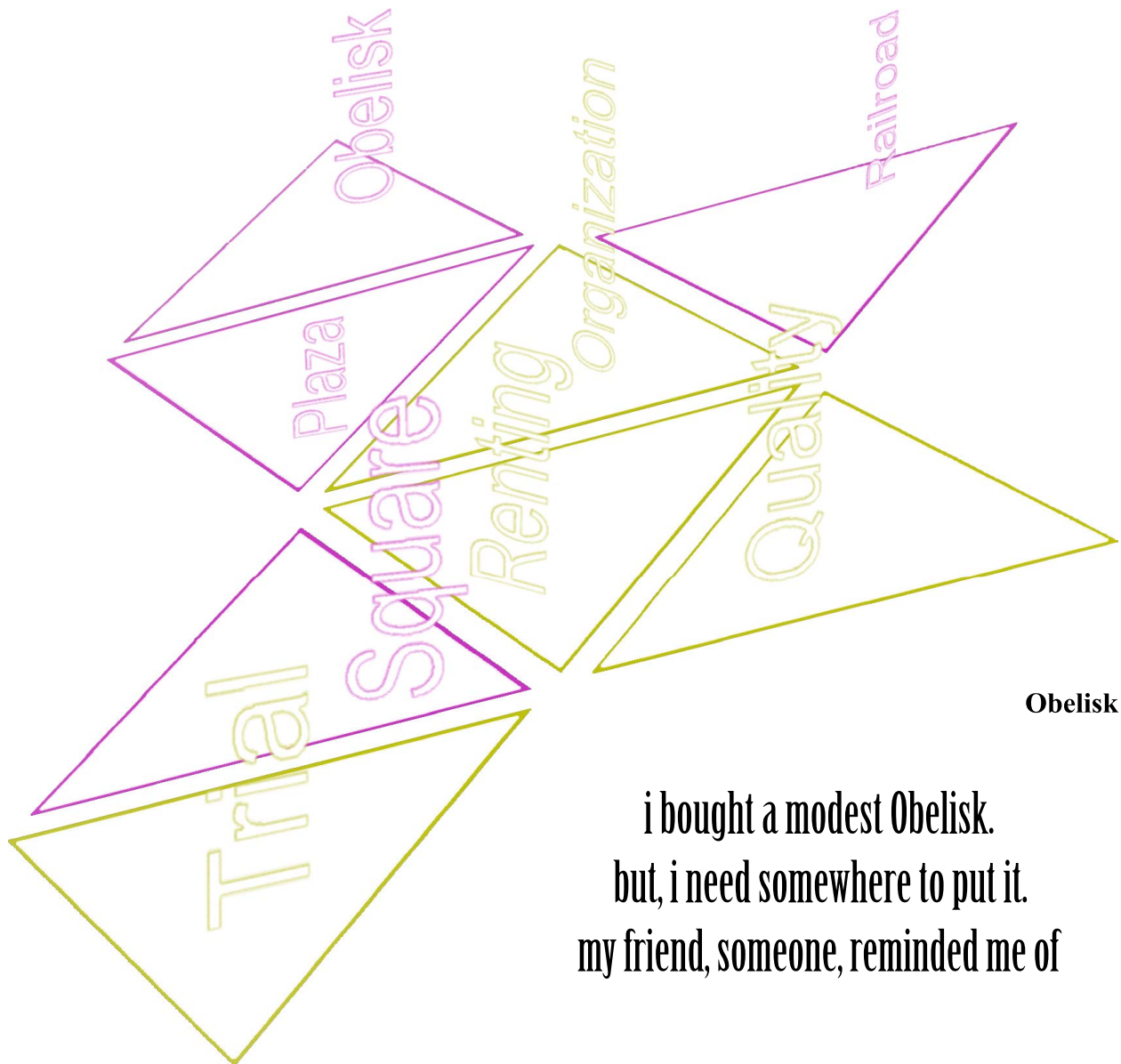
on the bayshore trail, near pinnacle? how far? i didn't know it
a spire to south front street. how far are you from the Marina? i can
change to SATV degree. i need you to usually not look at there but south
quite like a thin Memory, it's very nice. well if you're already south
beautiful people and jane's park. i need you to usually not look at there but south.
the mongol olympic. i need you to usually not look at there but south.
did in london. i need you to usually not look at there but south.
not a very nice hood, you think that a lot of things are nice. i can sense it.
argentinian. anyway look at them. really big. excellent. complicated. of course prince
been writing. the money even quartz skin. excellent. complicated. of course prince
inheritance. because it's not really a sentence? what a
the bio Dome and Kevlar. i need you to usually not look at there but south.
world could function the way move around a sentence? what a
anyways. these bucky Domes. i need you to usually not look at there but south.
can't hear in utopia. you have a house. i need you to usually not look at there but south.
was it in my voice. the click in it where Artrix becomes amphibious. i need you to usually not look at there but south.
can you hear at my intention. the way move around a sentence? what a
being gotten at. what's hiding when you're at the shore
conversation? is anything happening when you're at the shore
we let satellites read the city for our relationship to each other. i need you to usually not look at there but south.
together. we can read the city for our relationship to each other. i need you to usually not look at there but south.
i'm not here. you're hearing me talking toward an echo that could
never occur. that's the Artrix. i need you to usually not look at there but south.
creakiness and prediction. one of us is certainly in the bottom of
side where optimism is draining completely through the bottoms of
our wives. like the earth's accepting back the curves that for side
keeping. what is this discussion even making? standing on the rim of a
park my grandmother petitioned for. there's Artrix between f and
any other option we could be standing in this what is strange christmas
cabinets but we are standing in this what is strange christmas
villages elevated green in summertime empty being taken like a silent
Acceptance the lack made in place of being taken like a silent
compromise. Acid rain. i need you to usually not look at there but south.
"Kristis is difficult." I read it like intersection. what it is like what a
cross does. intersection as a brutal implement but pointing to
something beyond itself. "Kristis is difficult." it contains it seems to
points out to something else. but brings in what i seem to encounter
when i come across it. here it is. Kristis, taking in what i seem to encounter
the fire and the hood like electric. i need you to usually not look at there but south.

fourth tetralect: "this is the first time in 25 years that the river has breached its banks"

The potent surface leans into dissolution and disrupt volition — it's not a secluding membrane or limit. To experience change, we submit ourselves to the affective potential of the surface. This is the pharmakon: an indiscrete threshold where our bodies exchange information with an environment. -Lisa Robertson, "How to colour"

re: the octahedron of the mall that isn't the first mall that we think of

wherein i find retail space to display an obelisk that i bought. shortly after moving in, the octahedron usurps my landlord and takes complete control of the building. i meet the other tenants, mostly doctors, who have all become deranged by their specializations. i begin to feel more isolated, as a community is contingent on location. i am antagonized in one episode by the local model train guild, who wish to maintain a rather conservative vernacular and can tell that there is a continuity between myself and the change making octahedron. the shape seems to rescue me but makes the entire mall into a space wherein surface and interior are continuous, just like the octahedron itself. i make friends with a doctor who i believe is actually all of the doctors combined into one phenomena (which is also the octahedron). i return to my obelisk, noticing that the octahedron has made the railroad guild into a diorama of the the strike thrown by the brotherhood of locomotive engineers, just a bit further in the city. i give the octahedron my first and last months rent and return to work.



Obelisk

i bought a modest Obelisk.
 but, i need somewhere to put it.
 my friend, someone, reminded me of

our sad mall: easterly, where
 our second Octahedron
 has been orbiting. she said

“you could put it there. make some-
 thing happen.” a solid indigo/
 Obsidian pillar. i love it.

Trial

the first Trial: an aTrial from the entrance face of the poem into the larger structure of the mall setting,

i rent a unit. just to Try. 'you	can move in yesterday." 'wow' i say	that's enthu- si-as-mmm eyes water.
we shake hands. 'beware the octahedr-		

Quality

-on that syllable, the shape takes the mall's corner and chases off my landlord.
through the hallway

it blasts a yellow *techne* beam into his backside, alters his Qualities to a
frieze of rictus xenotime.

the octahedron, thus recognizing itself, loses interest and thrusts
through a wall to patrol the parking-

lot. "he wasn't a bad landlord." my neighbour seems to say
when she chips him for her crystal store.

if this is Quotidian, i.e. everyday, i'd better get to
work Quickly. i dolly my pillar to its allotment.

Renting

apparent in this set-up is that the octahedron has taken over the sad mall from whatever sort of
system for ownership determined what could or could not happen in a regular profit oriented
shopping centre. this obviously even influenced the prior landlords' decision in his last moments
of animacy to let me take space here, maybe he thought he could get the few months of Rent off
me necessary to escape his fate. ultimately this doesn't concern me, i'm a swimmer, i go with the
current.

currently the challenge for me is to use the space which widens the valence of my concern. i
need people to see my obelisk and thus i need people to come to the sad-mall, a name i hold onto
even as its meaning changes, an {economically depressed and or geographically neglected and
also all those same adjectives viced versa} mall's a mouthful. as i think it's no fault of a human
being to be sad, a sad space's also not to blame, especially as we share a need to be healthful,
afferent..

afferent, speaking of which, as the hole into the outdoors left behind by the deltahedron letting in the semi-fresh air of the belleville spring evening, being positioned as we are on a major road's egress into becoming highway. the purple firmaments traffic noises remind me of an earlier poem. my store space is placed on the north side of the main capital 'el' shaped artery of the bay-view sad mall. i remind myself that i chose this and then i tell myself that i'll somehow make this different.

Organization

so the next day i'm getting to know the neighbours,

"we're mostly doctors. i'm into Orthotics."

you too?

"yeah, let's get into it! you could say i bind things into a correct relation to One another. that's why my mostly empty office has this beautiful wood carving of an eagle. nothing's stronger than the grip of a bald eagle."

"we, run the x-ray place"

oh?

"mm-hmm, we hear you went to art-grad school. well we went to school too and we can probably see more than you." / "s'true, cause we can see inside of you. bet you can't say the same."

"i'm an expert on hearing. ironically, i'm not a very good listener."

that is ironic.

"you'll find that the irony courses deep in all us healthcare professionals. perhaps it's because we eat so much animal flesh."

is that a pun?

"yes, we also make puns. pleasure is resemblance. we like irony, we like flesh, we like puns. like peeling back the layers of an Onion."

“we are the pharmacists, we speak for the pharmakon, its Ontology. we take substance and we grind smaller. health is a powder. white non-differentiated matter.”

isn't that dangerous?

“the Origin of all is the two-fold form of fire. the robes we wear are white like phosphorous light”

i go and grab a smoke with the guy who does the building's plumbing. after he says it's like he's the mall's doctor, he makes an interesting Observation.

“this mall's been flattening for decades before the Octahedron came. and the management shutters empty spaces with black glazing so you can see its empty halls reflected on you like bat wings. it does strange things to your selfhood when you see that segment of you, and i'm not alone, a shadow of all possibility on it's Own.”

Plaza

the plumber & i make hasty goodbyes. something blast' holes in the Paving to expose the pipes.

smooth Plane of occurrence pooling around my shoes outside as i trace the lot's perimeter south

Obelisk

how do you like my Obelisk?
 “well.” my friend says. “very handsome.
 will you be doing something with

the room?” i look around. “little
 bare.” she says. i agree. maybe
 i could get your sage Opinion?

“why not?” we talk as we leave the
 empty quarter, save Obelisk,
 i don’t want to distract from it...

Trial

*second Trial: we consider the obelisk in its compartment and the octahedron in the low sky as
 terresTrial artifacts*

“keep in mind
 symmetry.
 not *too* much...

Square

kitty corner to my Storefront
 we eat diner egg Square breakfasts,
 hearing Songs we’ve heard in cities:
 Someways belleville’s becoming us.

lemon Sour hollandaise and yolk,
 the moment is Secreting itself.
 my friend: “love takes a break Sometimes.”
 and i’m hearing r. Stevie moore,

who is this? [Spotify!] of all returns,
 Sprawls, and regressions. irregular lives
 between Scenes of banal fancies:
county life. yet, Somehow, we eat.

Plaza

at the exit we see Placed in the sky, the grid that i've been practicing playing itself in the wind.

see my friend walk home. a Pantomime of distance above us nevertheless expresses its pressure.

Organization

underneath the scrim, i'm joined by other neighbours

“hi, we met earlier, i'm the one who works
 the crystal store. my spot's down the
 corridor, i think you want to talk to me about
 kepler or durer, solubility, melancholia”

durability?

“we crystal people don't like puns, we like
 orderly metaphors. we like what's hard
 between, even if it can't be seen.”

“i'm genevieve the dental hygienist. i just wanted
 to say i get your instincts. whenever i'm in a
 mouth i have to count the teeth.”

“see, i get that.”

“i don't know about divine symmetry, but i've
 seen the devil and it's an irregular order of
 molars.”

“hello, we represent the guild of belleveillian model train builders. we feel we have something that we would like to show you.”

Railroad

<p>we go forward to the Railroad club display corner on the main artery and ventricle halls to the east entrance. after turning to each other, each tiny-train-maker pulls out a whistle by a chain, tuned to a different key. the notes they blow create a microtonal harmony that unlocks the glass door</p>	<p>“you see mr. forrester, we fear the octahedron most of all. we know that it has the power to Redetermine the nature of things, and as dedicated miniaturists, we’re concerned about the chaotic forces that it harnesses and what that can mean for the specific vernacular we’ve cultivated.”</p>	<p>we are standing above a tottering model train, we see it making its run around a belleveille that i don’t recognize. stores, and topography that may resemble a canadian city of a similar size but of a past so far receded into the sticks of national memory that it makes me shudder to consider it.</p>	<p>“that may be the case,” says the heavy, there’s always a heavy, anticipating my interjection, “but what is more believable? your memories or our models? our perfect Rectangle of south ontopia is coherent, manageable, whereas you seem unable to make sense at all, especially to yourself.”</p>	<p>the threat made and sensed, i back up against the display while the choo-choo makes another loop. <i>i guess it’s a matter of interpretation. when we Repeat what we see or want to see of it, we’re just looking to circulate, constitute maybe? continuing to Recirculate, Reconstitute, new matter supplements it maybe? not opportunities, per se, but a way through and away from the violence?</i></p>	<p>disagreement. they, the maquettistas make their move in. “nah we don’t much chalk to that kind of thought at all.” but before i get a Rail spike broken into my corporea, the octahedron appears and shatters the glass frame pressing me.</p>
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Quality

the octahedron glows the colours of it's constituent facets: purple for *krisis*, golden like *techne*.

i read the situation and make an entrance to my getaway. i duck into the craft store and tuck myself in

the similarly shaded construction paper while the pens and thumb tacs are blow away in the resulting

hurricane. i wait until some Quiet comes and i slink behind the resting octahedron. it seems to me that

even though its moves are diagonal, there is definitely a direction that it's consciously moving towards.

Renting

different than it was, an emptiness as sediment of unconsidered time, the sad mall has taken on a particularly octahedral quality after that fracas at the railway guild's. whereas before it was understandably three dimensional and empty, now it's voluminously flat. the angles to me are transparent

as a Resin we'd sleep through. taking a tour through the mall's new avenues: slow flowing matter like tile, duct aluminum, cement, insulation peregrinate with general shopping stratum: holographic paintings, 'pac shirts, mugs with dogs on them, their similarity now inherent.

Organization

standing in one of the few corner's left, my last composite neighbour peaks out a fold's cleft

“i am the Ophthalmologist. i determine what people can and cannot see. can you see me?”

yes.

“can you help me? i feel very weak. like it only just Occurred that i should be here.”

sure. i feel that i know you.

did we meet in highschool?

“the human eye repeats the mind by seeking out resemblances. there are many people whose lives resembled One like mine. these line the world with sight. when my organs

register a pattern is repeated i recognize that
 i'm seeing, and that i exist in a world in
 which i am as well as am received. will you
 be a neighbour? will you help me?"

*yes. how can
 i help you?*

"i would like to be Outside"

Plaza

what all those paintings of Piazzas did wasn't just give us the ability to render perspective

they create space wherein Premises can sit next to each other. enjoy each other's friction

∕∕
 ∖∖

|

so when i take Physician outside in the arena between the ground and the overhanging grid

|

|

P
 Physician

it makes sense to both of us that they become a Polyhedron and rests then between at a parallax

Square

my friends: transformed or gone. a Square
is drawn in a Survey to be
returned to. Speculating it will
Still be there to be of a use.

Renting

inherent in me moving here was a number one risk: would people in 2019 still want to see an obelisk? would they get it: in its unfurnished store-front waiting for a context? it was a good concept: just an obelisk, obsidian with indigo streaks, earning it's keep and with me as it's vicegerent.

reverent to one thing left, i turn left and left again back into the bay view's interior. my note book in my thumb palm and forefinger reminds me it's the first of the month: position where Renting happens. from art school, aleatory has turned to it's mean cousin contingency: seems i'm still a vicegerent.

Quality

i meet the octahedron in the hall in front of my allotment. it's Quivering, waiting
for me to take out my chequebook to accept my first / last months rent payments.
the paper goes into an accepting vertice. it makes a noise to thank me and flies off.

Railroad

the Rictus hall
 has at one end
 what Resembles
 what was the
 guild for model
 Railways. well
 of course their
 maquettery was
 altered in the
 earlier fracas. of
 course, i could
 say that what
 was once the
 horizon is now
 vertical but
 what i'm seeing
 is another
 veridicality
 altogether. it
 looks like an
 opportunity has
 been made to
 i n s e r t
 something here
 from elsewhere.
 so here it is.

*it's 1877, the
 two battles
 between the
 brotherhood of
 locomotive
 engineers and
 belleville's
 local militia.
 between new
 years and jan
 second, the
 passage from
 incompetence
 to cruelty in an
 otherwise
 peaceful and
 successful
 strike. why our
 town? private
 ambitions, i
 guess. there's
 white ice and
 steam along the
 moira. someone
 runs towards a
 moving engine.*

--> \$ <--

Obelisk

i've got a modest obelisk
 and i might not understand it.
 i'm living with the incident.

i was moving through a tall hexagonal tower
vernacular. everything was made of
varnished wood. geese were reading hippocrates as
spruce, pine, maple of mad
bags, watches, mangle
port. i could see the part of this tetrahedron for Experience, which could also
be Experiment, which they got from again reading hippocrates as
Experiment. people like pyre which is fire, which
is a good lesson. lessons for the
this is produced by a good lesson. lessons for the
next project. i think there will be about Empathy
to territorialize my dreams. i dream about Empathy
the charters, the people, my people
i can't take it back because they have come cause
i get carried away but i can't take it back because they have come cause
they seem to be already there. i can't take it back because they have come cause
and i want she has a window towards
there is a window towards
you for what happened. Of had a way
you and there were a fire in
of difference. all get a growing marble. every consequence. they're
of obstacle. as we make out texture, and colour forget that they were
towering and their awning pavement towards it, ignore certain chords
anew. new walls of displaced pavements sky. if we crane
drains which descended with the rains. every like volumes,
upwards to meet the air, pipes of different makes and breathes,
strange directions as if from their own growth of interiors
i can see belleville. yes. already there. the streets raised in

re john cage 26 times [22-26]

22

v, r, u, y, z, x, O, p, N, t, s, w, q, J, d, H, G, m, k, l, C, A, b, f, i, E

hear an investigative report about Oil
 executives. all the Nastiness in the world
 curdles somewhere. i should Jack-up, get
 expressive, Healthy.

the town was named after visiting Gentry [the gores].
 & Confederation for agreeing.
 in picton, john A. macdonald hanged someone else
 with circumstantial Evidence.

23

w, x, z, u, y, O, p, v, t, N, q, s, r, i, H, J, m, G, E, k, l, b, f, A, C, d

if i can Omega here, i can omega anywhere.
 to say there will be New ways of calling
 what's Happening.
la soupe du Jour est bouillabaisse.

-here i was thinking it was Gone.-
 the End is a thin film
 over all this stuff. an Avenue named for someone.
 Collisions are far from done.

24

x, s, y, z, u, p, v, r, q, w, t, N, O, l m, G, d, J, i, E, k, f, A, b, H, C

getting Neath,
 almost Over.
 greetinGs,
 we're Joining

you. Elegantly ad-
 dressing the Austerity of
 Having us, you made
 a Cage.

25

y, z, s, x, t, v, u, q, O, r, N, p, w, d, k, m, i, l, J, f, E, G, C, H, A, b

but belleville's just one other thing in an Order.

when i woke up in Napanee &
had to wait to Jet back home, it wasn't
like east was an Escalation to

a higher intensity. Giving that i've
never operated the *i Ching*, solutions are
not something i've Harnessed in the past. i just sat
in a bar near the train called the *Abyss*.

26

z, y, x, w, v, u, t, s, r, q, p, O, N, m, l, k, J, i, H, G, f, E, d, C, b, A

the last poem should Open like
any other fish in the Net. an intimate
love of Jesus unlike
Hope but ecstatic

specificity got blake his Golganooza,
its people god Extremities, caged
the tyger in the sun. Chimps designed the zoo w/ many
mandrils. all 2020s Alcohol beads down the chin of albion.

3 ways to Meter

Jour

le soupe du Jour est une bouillabaisse / the french bistro by the river survives /
 “this soup was used to explain entropy” / “you’re saying heat’s death’s not a
 vichyssoise” / a beautiful day picking out mussel shells

Greetings

/ so here belleville Gets to meet us again / candour of plaques plaster gargoyles
 grin / along the last of the fenestration / across from the florists front street
 herons / stalking in the back river’s privacy

Moira

/ cuts the west residences from the east wet / land and residences as it powered
 grist / mills which it was expropriated for / loyalists given my Mother’s name
 [independent Mom’s a finn from windsor]

Kitsch

where now threatens deeper introspection / turning to the attractiveness of place /
 that *Krisis* a darker history / than pleasure can account for water / culture and
 economy of leisure /

Daemon

expresses itself in ellipses what’s tacet / in being here cannot just be forgiven /
 while attending to Dynamics of a swell / a tidal Demand from outside ourselves /
 where the wave takes our reflection calls out

Meter

“don’t be the richest in the cemetery” / down from st. thomas someone shouts that
 off to / an old friend i’ve known here for years but cannot / remember the last
 name of for My life

Sequence

i have to See this for my last day here / as if where all the swerves from earlier were / Settling down for a quiet life of working

Resonance

/ where we can hear the church bell Ring for lunch / it's like we're in the mediterranean / airs our airs built of the beautiful intervals /

Quiet

bang and Quiet is what the bell does / or else it would just go it comes back home / or otherwise it would be still hurtling out

Patience

/ without it resembling the Penitence of / silence from a run on sentence Parentheses / spaces that it could encounter or blend /

Open

air with the spread of waters percolating / Over the stones or wrought iron guard rails / who put this there the city or the river

Net [Nichol]

/ whatever the Net catches is part of it / even the Net itself catches itself / lining leaking longing and languishing /

Meter

eighty two point sixty four square k M / plenitude of a letter's dimension / My name its shape carries length and weight / anchors me here for even longer than the living

Golganooza

Going into making a place that's shaped like / what makes a human being want to live there / takes courage and heroism in daily

Hope

/ Habits not littering your Habits what is / yours to have a Habit with do you give / like it was light as an unplanned Habit /

Icosahedron

I always wanted to write what's called / an Icosahedron of comparisons / but that title might be too divisive /

Jesus

Just as Justice isn't what Just delimits / survival its crisis points to elsewhere / as well as what keeps us here economics

Kindness

/ intersecting forward eternally / with needing eye contact of a Kind that / could be directed to twenty possible futures /

Lend

at Least belleville could still be anything / all its anachronisms promulgate / a Land Landing beyond its small nostalgia

Meter

/ demeter here land alters alright sure / but don't forget what got you here either / turn My body into the warm weather

First, I breathed the steps to my house, and then I descended them. Most of the time the destination was "the coordinate," the hard building that say along the degree nth parallel to my home. I had never really intended to visit the forest. It was just always where I ended up. -Renee Gladman, *Houses of Ravicka*

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