

SELECTED LIES

I can't name names

I drop them

this will be a long poem

about home

tell your MLA

or

tell your MNA

but

tell it scant

## BORING PEOPLE HOLDING HANDS

Let's break into every Sunday School supply room, take all the construction paper, safety scissors and glue sticks and make the largest chain of paper dolls this city's ever seen. // We'll call it 'Boring People Holding Hands' and we'll wrap it around the financial district. It will make us feel better and get us out of the house. // Maybe the paper-doll chain will succumb to weather or public taste. Maybe it will teach everyone a lesson of some sort. // Maybe careerist couples will hold hands and skip through puddles and maybe giddy blurbists will make their own chains and maybe morose merchandisers will give in to their hunger and choke on non-toxic red crayons.

## LOSER DOWN

on St. Marc Street

ready for the body bag

unforgiving railing  
dramatic gestures  
best performed indoors

angelic paramedics  
a stretcherful  
of ambivalence

## DRENCH

Drenched whiskey jack  
limp limbic iamb

Scrape fence climb  
snap-button shirt

Payphone prayer drift  
tonic tact breach

Primp proper prick  
heart-wrenching John

Take the 14 bus  
get off, drench yourself

GRAHAM MALL SUITE

Abandoned walkers glimmer, mad trams trembling  
all day where shoppers won't tread

Windows beckon soot  
the doorways settle  
for

If I had the means, oxygen would burn through these grey  
expanses  
bloated babies would beguile from storefronts

The mayor would breakdance daily at noon

I have a loudspeaker and some free time  
I have a mind to not stray

Come down

I will make the posters  
you buy the paste

On second thought, don't leave home  
just throw me a phone call and we'll meet between another  
nowhere

Graham Mall, Winnipeg planners say,  
is a major vein

Oxygen blanket  
funereal flats

Everyone comes  
on their way to elsewhere

Funeral home  
insurance blaze

The city in its hospital gown  
transit abrasive blanket fare

Tram recursion every hour  
the infinite sentence living here

Ironic dative resident shift:  
Graham Mall mythology

I can't begin to tell you how I got here  
I can't begin to tell you how I got her

Like home  
for the shifted and non

Disavow the term 'bus' –  
indefinite incursion by no one in particular

The trams miss their cables  
varicose line in a sullen centre

Endless religion  
and arson enthusiasts