

A RIVER BY THE MOMENT

'What is nature.
Nature is what is ...
but is nature natural.
No not as natural as that.'

Gertrude Stein

The river is all thumbs

She is feeling brisk at the heel. She loves feeling brisk at the heel. She is feeling brisk at the heel and rivering her thumbs. She is at the edge of cool. She runs her thumbs along the hinge of river. She loves running her thumbs along the hinge of river. She feels river. She feels thumb. She is brisk and thumbing. She is numb and loving. She is feeling loving. She is feeling loving about feeling. She loves feeling about loving. She loves feeling about feeling. She loves feeling about feeling loving. Her loving feels. Her loving loves rivers. She is feeling loving about rivers. She loves feeling loving about rivers. She is feeling rivers about loving feeling. She rivers about loving. She rivers about feeling. She rivers about the hinges of rivers. Her feelings hinge. She hinges about feelings. She hinges about feeling the river of hinges. She is feeling thumbs. She loves feeling about her thumbs. She is feeling about her thumbs as she rivers her feelings. Her thumbs river. Her feelings cool. She feels cool rivering her thumbs. She feels her thumbs hinge the river and cooling she thumbs. She loves feeling that her thumbs hinge the river. She thumbs numb love.

Numb is more natural

Who is more numb? Who feels more numb about love? Who thumbs love? Who is numb about thumbing love? Who is more brisk, more river than hinge? Who is under water? Who loves being under water? Who is feeling swift and hinging under water, thumbless and numb in love? Who has wings? Who is mourning? Who is exactly how small they must be? Who is loss of action? Who has walked the Brooklyn Bridge? Who is turning forty and hingeless? Who is turning fifty and numb? Who is willing to bear? Who sees themselves a river? Who floats? Who eddies? Whose back is scraped? Whose knees bleed? Whose breasts ache? Who has a mouthful of water? Who knows the shape of rocks? Who sees the sun as wavelength? Who smells like trout? Whose spine flexes waterfalls? Who has been sixteen? Who is molten? Who is smoothed over? Who has not forgiven? Who has wet feet? Who has walked the river? Who has good drainage? Who has stubbed a toe on a rock? Who has felt granite on tooth? Who has seen the flash of red bellies? Who has eaten trout? Who has felt a bear paw? Who flirts with the snouts of wolves? Who is always fresh? Who is surface and depth? Who has walked the turnpike? Who is exactly how big they must be? Who has snagged the comma of mouth? Who understands trespassing? Who has not felt the earth under foot? Who knows the river bottom? Who of us is not hooked?

Even the idea of river

The river flows through the town. The river flows through the town and breaks up at the bridge. The river flows through the town slowly. The river is the fastest thing in town. The river is not confined to town. The river is townless, yet the river is town, for without the river there is no town. Without the river there are no riverbanks. Without the river there is no mill. Without the river there are no bridges. Without the river roads go on. Without the river foundations crack. Without the river fishermen turn to drink. Without the river old women cannot cry. Without the river no one is married. Without the river fossils soar. Without the river emerald and sage. Without the river lyrics are homeless. Without the river June never comes. Without the river mirrorless, the sky mourns. Without the river deer go deaf. Without the river leaves thirst. Without the river bear lose their teeth. Without the river beak, paw, soil, feather. Without the river the mountains shy. Without the river the ducks pass in the air, days climb one on another. Without the river children cannot learn how to count. Without the river there are no wings. Without the river nothing passes. Without the river stillness. Without the river trees turn away. Without the river the sun is angry. Without the river the land is seamless. Without the river it breaks apart. Without the river fish walk. Without the river rocks scurry. Without the river the town pulls up its skirt. Without the river bear and cougar nod into the earth's elbow, sleep.

What the river wants

The river wants the town to hug her but the town has an odour. The river wants to love the odour but it can't. The river wants the town to know this. The river wants the town to be invited. The river wants the town to paint itself red. The river wants the town to understand it. The river wants the town to talk softly. The river wants the town to step inside. The river wants the town to get over itself. The river wants the town to make way. The river wants the town to hug her without odour. The river wants the town to let her hug it too. The river wants to flood the town with anger. The river wants to fill its basements and cellars. The river wants to dig up graves and twirl them down Main Street. The river wants to flush out pantries and libraries. The river wants to lap her way through schools and courtrooms. The river wants to swallow the town the way it swallows her. The river wants the last gulp.

With or without rivets

She can name a thousand corporate logos. Her hands and feet are not easily disassembled. She knows fear. She understands Internet wallpaper, Happy Meals and smart bombs. She doesn't worry about cyborg subjectivity. She is a fully unlicensed florist. She is a hothouse. She has seen a thousand Gertrude Steins each more diluted. She plants seeds where she lingers. She is ontological. She is not simian. She is not leaf. She is not green. She no longer smells of the forest. She knows Jeanne d'Arc is dead. She knows the names of trees. She cares nothing for virginal. She worries about water. She stokes rage. She is more engine than mother. She has touched bullet holes. She has no walls. She drinks seaweed. She thinks uranium and glasses shatter. She fears corporate convicts. She remembers Janis. She has not yet sinned enough. She loves that her hands and feet are not easily disassembled. She is free to sniff out and string up. She understands facial reconstructions. She considers surgery. She has Emma's night vision. She is not without dog. She is scented. She is tie-dyed. She dreams of wings and glass shatters. She is historical and senseless. She is not without God. She is sensual. She has seeds under her tongue. She hopes for corporate convictions. She is no longer leaf. She is ontological jelly. She hears Sappho. She files her index finger. She has morphed. She feels the town pinching her shoulder blades. She cannot say that

if she were the river she would allow the town to hug her. She feels for the sky. She holds the goddess by the toenails. She cannot swallow. She does not know. She has licked nothing. She has earned much. She ponders Emily.

Not leaf, nothing to green about

We have swallowed our god. We have manicured our toes. We live in apartments of plaster and steel. We have spliced our potato. We drive on roads named for the trees we cut to build them and the birds we displace with them and the towns we have left to come to them. We drive on steel cable. We pass by. We litter. We spew. We key in. We gambol in enclosed spaces. We commune with technology incessantly. We give up parts of ourselves. We pay tolls. We funnel and are funnelled. We are photographed and scanned. We fear men with specific accents. We subject ourselves. We think in pockets. We have sashes. We live in Iqaluit. We condescend. We give up freedom for the illusion of security. We know that John Wayne is dead. We shrink. We want to believe. We want to give. We buy flowers. We love our saddlebags. We love our corrals. We don't understand our food. We live in L.A. We admire. We click. We spend hours online. We have call waiting. We send and receive. We envision wired houses of straw. We dream of solar panels, open air on clean land. We still believe in cowboys and teepees. We know about organic. We understand the structure of screenplays. We baste babies who bear symphonic resemblances to historical figures. We are fully functioning. We scale coffee shops. We are radioactive. We make choices. We are live-wired. We try to forget the garden. We build buildings. We know that John Lennon is dead. We comb our hair. We fear spiders.

We defibrillate. We are orange. We squat and side kick simultaneously. We embrace contained soil. We design spaces. We save coupons. We think in scenes. We carry toxins in our fat. We give birth. We drive hybrids. We no longer think of the old days. We spend hours waiting for tech support. We are automated. We have forgotten more than we've read. We fold the new into our ovaries. We are implanted, impregnated, sterile. We want our childbirthing to be surgical. We are ruby. We calmly repeat information. We understand how to make ourselves heard. We gather. We deliver babies. We are ironic. We embrace perversity. We walk across rivers. We have legs like nutcrackers. Our hearts run out of batteries. We call 911. We live in New York. We know that JFK is dead. We collect coupons. We walk across bridges. We know how to shoot. We live in Toronto. We can tell time by the tv schedule. We know when to click. We recall traces of garden. We live in wired houses. We are plugged in but we are disconnected. We are girded. We know that John Donne is dead. We carry on. We skewer. We fracture. We wave in passing. We wait expectantly for commercials. We taste the Arctic in tomatoes. We should feel. We know a good mousse when we eat one.

Whose genealogy?

To claim genealogy, to bear the burden of, to be stepped on, dug up and dumped in, to be pissed on, built on the back of, scaled with brick, wood, to be lashed with rubber, tarred, to have your shale ribs cracked; to be sold, developed, shaped and reshaped by individuals, groups, soldiers, with witnesses, within earshot, under open windows, in your father's house; is to be exploded, chemicalled, dredged, mined, bombed, sheared, made a monument of; is to be tethered and tamed, mapped, photographed, marvelled at, shit on; is to be mowed, moved, monitored, circled, scoured; is to be made over, to be seen as passive, always, to bear the burden of resistance and maintenance, beginning and end, all in the folds of; to believe in special relationships: one breast all breasts; to mourn the drying up of milk, the tumorousness of nurture, the arms that surround nothing, the zero of once was, gone, past tense, now undeniably something else.