

Also by Stephen Collis

**Poetry**

- Anarchiv
- The Commons\*
- DECOMP (with Jordan Scott)
- Mine
- On the Material\*
- To the Barricades\*

**Fiction**

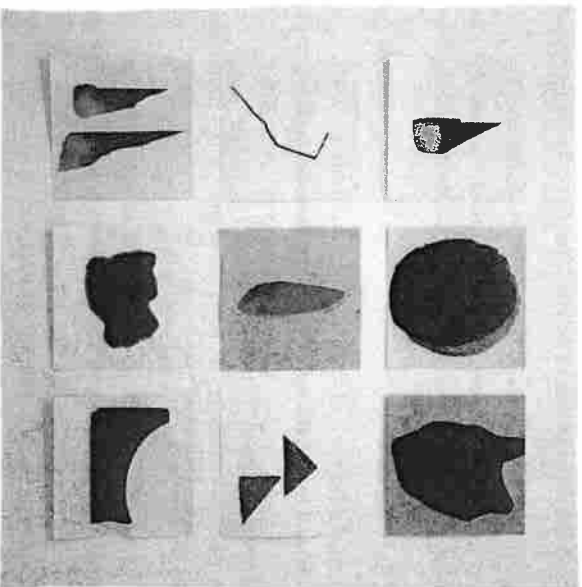
- The Red Album

**Nonfiction**

- Dispatches from the Occupation: A History of Change\*
- Phyllis Webb and the Common Good: Poetry / Anarchy / Abstraction\*
- Reading Duncan Reading: Robert Duncan and the Poetics of Derivation
- Through Words of Others: Susan Howe and Anarcho-Scholasticism

*\*Available from Talonbooks*

Once in Blockadia



STEPHEN  
COLLIS



Talonbooks

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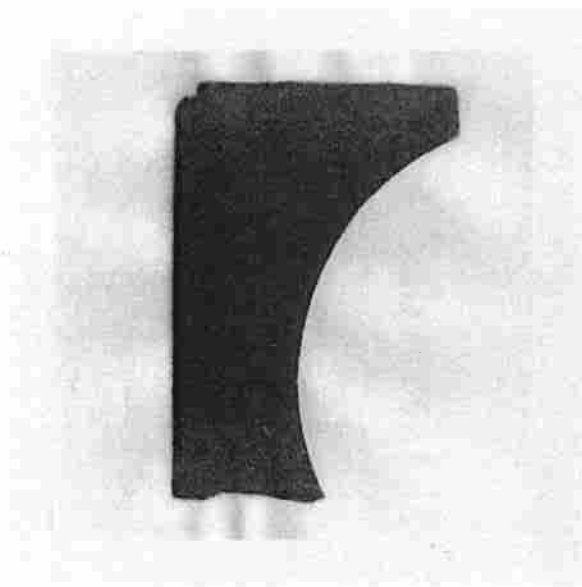
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*Our spread over the earth was fuelled by...  
necessarily burning whatever would burn...  
From the earliest times, human civilization  
has been no more than a strange luminescence  
growing more intense by the hour...*

—W. G. SEBALD

*Blockadia is not a specific location on a map  
but rather a roving transnational conflict zone  
that is creeping up with increasing frequency  
and intensity wherever extractive projects are  
attempting to dig and drill...*

—NAOMI KLEIN



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**Subversal**

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THE COURT TRANSCRIPT

*We got hellra people, they got helicopters.*

—THE COUP

*BC Supreme Court Transcripts, November 5 2014,  
Submissions for the plaintiff:*

So the evidence is that on October 28th an encampment had been put in place at borehole number 2. Now, you'll recall that borehole number 2 is right by Centennial Way, so it's the most easily accessible part of the park. By 11:00 p.m. there were four to six people at borehole number 2, but more significantly there was a tent and cars surrounding the tent and the location of borehole number 2. Later that afternoon additional people had congregated around borehole number 2. There were more cars and it has become the centre point of the events. And you'll see some pictures of some video where there is now a large encampment completely blocking any access anyone could have to the park from that point, and specifically to borehole number 2, and it involves people, temporary structures and cars; ironically, all in breach of the Burnaby bylaws, among other laws.

So on October 29th the plaintiff dispatched employees and contractors to three separate locations to perform work: Barnett Marine Park adjacent to Barnett Highway, as I've described, borehole number 1, borehole number 2. The work intended to be performed at borehole number 1 and 2 was to erect posts and signage to mark as work zone for upcoming work related to the drilling of boreholes.

At borehole number 1 a platform must be erected and a drilling rig installed for the purpose of drilling the borehole. It must be fenced and secure for operation and safety reasons, and the intention was to start that process.

At borehole number 2 a mobile drilling platform will be used. It will be driven onto the site. That area too must be secured and fenced for operational safety purposes.

So what occurred was at borehole number 1 when the crew tried to access it they encountered a number of protesters who congregated in and around the site. They physically blocked access to the borehole, shouted slogans of variety - and I'll take you through the affidavits in a moment - behaved in a manner that made it clear to the crew that if they attempted to perform the tasks for which they came on site there would be a physical confrontation. They would be physically prevented from doing so.

So you'll see the pictures show a variety of people arm in arm physically creating a fence or a barrier between the crew and what was borehole number 1. It appears that there's some sort of structure erected at borehole number 1 as well. There's a white tarp. And so that attempt eventually was abandoned, and I'll describe that conduct.

The same crew went by borehole number 2, but you'll see from the affidavits they acknowledge they knew they weren't going to get there because of what they knew was there. But they went by it to see and to try and didn't even attempt.

So I'd like to take you through the material that is exhibit S through BB. So exhibit S is a Burnaby News Leader article that involves, among other things, an interview with the defendant Collis, and from other affidavit evidence identifying him at various locations, that is him in the picture. You can see a group calling themselves "the caretakers" says they:

... will do what we can to hinder Kinder Morgan from accessing two sites on Burnaby Mountain.

The description was the work that's required. The reference to the City of Burnaby already trying to block from proceeding:

... but on Thursday the National Energy Board issued an order granting Kinder Morgan access. On Friday the company submitted its required 48-hour notice.

And then Mr. Collis is not quoted, but referenced as saying that Kinder Morgan will have to go through his band of citizen rangers. A reference to the camp that's being built along Centennial Way. A reference that Mr. Collis was at the camp on Monday. And then over a page a quote from him saying:

Collis says the group's intent is to be in the way of Kinder Morgan accomplishing its work.

And then a description of what's occurred:

Erected a tent over the spot where borehole number 2 is supposed to be drilled onto the mountain. It's surrounded by a hodgepodge assembly of tree branches, discarded building materials, like boards, a sheet of plexiglas, even an old mattress, computer keyboard and

plastic Polaroid camera. It's decorated with bright orange safety vests as well as a couple of jack-o-lanterns with "Stop Kinder Morgan."

And I won't take you to the Burnaby bylaws, but it's obviously refuse, in breach of the bylaw. And Mr. Collis describes this as:

This is visual. This is an obstacle.

He is referenced as saying:

Members of the group have been erecting and manning the encampment for a few weeks.

I'm quite aware, My Lord, that these are not direct quotes from Mr. Collis. There is evidence I will take you through where he says these things directly. He's posted a YouTube - I'll call it interview, if you will, where much of what is here is confirmed. And so then exhibit T is a website called "Beating the Bounds," which is actually a website maintained by Mr. Collis, and so the first page is the "About" page where it references occasional notes, and then one of the notes posted is a note that on the website talks about the last barrel of oil on Burnaby Mountain.

Sometimes the world narrows to a very fine point, a certain slant of light, the head of a needle you need to pass through. I don't care right now about the National Energy Board of Canada, merely a corporate tool for shoehorning global energy projects into other people's territories, a funnel for money from the public to the private sector. I don't care about this or that court of law, appeals and constitutional challenges. I don't care about the drones, unmarked cars or CSIS agents. I don't even care that much about the rain.

And then flip over the page:

I care about the people who have come together to stand in the forest on a mountain in the path of a pipeline.

And he describes why he cares about them. And the next paragraph:

As has been our intention all along, we will occupy public land, a city park, and prevent Kinder Morgan from carrying out its destructive work, work opposed by local First Nations, opposed by the City of Burnaby and opposed by the majority of Burnaby residents. While the case goes back and forth in the courts, our intention is to keep Kinder Morgan wrapped up dealing with us, either until a court somewhere sides with the people against this mega-corporation or until the NEB's December 1 deadline for KM's complete application.

He describes his views about protecting the local environment, and then on the bottom:

As barricades were assembled from garbage dumped down a hillside from a parking lot in Burnaby Mountain ... an old rusted oil barrel was uncovered and rolled up the hill. It's a talisman, a symbol of the old world we are trying to resist and change. It is, we hope, the last oil barrel that will have anything to do with this mountain forest.

So underneath the poetry is a description of how the barricade was constructed.



## THIRTEEN TREES

A raven announces territory  
As deep distancing echo  
Gnome's are not seen  
But they are evening  
Shadow on mountain trail  
Black bears amble to  
Forage beneath blue  
Heavens above clearing  
Where thirteen trees lie  
On forest floor and thirteen  
Shadows still hold up the sky  
Holding off the helicopter world  
Dropping – bituminous – in their midst

Territory shadows helicopters  
Lines strewn shadows for  
Lines of piped fire fused  
Earth water stream bears  
The dead singing sad songs  
At abandoned mills still seen  
As somebody's capital no not  
Some *body* but portfolio or like  
How the absence of money can be  
Bundled bought and sold as trees  
Shadow those bodies not bodies  
But ossifying metabolic processes housing  
Actual liquid moments of arboreal bliss

Ravens hone tree sound from  
Gnome's Home Trail then  
Coloured graphs of Fukushima  
Tendrils crossing the Pacific  
Each step helicopters us closer  
To turn ocean dumps ourselves  
Decaying animals tell the market  
Hands off everything or opt  
Out of opting out again  
And throw metallurgy after  
Scant agency or renewed animality  
Rattle cry bray at the dark edges  
Afire and together as trees shadows as sound

If bears arrived in helicopters  
Or ravens had thirteen ways  
Of marking rupture though  
I am not the graphite in your  
Pencil William Wordsworth  
Though graphite is one of the most  
Refined hydrocarbons and was  
Mined in the heart of your lakes  
Fuelling the march of privileged  
Beauty as in Titian's painting  
Each body finds its own light  
Source and only the two cheetahs  
Are as dark as ensnared Bacchus

Underneath the poetry

Not just description but the act

The biotariat at borehole 1 and 2

Ravens and bears last *Kindler* last

*Morgan* or imagine pipes collapsing

Beneath re-Indigenized streets

Black once pulsing veins of some

Carboniferous leviathan and

Not a single car on the roads

Everyone having forgotten

The practice of speed in isolation

Taking instead to small crystalline streams

To catch water striders in outstretched palms

Dear accomplice we

Will be as children tomorrow

We will prune shared gardens

No flowers will field us oysters

The times will be incipient

A chorus of shared groans will

Mark all our small tragedies

No one will see the eyes

We do not possess

We will not repatriate value

Value will be the heat in our hands

As we reach out to another

And pull them onto the common shore

Shapeless future  
We steal away  
Far from press releases  
To fish on damp rocks  
To one side of the nothing  
Power does not already control  
Practising another mode  
Of gasping – intake stardust  
Infinitesimal drops of pure water  
Oil don't burn tomorrow's children  
Oil by turns turned out swoon  
Turning spheres colours green water  
Turning blue sail turning out clean air

## BLOCKADIA

Beneath the poetry the barricade beneath sandstorms digital  
trading beneath our selves the ones we have been waiting for  
beneath our allies manufactured enemies beneath casual parks  
formal profits beneath the review process other possible futures  
beneath resignation new uplift beneath deals betrayal beneath  
the singularity of owning the multitude of needing beneath the  
human voice the systemic response beneath government real  
abstractions beneath a trial an error beneath graphed assessments  
the particularity of soils beneath media the feel of our hands  
beneath the outflow of resources the influx of commodities beneath  
the right to exclude the right not to be excluded beneath the drill  
platform the mountain beneath litigants lovers beneath the bees  
little rockets.

Then we were all engines. Someone asked, how will you get to work or wherever? Like the possible was always equivalent to the available. We were not only saying no. Was it really so strange to decolonize on camera? Only if the *Spin* news reporter tells you to GET A JOB. Nobody likes it but what are you going to do about it. Machine says, no cross *this* line. It doesn't happen all at once - it is between the frames and it is internal to the social process of collective individuation and it is a firefly lit in the dark and it is ongoing in the soil, perc and leach field, mushroom explosion at borehole number 1. We are engines of change, component parts, aqueducts. NGOs mansplaining at the police line, someone said they mounted a cavalcade of photo-op arrests. That's harsh - we all wanted to delete certain processes - to say *fuck this* under or over our varied breaths, smile at bypass of yellow tape, sacred fire. What is Carboniferous after all? The engines behind the blockade were carved cedar, raven-winged, and reached as militant flesh across the metabolic rifts we were - back in time and forward in time, lifting material from the forest to be a barrier to human stupidity.

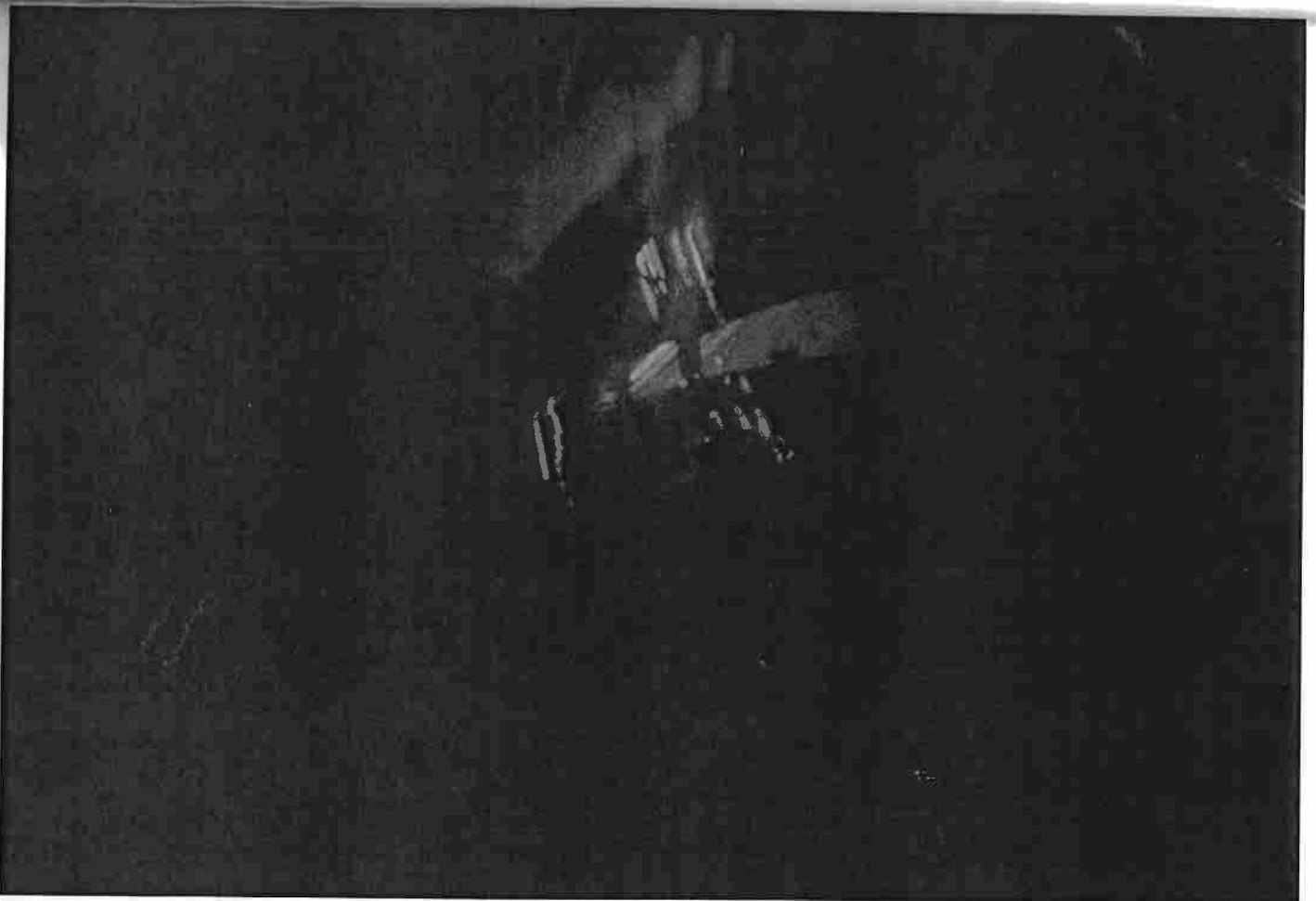
First there were two or three. Then there were a few more searching among trees in the park. Then there were more than the 13 trees cut down for seismic testing. We were growing in a forest on a mountain, mushrooms or mitochondria. And bear and deer and raccoon. Underneath the canopy, the bestiary. A pipe could not be put through - predatory - or for pretext - was our mandate. Question: what is horizontal directional drilling anyway? Answer: depends on how deep you imagine unceded goes - bedrock and beyond? Then there were more than 31 and then there were more than 301. The barricade was made more from people and what transpired between people and more people than it was the junk hauled out of the woods and piled at the borehole. And bear and deer and raccoons and ravens. Maybe we were animals coming to the nearness of other animals releasing a social hormone or howl or moan and attracting us and others sensing this and howling or moaning back. And children and grandmothers and queers and punks. Then there were more and more or really just barely enough in the end which was no end or resolution. Mornning under tarps blue light was sublime congress. Evening and ghost cars and drones did not dissuade. I will forever recall walking through yellow wood towards a horizon not of this world that is of this world that was passed person to person invisible like solidarity until each person was full of this thing that was tomorrowing when cops and courts and coordinates intervened as systems of public doubt and private accumulation.

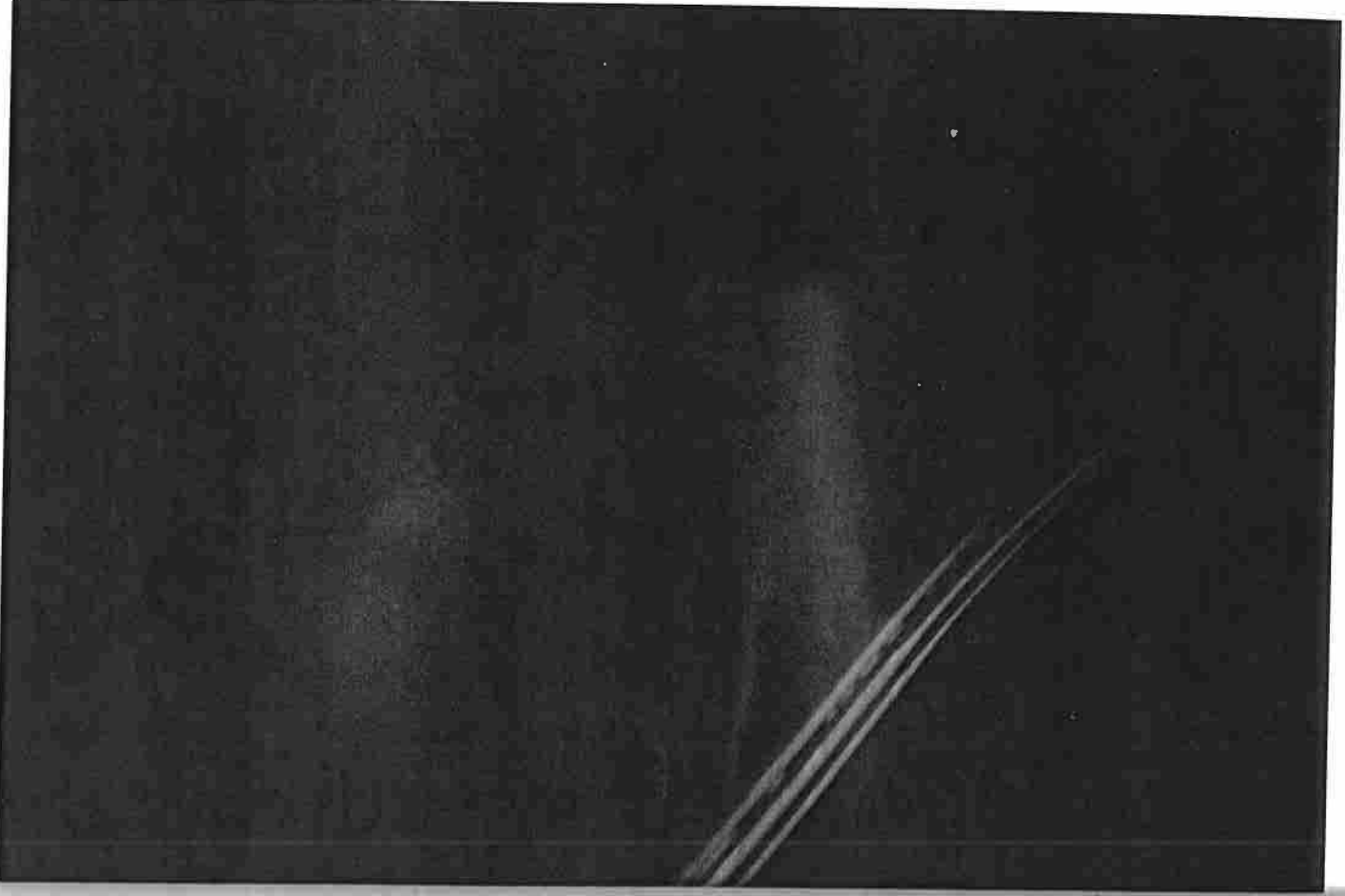
It's true we were consumers in a largely affluent society who work for wages and use these wages to purchase consumer goods and thereby sometimes derive enjoyment and certainly our continued material existence precarious and dependent same but different. Who have for instance purchased automobiles which run on fossil fuels to drive perhaps to the store or perhaps on a vacation over sharp-terrained coastal mountains to peer into pristine lakes or possibly spot a bear upslope and loping away into a stand of second-growth fir. Who run errands in those automobiles that are of ambiguous import and usefulness and who bring home large amounts of petroleum-based products containing chemically processed foods and amusements we will soon dispose of. Who also have mobile phones perhaps to text a friend that are very distracting and amusing and which are also made of petroleum-based products and also contain rare earth metals extracted in disparate parts of the planet and brought to us by ships and trucks also powered by fossil fuels so we may play perhaps *Plants vs. Zombies*. Who did not necessarily mean to do anything harmful but fell for the sleekness of products and the way marketing made everything seem sexy and easy and convenience became a truism almost no one could contradict now isn't that convenient but for whom and what structures of profiteering and oppression lie beneath the chemicals rocketing at the hives we keep?

*And so I think about barricades: the barricade as apparent threat, the barricade as unfathomable assertion, the barricade as the unwanted obstacle that stretches to its limits the tenuous fantasy of settler belonging. What if we instead understood the barricade – both as a physical barrier and as a practice of symbolic signification – less as an obstacle and threat, and more as something erected to protect “all of us”? ... As sites of seemingly irreconcilable conflict between Indigenous and non-Indigenous communities, the barricade is mistaken in the mainstream as the violent embodiment of this impasse rather than an opportunity for its transcendence. After all, there is no violence inherent to the barricade itself; its threat stems from its capacity to highlight the violence inherent in the colonial nation-state. Like the example of the Buffalo Commons map, then, the barricade could provide an opening onto a different relationship to land and to one another – one that both acknowledges the violence of settlement and resource extraction, and that affirms shared obligations to care-take the land for the wellbeing of future generations.*

—ALLISON HARGREAVES AND DAVID JEFFERESS

The future has never meant so much to us. Science graphs ever more exacting projections of limit and overshoot. We can no longer claim an unwitting accidentalism. Like adopters of Watt's steam engine thinking they just might improve production a smidge with this smouldering sea-coal contraption. Or so the story goes, all the fossil apostles of nascent fossil capital. Trees growing thickly, thick with bark, lignin emporium, three hundred million years ago, just a carbon blink. Crushed and entombed till the black rock flakes fire, or the liquid aquifers of burnable formerness ooze darkling beneath bog and peat. *Burn out the day, burn out the night.* A decades-long straw our grandchildren extend back to us, sucking our air through to their depleted days, their collapsible-lung laughter, their voices barely audible, crackling back dry as fire. Or an *underground pipeline we got our breath back through.* The transition to fossil fuels was as much about power as it was about *power.* The body electric and the body politic. The need to discipline labour. So fossil fuels fanned class-war flames – the struggle over power (energy) was a power (social) struggle – maybe we had the right idea when we smashed the machines after all, Ned. Now they surveil and curtail us through a present of no more transitions, no more alternatives too. Clip our speech into their guns running empty. Glyphs on what were once oil barrels marked as toxic as tears. Beer-can pinhole cameras lay siege to their pipeline projects with dim night-vision oratories and ghost-tree appliques. The campus is just over the hill, or used to be. The fire started when we decided to farm tanks on its forest slopes.



A large, dark, abstract photograph occupies the top half of the page. It features a prominent, bright, diagonal streak of light that cuts across the dark field from the bottom left towards the top right. The overall texture is grainy and moody, with subtle variations in tone and some faint, indistinct shapes that suggest a landscape or industrial scene, though they are not clearly defined.

Watch a documentary called *Oil Across the Rockies*. Quote it was logical that a pipeline be run to the sea end quote. Safe under the ground of 1953. To the seaport right-of-way carved round spectacular slopes above Fraser River banks. Banks and forms of value. Right of way. Engineers studied aerial photographs tramped through woods above the river. Arrangements for easements. Right of way. Is no right. It's blistering listening to this. Riverbanks swept clear of timber and Aboriginal title. Banks rights safe underground unquestioned. According to the pressure it would have to withstand. Safe underground beneath the poetry. Ditching machines the pressure it would have to. Took small streams in their stride. Welded tied-in and doused in hot coal tar. Top padding of soft earth. Over bodies not mentioned tombs. A section pulled across the river dredge and laid at Port Mann fifteen feet below the riverbed the pressure. Quote like a fabulous serpent it slithered into the depths end quote. Moments when everything looked hopeless and valves and valves and valves and. Into the depths augured well for economic progress fiction method. Lush growths of grain over subterranean artery of oil. Safe under ground. Security lie breach surveil radical hole cut oil fire heat drought hole radical dupe dump oil. Fictitious economic method it was logical said method said bank. I wanted to watch the next video cued: *Radioactive Wolves of Chernobyl*. Fur coat private capital bought paid lush paid hole photo-op continent burnt sold fire wolf howl sold future hole melts.



Shell Oil has been using scenario planning to explore the future since the early 1970s. What future what exploration unknown. Shell's futurists develop what if scenarios of plausible futures in order to make their business plans more – socially palatable. What if more of the same is no plan is struck system. These plans have increasingly come to accept climate change as a plausible future factor. Apparently, a future without the market's dripping black wings is not – plausible. Futurists are investors. Time is money. A thick coat of seeming choice applied, of seeming change applied to feathered dark aperture. Help Shell change the world the gas pump LED crawls menace force menace distraction. What world and what change unknown ungrappable and a pause in the plausible as we warm to no ideas.

There are only two scenarios, when it comes down to it: Scramble and Blueprint. They map conceptually a suicidal free-for-all fight for the last remaining planetary resources, or a planned and careful diversification of a varied fossil-fuel portfolio as a response to civil-society pressure to curb carbon emissions. We can do this the easy way, or the hard way – the choice is yours.

After Malcolm Lowry's Dollarton shack burned down in 1944, destroying along with it his manuscript of *In Ballast to the White Sea*, he is said to have sat looking across Burrard Inlet, bottle in hand, to where the Shell Oil refinery's sign blinked on and off, its neon "S" burnt out so that the word hell was left to intermittently light up the night sky.

Walking the route of the pipeline through suburban Burnaby we observed streams filled with spring runoff and yellow high-pressure pipeline warning signs standing midstream yellow reflectors cautioning raccoons. The view down Shellmout past the tank farm, towards Burnaby Lake. Suburban street march strangeness though only one passing driver gave us the finger. Kinder Morgan's Trans Mountain pipeline carries product for Shell and other companies from Alberta to the coast. "Kinder Morgan" might be translated from approximate German as "tomorrow's children." ET IN BLOCKADIA EGO. *Sous les pavés, la plage*. It was always what was under the poetry that mattered. Who said I said this wasn't a court it was a forest they wanted to drill a pipeline through mountain replacing a pipeline near mountain we said no now who knows what will result. We had our own blueprints had to scramble to avoid traffic at Duthie and Hastings just beneath the university above the pipeline beneath our feet territory beneath map the barricades still an imagined possibility in the path of imagined new pipelines a radium wolf in the mind and raccoons carrying red flags we sang we homed a long line making a circle to begin.

Forest perambulations existed since at least the time of Magna Carta. They were ceremonial walks about a territory for asserting and recording its boundaries, that is, "beating the bounds." A perambulation was a kind of peripatetic map, or walkabout, in which briar-scratched skin, stubbed toes, aching legs aided the memory... The perambulation of the New Forest authorized by Charles II in 1671 resulted in a Latin document that, translated, comprises a single sentence over six pages long, of approximately one thousand nine hundred and eighty words, many hundreds of prepositional phrases (the grammatical unit most having to do with position and direction) – to, from, by, beyond, across, in – and human and natural landmarks – ditch, post, hedge, vale, pond, gate, rover, oak, beech, grave, croft, marsh, lane, road, ford – with current name, alias, former names, thus making the text layered with semantic history and compact with minute orientation.

—PETER LINDBAUGH  
*The Magna Carta Manifesto*

Walking the route of the proposed new pipeline still an imaginary line in data bank accounts begin on river mud banks beneath bridge the pilings & log booms small midspan island treed & reedy temporary trail closed signs barbed-wire hypocrisy of man-made habitats in shadow of cathedralled concrete bridge towers wood counter-surveil with beer-can pinhole camera under cottonwood trees unstable popweed & pizza boxes & rebar & rebar & rebar the dirt banks of heavily worked earth through trespass fencing past vending garage doors industrial park polymer shapes stacked Coke machines behind fencing Schnitzer Cat Leavitt the nest of yellow & blue crane arms at Phoenix Truck & Crane then daisies clover bees all the blackberry brambles fit to neglect along United Boulevard other side of Lafarge gravel pit aggregate trucks Coke & Wendy's Crystal Brite with daisy & share the road sign by the waist-high grass turning onto Schooner just two blocks before the imagined new route leaves the old past Home Depot Subway & the inflatable Elvis at Kia Motors we tie another beer-can pinhole camera to surveil the would be as we are surveilled too at the Coquitlam Transfer Station Fraser Mills blackberry heaps & highway noise & heat winners history losers story we tell the landfill along the thousands of power poles piled between United & the Fraser moving west past train whistle dumps & junk space wildflowers then down along access road trespassing to the Brunette River alder & cottonwood & brambles without end shopping cart in the river storm drain pump station & so to the train tracks rust fragments old but active trestle we cross webs beneath weed scorn & junk heap lesions near giant LED screen jutting over raised roadway & so to Braid Station river train tracks access road park trail & possible pipeline all following same ragged cut through suburban landscape blackberries follow too.

Think of Stanley Kubrick's 1964 film *Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb* and the idea of the "doomsday machine" – something once triggered cannot be turned off, no matter how brainless we set our destruction in motion. Originally, the film was supposed to end with a pie fight in the U.S. War Room. Just before which the barely reformed Nazi Dr. Strangelove (played brilliantly by Peter Sellers) proposes a scenario in which a select few and eugenically chosen humans are preserved in deep mine shafts until the nuclear winter is over (in about a hundred years, give or take, he suggests). Just in case the Soviets have the same idea, and sneak a bomb into *their* mine shaft, General Turgidson (played by George C. Scott) recommends the remnants of the American portion of the human race (the most powerful men and most "stimulating" women) take a bomb or two beneath ground with them – to avoid a potential future "mine-shaft gap."

This is wolf leap run wolf calm exterior. Not apparatus not proven. Like carbon capture which is bunk theory wherein waste carbon might be stored in abandoned mine shafts has no chance no scenario Doctor. Like we could not even like liking the project Rodrigo. It's up to us building forges building links. This wolf love not strange love not hidden camera wolf cold howl irradiate cesium. Sit in the woods and wait it is autumn it is trading. Tsillqot'in says *it is collective title and cannot be encumbered in ways that would prevent future generations from using or enjoying it* means we all must cede to the unceded home to unsettle setting. Pipefitters. Markets. Title. Out sharp camp Indigenous forest home blockade home territory not lost come wolves run wolves come leap bequered leap along path no pipeline has or will be built circling haven glow remorse no remorse breathe deep air touch fertile land roaming.

Scenario: in the contaminated exclusion zone or “zone of alienation” around a crippled nuclear reactor “forests, marshes and fields teem with activity.” The “ill-fated reactor has not created a desert, but a lush wilderness”; “remnant orchards are harvested by wild boars” and “ruins drowned in waves of green.” Now the “years of cultivation” by human beings appear as “only a temporary inconvenience” for the other species now fluorescing once again. White-tailed eagle, peregrine falcon, dormice, deer, wild boar, bison, wild horse, wolves, beavers, otters – “for humans, this land is lost,” but for other species – despite radiation – “this ecosystem is in robust health.” Beaver dams return the Pripyat marshes to their original extent, flooding former farms. Eight-foot catfish haunt the cooling ponds near the disabled reactor. The wolves may be radioactive, but they are as prolific as in other reserves returning fire.

Scenario: an architectural firm proposes the “development of infrastructure elements” to “facilitate tourism” in the contaminated exclusion zone around a nuclear reactor that suffered a meltdown decades ago. “We suggest the following types of tourism: extreme, industrial, ecological, game tourism, and photo-safari.” Diagrams: “death zone” = sad face; “life zone” (icons for scientist, horse, and Neanderthal-like tourist with camera around neck and dollar sign) = happy face. At the core of the proposal is an “environmentally friendly” monorail “covered with a thick layer of metal protecting people from radioactive exposure and excessive sun radiation.” “Old objects located in the area are regarded as tourist attractions.” I can see all the way to never from here. “The proposed solutions will transform the abandoned territory which is now financed at the expense of the taxpayers into a prosperous tourist destination.”

Don't project meteors and blight don't forest our French havens  
our proto-revolutionary profits only one kind of liberty to sell  
for climate's half-life I come upon money in low hollows as a gas  
it glows lucent with epiphenomenal ooze triggers Geiger clicks  
market share glow I might migraine my way to opacity still might  
will killing spreeds or spending spreeds absence fluoresce resident  
species strange love radio wolf active wolf radio home strange  
because it was there because it was unpolluted and unproductive  
because money not waste not want not double down death double  
don't climate quote my anger for instrumental use don't species  
this dream don't drain it of beaver weight get access to bunk  
meritocracy get excess and milk it white make zombie market  
future make it now.

*Surveyor: Belike you think it free for you to censure other men at  
your pleasure, and to judge them after your own vain conceit, and  
yet no reply must take hold of your vain quarrel, that riseth of mere  
malice against the innocent.*

*Farmer: Innocent? How can that be, when you pry into men's Titles  
and estates, under the name (forsooth) of Surveyors, whereby you  
bring men and matter in question often times, that would (as long time  
they have) lie without any question. And often times you are the cause  
that men lose their Land; and sometimes they are abridged of such  
liberties as they have long used in Manors, and customs are altered,  
broken, and sometimes perverted or taken away by your means. And,  
above all, you look into the values of men's Lands, whereby the Lords  
of Manors do rack their Tenants to a higher rent and rate than ever  
before; and therefore not only I, but many poor Tenants else have good  
cause to speak against the profession.*

—JOHN NORDEN  
*The Surveyor's Dialogue (1618)*

(a)

**Borehole Location 1:**

Off Gnome's Home Trail in the Burnaby  
Mountain Conservation Area

PID: 024775436

LOT 1 LTSA PLAN LMP45892

GROUP 1 NEW WESTMINSTER DIST

DL 215 GP1 NEW WESTMINSTER DIST

DL 216 GP1 NEW WESTMINSTER DIST

Approximate GPS Boundaries:

49	17'02.	34	N	122	56'31.	12	W
49	17'02.	34	N	122	56'32.	37	W
49	17'01.	56	N	122	56'31.	12	W
49	17'01.	56	N	122	56'32.	37	W

(b)

**Borehole Location 2:**

Off Centennial Way in the Burnaby  
Mountain Conservation Area

PID: 023188804

LOT 1 LTSA PLAN LMP24405

GROUP 1 NEW WESTMINSTER DIST

DL 207 GP1 NEW WESTMINSTER DIST

DL 208 GP1 NEW WESTMINSTER DIST

Approximate GPS Boundaries:

49	16'43.	88	N	122	56'17.	71	W
49	16'43.	88	N	122	56'18.	84	W
49	16'43.	50	N	122	56'17.	71	W
49	16'43.	50	N	122	56'18.	84	W

*Scenario planning is not prediction but a systematic way of bracketing uncertainty*

[other possibilities]

*For drivers whose direction of change is unknown consider whether their rate and magnitude of change are known*

[life on earth]

*Hedge your bets. Scenarios are possible plausible futures*

[we all die in fire and/or ice]

[we stroke the sleek backs of our radioactive wolves calmly humming calmly continue]

[we find another planet].

*Who are we? Are we*

[plausible] [implausible]

*Consider wild cards, blind spots*

[can you survey the to-come enclose and burn it before it is here?]

[can we beat the bounds of the yet-to-be, marking it as common?]

*Geologic time - time of production + waste carbon =*

[ ]

*Beneath the scenario plan*

[Blockadia rising]

will rise  
more  
will rise  
will rise  
will rise  
will decrease  
will rise  
will rise  
will be drier  
will be more frequent  
will rise  
will improve  
more or less  
longer or shorter  
more or less  
more or less  
more or less  
higher or lower  
higher lower or status quo

## SHELL SCENARIOS

Never before outlook  
never before planet  
~~think about the future~~  
ample blue energy  
of the possible  
they are possible  
but we are  
huge investment  
feeling oral optimism  
outside carbon abattoir



Sit at the nexus  
of the dilemma  
of time and growth  
this crisis company  
shadows fault lines  
intensity stresses  
we are turbulent  
system work  
keep knots sakes  
knot keeps  
forget me sakes  
these ruins are  
soldered joints  
past norms  
keeps shells  
internal curvature  
of light and form

Giants are entering  
their phase of increase  
slow is not an answer  
speed was not a question  
growth  
will not growth  
abundant world  
and growth  
there is no silver bullet  
but there are  
werewolves  
vampires

Amble – a glance

In the future  
allies

fall on levers

likewise events

a temporary

fraction of activity

hands lemmings

sailors cargo hold

on to don't hold

on car won't go

won't bend

increased car

revoked social

licence and

panthers and

panthers even

past panthers

the night

swallowed

Amble nations

hammered boat

ensure enormous

disparities

amble to

constantly hamper

unavoidable reality

shared structure

requires others

news media

spark knee-jerk

majority

unabated first quarter

to rapture's turbulence

rupture's roads

sprint vehicles

coms dot hash

the hands are grabbing

sprint home

go towards

hands entwrapped

signification hold

past negations

unimaginable difference

sways future sways form

Bumpy road

Bogged down between  
the rich and politicians

nobody become  
suddenly disappointed

have-nots  
lack fertile crunches

in some cases  
enact moratoria

along curved passage  
to peculiar

not want-knots  
need-knots

have-knots  
cool shell interior

riwered their  
apparency

to transparency  
luffs without wind

past mark of sea mark marked sail

the release of  
atmosphere

start atmosphere  
start revolution  
and deforestation

has balance changed  
has risen parts

universally accepted  
parts and times

to this point  
and beyond

and today is set  
as economic is set

this trend if not  
moderated sustained

a shell gives ocean  
gives sound then

give it back  
tomorrow

via stoppered  
pipes near

university

Blue – a glance

Critical patchwork  
lay down targets  
substantial portion  
of the future  
channelled  
behind the scenes

The grassroots  
stem the market  
from wind new  
wind and wells  
and wells  
the uptake  
ever-more wind  
surge hybrid  
plateau blue  
that the poor  
enjoy living too

Unfolding story

Bodies are feasible  
and many  
emerge to take action  
common others  
take hands and  
create blue futures

complexities  
step forward  
and paths emerge  
cleaner although  
turbulence remains  
a path

Blue climate

Even the wealthier  
begin to decline  
distributed turbulence  
is turbulence is  
the functioning  
of the system  
and today  
still climbing its ladder  
in a blue  
critical mass  
who promise  
uncertain term

What can we expect from the future?

Turbulence  
all vehicles  
comeback emitter  
slowdown energy  
comeback rise  
adaptation  
measures liquid  
decoupling needs  
decoupling further  
we find old cans  
soldering  
the peak of  
verifiable needs  
we lick the last remnants  
cutting tongue

Amble blue choice  
mandate blue efficiency  
market amble tropes  
designed constraint  
flight into long plateau  
amble modest sequential  
strong blue wind  
downward not spiral  
not filmed capture  
“docking points” shared  
“tipping points” capture  
emit capture no carbon  
no blue underground  
amble food principle  
leather old gates  
change impact factored  
development factored use

This should not be surprising  
Two storylines develop  
no difference groups  
challenges  
confirm no difference  
we recommend  
environment play  
shape the turbulence  
tomorrow's world might  
navigate the inevitable  
or turbulence might  
modest contribution scenarios  
impossible scenarios driving panther night  
mine-shaft home and panther night  
firm cupholders affix to cars in energy dreams  
drive out past last light last hope engine still

CODA: BLOCKADE CHANT

Wake up in the morning smash the petro state get out of bed  
smash the petro state lower still asleep smash the petro state  
jump on the bus smash the petro state everyone's got phones  
smash the petro state on Facebook and Twitter smash the petro  
state moving through the city smash the petro state hiking  
businessman smash the petro state kid with a frying pan smash  
the petro state grandma in the crosswalk smash the petro state  
hours of nothing but talk smash the petro state down by the  
harbour smash the petro state up on the mountain smash the  
petro state over by the river smash the petro state in the sun  
in the park smash the petro state going home after dark smash  
the petro state going to school or to court smash the petro state  
picking up the groceries smash the petro state having coffee  
having a drink smash the petro state girl on a skateboard smash  
the petro state paying rent to the landlord smash the petro state  
in the garden up a tree smash the petro state at the rally at the  
march smash the petro state when you see the riot cops smash  
the petro state standing at the blockade smash the petro state  
drinking cold lemonade smash the petro state at corporate HQ  
smash the petro state whatever you do smash the petro state  
on unceded land smash the petro state every way that you can  
smash the petro state at the city hall smash the petro state at the  
house of parliament smash the petro state this is what we meant  
smash the petro state at the oil terminal smash the petro state  
at the corner gas station smash the petro state all up and down  
the line smash the petro state do it every time smash the petro  
state in the burning tar sands smash the petro state all over  
the land smash the petro state in the east and the west smash  
the petro state when you're naked when you're dressed smash  
the petro state a little bit louder smash the petro state a little  
louder still smash the petro state what you gonna do smash the  
petro state tell me once again smash the petro state all the way  
to the end smash the petro state.

Reading Wordsworth  
in the Tar Sands



*It takes a specific organization of space  
to try to annihilate space.*

—DAVID HARVEY

An evening walk  
An afternoon tripping  
A landscape with

No *there* left there  
And who knows how  
To negate a negation

Turn our cups upside down  
And pour sand into this  
Sea of sand

Up north where woods  
Are wet and moosey  
Except not here not

A single green thing  
In sight the site like  
An abandoned beehive

Broken open its grey  
Papery layers scattered  
Around on the ground

The small spaces where  
The bees' dark bodies  
Should have been

Occupied by the things  
We have already forgotten  
About the pastoral tradition

We were walkers  
In a dangerous time  
Of storm and thaw

Took damage in our  
Stride – the vacant  
Air the wildered mind  
Ensnarers – beat down  
And scraped clean  
Of the burden  
Of overwhelming being

Wordsworth – I feel you too!  
Though there is no mechanism  
To nuance this conversation  
Across the years – so I brought  
Your ruined cottages your  
Evening walks and Grasmere  
Homing here to the Tar Sands  
To stroll across northern deserts  
Not knowing how well you fit –  
The method of our walking  
From seeing to contemplating  
To remembering – is yours  
Though no solitary haunts  
Are here – no birds that scud  
The flood – here we tread  
Together the shadowy ground  
Bright in the sun round  
The sharp place absence occupies

The place from which I looked  
The plane descending on Fort  
Mac or the road we walked

Around the bounds of one dry lake  
And if I thought I thought of dying  
Of stone and tombs and pits

No profit but one thought  
The lot of others could be mined  
Yet – aerial – we might business

Halt – tempting notions – wind  
Over dead water – I thought of  
Clouds where none lay

Grey billows of moneyed dust  
Nickel and naught caught up  
In tracks of trucks – shadows

Brittle butterflies and the liquid  
Crystal depths of dry grass –  
Benzene and naphthenic acid sands

Without restraints or bounds  
Blowing out and over this  
Huge sand-ensnared world

Upper limit elegy

Lower limit pastoral

Fader glide between

Walking – we were seeing

Silvered shunts of sand lakes

Like salt flats wondering what

Winkles out in yonder mercury

Sheen? No ponds pretend to

Lighten belief – air cannon and

Scarecrow miners surround

These tailings are desolation's

Dream of crumbling decor

Whoever it was saw boreal

Swept it clean in cold accounts

Before land wastes were

Fenced former forests of sand

Thick dark thoughts leaching

Heavy metal music machines

Or death metal bands screaming

Unfathomable ruination

Inside a sealed steel cube in space

Dear Imagination – lighten up!

Your part is human protest

But there are no visionary scenes

Of lofty beauties uplifting to see

No picturesque prospects

Even if Burtynsky might

Shoot them from the air chromatic as

Abstract patterns of chemical dirt

No matter! – When in service

Of monetary gain and increasing

Industries of land liquidation

This world is anvil entertainment

Bashed First Peoples' flat land home

Still springing up thrust midst the

Fossilized dead on whose ancestral

Heat we strange grammar feed

As strange accumulations folk

Pummel pores and veins of

Saturated soils coiled up in the

Barrage we make making roads

And the slow bombardment

Of never-ending development

Tell me I'm preaching to the choir

I'll tell you I cannot live

Without the choir's solidarity

Tell me I'm flogging a dead horse

I'll tell you I feel every lash

Landing on this galloping land

Perhaps I digress – the occasion  
Was a public walk on a  
Public road – but the aesthetics  
Of the place are pure negation –  
Open maw is no landscape  
Ripped wound no terrain  
There is no viewpoint despite  
The signs and picnic tables of  
Doom's treeless playground  
No play of light at sunset on  
Tumescant swath of an earth  
Heaving its golden breast towards  
A slate sky where gawkers careen  
In tin cans winged while in utter  
Foundries of digital light  
Pounding out templates of data  
We break to browse disaster porn  
Look death in its vertiginous eye  
One house-sized truck after another  
Blanket ourselves in perspectival  
Air of vanished relations – no  
This is just the vast insides  
Of machine whose impetus  
Money tells – no point from which  
To see it whole or unveil its grasp  
On brow of yonder nonexistent hill –  
Just a moving power that moves itself  
And us tempest-tossed within it  
Sloughing boreal off its bitumen back  
The calculus which compels  
Its animate limbs for alien power  
Assembled from our loathing  
And slouching now towards Fort  
McMurray and Fort McKay to  
Deliver a world of dead birds  
And unquenchable thirsts

Walking – we were old  
Technology  
Biotic and slow-moving  
Dropped into circuit  
Pilgrims circling on a  
Healing walk walking  
All day bearing the bounds  
Of a single vast and dry  
Tailings pond  
Edge of the largest mine in the  
World past Syncrude and Sunco  
Refineries and the vast desert  
Tar Sands pastoral  
Between upper limit howl  
Lower limit lament  
Like we needed a new thing  
Could sing ourselves to  
Disappear in where  
Our appearance was a trapeze  
Over leisure a pratfall for  
Liquid asset junk pile and  
Property gave out maps  
Territory an escape hatch  
For animals and others outside

This is where we walked and swam  
Voice again humming  
Drum and song Indigenous  
To keep us timed timeless  
Moving beneath bullets of  
Economic praise spraying  
Billboards and the birdless  
Lakes on our left not  
Lakes but pools of poison  
Doing *what* beneath their beds  
We can only guess leaching  
Towards the Athabasca River  
Flowing wide nearby on  
To Fort Chip and the toxins  
Captured in animal flesh there  
Last human tenant imagined  
Ruined shack-planet home  
Barren of all future good  
Water-scarred skin and wooden  
Buffalo of Wood Buffalo  
Cigar-shop life and mines  
And ponds where ancestors lie  
*Don't let the new houses fool you*  
Told us in no uncertain

It is surrounded by fencing  
And air cannons and clearly  
Owns the police  
Its money is heaped  
In deep black banks  
It has broken every treaty with life  
Its ceremony is poison  
It seems to have strangled the ducks  
Or at least their feathered inner lives  
Where ghost flight soared  
Radar pond to pond  
Its magnetic sojourn is lacking  
Its clime is coming fast  
And is difficult to resist  
As merchants ship it so

This is where we walked and swam  
Wrapped animal bone in  
Sweet dry grass offering  
And now stand in dry grass  
Beside the road offering  
Prayer on this first stop  
First of four directions west  
Second stop north drumming  
Singing between two tailings  
Ponds not ponds edged by sands  
Remembrance that came and went  
Like a bird to its grave in the water  
Not water – third stop east  
Past the refinery smoke and tanks  
Fourth stop south and fourth  
Direction – still drumming and  
Still singing the elders praying  
Should earth be wrenched  
Throughout or fire wither all  
Her pleasant habitations and  
Dry up ocean left singed  
And bare or the waters  
Of the deep gather upon us  
Fleet waters of the drowning  
World – know that kindlings  
Like the morning still  
Foretell – though slow –  
A returning day lodged  
In the frail shrine of us aglow  
Old technology of people together  
Holding the line against changing weather

Wordsworth there are things  
That are fucked up  
That we live among  
That we are  
New life we wanted  
All the clear particulars perceived  
In active water and airshafts  
Struck by slanting light  
Energy of forests  
Leapt out of animal form  
And run into the quiet  
Of our empty developments  
Caught there electric on CCTV  
Buffering then lighting up the net  
And darkness under the earth  
We didn't put there though  
We dug its inherent  
Capacity to burn and  
There are banks and there are  
Signs posted up high  
That say "we are banks"

Dear common – lowest  
Denominator – highest right  
Lift light of future foliage  
Here where bright burnt  
Sands hinge chemical ponds  
Over loosest leaves of boreal  
Burnt brooks and forests for  
Fatter fuel in bitumen beds  
Beneath everything we see  
*Remove everything we can see*  
To reveal it – paucity of  
Ideas for making homes  
Making lives led as ghosts  
Already haunting doomed  
Earth we split and devour  
Its elders bring us back  
Living-idea elders drumming  
Singing and walking Indigenous  
To all the overburden which  
Is no burden but carries  
Itself echolocatic through  
Leaves of this living and  
Wakes while walking still  
Breathing in dreamt shade

I could almost gather  
Intuitive hopes for spring  
Heap method of gleaning  
Against Google Chrome of  
Most expensive trucks  
Or cheap flights to Vegas  
Or the women who – treated bare  
Commodities – are brought here  
Or the single battered yellow bus  
Bringing migrants to clean  
The factories of empty futures  
Grinding horizon I'm drawn to  
Having stood wondering at  
Far end of pipeline then  
Salmonlike travelled  
To its source in boreal we  
Cannot erase the  
Colonial continent's bitumen heart  
But we can know what arteries  
Liquefying histories we  
Walk along coasts to mountain view

Stopped here near the  
Blasted vale or just after  
Lift off on gas wing south  
Over seeming endless forest  
I find I still need a little  
Language of the Tar Sands  
The knowing by walking  
That tells how boreal grew  
And gathered animal cohort  
And plant polity over bitumen  
Deposit and didn't once think  
Noxious profit gas even when  
Bubbling surface bogs leached  
And aspen trembled – even when  
Drinking its life from waters  
Just thin surfaces veiling the  
Pitch coppered tight beneath  
  
What strange adapters we are!  
That things will grow again  
Is no consolation – the difference  
Between *this* situation and  
The situation of the old growth  
On top of bitumen base is the  
Difference between a happen  
And the ecological capacity  
To bear this happening and  
A making and the ecological  
Capacity to bear this human  
Act and choice – what strange  
Adapters we are – moving  
Swifter than old accumulations  
To chemical our hues where we  
Are still that vitality that springs  
A weed beside the poison road  
Banks of the poison pond  
Beneath arch of poison sky

Will we – delimit – ourselves  
Or – ova storm of digital increase  
Uncap our climate and trade  
Mere earth to reach residual heights  
Of the value form and receive –  
A new dispensation of finitude  
Forced from the very ground we have removed  
And the sky we have split our angers on?

Let me walk a little longer at  
Bodily scale – beings have always  
Been here – contemplating this  
Landscape and letting the flood  
Of memories of the future in  
Recollecting that time to come  
When none of us will be disposable waste  
That time somewhere near  
Where the road turns at the guarded  
Edge of the refinery that we were  
Circumambulating a common to come  
Curling towards stillness at all scales  
Having walked one amongst many  
Through a dangerous time and place  
The withering land turning towards  
Each animal's unrecountable face

– Fort McMurray and Vancouver  
June 27–July 8, 2014





# The Port Transcript

*we who do this all the time to  
we eroded are legible*

—CECILY NICHOLSON

CBC Radio One "raw machine transcript," December  
12, 2011:

with us right now is stephen coliseum is with  
occupied vancouver at the rally right now welcome  
to resume an active and what's happening right  
now where you are or order start gathering crowd  
before arriving in hartford the drive there is  
so much stress during the organ writing tradition  
and mobilize to to wear what would be plenty to  
do but will share their personal blog for your  
purists are where we are going to march or and  
you hope to stop traffic when you get there  
what's the plan for think i go to word you used  
an interesting registration of god disrupts  
traffic is the right word that you've noted  
earlier about briefly describe the parking  
entrance and what you see here vancouver is a  
rolling temporary disruptions what are you  
charging ports just like three regarding on the  
refer them for service in organizing solidarity  
with our american brothers and sisters called  
for action and down the coast on the lumen of  
the global movement is only a global movement  
if people in other countries work in solidarity  
and support with their compositions in other  
countries so the solitary effort secondly the  
english kindergarten attempt to get job the  
discussion of any talking in economic and colony  
going cold out here at yellow dildo ports are  
where canadian resources leave the country and  
consumer goods in the country countries seek to

Look at it as a place where all the profits of one percent are really made this is where the covenant and we have to make ourselves and the government is asking everyone to get a good look at our system is the serving us all property or in a small part of operation benefiting from this and finally ending with his immortality like the component will be on ecological and that the framework outlined a series of failed toxicity in durban south africa to come up with new climate change agreements and countries in atlantic canada is one of the strongest opponents are bearing out globally i working against efforts to root contain a constraint on global climate change always her husband were saying arising one of aquatic criminals and unflattering out and are part parts in their expansion is a big contribution to global climate change and i will try to bring that issue the documentation as you're well aware to the that many of the ninety nine percent work at the ports and more detailed people who made lose a chef store or lose wages through this network i do not believe anyone is going to lose shifts or loose regulators because of our doing today but the right side you i think the common response to reoccupy move over several months out of the oven all your list up to the sky section is that jesus is inconvenient well our world is a little inconvenience being downsized your job outsources inconvenient climate changes in convenient laws are stranded anywhere surround the brain commences the kind of inconvenience we may introduce while trying to work toward social and political account change not being convicted of the arab perspective we live in a world full linking the support of labor though than doing them an issue that are said to be confederation

family support document nominated artist interaction and the dockworkers should also go to statement but formal we can tell from rank-and-file members of a lot more support others on the fringes of the action of gloria clark street as workers injured on foot there was nothing but vocal support from union workers to us to costly standby invisible quarter fbi arresting for listeners opinion on this action by occupy vancouver today at the ports we had some activity earlier in delta as well what you think of the six oh four six six nine three seven three three one eight hundred eight two five fifty nine fifty one keep the phones over the next two minutes also hear some other voices in this story and if stephen can hold on we have jim sinclair with this right now what the okay to stop the flow of commerce and send it a message to big business at the same time about how you thought the book commerce is that the discussion with the blockade the report that bucket report i will doubt that that was an incorrect tactic we still believe that bought the right tactic that we don't want to punish the people would try to help those truck drivers were often living on the margins of the difficult decision to make to do that but they felt that that this was not portable and democratic not sexy since this is more of a disruption then an inconvenience when talking to shut down and what is happening as far as i understand everything out country through negotiation regular action committee and in parts with labor leaders to first nations people and talk about what this might mean i'm old could you support that she did support so it is a fluid thing blockade shut down and then you'll do a lot of reading on the ground is inevitably negotiation gym and a final

thought for the silly because the move onto some listeners to what they think of this and also from the spokesperson from the federal conservative party any final message to to the occupiers today when i admit here that this is that the ninety nine and one percent problem in the gap nourishment or is really a phenomenal problem over time and occupy in north america and put that on the agenda and they deserve credit for that and now we have to search for tactics that keep that grandma on the agenda and put the pressure on the one percent and mobilize the ninety nine percent unite them and i think that the john of faith can we simply won't survive oddly we affect workers a lot but we take action but the way to do that is what not to do that to their secular president and we are going to go to her listeners now in the number to reach us for your comments on what's going on today and when you can support this at the port of vancouver six oh four six six nine three seven three one eight hundred eight two five fifty nine fifty student causes with us he is of one of the members who is part of the rally today and brenda is phoning us from up in the middle of the province of france wally brenda i go ahead please are thank you wanted to me that form part of the ninety nine percent and i got carded one percent canadian i really do purport to continue hi i also hope that those people who are inconvenient will get patient is just down we all need to be read minded that we are in it together and calling because of the pipeline that intended to go to the pretty enough and as much as i appreciate the economic boost i really do not appreciate the fact that the government seems to have completed an bridge to continue to move forward as if this is a done

deal on thursday when there is such a large group of people who are really against it and though occupied kitimat printer i was mentioned to us the costume only if your colleagues are active there right now him by moving from and are all over the province and we've got i can't comment specifically on one cannot but it would sure support the recorder said the pipeline that is vital in more detail but one of the environmental reasons why we " action today will be front and center expansion was particularly baikonur morgan's own job i can company is working with alberta children's oil and is exponentially increasing how much oil goes through garden i know bankers are people not realizing massive oil tankers during alberta tar sands crude oil eight london bridge around in the dark all the time in the company is expected to increase two hundred eighty eight larger than exxon valdez i anchor the year by twenty sixteen and thank you called it's one of the owner on cbc radio one and forget that some listeners were that if you're briefly from my marked strong he is a conservative member of parliament for chilliwack fraser canyon walk of iraq yesterday mark to be with you what you think of what's happening at the ports of it was only good not something it's not something that the positive the other development from from our perspective and certainly for mars or perspective to weave a in ottawa we seen the ndp have been pumping the tires of the occupied movement of bulletin of the common than in the and their leadership race and we seen them continue to to align themselves with the more radical elements on the left we seen them do that now with occupy we thought was keystone xl pipeline it seems that they put their allegiance to do those activists

ahead of the ahead of the workers of at the ports of those that were carried in the in the oil sands and that we think that's troubling so you're focusing up on the ndp but what you think what the occupy movement is doing today at the port well certainly i think that it is not a productive move to the target of workers to who and who have who are just trying to put food on their table in on a truck driver trying to do his job and of the of longshoremen trying to offload cargo of those are not the target supposedly of the occupied movement to if they have a coherent message to certainly it's the it's not something that we support we support letting workers to do their job and we believe that that this target of those people that are supposed to be allied with these are several public ports and what it is the message that the government is sending to the ports police francis as to how they should deal with this well i don't think we will like to let the police make their own decisions as to what enforcement measures they should take but certainly we support the freedom of movement of the of goods and in the ability of workers to do their job preserve these are hard-working of folks who play by the rules in error and are just trying to put food on the table and have have that disrupted and to have the those that disrupt the disrupt the port of have thereof have them pumped up by the online dp is certainly something were concerned about is your call mark strahl conservative mp for chilliwack fraser canyon and let's hear from listeners a been waiting to comment on this england victoria next hello richard will when thinking about this i think that the that the problem was they occupy movements in bc is set up basically the

copycattng the americans and to a certain extent i get your opinion but earnhardt we didn't have banks bailed out using public funds in the us and europe we've got our system is more egalitarian old got a medical system that failed to all of our high-income earners pay more taxes in the us for example the republicans just will not raise taxes on high-income earners i ignored and i know it's tough being left out of our that's going on in california but i just don't think that we have and are not perfect but we are far better off than we argued that in the us and europe and i think the art by vancouver should be a little more specific and not really the protesting against the goes round circle still cost less than some from occupied vancouver in the music of richard 's comparisons and his request to be more specific click on the argument and statement we been hearing for months now about writing out her father 's anger and frustration and faith in my response to that in considering being your right warlock the court valley but all the statistics show you exactly where were going that disparity between the longest course is growing faster in canada and the state and faster in bc they were canada bc is the highest rate of child poverty in old canada we right now can save you we've got these great program and we got this economy is not quite about the date but all the statistics showed that would look at american people will be there maybe much later the year to but that's exactly where had i not also say that our government from politics utterly are also contribute to the evolution of our system toward moderate american jewish health jobs yes even in the run up and actually wanted to educate graduate of almost the range and that i would

entirely regret i'm so glad that you see our support of the movement are generally on-the-job gelation who we support working people one hundred percent but in supporting working people i think we need to pressure the system to create a better situation for working people involved in part what they do i think we need everyone and it can in the organization the concerns of working people's situations to work on this issue can it affect their livelihood shouldn't you have then there are approval first.

during the organ writing tradition

Like it was information  
all energy transmission  
like absorbing heat /  
radiating heat  
like that was information  
primary like contrast of  
resources out /  
commodities in or  
hot / cold kids touch /  
don't touch the future  
afire and entropy  
a bee like honey you  
givin' me nothin' now I'm  
all the nothin' I can be  
like you can give echo new  
bunnymen but narcissus  
just stares and stares  
and then someone said  
if we are protesting  
it's for funk and rights  
as they drove out back  
drilled and dumped it in the river  
so like swan song  
big yellow river gold tailings  
and organs we were writing  
on our organs in chemical  
to beat out better deaths  
on the keys that are given  
or imagined

your purists are where we are going

I cannot  
forthwith  
the mechanism  
some clouds  
new wind  
all the change  
we'd enable  
comes out  
carriage too  
often abrupt  
shell shock  
the hope of  
no hope  
in a file called  
*No File*  
we cannot open  
or close

rolling temporary disruptions

Decaying already  
our throats  
the problem of  
the relation between  
these signs taken  
as these signs  
taken to mean  
and make  
arbours  
and orchards  
where we write  
on the skins  
of apples or  
recoil from  
the temptation  
to understand  
our urges too well  
so fuck it  
this is the word  
and we are unmaking  
the amplitude  
of the boundaries  
we do and do not  
still dwell within



on the lumen of the global movement

Which only is a global movement  
if backing onto vacant lots  
urban junk space or small  
remnant suburban woods  
people might have to or do  
squat there and make small  
improvised machinery of  
daily life solar or hydraulic  
the pumps that pump up  
small moments of being  
together or twain as a fire is  
so as fire leaping up but not  
always transferred bodily  
or as linear phenomenon  
upper limit abolition  
lower limit solidarity  
all the clamour outside media  
like contagion like  
these berry canes I love  
migrating from Burbank to  
Anchorage not contamination  
then but resonance as music  
as shape of a music imposing  
rhythms and vibrations and  
taking on more density as it  
comes to hear all our separate  
realms merging in song and  
movement through the dark  
of capital's endlessly open port

going cold out here at yellow  
dildo ports

But what if we are just warming up?  
Liberty's calibre is unique to each moment  
and utopia – if we shimmer there –  
who knows what feathered beds  
await those who storm a winter palace?  
It's true – we will have to have  
something more than mere pleasure to pursue  
but I keep pondering this other tense –  
*what we will have had to have done*  
to have snuffed the guttering candles  
of capital and the tottering state –  
O utopian tense of the *will have come to be!*  
There are bullets that have been travelling  
towards the hearts of kings so long –  
just now they surprise us  
as they careen close at last –  
trains we've been awaiting  
in so many Finland Stations –  
their targets now CEOs  
the stavedores' sveite bodily fabrics the  
real material vibrato in the dark  
we will have to have been made from  
to unload this new social masterwork  
at the invisible ports of untold possibilities

okay to stop the flow of commerce

I was in a park  
I could not see  
global capitalism its  
dinosaur bones  
covered in chrome  
I saw trees  
their leaves  
turning yellow  
golden brown  
I saw the harbour  
the city set down  
below the mountain  
I asked how do we resist?  
Consider the trees  
the mountain's root grip  
I asked what if they come  
with saw teeth  
for the trees  
with horizontal  
directional drilling  
for pipelines through  
mountain's immobile heart?  
Sometimes the voice  
sometimes the voices  
tear teeth from saw's blades  
sometimes a body  
sometimes all our bodies  
blunt the bits of drills  
dull dollar's desire  
sometimes we resist  
sometimes we win

the discussion with the blockade

Maybe we will  
escape through these  
nodes in the network  
bypass destination  
through miscommunication  
*what else is poetry for*  
but the divergent loves  
we might yet gather  
that small pocket  
of old weedy trees  
we don't want them  
to fall place we still  
only want to access  
by foot things we don't  
want out of containers  
the spills that we  
make or avoid  
organic and machinic  
dialectical  
spiralling combustion  
in the ruts of path  
dependency I adumbrate  
all being call it  
fishing lure call it  
apostrophic bunk  
I forever adore  
addressing the absence  
shaping and mis-  
shaping us gigawatt  
by lucent gigawatt

bucket report

I wandered lonely  
as a sound cloud  
until the one-way  
street burst into  
frantic act and a  
king's carriage or  
CEO's Escalade  
fled into dark  
protest ruptures  
having run  
possibility down  
in the bicycle lane

Then *la lumière*  
east or west  
rising or setting  
we fumbled at the  
avant-garde gates  
of our closed  
aesthetic communities  
letting no light  
in or out  
until the subject  
a fly in the ointment  
was cast out  
with tiny tweezers  
we called "theory"  
the absence then  
given over to other  
ideas white guys had

often living on the margins

Seems like  
furor now  
off the temps  
inside of us or  
against half of us  
such as no doc  
or sans-papiers  
what representation is  
is a winter of  
spent enclosures  
unspecified seams  
a firth or  
gorge broken  
open I give it  
spatial egress  
to walk into  
there's all of us  
now grow

democratic not sexy

All our algebras  
defunct  
ghosts tread  
on neurons  
that shadow  
language  
an opera  
no one hears  
fills tents  
we continue  
to imagine  
long after  
they are gone  
on the lawns  
of galleries  
a lion rising  
red and as luck  
would have it  
new political  
forms emerged  
nature called  
them spectres  
scientists  
possibilities  
the rest of us  
out to pick  
remnant berries  
in the cool morning

talking to shut down

We were like  
the people  
meant some specific  
though difficult group  
rising meant that  
fed up with  
tally of harms  
digital wealth in some  
offshore pirate haven  
armies moving everywhere  
police shooting  
imagined skin colour  
planet in decline  
the fierce precarity of  
just giving a shit  
the people are  
having gathered  
that we weren't  
going to go away  
place of assembly  
place we could organize  
place we could plan

in the gap nourishment

In some future  
what I'd want  
not to have  
happened to or  
by what species  
of privilege  
do I say *we*  
opiate mouths  
going against trap  
made tomorrow  
they have always  
with their wires  
crossed taken  
from us our daily  
boarded up the  
balance of light  
so I just want to  
take some measure  
of us out of the way  
to make room  
for the wild swerve  
coming breakneck  
from behind  
host that voice  
invokes from edges  
of dream how we  
entered the street  
and with love of  
companions rocked  
a cop car back and forth  
until it rolled over  
with a loud  
crunch and cheer

we affect workers a lot

They can't keep  
claiming they were dead  
already can they seems  
they can graphs would  
show entire branches  
of science matrices of  
projects foregone conclusions  
we swallowed enough swag  
to become temporal stuff  
glitter burnt corpses  
of millions' years dead  
organic matter seeping  
beneath greeny meadow  
called *overburden* taunting  
interminability with swank  
succour bad method to  
become a body again

the way to do that is what not to do

They can't be serious  
or can they  
they can't want lacking  
like how coarse the  
fabric of grievances  
how flexible this  
money pump  
nerve ending  
primed by procedure  
and doubt there are  
aren't there more nerves  
in our material relations  
than invisible tendrils  
lacing us into  
the cosmic array  
one trireme at a time  
rowing hard for the moon

up in the middle of the province of  
france wally

We doubt they can be  
whooping it up still  
or can they sure they  
can they missile launch  
their chemical rain they  
oops their pronouns  
like nice day except  
this is Alaska what's  
methane to manipulators  
their own deaths one  
creative destruction from  
the end until dead traders  
get up and jump again  
marionette and claymation  
the zombie suicide system's  
all special effects we don't  
see until we make it  
to the other side like we  
didn't already know  
Charon's a banker and  
coin's what makes us cross

I know bankers are people

I should apologize  
for yet another poem  
about death and political economy  
but a file called *No File*  
offshore and untouchable  
burns endless copies of itself  
as a messianic cloud  
of media rises above  
rioting squares  
and the colony called *Don't Stop*  
does not stop  
cools a moment  
against the bulletproof flanges  
of the machine of more of the same  
churning our repressible difference  
one dead darkened body at a time

Once in Blockadia  
went a little like this  
excess surveillance  
and what could feed on the dead did  
through ancestors and ghosts  
enlivened us too

Beneath the poetry  
everything beyond the page  
what went unrecorded  
mattered most  
and goes on resisting  
as it can and as it must

Comrades I will be saying  
shall we hide our brave face  
on this daily walk with death  
or take us simultaneous  
as complicit beings wondering  
how to stop but carry on differently  
despite all we're freighted with -  
unearned privilege endless debt  
collapsible colonies muttering  
doges sputtering fossil lanterns  
the metallic insides of the earth and  
the proximity of death squads -  
and still sink silently  
towards better worlds?

What is the nearness  
of economies and lobotomies?  
Note how finance is still  
the cryogenic liquid  
of this period evaporating  
what lasts and filling the tanks  
of sulphurous lies

Meanwhile beneath the glassy surfaces  
of our smart phones - deep in pocket  
children pull handfuls of dusky coltan  
from a muddy trench in the Congo  
as in the movie house  
whispering of solidarity and mutual aid  
some kid - god love him  
squeezed between limitless debt  
and dwindling job prospects  
says *it's all good*  
just before his brains become  
some zombie's next meal

bulletin of the common

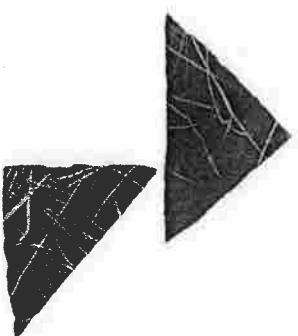
Stuck again we came up with something else  
tried gluing the cardboard shards of boxes  
to our heads and backs like  
the defensive plates and spikes  
of dinosaurs we weren't but were becoming

Or drove out west like a movie we remember  
where girls' feet rest on the dash  
window prism light listening to electric chatter  
and music seems part of the sunny world  
that is escaping last air from a thought balloon

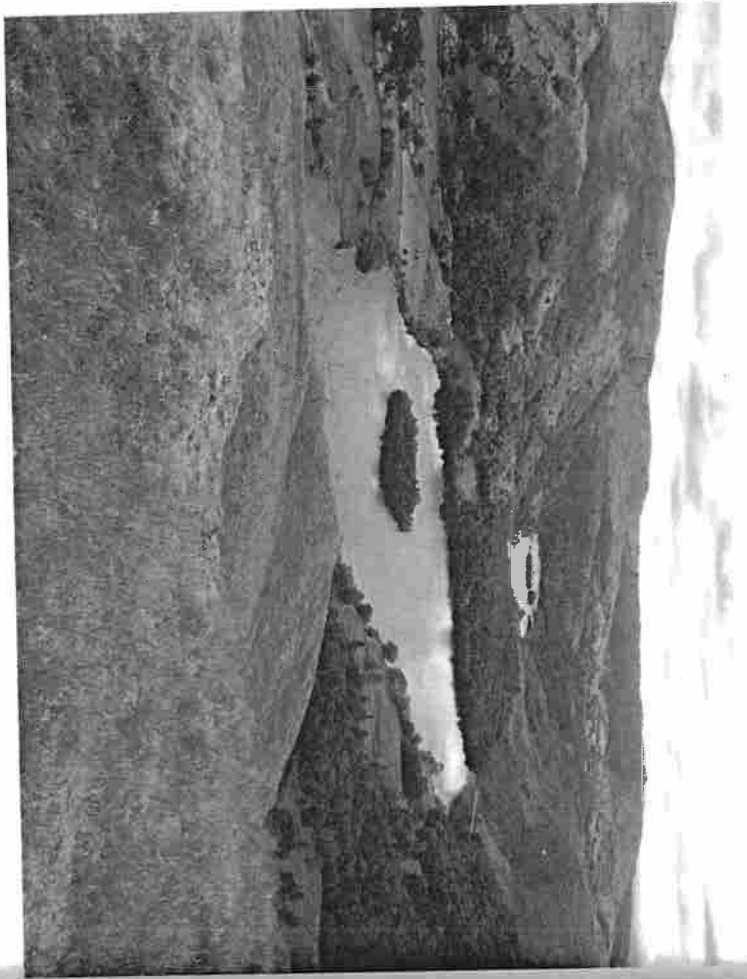
The gentle breeze backyard backdrop  
of evergreen trees allows a long strand  
of web the faintest visibility floating like  
this will be the last word ever spoken  
or overheard no this will – Kalamazoo

But then the Internet didn't care anymore  
though it went on recording every keystroke  
and whoever we were outside of information  
we stood together with our chemicals  
and held death a little closer to our whispering lips

Now when we text it is barely the memory of birdsong  
there might be some data or DNA left somewhere  
but with no readers who cares what bugs  
are expressing remnants of afterimages and black holes  
the whistle's blown and we are unplugged for good







*... not because [Grasmere] reminds one of Wordsworth  
so much but because if we half shut our eyes we may  
be able to imagine we're back on Barrard Inlet.*

—MALCOLM LOWRY

letter to Ralph Gustafson (1957)

1

I still don't know  
How to write the poems  
I should probably have been  
Writing all along – small  
Yet commodious spaces  
Just off public areas  
Where small birds finch  
Along dirty ledges  
And then mill together  
Hesitating to inhabit  
Fluctuating urban winds  
Sheer view corridors  
Or the air above  
Height restrictions  
Someone has yet to buy  
Or short walks I've taken  
Alongside abandoned factories  
Slag heaps of restive mines  
Warehouses unremarkable docks  
Or littered suburban forests  
Of the once wild west coast  
Where other unnamed birds  
Can still be heard and  
Personal reflections  
Added to the false and  
Seemingly accidental productions  
Of runaway system  
Its gaps and ruptures

Provoking both thought  
And feeling – access and  
The incommunicable faltering  
Of the little we can bring  
To the fastenings and unfastenings  
Of our temporal being

I guess I still don't know –  
Go on – leave the coast  
In search of I do not know what  
Fly to England and to Gramere  
The poem going on past its own  
Safe boundaries – the small concave  
Of one page and one vale  
Home amidst empires or  
Detritus of colonies home  
Which I could be but am not from home  
We cannot retreat or retire to  
When the air itself is burning smoke  
The soils ripped open for hydrocarbons  
The waters criss-crossed by  
Dilbit and diluent pipes that  
Map of resource we cannot escape that  
Time we kept writing and travelling  
Because energy seemed an eternal delight  
There isn't invocation enough  
To announce arrival amidst  
Herbs and vegetables in Wordsworth's garden  
Rhubarb and foxglove and nettle and quince  
Amongst rock and moss and oak by the lake  
There is no way to begin –  
Slate and nasturtium  
The lumpy white walls of Dove Cottage  
Nails and wires dangling  
Clematis and wild rose climbing  
So that the senses fill with a verse  
That has been rushing towards this small place  
Since the universe began

And it will shoot right past me  
Go through an opening in the mountains  
Crack in the clouds jets scud  
Speed off to where the light passes  
Into the collapse of all things  
And I will not catch one word of it  
I will hang out at the picturesque  
British Petroleum station  
In Ambleside smelling the petrol and  
Asking after the Gulf oil spill and  
Converting the price of junk food –  
Its infinite chemical transports –  
From pounds to dollars

Watching the traffic back up along the  
Rydal Road – the old Corpse Road along which  
Everyone who died in Ambleside passed  
I will consider the presence or absence  
Or more likely present absence  
Of shale under the earth here too the  
Likelihood that they will frack these  
Fells and dales rising the barbecue smell  
Of coal burning in Dove Cottage and the  
Fuels that undergird this pleasant absence  
Which is a seeming of independent  
Rocks and waters a lack of work or need  
Shuttling between the *how* we make our  
Living and the *where* we make our living  
It's not like mines weren't a part  
Of this landscape's past –  
Graphite for the poet's pencil lead for  
Bombshells and cannon balls at Seahwaite  
Iron mines at Uiverston Thomas West claiming  
*The mineral is not harmful to any  
Animal or vegetable and no one  
Ever suffered drinking the  
Water in the mines though discoloured  
And much impregnated with the ore*

Now – if only *that* were still the case  
Or ever really was  
As we tripped past lake's reflective presence  
Towards a dream of undistilled destructions  
And mined minerals that might make us light  
For our mobile and immobile homes  
Electricity of poems pacing the garden  
Junk we could burn as we  
Turned in our sulphurous sleep

2

Up over Silver How  
To look down into Langdale  
A small slate quarry just barely scars the  
Hillside the sheep wander the slopes of a  
Still functioning commons and music forms  
Itself into coloured sticks swimming from  
The loose stones of Schwitters' Merz Barn  
Lighting the *five perpetual* which is  
Not perpetual but glows brightest  
Before it gutters – Romantic landscape  
What fears of liquid gas linger beneath  
Your rolling grasses – this was always a  
Working place was less ideal than we'd been  
Led to believe was a between we learned  
To linger on and on in  
When we eat an apple  
We break into and use  
The energy stored by the apple tree  
We are harvesting sunlight  
Even when we break into the earth  
We are harvesting sunlight  
Peter I see the South Wellington slag  
Heaps of my grandmother the bucolic  
Forests of my childhood were filled with the  
Hulking stumps of a hundred years gone old

Growth forest logged as colonial gold  
Nothing is pure but our longing  
Everywhere what is *beneath* the land is  
More valuable than what is *on* the land  
Somewhere there's a road under nearly  
Constant construction and you can't walk  
*On* it or *to* it but you can view it –  
Its weathered orange traffic cones and  
Faltering yellow rust machines –  
From a railway bed the tracks and ties of which  
Have long been removed

Perhaps a dog the colour of your autumn  
Photographs accompanies you perhaps  
The slag heaps of productive systems past  
Swan about dark and foreboding just  
Behind the line of alder trees recent  
As last month's rent  
What use this piece of turf Peter what use  
If we do not cull it take wildflowers  
For midsummer frolics common even  
This untenable commons  
Or like weather vanes turn ourselves away  
Creak out of wind words that doff temporality  
Go ourselves to ward off wisdoms  
And canber by the machines of wealth  
Gone sad turntable gone out of doors  
O Nanaimo wasteland memories here  
On the brief crease of earth's crust we name beauty  
Life if you'd like to know is the capture of carbon  
From carbon dioxide via photosynthesis  
This same carbon synthesized in  
The giant hearts of stars taken up  
Here on earth by cyanobacteria  
Making their bodies from star carbon  
And releasing oxygen so that  
The evolution of plants increased

The long-term stability of the earth's climate  
Making it more amenable to  
Complex life – as inside our cells  
Mitochondria and chloroplasts are  
Endosymbionts – they once existed  
As autonomous organisms outside of us  
Their carbon is now our carbon meshed  
Was sunlight was stars is no  
Fancy to *extend the obligation*  
*Of gratitude to insensate things*  
Citizen prokaryote also proclaiming  
From barricades of microscale  
*We are all in this together*  
Even here in Grammere  
Grammere of eternal dreams I gaze upon  
Climbing back down from Silver How  
The lake mirrored below  
And birds – even if they are just jackdaws –  
Even if they do not possess the sky  
But inscribe its variable volumes  
In multiple intersecting circular arcs  
Through aerial groves sprint lightning  
Still they are scattered by  
A keening crackling sky-splitting roar  
Coming across the fells as first one  
Then a second fighter jet  
Hurries through the vale  
On Empire's valley manoeuvres  
Tipping wing on edge to remind  
Again there is no retreat or retirement  
Only fire and the setting of fire itself on fire

3

I have addressed dead poets too much  
I take my leave of cottage and fells  
Think the everywhere of suffering  
The ordinary of wandering and writing

And it matters very little  
Poetry matters very little  
I will go back to whence I came  
Which is and is not the place I'm from  
No clear thought about dwelling emerges  
Just the countenance of absence  
Just the missing and removed  
The displaced and disappeared  
The fires we carry to light  
Our pursuit of more material to burn  
Wish that we all might carry in deep dells  
Small stone homes for all our mighty losses  
Loose piles of bodily rock and word  
Weighing us to the earth  
All our reaching after what we didn't  
Even know we lacked is nice dreaming –  
The rest is birdsong and foxgloves  
Striking up in meadows greener than memory  
I suppose I lack the gas  
To get away from this petroleum world  
To take to the *simplicity and unity and life*  
*Of this one busy highway*  
Dorothy  
That leads to the milder day  
Which is to come  
Which is not to come  
Which is not a milder but an unknown world  
Which we drain and dig and burn already  
And which pools at the edges  
Of our machine city sumps so  
We can only choose between worlds  
We have already variously altered and harmed  
And we do not lack the gas to get away  
But lack the imagination of another  
Way of inhabiting space  
Or fashioning homes without egregious grids  
And despite our best efforts there is a

Mutual aid amongst species and materials  
And we do not emerge outside nature  
To disrupt it but *all things live in us*  
*And we live in all things that surround us*  
And even in direct circumstances  
Even at the moment of our disappearance  
Resistance has continued  
Even the dead sometimes continue  
Their resistance beyond the grave  
What sings to us when we have stopped singing  
What carbon is outside of us is  
Inside of us singing ourselves to burn  
Calories and kilojoules of our unmaking  
As we twist in the dream of doing otherwise

4

How often do we hear  
That there is no other choice  
No return – to what?  
Charcoal fires and water wheels?  
How often does the burnished  
Night give up our stolen time  
The eyes of our iPhones going  
Dim for lack of energy  
So we do not know what the  
World is doing in our momentary absences  
Which are other burning presences  
While larks too descend  
To go quiet in the dark  
And nests do not lose the energy  
That is the shape of an idea or egg  
Once home – my aching *oikos* –  
I will walk out on Burnaby Mountain  
Not thinking of England or lingering lakes  
The sky and water clipped and framed  
By mountain and cloud and inert forces

Why-ah-Wichen across mirrored inlet  
All the unexchangeable ancestors  
Liquid assets could not ease or erase  
And a tanker will yet be tethered there  
Time will be telling us we still reflect  
What we place moving on mirror water  
Vessel will be variant vocation  
Vessel will be this intercept earth  
Fed by pipes we thread beneath skin of place  
Sutures slow to dissolve in bodies we  
Blockade against the wounds we keep making

And I will be telling myself  
We have to go on breathing this air  
Even in the depths of the gas mere  
That is the lake we make this world  
That is the fire of cosmos and carbon  
Its pearling purple surface fractals  
Its liquid spacial sheen and glint  
We are all gasping for a deeper breath  
For a collateral harmony of lungs  
Fight for clarity and caress  
Share the same space  
For a minute or two  
Feet on the ground  
Head in the sky – it's okay  
I know everything's wrong  
I'm nothing now  
That I've not always been  
More so perhaps  
Picked up as I climbed  
Hills kept nipped by sheep  
Mellowed lands worn smooth  
By long seasoned use  
So they are just what they are  
Bearing what they can bear  
Without the seeming roughness  
The open rush on resource

That I have called home  
And that has spread  
Wherever we have roamed  
I begin this poem again  
Trim sails and slow steps  
I begin again  
Settler visitor guest  
Exactly where I was before  
Only cooler now at the radical core  
And with heated metal for hands

—GRASMERE

*June 21–25, 2015*

*One Against Another*



*how quietly this night releases our  
cumulative monuments to ourselves*

—RITA WONG

Sometimes it is a poem  
But often it is not

Everyone I had known  
And everyone I had not

Watched the televised  
Dream I was dreaming

My words trapped  
Behind bulletproof glass

And corporate lawsuit language  
While outside an uprising

Burnt state's records  
Of all the things that had been done

And the lawyers called to say  
Money had given up

And fresh Indigenous villages  
Sprang up where settlements

Now dim and powerless  
Faded beneath rising waves –

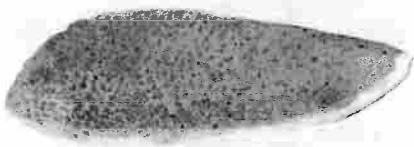
What am I but turbulence  
Outside the text

Small passage through which  
The collective facts of struggle pass

Battered antennae picking up  
What I half understand?

*It's like music isn't it*  
Others were saying

Or a riot where a riot  
Was the last thing anyone expected  
And the dream was not my dream alone  
The body a sharing of space  
And resources and energies produced  
By relation and proximity and -  
Can we say this regardless  
Of whether or not it is a poem?  
Love - that the barricade  
Was made of love  
And anger and bodies and the fire  
Made by bodies brushing  
One against another.



*Notes and  
Acknowledgements*

This project has gone through many transformations before assuming its present form. It began as a book about walking in the restricted spaces produced and/or threatened by resource extraction, and as such was supported by grants from the Department of English at Simon Fraser University and the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council (Small SSHRC Grant), which funded trips to Fort McMurray, Alberta, and the United Kingdom.

Some of these poems have previously appeared, or are forthcoming, often in radically different form, in the following journals and anthologies: *Cascadia Review*, *N/A*, *The Puritan*, *Datableed*, *The Goose*, *Lennon Hound*, *Jackets*, *Corralie*, *Tripwire*, *Poetry Pacific*, *Make It True: Poetry from Cascadia*, *Far Away So Close*, *Ghost Fishing: An Eco-Justice Poetry Anthology*, and *The Energy Humanities Reader*. Thanks to all the editors.

### Subversal

"The Court Transcript" is excerpted from *Trans Mountain Pipeline v. Gold et al.* (November 5, 2014), Reportex Agencies Ltd.

"Thirteen Trees" incorporates some material from "The Lawyer's Tale," written for "The Refugee Tales," a walk in solidarity with refugees and asylum seekers in southern England in June 2015, and is included in *Refugee Tales* (Comma Press, 2016). It may actually be fifteen or sixteen trees that were cut, but thirteen was the number that attached itself to this poem.

"Blockadia" incorporates material from "72 Theses Against Tar Sands Pipelines," originally written for *Unit/Pit Projects' Collective Walks/Spaces of Contestation* and attached to the gates of Kinder Morgan's Westridge Marine Terminal on April 12, 2014, a special artist's print of which was produced by Access Gallery and Malaspina Printers in December 2014; material generated during "Walk the Line", and material derived from *Oil Across the Rockies* (Trans Mountain Pipeline film, 1957), the PBS *Nature* documentary *Radioactive Wolves* (2011), and *ZA Architects' "Revitalization of the Chernobyl Zone."* I also note a small debt to Tim Alkins for his bees; Nate Mackey for his lecture "Breath and Precarity," delivered in Buffalo, NY, on April 8, 2016; "Ned" is Ned Ludd.

The passage from Hargreaves and Jefferess is taken from “Always Beginning: Imagining Reconciliation Beyond Inclusion or Loss” in *The Land We Are*, edited by Gabrielle L’Hirondelle Hill and Sophie McCall (ARP Books, 2015).

Photographs are from *The Watchers* by Genevieve Robertson and Jay White. For eight weeks, pinhole cameras were placed along a proposed Kinder Morgan Pipeline Route in Kwikwetlem, Kwantlen, and Tsjeil-Waututh territories. All photographs are in landscape orientation, except the first, which appears as is. Thank you to Genevieve and Jay. “Tsilhqot’in” refers to, and the italics are a quotation from, the Supreme Court of Canada definition of Aboriginal title in *Tsilhqot’in Nation v. British Columbia* (2014).

GPS information is taken from Trans Mountain Pipeline affidavits submitted to the Supreme Court of British Columbia, October 30, 2014. These coordinates, notoriously, were incorrect.

“Shell Scenarios” is, in part, derived from an erasure of Shell Oil’s “Scenario Plans” available on the company’s website. The grey text is my additions.

### Reading Wordsworth in the Tar Sands

Originally written during and after the Tar Sand Healing Walk in June 2014, in Fort McMurray, Alberta. Thanks to the Keepers of the Athabasca, Jen Currin, and Susan Stredel. Material incorporated from William Wordsworth’s poems and letters, and Dorothy Wordsworth’s journal.

#### The Port Transcript

The prose text was found, verbatim, in the bowels of CBC Radio’s online archives.

“on the lumen of the global movement” leans on material from *The Coming Insurrection*.

“going cold at yellow dildo ports” is for Stephen Cope, whose dream was the poem’s instigation.

A version of “okay to stop the flow of commerce” was originally published in *Cascadia Review* and *Ghost Fishing* as “Sometimes We Resist.” Thanks to Eden Robinson for reading this poem at the police barricades on Burnaby Mountain.

A version of “in the gap nourishment” appeared in Betsy Warland’s web project *Oscar* under the title “Solstice 2014.”

“I know bankers are people” incorporates material originally published under the title “The World Is Never Enough with Us,” published in *Cordite* 48.1.

Thank you to the editors.

#### Home at Gasmere

Material incorporated from William and Dorothy Wordsworth, Tim Lenton’s and Andrew Watson’s *Revolutions That Made the Earth*, Thomas West, and the Talking Heads. The line “setting of fire itself on fire” owes a debt to Joshua Clover.

Photographs of Burrard Inlet and Grasmere were taken in 2015.

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