

Pig War & other songs of Cascadia

poems by Paul E Nelson

Pig War

& other songs of Cascadia

Paul E Nelson

*All writing is pigshit. People who come out of nowhere and
try to define whatever it is that goes on in their heads, are pigs.*

Antonin Artaud

*Ah, there we see hope -- the domestic gone wild.
Pigs are so lovely Their bodies are made to hold up the sky.
I wouldn't mind being a pig sometime .. a big ol' crazy boar.*

Johnny Seven Moons

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Source texts include: *The Pig War: Standoff at Griffin Bay*, Mike Vouri, Friday Harbor: Griffin Bay Bookstore, 2006; *The Flower Ornament Scripture: A Translation of the Avatamsaka Sutra, Volume 1*, Thomas Cleary, Boston: Shambhala, 1985; *The Raven Steals the Light*, Bill Reid and Robert Bringhurst, Seattle: U of Washington Press, 1996; *Taking Up the Runes*, Diana L. Paxson, Red Wheel/Weiser, LLC., 2005; Wikipedia; NPS.gov; *Greguerias*, Ramón Gomez de la Serna; *The Twilight of American Culture*, Morris Berman, *The Visionary Art of Morris Graves* and *Instruments for a New Navigation* (exhibition catalogues); *Challenging Traditions: Contemporary First Nations Art of the Northwest Coast*, U of Washington Press, 2009; *Seasonal Works with Letters on Fire*, Brenda Hillman; Morris Graves: Selected Letters, Eds. Vicki Halper and Lawrence Fong, University of Washington Press, 2013. Gratitude also goes to Mike Vouri of the National Park Service American Camp on San Juan Island, Joe Brotherton and Doe Bay, the Whiteley Center on San Juan Island, Robert and Desirée Yarber at the Morris Graves Foundation, to my family, and always the supportive Meredith Sedlachek.

Before Pigs

A LONG time ago,
so long ago
it was
In the Beginning
(beginning of this world)
the Fifth
World
a LONG time ago

two brothers were placed
upon this earth. (Placed)

First landed in Somane but
cd not make a living there,
(no salmon) then
headed south.

Brother One to Melexat.
Brother Two (Swetan) to
San Juan Island, to
make a home.

They'd each go their way
with the gifts w/ which
Xelas
(Transformer'd)
bless'd them:

Salmon.
Reef-net.
Spear.
Fire.
Suin
(magic)
.

Lonely Swetan'd amuse himself
shape a hunk of

rotten wood into
a human.
Tell her about cliff winds
in what'd someday be *Abuela Cala*
how January sunbeams
wd illuminate the sea we'd say
was Salish someday
where Otter'd bob
Orca'd leap
Thunderbird'd be brighter
than noon sun. Or how Flicker'd
rest on lichen cover'd
fir branches, or
the old home in an
obsolete constellation.

Transformer: *Why make people out of wood?*

Swetan: *I hate being lonely.*

Transformer: *I will change this that you may enjoy yourself.*

& w/ a sprinkle of water the wood
became woman
& from them sprang the tribe they'd
call Taleqamec.

Brother One tried to propagate a
strong people, finally
did w/ a worn mat.

Much later the Taleqamec
damn near wiped out by
a great plague.

(Fever, body aches, headaches, chills & backache. Vomiting,

confusion. A rash appears & scabs over. The virus moves into mucous membranes & virus particles get released via sneezes; infectious for three weeks. Scars remain.)

One of the survivors
gave a stetlenaq (potlatch)
feasted
& gave gifts to distinguished
guests.

One (Qokwaltxw) refused gift offer after
gift offer &
when all had gotten their gifts
save this one
(Qokwaltxw)
he (one of the last survivors) sd:

I don't know what to do. I am left alone of all my people and I care for nothing that I possess. But all that I have offered to this man does not suit him. I would like to know what he wd take. I am willing to give all I have, even my house, if it will please him.

Qokwaltxw took the house.
Tore it down.
Moved it to Isla de Gonzalo Lopez
de Haro. (Lopez Island,
we'd later say.) Sandy Point,
we'd later say.

There he arranged the house
in line w/ village buildings
but too cramped.
Then on an angle an L shape
made it the home of his
daughter. They called this
part of the village
Twlolames (*Facing
one another.*)

From this we get the name *Lummi*.

Qokwaltxw let his daughter marry
a man from a rich Lummi
Island family to love one another.
To love one another.

W/ bravery & strength
salmon & fire
reef-nets & suin
spears & ceremonies
more suin & songs
lifted from the First World

they'd follow life's
restrictions
they'd beget leaders and warriors
like Sehenep

who moved the people to Gooseberry Point
build their house in the
shape of an L

never forgetting
the First World
& how the word for song
was the word for *cry*

how some people
had two legs
some four.
Some two wings
some destined to be meat.
Some people want
yr house
yr daughter
yr land
yr culture
but can't steal the suin

of the gleam in yr eyes
when sunbeams hit
a spot of silver water on the sacred
sacred
Salish Sea.

12:46P - 1.22.12
Whitely Center #7
SJI

Death of an Indian (Birth of a Shaker)

November 1881

to the Great Spirit Chief

Squ-sacht-un

had been a bad Indian.

Drinking & hard-living had left

his body weak

& open to evil spirits.

A Squaxin (Sahewamish) logger

worked hard/drank hard

was said to've broke his neck

& five

Indian Doctors w/ scallop-shell rattles

& feathersuits & in

can

tay

shuns

five Indian Doctors w/

a healing song from Duncan (perhaps)

a vowel-laden Full Moon canto howl'd

into November Skookum Bay

(Hammersly Inlet)

air

no use.

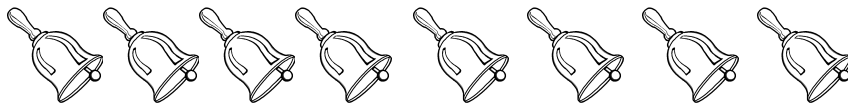
The bottle'd won.

Broke his neck.

Left his body at Skookum

and his soul -

Maybe in a
clam basket
the Giant Ogress keeps,
maybe in a canoe
headed to sea, maybe
Coyote knows...



Whe-Bul-eh-t-sah (Mary Thompson to settlers)
bedside &
(niece) Nancy George
in the corner
bit of red suspender
wrapped around Squ-sacht-un's
(John Slocum's)
head.
Only weeping now,
send two men off to Olympia
for the finest pine.

Tell the cousins

Squ-sacht-un
was no more.

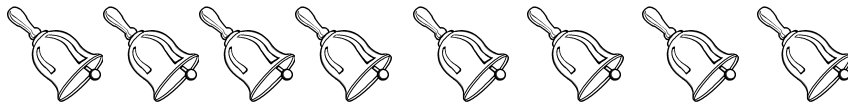
Tell the Uncles
drinking won
Squ-sacht-un's neck
lost.

See the robins make the snowberry branches
bob.

Hear wind kiss
November evergreens.

Hold this moment in time.
Let grief well up
from the
large intestine & slow
take over the neck &
all skin.

Squ-sacht-un.



His last breath
left him.

Soul lifted
by bright light upwards
met by a procession
angelic.

Meanwhile
somewhere beyond the veil
somewhere
under obsolete constellations near a
silver river
where no demarcation between tendons
and star stuff
comet tails
& entrails
embutido y
nebulae
Squ-sacht-un had some explaining
to do.

Past a picket fenced yard
stands a house.
Door open
house empty 'cept for what he knew as
a presence.

Another door open
a well-dressed man asks:

Do you believe in God?

(This is no trick question.) One cd end this way

spin the meat wheel again again climb
back on start over
again, carne roulette
I coulda been better
agonies again

I coulda
been free of *ligaments and tendencies to change myself*
into a shape that's less than spirit

THIS

all Squ-sacht-un was now. Skin without
a boat.

Meat about to climb back on
the wheel.

It ain't home
but somewhere close.

I hear Charles Lloyd play
Migration of the Spirit
& Salish singers
w/ similar songs
cued up to wail
beside pine but
NO.

There is another door
& on the wall a large photograph
of that bad Indian
Squ-sacht-un
drinking
fucking
puking in snow.
Glass crash
fist fight
every bad act
of his 40 years
whiskey
tincture of Jamaica ginger
gambling

reenacted
wicked technicolor
for him to chew on
for a few long moments
of purgatory.

Down
down
down

some furnace in the basement
bodies of drinking
buddies

cracking in the fire
*ashes to ashes, tendons to
stardust.*

Start again
wicked Indian
you need this skin boat
no more.

(Who'd not want to haggle
right about now? *What would you do*

*if all the lovers of all your years
passed by at midnight
dressed in the flesh
they wore when you
last loved them.?)*

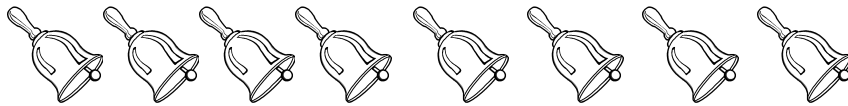
Denial turns to dealing &
this offer comes straight from
the angels (or God)
a spirit great and benevolent.

Some luminous divinity
capable of showing
Squ-sacht-un
his wicked Indian
fornicatin'
ways
to offer mercy
mercy
mercy.

Offer sobriety
&
upright morality, take
the white robe
candles & bells.

This is a bell-ring.

Take II.



Led to a room upstairs
& then the roof
the view
an ancestral homeland
all coast
a giant glaciated breast

his broken neck
healed,
his need

WATER (but not from the vessel that
“belonged to the Sin.”

WATER

Weak, he won't go back to
his old bed.

A white robe
for a new morality and mission.

CONFESS he urged
(make all right)
lest the burning furnace,
lest yr spot in heaven be
denied
&
then build a church.

Forget the coffin now
just around the riverbend.

Heaven gave him eloquence/ability
to hear voices:

You shall live on earth four weeks. (Get busy.)

Bells.
Candles.
Crosses.
Flags.
Albs.
Holy
pictures

would festoon churches from
Squamish
to Yurok.
From Chemainus

to Tolowa
Nanaimo to Nez Perce
Quileute to
Umatilla

Hoh
to Cowlitz &
Siletz & Klamath

to Muckleshoot & Snoqualmie
Quinalt & Skokomish
to Tulalip &
Musqueam.

Songish Colville
Cowichan Swinomish
Hoopa Chehalis
Squaxin Lummi
Upper Skagit
Wasco
Warm Springs
Nooksack
Makah
Clallam
Yakama

.

Cascadia, gets its own religion.

Squ-sacht-un had a body
w/o a soul

had a light

like a sun

trying his soul

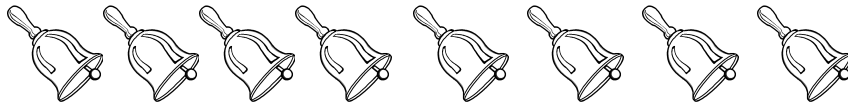
had

four weeks

&

one last chance.

12:10P - 1.21.12
Whiteley Center
SJI



A year later
Squ-sacht-un
sick again
& remember Mary?
(Whe-Bul-eh-t-sah) bedside Mary?

Mary got the shakes.
Not from drinking, no. Not
from not drinking, no.

This shaking a healing shake a fit.

As in the Spirit Canoe Ceremony
Waterman wd talk abt.

Power enters poles drummed on roof boards
or planks conducting like lightning rods
or Whe-Bul-eh-t-sah, Dear Sweet Mary

here to shake the daylight back into
Squ-sacht-un (John Slocum).

Shaking (noetic illumination) Shaking
(direct experience of divinity) Shaking. Shake that bell.
Carry that rhythm. Loan yr throat out
to the all too silent antepasados.
Shaking (widdershins) Stomping
smoke-free and sober.

Why'd this
scare the shit out the White Man?
Settler prehension one
regulation at a time.
Punishable by torture
or slaughter.

Notice to the Shakers: You are hereby permitted to hold meetings... under the following conditions: on Sundays not longer than three (3) hours at one time and on Wednesdays not longer than two (2) hours at one time. The following REGULATIONS to be observed: 1st, Keep windows or a door open during all meetings. 2nd, Use only one bell to give signals. Not continuous ringing. 3rd, Do not admit school children at night meetings.

7:25P - 1.21.12
Whitley Center
SJI

How to Ensure a Happy Healthy Kid of Good Character

Here

First People wd call a childless woman

stematc

(barren)

& spit

(maybe)

but a woman pregnant w/ child? (No.)

She wd avoid halibut

(avoid white blotches on the kid's
skin)

Steelhead

(causes weak ankles)

Trout

(harelip! harelip!)

Beaver

(babies w/ big heads).

The esteemed woman w/ child wd pass on shag

(Blue Cod)

(baby convulsions)

& Seagull & Crane

(crybaby)

& Deer

(absentmindedness).

Our Lady of Bun in the Oven shd avert her gaze from the freakish:

(ceremonial masks

(deformed persons

(snakes, probly add *American Horror*)

or the kid'll be born a freak (they'd fear)
let the dying fish
or dying doe
thrash

out of eyeshot
& swallow seeing anything
that'd improve the
kid's character, otherwise

spit
@
the
detestable. Ugh.

To ensure safe & easy delivery

let someone else sew
& don't let her tangle the yarn

(lest the naval cord tangle).

See she doesn't sleep w/ her head covered
(smothered @ birth)

she shdn't lie carelessly
(or crosswise)

she shd bathe daily.

She picks no fruit

& the ground upon which

she walks becomes sterile.

For a boy she shd

look @ the moon through the corner
of her right eye

@ fixed times

learn the chant
from those who know suin
(magic, remember).

Want a small baby?
(drink juice
(avoid fats).

Men & women with spirit power shun a pregnant woman for there is an atmosphere about her which makes it impossible for spirits to tarry. Medicine men rarely assist at delivery out of fear of losing their spirit powers. (Stern).

The First Person midwives of their day wd
watch the fetus position
as it moves in the
womb

let the momma-to-be know
when delivery approaches.

Poor women were on their own.
Rich women had an old woman
w/ suin
y abuleita
& give birth by a
gooseberry bush
or on a beach.

The Indian midwife had
the chant which
baby wd recognize
wd
command the muscles
necessary for delivery
wd be an “all-clear” for
the baby’s
head.

A belt of cedar bark for momma
just above the abdomen
as she tugs on a cord
fastened to a tree to aid
the bear-down.

Tea of thistle-roots
(amp tips)
boiled in salt-water
boiled nettles, cactus
(w/ sharp points singed off)
goose amp swan fat
Choke-cherry amp
bark of June plum to gnaw on amp
dogfish oil amp
bear grease to ease
her muscles.

When the new baby's born
take it by your right hand
for a right hander
by both hands to ensure ambidextrosity
all present speak to the baby
don't even think anything
harmful

when the new baby's born.

Tie amp cut the cord.
Bathe that babe w/ luke-warm water, rub w/
dogfish oil,
wrap w/
shredded cedar bark.

Pop can bury the placenta
where it will not be trampled
or in a cedar stump (insure long life)
or hang it high in a cedar tree (*o cedar tree, clap yr hands*
& *sing w/ me*) let the babe
be brave.

When the remnant of the cord falls off
bury in a strong alder
or the kid'll be
a wanderer.

Bury the first feces
(don't burn it)
& their intestines won't
become weak.

Mom, don't scratch yr head w/ yr fingers
for several days after
or you'll go bald.

Hurl the placenta
into a swirl of the sea or river
& you'll have never have
no new kids no more.

That is all.

9:55A - 1.24.12
Whiteley Center #7
San Juan Island

56. Shooting Starward

The most terrible thing about our address book is that they will use it, inevitably, as the means of communicating our death to friends and relatives.

— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& up past the San Juan spot where Death Camas sleeps in chthonic ecstasy & Fawn Lillies, Lupine, Chocolate Lillies, Indian Paintbrush and, yes, Shooting Star ready their April avalanche to right the sadness of the old man who can't empty himself to be a vessel for a throaty hymn to old age.

*First a small rosette of leaves one flower stalk
shoots starward, branches to multiple buds' that nod down.
Then purple-magenta blossoms unfold petals arch back
aim starward. (Shooting Star.)*

The old poet said *Sex is the mysticism of materialism* & how can one not love the lichenclimb up ghost limbs of the fir how can one not love the kiss Sunday wind gives it further up how not see the sun radiate over the January Salish sea and not see a bit of themselves released skyward hoping for a soft landing in the sand of Grandmother's Cove?

Reductionism wd wonder (at best) or laugh at how *1/62,000th of the original mother essence, undetectable in any chemical analysis* and here we are halfway to the center of the labyrinth dreaming how to pet the Water Dragon in its holy holy moment how trust that *chance will intervene and save the day* how the rain when turned on its side hits the face like a needle how the flicker found her way here, Salish seaside, only to disappear in a blur of red.

Sacrifice an Irish pig
at the feet of two armies
see who's man enough to shoot

starward.

11:09AM - 1.22.12
Whiteley Center #7
San Juan Island

Quotes 1 & 3, Richard Katz from *The Science of
Flower Essence Therapy*.

Quote 2 from Phyllis Baker *The Slippery Soapbox:
Aphorisms and Rants*
Quote 4

57. Frog Song

*The poet looked so long at the sky that he grew a cloud in
one eye.*

— *Ramón Gomez de la Serna*

There was nowhere left. Each way the spindle'd
whorl, no where there. No sea sky lake grass tree
leaf grass stem left. They'd settle for a ghetto island
settle for a frog place to put their skin on & cry. Cry
for a mate. Cry to ward off a close encounter w/
some jealous ghetto frog. Cry just to get some.

By
Imbolc or Candlemas we'd all be waiting for wood
frogs we'd call the chorus we'd hear the silence as
the 150'd rumble by & how they'd all creak up
again once it was halfway past Slaughter. The
day'd begin w/ woodfrogs end w/ woodfrogs
under a woodfrog moon w/ a woodfrog word
'Kreek-eeck' it was (an ad) 'Kreek-eeck' it'd go way
past the fred meyer the driver's ed lessons St. Vinny
de Paul & the bike shop. 'Kreek-eeck' it went on
a whole night of frog fucking 'Kreek-eeck' he's on
her back 'Kreek-eeck' neighbors get no sleep
'Kreek-eeck' can you *fuckers knock it off already*
'Kreek-eeck' they'd try & fuck any silent thing that
wander'd close. (Sober.) Then hitchhike to Alaska
in a Christmas tree.

Susan spins the whorl agin &
there is no sound here there is no where there &
less here & the frog whorl may have one for every
direction, but her frogs are made of wood & her
frogs are fetching but no substitute & 'Kreek-eeck's'
when the wood needs some grease and 'Kreek-
eeck' rarely the sound of some suburb. What's a
ghetto anyway?

Our canary
who's coal mine & when's
winter end?

3:41 - 1.23.12
Whiteley Center #7
San Juan Island



After Susan Point's *Nowhere Left*. 2000

<http://www.mister-toad.com/PacificTreeFrog.html>

Ghetto - 1605–15; < Italian, orig. the name of an island near Venice where Jews were forced to reside in the 16th century < Venetian, literally, foundry for artillery (giving the island its name), noun derivative of ghettare to throw < Vulgar Latin *jectāre; see [jet](#)1

THE PICTURE:

- 1790s Nootka Conventions: Spain & England agree how to carve up Cascadia. George Vancouver y Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra (one'd get a city named after him & a ghost town fort the other an island) haggled & wd get John Meares his boats back or at least cash. *Their said Majesties will mutually aid each other to maintain for their subjects free access to the port of Nootka against any other nation which may attempt to establish there any sovereignty or dominion.* Maquinna, Nuu- chah-nulth Chief wd summer where the wind *comes from all directions*, testify for the Brits/rival Wickaninnish.
- 1818 Treaty of 1818, or Anglo-American Convention of 1818 or the London Convention: U.S. & U.K. Allowed joint occupation of the Oregon Country (or New Columbia division of the H.B.C.) & gave the Yankees all of Rupert's land south of the 49th & west of the (Stony) Rocky Mountains. (A hunk of North Dakota & Minnesota left out the Louisiana Purchase.) Also commerce (mostly fishing rights & *restoration of slaves*.) The race was on to populate the Oregon Country with white people while the HBC tried extermination of everything w/ fur up that way.
- 1845 July: Claim of Vancouver's Island by HBC agents by placing an engraved wooden tablet on Mt. Finlayson, and (according to Governor James Douglas) that would include ancillary islands like San Juan.
- 1846 April: (*Primera*) intervención estadounidense en México y *invasión estadounidense de México y guerra del '47*. That & \$18M got the Estados Unidos Alta California y Nueva Mexico, pulled the collective Texas ass out the fire & established the 42nd parallel as the northern border of what wd be the states of California, Nevada & Utah.

- 1846 Oregon Treaty: Signed June 15, 1846, remember that date, boundary between U.S. and what would become Canada set at 49th parallel, 'cept for Vancouver Island and a hunk of Minnesota's Northwest Angle (an anomaly like Point Roberts) avoiding the $54^{\circ} 40'$ or *Fight* idea on which President Polk campaigned. 49th parallel from the Stony (Rocky) Mountains west to the major channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island "& thence southerly through the middle of said channel, & of Juan de Fuca Strait to the Pacific Ocean." (What said channel?)
- 1853 February 8, 1853: Washington Territory formed, Mexican War hero Isaac Stevens named Governor.
- 1853 December 15: HBC agent Charles John Griffin, with Hawaiian herdsmen and 1,350 sheep land on San Juan to establish Bell Vue Farm. Governor Douglas was out to claim the island for the crown, but didn't advise his government that not a citizen but a (pre-corporation as person) corporation had settled the island.
- 1859 April: A Kentucky farmer, Lyman Cutlar, settles on San Juan Island.
- 1859 June 15: A pig shot heard round the world.

58. Coyote Guts

The eyes of the dead look at clouds that will never return.

— *Ramón Gomez de la Serna*

It was the First World. People'd not come out yet. People'd take a fur or skin, put it on take it off just like a coat or hat. Mosquito Flea Spider Ant big as cougars. Eagle Beaver Fox Coyote fish't & hunted dug roots lived in longhouses had sweat lodges & slaves had chiefs and laws & were just, yes, the people. Fur people medicine people plant people people the day before people beyond. People who'd shake when they needed a good hit of divinity who'd spit as a spit of antipathy who'd growl a grahhr when needed to ward off evil.

Coyote created the world or the world created Coyote or Raven created the world or the world created was created by the Man-Who-Changed-Things, some Changer he was and might of been Coyote still.

But the Old-One made the earth out of a woman. Soil as flesh rocks as bones wind/breath, hair of trees & grass & when she moves we tremble. & Old-One'd take strips of flesh to roll up the ancients as a potter might pinch off some clay, ball it up. & were Deer, Elk, Antelope people or half-people & were people meat? Pinch a bit of skin from earth add wind & these ancient ones

these ancient ones were dumb. Not couldn't talk dumb. They cd talk. Dumb. Needed a guide, dumb. Needed a tutor dumb. & who'd they get to lead them into the promise who'd they get to kill all their ignorance who to kill the monsters, whittle the longest arrow who? The guy who dropped anvils from the cliff

who. The one w/ the inside to all that is Acme the
one who'd always crashland in a dustcloud the
one'd bury all but his dickhead in dirt & trick the
girls for kicks faking it was a ripe strawberry.

Power in the bullrushes.
Coyote gets the shortest arrow
& supernatural power

in his guts.



10:03P - 1.25.12
The Whiteley Center #7
San Juan Island

Here Pig

Wasn't a razorback but

a railback

but Brits'd call 'em

Berkshire boar. A rooter.

& Charles Griffin

no Brit

but an Irishman

w/ the hot blood of

an Irishman but

just trying to make a living

w/ the google of

his day

The Hudson Bay Company.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1670

one of the world's oldest corporations

oldest in North America

(officially *The Governor and Company of Adventurers
of England Trading into Hudson Bay*)

& extracting furs furs furs

pelt preparation

the first factories (factor/agent

did business from HBC

trading posts.)

Pro Pelle Cutem.

(A skin for a skin.)

HBC the de facto government

in the early days

Oregon Territory

& on San Juan first

they'd say (1st white people)

& Charles Griffin
making his claim for HBC
(& Governor Douglas)

in sheep w/ Hawaiian herders.

Lyman Cutlar, 29
a "squatter"
from Kentucky? (Ohio?)

came up dry
in the Fraser River gold rush
had an Indian wife
& kid (he sd) &

squatted. Sd he had a homestead
(160 acres)
but no such deal
on the islands.

Had a garden
(humble)

imperfectly enclosed
by a crude fence on three sides
& what wd he grow?

Kale? No.

Beets? No.

That which led to the death of one
Slaughter
that which an Irishman
ought to know abt.

Potatoes.

Lyman'd warned Charles
about that god damned pig
keep him out of the garden

& on June 15, 1859
it was thirteen years to the day
of the Oregon Treaty
it was a Wednesday and it was
chronicled in Charles Griffin's Bell Vue Farm journal:

An American shot one of my pigs for trespassing!

Had to chase it
too, it was
some distance outside his patch

& no one knows who
ate the bacon and
no one knows

if the pig was wrong
or Lyman Cutlar (the pig's choice)

or that "colard man"
(Hawaiian)
laughing abt the potato-eatin'
pig.

Here pig.

He'd a had to run it down
w/ his rifle & in what he'd
later call "a moment of irritation"
shoot that pig dead.

Lyman felt bad abt this.
Wanted to make amends.
Sd he'd replace the animal, offered
Griffin the chance to
select three men who cd

pick a fair price
then said *here's \$10 bucks.*

That's when Charles Griffin went
Pro Pelle Cutem
on our Kentucky
pig-hunter.

Git some
skin in the game
an eye for an eye
skin for skin
& somethin' in him

(greed mebbe, HBC business acumen, mebbe
he smelled a pelt opportunity
whatever)

what came out of his mouth was:

That's a prize Berkshire Boar you shot
& that'll be \$100 bucks! (or something like that.)

For you Americans are a nuisance on the island
and you have no business here and I shall write
Mr. Douglas and have you removed.

All Lyman cd say
in his humble Kentucky (Ohio?)
sure-i'm-squattin'-but
i-warned-you-abt-that-fucking-pig

way was:

I came here to settle for shootin' your hog, not to
argue the right of Americans on the island for I
consider it American soil.

& Lyman'd later say they
brought the heat:

Griffin, Dr. William Tolmie (Founder, Puget Sound
Agricultural Company)
Vancouver Council Member Donald Fraser
&
Alexander Grant Dallas
(Governor of HBC's
West-of-the-Rockies division &
son-in-law
of James Douglas.)

How'd you dare do it?

*I'll do what I damn well please, I
offered to pay for it & it ain't worth no
\$100 bucks.*

He sd Dallas sd The Beaver was
awaiting them, had a “possy”
on board.

Beavers
possys
furs
expansion
rifles
two empires
&
one
dead
(maybe
it
was
a
prize)

pig

.
. .
.

& this is how the

pigshit
hit

the fan.

1:22P - 1.26.12
Whiteley Center
SJI

War Pigs

The U.S.
headed west
one huge hunk of
(Indian)
land at a time.



The eagle'd sharpen'd
talons
on boring little wars
& the permanent warriors
we're itchy & coming w/guns
& numbers.

Bill for the Occupation of Oregon Territory

In Senate of the United States, January 3, 1843:

...That *provision hereafter shall be made made by law to secure and grant* six hundred and forty acres, or *one section of land* [shall be granted] to every white male inhabitant of [said] *the Territory of Oregon*, of the age of 18 years and upward, who shall cultivate the use of the same for five consecutive years, or to his heir or heirs-at-law, if such there be, *in case of his decease. And to every such inhabitant or cultivator, being a married man, there shall be granted, in addition, one hundred sixty acres to the wife of said husband, and the like quantity of one hundred sixty acres to the father for each child under the age of eighteen years he may have, or which may be born within the five years aforesaid.*

That the President is hereby authorized and required to appoint two additional Indian agents, with a salary of [fifteen hundred] *two thousand* dollars each, whose duty it shall be (under his direction and control) to superintend the interests of the United States with any or every Indian tribe west of any agency now established by law.

1840–1859

July, 1840 – Fiji Islands. USNavy punishes natives for attacking American exploring and surveying parties. 1841, USNavy lands on McKean Island to avenge a murder of a U.S. sailor. February, 1841, (another murdered sailor's revenge) the USNavy burns towns in Samoa on Upolu. October 19, 1842 in that part which was once Mexico, Monterey, (Alta) California, Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones occupied the city believing war had come. (He was six years early.) 1843, USN sailors and US marines from the St. Louis landed after a clash between Americans and Chinese at the trading post in Canton. November 29, 1843, Four US navy vessels landed various parties (200+ marines/sailors) fighting pirates & the Ivory Coast slave trade & again to revenge attacks on US sailors. In 1844, President Tyler deployed U.S. forces in that part of Mexico called Texas before annexation a year later. 1846–48, the Mexican-American War, w/ President Polk saying it's necessary to deploy forces in Mexico to repel invaders. From the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo (February 2, 1848) the US grew to include Texas, established the U.S.-Mexican border of the Rio Grande River, and what we now call California, Nevada, Utah, and parts of Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, and Wyoming. Mexico got over \$18M, half of the pre-war offer. More invasions in Izmir, Turkey (Smyrna), 1849, Johanns Island (east of Africa) August 1851. Marines in Argentina, 1852 & 3, in Nicaragua March 1853, Japan 1853 and 4, China April and June 1854, Nicaragua again (the bombing and burning of San Juan del Norte July 9-15,

1854). Back to China in May 1855 (Shanghai, Hong Kong and back to the Fiji Islands in 1855, September through November 4. 1855, Uruguay. 1856 – Panama, Republic of New Grenada, September. China in 1856, October (Canton). The Utah War 1857 & 8, only property was harmed, but the Mormons found they were not in charge, yet). April/May 1857, Nicaragua, where William Walker (Corny Vanderbilt's pal) proclaimed himself *Presidente de Nicaragua*, Commander Charles Henry Davis accepted Walker's surrender & Commodore Hiram Paulding landed marines later in the year. 1858, U.S. warships or Marines in Uruguay & Fiji Islands (again) and a naval force in the Middle East after a massacre of Americans at Jaffa to: "remind the authorities ... (of the Ottoman Empire) ... of the power of the United States." 1859 Paraguay, Mexico (hunting Juan Cortina) and Shanghai, China, lest US corporate interests be Shanghai'd. All practice for a big war they knew in their bones was coming. Who owned San Juan Island? What's a pig worth?

& how to divvy up

the Northwest corner.

No. 27

The Earl of Aberdeen to Mr. Pakenham

(No. 10) Foreign Office, December 28, 1843

That the United States should possess the Port called Port Discovery, and that all tract of country comprised within a line to be drawn from Cape Flattery, along the souther shore of De Fuca's Inlet to Point Wilson, at the north-western extremity of Admiralty Inlet; thence along the western shore of that inlet, across the entrance of Hood's Inlet, to the point of land forming the north-eastern extremity of the same; thence direct to the southern point of Gray's Harbour, and thence along the shore of the Pacific to Cape Flattery.

No dice, tho Seattle woulda been a fine Canadian city.

But the 1846 Treaty was clear

right?

No. 5
General Cass to Mr. Dallas
Department of State, Washington
October 20, 1859

(Commissioners of the two countries who were appointed in 1856 failed to reach an agreement).

It is much to be regretted, undoubtably, inasmuch as the present controversy has arisen, that there was not annexed to the Treaty of 1846, any map or chart, by which the true meaning of the expressions made of use in this Article could be authoritatively ascertained...

The Oregon negotiation which resulted in the Treaty of 1846, originally involved, as you are aware, the whole of that territory west of the Rocky Mountains between the parallels of 42° and 54° 40' north latitude, which is now occupied, south of the British line, by the State of Oregon and the Territory of Washington. When President Polk came into office in 1845, he found this whole region still in the joint occupation of the United States and Great Britain, under the Treaty of 1827. Repeated efforts had been made to accomplish an amicable division of the territory between the two countries upon this basis of the parallel of 49°, and a proposition for compromise was actually pending in Washington when Mr. Polk became President. Under these circumstances he felt himself bound to continue the negotiation, although in his inaugural address he had declared his full conviction that we had a clear title to the whole territory.

(54 40 or FIGHT!)

...Meanwhile, a resolution was passed by the Senate advising the President to give the necessary notice to terminate the Treaty of 1827, which provided for the joint occupation of Oregon, and this notice was given.

3:05P - 1.27.12
Whiteley Cener #7
SJI

Above collisional orogenies
in the land of falling waters
we live the story again
begin to hear

begin to fix
our nitrogen
gawk at the season
of endless magnolias street
circle euphorbia
dogwoods & jasmine.

The dark age
age of the male yuga
age
symbolized by the bull's
sacrificial slaughter at
exactly 5 in the afternoon.

We are all Ignacio Sanchez Mejias
gored by perennial slaughter
and only Lorca's faggot eyebrow
gives a shit.

An age to transform faults
hear the earth going under
here velocity can't be
taken for granted.
Here the only speed trap
is time.

the thing you're after
may lie around the bend
like a coffin
or a city corner
but which? Slaughter
lost

7:55P – 4.19.11

Upper Boulder Creek Falls, Lower
Boulder Creek Falls, Snoqualmie
Falls, Green Lake Falls,
Multnomah Falls, Berdeen Falls,
Jordan Creek Falls, Rush Creek
Falls, Comet Falls, Angeline Falls,
Colonial Creek Falls, Cascade
Falls, Rustic Falls, Caverb Falls,
Hidden Falls, Depot Creek Falls,
Upper Stevens Creek Falls,
Mazama Falls, Shoshone Falls,
Bridal Veil Falls, Creek Falls,
Sulphide Creek Falls, Drury Falls,
Walupt Creek Falls, Salt Creek
Falls, Linton Falls, Ice Falls, Spray
Falls, Lower Lewis River Falls,
Upper Lewis River Falls & Lava
Canyon Falls.

The body's music a cascade of falls,
f a l l i n g beyond the irritable reaching
f a l l i n g & splitting
atoms in two / recombine in new
shapes (shades) melopoeia.

Here is a hydro latihan
for our a muse ment, music
of waterrush (surrender) unmistakable

R O A R

Here violent denial of expectation.
Here is where the atoms make up glaciers
go to die

(open)

be reborn as missives (footsteps) urges, rewards
listenings constant and scrupulous
with assurance of a well-trained ear
hear

an antidote for slaughter waiting in the rocks
pooling under rainbows
(a gathering of)
energy centers (intensity)
break up granite, make
a model for meat and the jiwa's hunger.

A path to a less violent yuga (shelter perpetual)
closer than any guess.

9:18A – 4.20.11



& one wish, slip
this mortal coil

into the one
love loved
ones bedside
witness

surrender

11P - 1.27.12
The Whiteley Center #7
SJI

59. Sisuitl (Si'sEyul)

*Every professor looking at the sea becomes a professor of
Geography.*

— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Sisuitl (Si'sEyul) rode in on the back of an Orca or on the soul of an Orca a commandeer anyway one head for both directions. Ready your holly (or blood to spit) find his slime trail in which to step or petition a Thunderbird as this is not just another two-headed worm is a warrior god invincible is a magic chthonic war canoe navigating below ground rivers is guardian of the people whose house is in the sky.

Whose house is in the sky 'cept chulos del cielo 'cept a latihan that had gotten large 'cept any creature with Horn Power & the gift of flight or shifting shape for what the occasion calls. Whose house in the sky 'cept Sisuitl (Si'sEyul) who'd ride in on the back of Orca (or on the soul of one) in the guise of a worm who could get huge enough to block Commencement huge enough to be human, self-propelled underground canoe or make you stone for just one look.

Whose house is the sky house darkening Cascadia one November storm at a time bobbing madrones/make pines sing?

Dance with boughs
of Western Hemlock, hand
of holly, mouth
full of self-defense blood
to spit.

12:57P - 2.20.12
Lucile



William Selby Harney

He'd hail from a state
 'd give us Beale Street
 & Pulaski's KKK, a state
 'd shoot MLK
 & send out Sun Records.

 Last out the Union
 first in,

 Tennessee.

He'd be William Selby Harney.
 His brother/doctor
 petitioned 1812
 War Hero & Commander of the Army of the
 South

 Andrew Jackson (Old Hickory
 architect of the Trail of Tears
 inspiration for the modern
 Democratic Party)

 let him in the Navy
 but Harney wd
 be a soldier
 serve with Old Hick.

No West Point for him.
 Direct commission as a
 2nd Lieutenant
 1st Infantry
 1818,
 Old Hick's patronage
 a lifelong deal.

& this William Selby Harney
 boy he hated

the Brits
like Old Hick did.

Six foot, red hair blue eyes
cd beat many Indians
in a foot race
& once chased
a dog
who tore up his garden
mile and a half
til he caught it
& beat it.

Fought the Winnebagos (not the RV's
the tribe)
in 1827

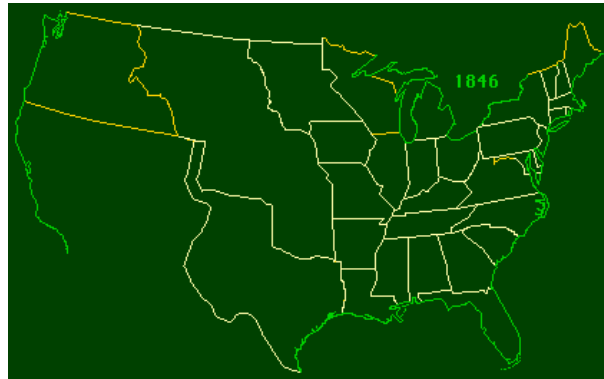
the Sauk & Fox in the Black Hawk War
1831 (where
Abe Lincoln had his brief taste
of battle.)

A Major,
then Lieutenant Colonel by 1836
he wrested control of the
Second D r a g o o n s
& had eleven of said d r a g o o n s
under his command
killed
in 1839.
Reckless

they said he was.
Colonel Stephen Watts Kearny

(he of the first d r a g o o n s)
sd Colonel Harney *had no more brains
than a Greyhound.*

In Texas
he fought Comanches.
By 1846
the
Mexican-American War &
general Zachary Taylor
put him in charge of
protecting the frontier
which would've
looked like this then:



But for Colonel Harney
the frontier cd only be limited
by the imagination.
Took an “invasion army”
seven volunteer units
a band of Delaware Indians
sans authorization
crossed the Mexican border
defeated a small Mexican force
occupied Presidio
& when ordered back here
left behind a company
of volunteers, who’d
eventually be defeated by Mexicans.

General John E Wool gave the
“come back”
order and in his report to General Winfield Scott
sd Harney exhibited
“extreme imbecility
& manifest incapacity.”
& Scott wd leave him
behind in the
push for Vera Cruz
1847, though Harney
disobeyed the order
had a court martial, ended up
in Vera Cruz anyway
(his clout back east now included Young Hickory
Democrat President James Knox Polk)
w/o orders
but took out the Mexican position
at Cerro Gordo (Fat Hill?)
w/ his d r a g o o n s
used as shock troops
& this heroism won him a
brevet rank
of
Brigadier General.
& one last touch
took a group of Irish-Catholic-American
Mexican War
deserters
San Patricio Battalion
after the Battle of Chapultapec
including one recent amputee
Francis O’Conner

to have said”

and by God I'll do it!"

stripes up

of the 8th Infantry.

Brule Sioux

“By God, I’m for battle, not for peace.”

slaughter at Blue Water Creek

(Battle of Ash Hollow)

relentless pursuit & slaughter

of refugees earned him

the first of

several nicknames:

Mad Bear
The Butcher
Woman Killer
The Hornet
The Big Chief Who Swears

Was sd to have kept the peace,
tho
in Kansas, Bloody Kansas
before becoming Big Chief
of the new
Department of Oregon
a little bored
to inspect Northern Forts
(like ones in Texas
from the panhandle to the
Rio Grande).

Inspections - July 1859.

1:52P - 2.23.12
Lucile
(Map courtesy of Houston Institute of Culture)

60. Hymn to Indian Plum

*The interlocking hearts carved on benches are the cheap
wedding vows of seducers.*

— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& the book as spiritual instrument will not itself
thicken your knowledge (will knot itself) will not
itself allow yr gaze to penetrate the evergreen nor
the cliff above Obstruction will not itself lift you up
out of animal blinders will not itself make
luminous the February witch hazel's view or the
perched Anna's Hummingbird or the frail first
candleflames of the Indian Plum, no.

Might make
a fine window (widow?) to jump in & see the Light
of the Supreme Lamp of Universal Virtue or Lion
Banner of Universal Light, might be an in to the
Subtle Light of Flames of Universal Jewels or the
Banner of Oceans of Qualities of Universal
Sounds. I cd open my February window and hear
waves below bushtit chatter or starling gossip & jet
engine wash. Maybe wait for a day when (through
practice practice practice) could envision hearing
the Pleasing Voice of Universal Awareness or the
Undeified Treasury of Light of Oceans of
Cloudlike Sounds.

Could make a topknot of that.
Cd imagine it instead of a whorl of pheromones or
a goatskin jailcell in which to feel the beatdown of
bruxism. Could envision a Light Banner of
Fragrant Flames each morning, before yoga &
truckgrowl before slaughter and dehydration
before the animal inside aware of extensive root
systems & their eloquent oceans
of concentrations that sometimes emit the scent
of magnolia blossoms or jalapeño or jasmine.

Pick a vow
at least as radiant

as the first leafshoots
of the February
Indian Plum.



2:32P - 2.23.12
Lucile

64. Sin Malicia

*Living in one century would be like living in them all
if one only knew how to look at stones with serenity.*

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

To slow velocity & clear the wisdom eye some other sort of sandman had a hand in sanding (degreasing) the path into the cosmos' matrix, obscuring the birdsong so obviously awaits May Tuesday focus as if the dead around here were no more than an acid eats away the possible. As if the water (when glass) a sign wind was blowing out or the stones were not grandfathers waiting centuries to bestow something will clear away grains of that wisdom eye-sand a large latihan cd not fix.

Here in the heart of the place may be Cascadia is an island - meaning body of land surrounded by water - meaning surrounded by sea - meaning vast metaphor for concentration (sin fronteras) as Garcia knew - meaning the stones, each have some kind of marking on them are gates of sorts, are to be selected for their pleasing color then situated on an altar-to-be-named later for the resonance, the hold, the stories they may evoke, the uncertain serenity of living in all the centuries at once in the millennium of instant karma, or velocity.

There were as many of them as atoms in a Buddha world and were all Thunderbolt-bearing spirits as if clouds had sounds dwelling wherever a Buddha was going wherever necessary w/ only the weapon of their guile which protected, clarified & never strayed from the direction festooned by the new light green shoots of the May Tuesday evergreen, metaphor for the heart's ripening family ghosts're determined to evoke.

Here stones

may've had enough to eat
don't need to feast
on the future.

10:22A - 5.21.12
Mala, Doe Bay,
Orcas Island

Quote from *The Flower Ornament Scripture*,
Vol. One,
Thomas Cleary

(Insert Blossom Here)

Fighting Pickett

Virginia native, (1.25.1825) amateur actor
(preferred female roles) from the
“Fighting Picketts of Fauquier
County” & after the Panic

of 1837, out to Quincy a Mississippi
Rivertown where Uncle Andrew Johnston
cd’ve taught him some law

but for fishing
& banjo
& dead last in the
West Point Class
of ’46, he

George Edward Pickett

a Mexican vet & gutsy
at Churabusco
carrying regimental colors
over the wall
Castle Chapultapec, Fall ‘47.

He of the faux English accent.
He w/ hair that smelled like women
of San Francisco’s Barbary Coast.

He who lost Sally
& son in childbirth
in ’51.

By ’56 he
carrying on what Slaughter
cd not on the White

& soon to B’ham Bay,
essentially the frontier police.
Company Commander, Captain Pickett
commanding enlisted men rated

just this side of dogs
eating salt beef or pork,
bread or hardtack
often crawling w/ weevils.

& worse, some enlisted men were
(ugh) left-handed.

(“...I do not think a left handed man should be enlisted.
He cannot fire efficiently by the right shoulder in the ranks.”)

& when William Selby Harney
saw Stars & Stripes on SJI
that July Noon
(Nine July '59)

why

there was some shit to stir
& two from Dixie to do it.

Once on the island Paul K. Hubbs, Jr.
told General Harney (the
Department of Oregon Commander)
of the “Hog Scrape”
& Harney

he may have coached the locals
on a petition they wrote
& 22 signed (w/ Lyman Cutlar
Pig Killer)

asking for troops
(protection from Northern Indians
& their raids for sugar
& whiskey)

& on 18 July
steeped in the spirit of Manifest Destiny
gave Pickett his Special Orders No. 72
leave Bellingham &

occupy

San Juan Island.

She of “good water, timber & grass.”
She of the “most commanding position
on that Sound... Best location
for a Naval Station on the Pacific Coast.”

Views of Victoria
& in nose-thumbing range
of British Governor James
Douglas of Vancouver Island.

11:59A - 5.23.12
Doe Bay
Mala

Catalog of Traces

I

Pushing the car through dream snow
the martyr'd field only grows more luminous.
Those ain't crows, Snake Chief! one could say.
Desert hours/Christmas tamales
in love's answered moan
the fiery I consumes itself.
(A storm of hormones)
& our two Patrón memory fades
(Claro!) into mountain snow that melts into
"lovebait" (he said) while
stopt for a moment
losing all his skin yet still limbos.
Put back that mask of fat
not unlike an Island sunrise.
(A postcard bargain).

II

Did Li Po die drunk
trying to embrace the Snow Moon's reflection?
Snake in the drain & one blood-letting.
This world's half the Devil's, the other,
shooting star indeed.
Attune life
to the movement of stars
too easy in this
activation of dormant genetics.
Bar horror stories of the dirrrrty shitter
we nevermind w/ single malt &
giant organic spirit-guided cabbages.
Harmless Eccentrics &
gorse blossoms
keep time aboriginal.

III

He cackles @ the humble fire
the forlorn American art of entrapment.
Spirits come in and they go out syllables.

The promised gifts of the possible storm
are naked, a happy genius in the mind of one
Philip Whalen, who is dead.

Please remember the roots of tribal memory
(real cherry flavor)
shall be released upon the red water.

That bird might be a Rufous.

Tell me something good.

Tired legs carry the fired-by-Indians burden
and much Scotch Broom still blooms roadside
moving between celestial pillars.

Maybe sometimes it takes an acupuncturist to
needle
the Sea of Blood.

IV

Beyond the bread riots, the cottage shingle's
tiny pebbles reflect light.
In Blake's non-Newtonian universe ghosts outrank
machines, green tea's a person
just in motion
so slow no one notices.

Dogen says: "when you find your
place where you are, practice occurs."

"Look within and adjust
the mechanism of perception."

Tell that, Anne, to these cheese-eatin' bears.

Always a Chicago guy, ready to turn breath into fire.
They abandoned cunning and half the poets hear the sound
of the mouth of the man who plants the seed but
can't stop this neighborhood's soul
from being pimped.

V

Pushing the car through dream snow
 (a postcard bargain)
the martyr'd field only grows more luminous
not unlike an Island sunrise.
Those ain't crows!
 Put back that mask of fat
Snake Chief, one could
lose all his back skin & still limbo.

Desert Hours/Christmas Tamales
 stopt for a moment
 in love's answered moan
"lovebait" (he said) while
the fiery I consumes itself.
(Claro!) Mountain snow melts into
 a storm of hormones
 & our two Patrón memory fails.

VI

Did Li Po die drunk
snake in the drain & one blood-letting?
 (Shooting star indeed.)
 The movement of stars
 activates dormant genetics
we nevermind w/ single malt.
Harmless Eccentrics
keep time aboriginal.
 Gorse blossoms,
 giant organic spirit-guided cabbages
 & bar horror stories of the dirrrrty shitter
are too easy in this life attuned to
the world's half that's the Devil's. The other?
Trying to embrace the Snow Moon's reflection.

VII

He cackles @ the humble fire.
Spirits come in and they go out syllables
 naked, a happy genius in the mind of one
 Philip Whalen, who is dead.
 (real cherry flavor)
That bird might be a Rufous
and much Scotch Broom still blooms roadside.
Maybe sometimes it takes an acupuncturist to
needle
 the Sea of Blood.
 Moving between celestial pillars
 tired legs carry the fired-by-Indians burden.
Tell me something good & ye
shall be released upon the red water.
Please remember the roots of tribal memory
 the promised gifts of the possible storm
 the forlorn American art of entrapment.

VIII

Beyond the bread riots the cottage shingle
in Blake's non-Newtonian universe ghosts outrank
just emotion. Dogen says: "when you find your
 look within, adjust."
Tell that, Anne, to these cheese-eatin' bears.
They abandoned cunning and half the poets
plant the seeds but can't stop this neighborhood's soul
 from being pimped & we all
 weep. They hear the sound of the mouth of the
man, always a Chicago guy, ready to turn breath into the
"mechanism of perception."
The place where you are, practice occurs
so slow no one notices
 machines. Green tea's a person
 & tiny pebbles reflect light.

IX

Spirits come in and they go out syllables
at least that's what Jack believed
but too much nevermind w/ single malt
 & the best become dirrrrty shitters
 too late to needle the Sea of Blood.
The martyr'd field only grows more luminous
trying to embrace the Snow Moon's reflection
in motion so slow, no one notices. Tired legs
 carry the fired-by-Indians burden
 past love's answered moan
 into Blake's post-Newtonian universe.
Tell that, Philip Whalen, to the cheese eatin' poets.
They ain't crows, just Harmless Eccentrics
 who keep time aboriginal.

9A - 5.23.12
Mala, Doe Bay,
Orcas Island

Notes:

The *Sea of Blood* is the Spleen 10 acupuncture point.
“Look within and adjust the mechanism of perception” is a Gary Snyder quote.

65. Dirty Raven Light Thief

The fountain of the contented garden sprays sky instead of water.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

& while we were Adam and Eveing our creation, in Haida Gwaii they (& other cosmologists indigenous) figured a better agent. One'd be "deceitful, insolent, libidinous and often grotesque..." with a "penchant for scatology." Never mind he'd be a rock star in the darkness of USAmerica's 3rd century. A décepteur.

Before the Great Flood came & receded before starlings cd be seeded in Parque Central Nueva York, before trees could crawl up here from parts south before salmon found a nice nest in every Cascadia river before the J-Pod scooped up Ilalqo copepods & crustaceans & waaaaaaaaaaaaay before Sophie Charlotte von Mecklenburg-Strelitz darkness was not a metaphor not an adjective it was a condition - sin sol - it was the inky Northwet night sky all day all night not even a star or a Moon of Pure Awareness, no Wolf Moon, no Ripe Plum Moon, nada hermano.

But an old man on the bank of a river in a house with one daughter & no wife and his daughter cd be ugly as a slug but loved anyway. In box in a box in a box in another box & another and another and a few more in the total dark there was light. & Raven eavesdropping heard about it and Raven desirous wd have to have it. & Raven studied the old man & daughter's riverside house but cd not find the door or even a window, but studied the daughter's walk & cd recognize her footsteps & when she went to fetch water he turned himself with his magic décepteur powers into a hemlock needle in her handful of water to drink, was swallowed, & grew inside her and he was born a long-beaked, occasionally-feathered freak of a

boy with shining eyes and a cry that split the night,
curled hair & imagine his terrible twos. & Raven,
he used that cry to get just one box, how cd
Grandpa say no? & just one more and, well you
know how it's gonna end. Caught in his jaws the
light inside the last box, he back to old Raven &
wingbeat symphony out the smokehole to
transform the world, stunning: the views of
mountains against sky, ineffable the shine of the
silver river from the azul above, awe of water
falling off the side of a mountain catching light
beams in its decent & no more flying while blind. If
not for Eagle, he'd a hung on to that light, but half
of it slipped & broke off into one large piece and
shards innumerable (became Moon & Stars) &
Eagle kept pursuit beyond the rim of the known
world, out East.

Back at rio rancho, Grandpa was
sick about the lost light, sat above a growing
puddle of snot and tears. But the dropped light
entered the house & for the first time ever Grandpa
could see his daughter was not an ugly slug, but
revealed to be as beautiful as the first light green
shoots of the May evergreen bobbing in late
afternoon sun, beautiful as the ocean's shimmer
when the mid-day sun hit it just the right angle, a
little piece of him who'd tell his stories when he
went back to meet his maker, and wd laugh

or cry
thinking of the bedtime songs he'd sing to her to
let her know everything was going to be ok. & it
was, even after that dirty Raven did what all dirty
Ravens always do.

If you're gonna keep yr light
in a box
at least keep yr mouth shut.

7:17P - 5.23.12

Mala, Doe Bay,
Orcas Island

Quote from Claude Levi-Strauss
The Raven Steals the Light

Douglas Ranges, Douglas Crossing, Douglas Peak, Mt. Douglas, Douglas Channel, Douglas Street, Douglas College, Sir James Douglas Elementary Schools, James Island, James Bay, Douglas Hall...

Without Sir James Douglas, British Columbia
likely would have been a U.S. state
& they wouldn't have been
happy about it. Where would the draft dodgers
have gone, would've invented BC bud & imagine
the forest holocaust, not that they've been
spared. Could have been a lot worse.

Born (1803) in what's now Guyana,
Scottish dad
Creole (free person) mom, yep
The Father of British Columbia was
a brother & may've been
able to smile.

[Insert wikipedia photo here]

Schooled in Scotland (maybe England too)
fluent in French anyway, entered the North
American fur trade at 16
&
worked his way up
the Hudson's Bay Company
corporate ladder
may've taken out a Native
who killed two HBC traders. (His wife
part Cree herself.)
Like Pickett, they
lost their first child
but had ten more while stationed
at Fort Vancouver (5 died as infants.)

By 1841, he was the man
to found Fort Victoria
five years before the

Oregon Treaty. Still HBC Chief Factor
he pushed out the first
Governor (Blanshard) of the Colony of Vancouver
Island
(separate, at first, from the rest of BC which was then called
New Caledonia.)

Created a Militia. Founded a hospital. Created public elementary
schools, fought alcohol and constructed what's now
Christ Church Cathedral.

Dealt with the 30,000 or so Native locals
Songhees, Cowichan, Nanaimo, Nuu-chah-nulth
Kwakiutl, Sechelt, & more. The settlers were only 1,000
but coming like stars.

What did his quarter-Cree kids think
about the guns & ammo he gave Isaac Stevens
to put down WA Indian uprisings?

& in 1856 gold in the Thompson River and
in 1857 gold in the Fraser
& thousands of USAmericans
but he stationed a warship at the river's mouth
issued licenses to prospectors and merchants.

On whose authority?

HIS

No Douglass, no B.C. (Oregon North). 54:40 or bust.

Chief Factor of the HB (*a skin for a skin*) C
Governor of two Colonies (Vancouver Island AND B.C.)

HE

liked having his way
got used to
calling the shots.

8:18A - 5.4.12
Doe Bay, Orcas Island
Mala Cabin

THE BRITISH COLONIST.

A. DE COSMOS,.....EDITOR.

VICTORIA, V. I.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 27.

SAN JUAN ISLAND INVADED BY AMERICAN TROOPS.

We learn that a company of U. S. soldiers under command of Capt. Pickett, were expected to land at San Juan Island yesterday, from Semiahmoo, in order to erect barracks and fortifications. They were ordered there by Gen. Harney, when up here a short time ago. We trust our government will call our insatiable neighbor to account for the unwarrantable assumption. The first thing that will follow will be duties and taxes imposed by the United States and Washington Territory, on British subjects, who may reside there, and serious disputes may grow out of it. When the title of the island is definitely settled in their favor, then it will be time to allow Americans to quietly garrison the island, and not before. It is desirable that the question of sovereignty should be speedily settled; but we hope that in the final settlement, Imperial politicians will not show such a disregard for British American interests as exhibited in the settlement of the north-eastern and north-western boundaries,—by which New Brunswick lost millions of acres of land, and this side, all Washington Territory and Oregon to the Columbia River,

Pioneer and Democrat.

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY,
FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1859.

EDWARD FURST, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"Truth crush'd to earth will rise again.
The eternal years of God are here."

The Disputed Boundary.

Our military have just taken a step in the right direction. We learn from good authority that orders have been issued by Gen. HARNEY to transfer the military post from Bellingham Bay to San Juan Island. The U. S. steamship *Massachusetts* left this port on Saturday last for the purpose of transferring the troops, and ere this, Capt. PICKETT with his company is established upon that Island. This is what should have been done long since.

It will be remembered that by the terms of the treaty the northern boundary was declared to be a line on the forty-ninth parallel, west, to the middle of the main channel separating Vancouver's Island from the main shore, and down that channel, south, to the middle of the Straits of Fuca—thence west along the middle of the Straits to the Pacific Ocean.

In the construction of this treaty a dispute has been raised as to the channel—we claiming the Canal de Haro, and the English the Rosario Straits. Between these two channels are several Islands of more or less importance—San Juan or Belue, Orcas, Lopez and others. At the time of the treaty there were no settlements on either of these islands. Since then, however, some American settlers have gone there; and through the Hudson Bay Co. some shepherds, with some of the Company's sheep, have been placed upon San Juan Island. That Island, with the others, was at its organization included in the limits of Whatcom county, and difficulties have already arisen from the collection of taxes. The United States have a custom house officer upon the island.

The idea of considering these islands as disputed could only have originated in the brains of the officers of a company who, under the same treaty, supposed that they had a title in fee simple to all the lands in this country where their flocks had ever roamed or their hunters trapped.

The treaty is based upon the principle that all south of the parallel of forty-nine was United States territory, and the deviation made was simply to give Vancouver's Island—only a very small portion of which was south of that parallel—to that country, who, had the line continued directly across it, would have owned the greater part of it. If, then, the question were one of doubt as to the proper channel, a consideration of the intent of the treaty must solve that question in favor of the United States. But it is not a question upon which a doubt should be permitted to exist. The Canal de Haro is the broadest, deepest, and most direct channel from the Straits of Fuca into the Gulf of Georgia. And this would not be questioned were it not for the value of the intermediate islands. To England they are valuable as well for the land, of which there is much that is of a superior quality on some of the islands, as also that they are supposed to command the southern entrance to the Gulf of Georgia. To us they are necessary as a military post, being the only place suitable for the protection of our people from the herds of Northern savages, from whom we have already suffered, and from whose threatened attacks many of our settlements down the Sound are kept in continual alarm. San Juan is just the place for a post. The Indians must pass within striking distance in coming to and returning from the settlements.

Capt. PICKETT is just the man to be put in command. With every attribute of the gentleman, he is a perfect soldier; a man of great prudence and self-command, and with decision, promptitude and energy, he will be equal to any emergency that may arise.

We suppose our neighbors may grumble a little at this summary way of settling the disputed title, but then it is the privilege of John Bull to grumble, and the motley crowd of native born British subjects congregated in those new Colonies, many of whom have often times abjured their allegiance to their native land and monarch, and by their wanderings and sojourning in foreign lands nearly lost the use of their mother tongue, can only prove their renewed attachment by exercising the unquestioned right of the British lion to growl and grumble. They have, however, the same reason to complain of our post at Steilacoom as at San Juan. Our title and right to one is no better than to the other.

Gen. HARNEY no doubt views it in this light, and has ordered the establishment of the post there as he would upon any other portion of American soil. We honor him for it. There is a striking difference between Gen. Wool and Gen. HARNEY.—While the former seemed to consider it his

especial duty to protect the Indians, the latter protects the whites.

We understand, also, that the post at Port Townsend is to be broken up, and Maj. HALLER's command goes to Steilacoom. A company is also to be placed on board the *Massachusetts*. The *Massachusetts* is not the craft exactly for the Sound, she is too large and too slow. She is better than none, and should she come across a Northern canoe in the open sea, she might, with her long guns, chance to sink it and pick up some stray Indian, if he was a particularly dull swimmer.

66. Doors of Liberation

It is the slowness of its progress that assures the tortoise of longevity.

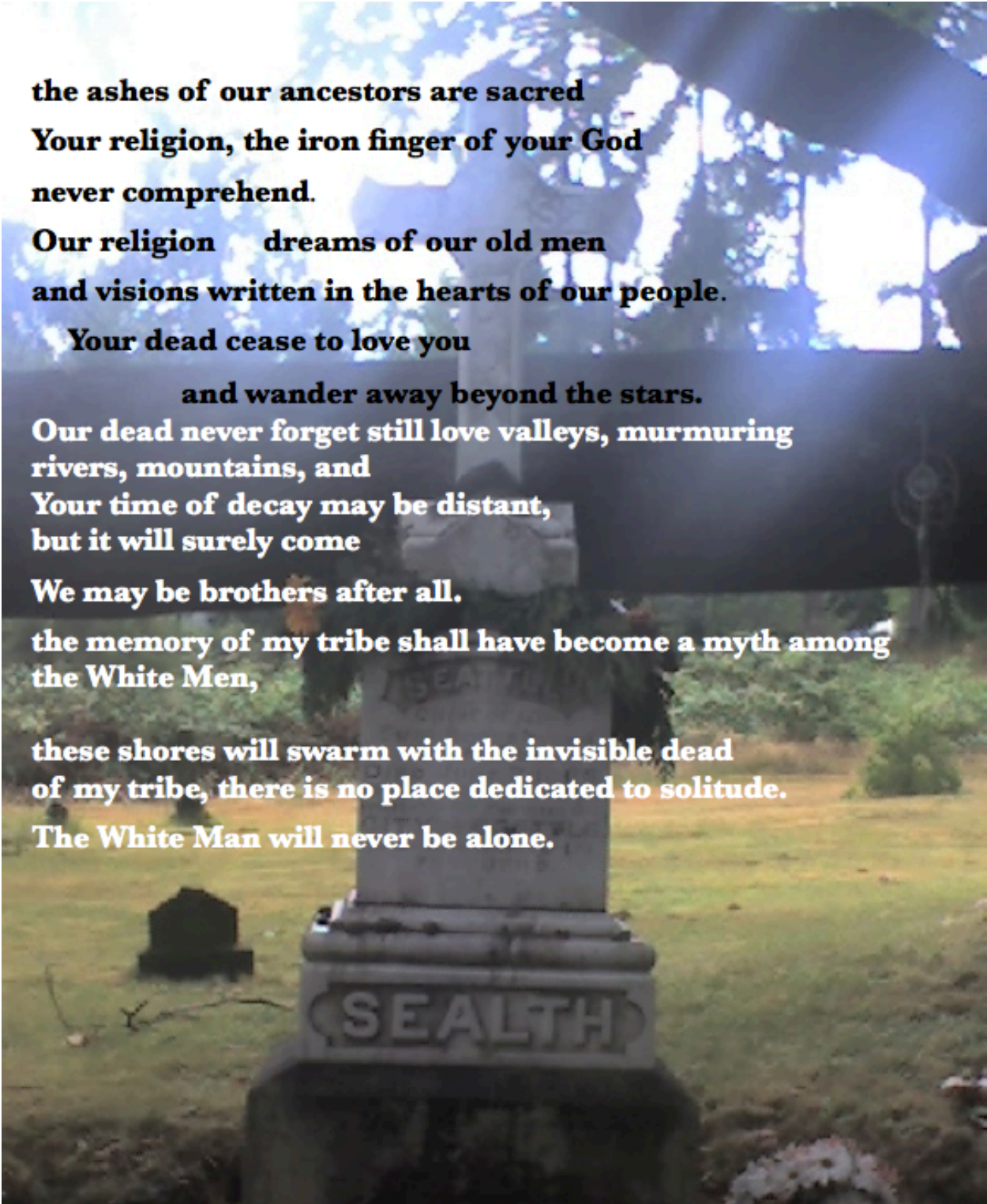
Ramon Gomez de la Serna

Watching tortoise can be a door of liberation or sunset, south & east when setting Cascadia sun scatters pastels, a door of liberation in the instant setting up *oceans of inconceivable adornments* this moment itself a jewel Wilson Duff knew as an episode related to all past episodes and prehending ones yet to come, all doors of liberation of *all-sided observation of the universe*.

Duck couples hunt seaweed in the low-tide cove where Kingfishers wait in trees doors the same as much as the vaportrail left by Hummingbird after sugar rush at the downtown whale station doors of liberation much as the albino deer munching Pink Ladies sliced & thrown to the forest floor just this side of the garden fence cutting off all doubts, clarifies path to compassion for those you'd want to choke the shit outta, or whose land you'd like to treat like a grab bag but somewhere conscious these are episodes passing, jewels in mid-afternoon Thursday shimmer only the latest in the endless archetypal parade of doors of you know.

Your cellphone not as likely
to save you as Eagle
chased Raven 'til he dropped the
last box of light.

9:51P - 5.24.12
Mala, Doe Bay,
Orcas Island
Quotes from *The Flower Ornament Scripture, Vol. I*
translated by Thomas Cleary



**the ashes of our ancestors are sacred
Your religion, the iron finger of your God
never comprehend.**

**Our religion dreams of our old men
and visions written in the hearts of our people.**

Your dead cease to love you

and wander away beyond the stars.

**Our dead never forget still love valleys, murmuring
rivers, mountains, and
Your time of decay may be distant,
but it will surely come**

We may be brothers after all.

**the memory of my tribe shall have become a myth among
the White Men,**

**these shores will swarm with the invisible dead
of my tribe, there is no place dedicated to solitude.**

The White Man will never be alone.

67. The Harmless Eccentric

*The violinist holds his ear to his instrument as though
overhearing a telephone conversation.*

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

Spirits come in and they go out syllables, at least that's what Jack believed and Robin and others who might have had a hand in the sky for the episode we could call latihan. But Jack had too much nevermind w/ single malt & the best become dirrrrrrty shitttters too late to needle the Sea of Blood.

The martyr'd field only grows more luminous trying to embrace the Snow Moon's reflection in motion so slow, no one notices. Tired legs carry the fired-by-Indians burden no burden but episode no mere episode yet past love's answered moan where a baby waits in Blake's post-Newtonian universe underneath the obsolete constellations.

Dogen says:

"when you find your place where you are, practice occurs" and de Chardin: "action has no value other than the intention which directs it." The people here first knew that from here to Yakutat & tried to tell us but life was not attuned to the movement of stars forgoing the promised gifts of the possible storm for the forlorn American art of entrapment. In the end the sea will shimmer; the green of the swallow's back reflect sun

the largest beard? The harmless
eccentric who keeps time
aboriginal.

1:43P - 5.25.12
Mala, Doe Bay,
Orcas Island

How to Cook Orcas Clams

1. Work up an appetite by hiking up Mt. Constitution or walking around Mountain Lake.
2. Drive slow along E.J. Young Road just past the Buck Bay Bridge (driving out of Olga) arrive at Buck Bay Shellfish.
3. Try not to stare at Toni's tatas.
4. See if she'll give you the local's price (\$5 clams for a pound of butternecks.) Get 3 pounds a person. (Trust me.)
5. In a heated cast iron skillet, drizzle in some olive oil.
6. Dice a third of a package of turkey bacon for each eater, stir around w/ spoon of wood.
7. Cover that in fresh garlic or garlic powder.
8. Libation. Pour out the first bit of beer as an offering. (Ancestors eat first.)
9. Pour good ale in the pan. I used Liberty Ale but Fat Tire or Red Hook'll do. You don't need the clams covered in five inches of beer *like our parents used to do* Toni says.
10. Ready a bowl (for empties) stir clams to distribute even in the pan.
11. As they open, scoop them out with a slotted spoon. They'll start flipping open one by one like popcorn.
12. If alone, start eating there, next to the pan. Dead shells in the bowl.
13. Try to pull open clams from the pan in ten seconds & eat.
14. Don't feel bad if you eat three pounds by yourself. This ain't heaven, but it's close and in heaven they have no clams, that's why you can eat them with your hands. (To keep up.) Pour more clams into the pan as you empty it of cooked ones. Fill your belly.
15. Remember to give thanks for the critters who gave up their lives so you might sustain yours.
16. Drink more beer or don't. Remember the scent of pine in the warm sun or the view of sunbeams hitting wavetops on Mountain Lake.
17. Tomorrow, repeat.

8:05A - 5.26.12
Mala, Doe Bay,
Orcas Island

Itchin' For War

It was U.S. Deputy Customs Collector
Paul K. Hubbs, Jr.
mighta been the shit-stirrer.

Thot HBC's monopoly of skin
"intolerable & odious"
to settlers USAmerican.

"Collision is imminent" sd he &
feared the "most serious result."

"Til the boundary issue was settled"
he wanted, immediate, a "large
military force" so USAmericans

wd'n't end up in a prison
"worse than Dartmoor ... 1813." (War of 1812 gulag,
fifty yrs
before Guantanamo, 155 before
Abu Ghraib.)

Was it a warship brought
the HBC Governor A.G. Dallas
to SJI to punish pig
killer Lyman Cutlar?
(Probably not. Most likely
The Beaver)
but Dallas did land, did
demand \$100 for the pig, did
threaten to take Cutlar to Victoria
& U.S. General Harney issued orders:

Pickett to SJI, to a
"suitable position near the harbor
at the southeastern extremity"
for four to six companies.

Lieutenant Colonel Silas Casey, Deputy

Commander of the 9th Infantry
to provide support via the
lumbering black-hulled steamer
Massachusetts.

On SJI,
late July, 1859,
Pickett picked a spot
directly above the HBC dock
where he did not think
at the time
the Royal Navy cd
bomb the shit out him
& his troops.

The proclamation he had posted sd

“NO LAWS OTHER THAN THOSE OF THE UNITED STATES...
WILL BE RECOGNIZED OR ALLOWED ON THIS ISLAND.”

Governor Douglas had
other ideas.

Dispatched his
Civil Magistrate
John DeCourcy to the island:

Restore squatters' property to the HBC;
Arraign Trespassers;
Collect Bail (to ensure their Victoria court dates);
Seek assistance from the Army & Navy if nec.,
as a last resort & “avoid giving any occasion that might
lead to acts of violence.”

This act, by Douglas
to enforce British law on San Juan Island
because of squatters &, of course
the dearly-beloved
swine.

Had he sd “in anticipation
of the landing of U.S. troops”
(as the Acting head of the Royal Navy’s
Pacific Fleet suggested)

he mighta had more success

but Harney & Pickett had their
excuse & it was pig
pissing match time.

* * *

Casey added it up, guessed
at what he cdn’t add
there were 31 guns on the
steam frigate H.M.S. *Tribune*
(commanded by Captain Geoffrey Phipps
Hornby) sailing
w/ extra royal marines
a Lieutenant, three non-coms
& 19 privates.

This made five British warships
(*Ganges* (w/ 84 guns), *Pylades*, *Satellite* & *the Plumper*)
167 guns/nearly 2,000 men.

(Not all warriors, but coal stokers
wipers
gunners &
cooks. Hell, were only

400 total royal marines
in all of Vancouver Island & BC, so more like
23 marines, a promise
of 46 more
plus

15 royal engineers
to take on what
(they didn't yet know)
was leading lady Pickett
& his surly band
of left-handed crap grabbers.

It took the Tribune
four hours Friday evening,
29, July 1859 to get
from Victoria to
SJI
saw Picket's camp was
not fortified not even
entrenched.

Douglas sent the steam frigate H.M.S. *Pylades*
was counting on
intimidation "trusting that the
exhibition of an overwhelming
force might prevent resistance
and the probable effusion of
blood"

but

the Royal Navy
secure at home and abroad
in the Victorian era
practiced "minimum intervention"

& the Royal naval officers
were not going along
wd send more marines
advised against arresting Pickett

suggested checking w/
the boundary commissioners
at Semiahmoo

while a broadside
 (15 British guns)
 aimed at Pickett
 & his men.

The Olympia Pioneer & Democrat
 started calling San Juan Island a
 “Seat of War.”

Commander Hornby
 went ashore, met
 Pickett, asked him
to leave
 & Pickett said
 “no.”

* * *

By August 1
 USN ships: *Constitution* and *Jefferson Davis*
 graced Griffin Bay.

Half a world away,
 in Northern Italy,
 France & Austria fought
 the Battle of Solferino, no
 way the Brits
wanted war here.

The enlisted men
 Yanks & Brits
 share tobacco
spirits &
 B.S. & in their camps wait,
 watch the fire, keep
 their powder
 dry.

12:15P - 5.26.12
Mala Cabin, Doe Bay
Orcas Island

68. Sowilo-Tinted Vision Field

When motion pictures were invented, the clouds in photographs began to move.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

Many (neglected) relocated to Cascadia got a hook in Tahoma guide the populace into sage cleanings and cappucinos. Clouds moved in, whole farms of 'em, colored the sunset salmon apricot & lavender but only a horizon slice before darkness, bright fire to bounce off Bellevue glass rebound off Lake *Xacuab's* become (for a minute) (for me & Brenda) a door (yes, liberation) just this side Hillman City the spot where Almondina & I "I did" each other & so far we do & so far we are & w/ Ella here who knows where the scatting takes us or who'll be there in our Sowilo-tinted vision field. How manage the ethical principles define the value-neutral will force?

Sound of crow's caw
didn't liberate blossoms
but sure looked like it.

9:05A - 6.18.12



69. Go Dolly Go!

(Goodbye Lakes Aldwell & Mills)

*When the neighbor puts on her vacuum cleaner, it sucks up
all our ideas.*

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

When the Elwha Dam and the Glines Canyon Dam were blown up the strait sucked out the first of a century of stopped up sediment. Sediment plume paints the straight gray, frees five species of Pacific salmon. Puts the shine back on the Elwha Snowfinger, diamonds revealed in the rock garden. Lake Aldwell and Lake Mills, filed with the rest of settler prehension.

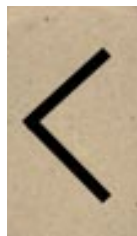
The historic slack waters of Lake Aldwell are changing to a delta environment with swift water conditions. River channels with steep banks are changing rapidly, are unpredictable, and hazardous to visitors. Access around the remaining reservoir is therefore closed to vehicle, bicycle, foot traffic, and boating.

Elwha Dam, 1910 - 2011

Glines Canyon Dam, 1927 - 2012

Dear Dolly Varden,
follow the gray to the end
then turn left.

<http://www.nps.gov/olym/parknews/lake-aldwell-closed-to-public-use.htm> 10.20.2011
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dolly_Varden_trout



Dear Beaver Chief,

we had this peach for you
if only your Belfair shrine
was *you can't miss it* easy but
we missed it, headed west/kept
the North Shore Rd's curves
in front of Que's dash &
found Tahuya, Camp
Hahobas & Seabeck pizza.

Found Dewalto Bay &
 enough gravel,
but not the blue black
Olympics. & you, whose ancestors
we wd honor at SPLAB,
& you, whose songs ring out
in most holy moments.

Dear Beaver Chief, we see
Kulshan from the Kennewick
(Ella's first ride) & Vi knew
her own family's secret rules
& you know too, how to cross yrself
threw the game off & how
some people never receive
spirit help. Ancestors are
standing by & we three

w/ this peach you would
have loved, *Saturn* they
call 'em even from that side
of the aneurism we know
you'd know how tasty
 all this still is.

Your Brother, Paul

11:09 - 8.11.12

70. The Return of the Elwha King

If fish sang we should have to keep them in cages and then they would die because the water would all come out.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

The King is Back! Blue-green and silver-sided repository of Omega 3's *Oncorhynchus tshawytscha*. One hundred years later he had no scroll left by Grandpa. She had no treasure map left by Grandma. They had no GPS to re-find the lost land behind Elhwa dams & 150 days after the dams were sent back to hell; 150 days after the long delayed blasts (one small step for man, one giant leap for Chinook Salmon); 150 days after they done blowed up what outn't a been there anyway, the King returns.

He's back! He'll be needed to feed all those Cracker Climate Refugees whose Texas crude's burning all creation. He's back! Belly full of planktonic diatoms, copepods, kelp, seaweed, jellyfish, starfish, bugs, amphipods & crustaceans so delicious served up at Sakura as sake or sakekama w/ side of Mu poured by Sam.

He's back. The King found his pitchflare/prepares herself for the banquet & the initiatory forge long foretold.

Welcome to Cascadia
climate refugees. Leave yr religion
back in the flatland & don't forget
to say *grace*.

9:13 - 8.22.12

[http://o.seattletimes.nwsources.com/html/fieldnotes/
2018961159_chinook_return_to_the_elwha.html](http://o.seattletimes.nwsources.com/html/fieldnotes/2018961159_chinook_return_to_the_elwha.html)
[http://crosscut.com/2012/08/22/climate/110118/world-according-gallup-
and-according-planet/](http://crosscut.com/2012/08/22/climate/110118/world-according-gallup-and-according-planet/)

72. Moss Spruce Cedar Cathedral

The glitter of her jewels illustrates the ambition of her thoughts.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

The shine of the orca's teeth illustrates the animacy of his intentions. The ovoid of his eye outlines a smile for salmon, eagle, chief & raven. The raven's throaty caw settles in the soft fur of the licorice fern or in that of the clubmoss festoons branches of the ancient Olympic vine maple.

Here we can imagine rocks as being thrilled (enthralled) by the current of the memory of events. Here we can see a fish in his dorsal fin, a salmon on her back, a chief with headdress just behind the eyes. Here, her moss spruce cedar cathedral the king travels only after waiting for the rainrainrain or the final dam crash. Here the glaciers had the last say raven wingbeats plot ritmo espiritual sea stacks choke off another pacific wave, the runes predict travel and lavender and blood.

Here, more than dirt
dance floor of ancestors
now unbound.



8:29P - 10.10.12

Rainforest Hostel, Forks, WA (Inspired by the art work of Richard Shorty and a visit to the grave of Chief Seattle)

73. Ode to Sun Mask

The moon and the sun have only one bed between them, so one has to work while the other sleeps.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

Sun up there he was right in your face w/ his face
& his teeth a solar grill in a grimace aiming for
dogwood & sun down the moon's up, a Raven
Moon a Rainforest Moon a Frost Moon a moon
about to be bearded. & the sun again again he rises
w/ talons of gold and red and black tentacles
edging out from a solar corona creating form from
behind a mask of yellow cedar and cedar bark and
rope and acrylic just in time to burn something or
start to hit the other side of the candle wick or to
become a twilight hymn again, hymn to awakening,
hymn to Black Rivers (*Rios Negros*) & they shine &
he still up, sun yeah, and eyes wide open still a
mouth fat on a disc or heat or a dream dream of
the grass blowing east against the source of the still
up sun or a dream of getting the ball to curve up or
in, a sort of migraine cathedral built with trumpet
or other horns built with a sense of inherent bebop
which you thought was a song of the night but
there it comes bright as day until it's dying for a
nap a nap while it's still bright out but its nap is
our night and the moon, she gotta get up & out and
gotta get a shine on she got to take off that flannel
& become more ee haichka-like two arms up, palms
in but open & she gotta let owl back into latihan
she gotta get ready for the backscratch she gotta dig
clams and smoke fish because no one knows when
the tsunami's going to come, no one knows when
the Elwha starts running back unsiltifying itself,
no one knows when to stop running and start
thinking about September again and the advent of
avalanche fields and the trail that would be here
now gone down there to the realm of dental
records, past the ripe blue and thimbleberries down
where the blood is and the bruxism and the river

gods quiet enough & you can hear ‘em there beside
the flat stones. Me & Rebecca did. Stone eyes and
straw hair and some’d be beret’d & some would
look like Lester Bowie & til the day they take her
away or they take you away & everyone will run out
of salt but the sun and the moon have their
arrangement & everybody got to get some sleep
sometime.

Yr just scrapin off last year’s plums
from the apron
when the Lady sings
Do it agin.

7:234P - 10.11.12
Rainforest Hostel, Forks, WA

(Inspired by the art work of Bill Henderson (*Sun
Mask*) And Lester Bowie’s *Rios Negros*

78. Wren & Whale Surrender

One who drinks through a straw is becoming a bird and there is a moment towards the end of summer when he succeeds.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

Could be a wren (Ah-up-wha-eek) atop the Nuuchah-nulth whale translates whale behavior to the whale hunter not in accordance with the unity of the plan *heshook-ish tsawalk*. All in the whaling canoe true to protocols *cleansed, purified... in harmony*. You can up the volume of your songs, can wonder (as whale tows you out to sea) what might've escaped order 'til wren as messenger (again) *the little brown bird* whispers: *Tell the whale to go back where it was harpooned.*

Later you find protocol broken back at home when one heard whale'd taken the harpoon and whale, sensing the deal breached, headed to sea. Later you find your songs enough to attract an intermediary (a go-between) could translate whale speak into Nuuchah-nulth. Much later you find you're simply a prisoner in the *Dictatorship of Reason* - spirit, appetite, faith, emotion, intuition, imagination, experience all stuffed in the back of the empirical canoe. (It's all methodology.)

In the department store, some
one must move the mannequins
& haul in basketball hoops.

Threes to shoot a *spiritual primacy to existence* how a bear in a dream smiles, teeth 4 to 5 inches long could be sent to surrender his body/teach the querent *how to make medicine*. You could make a method (poetry?) in which make up for the *sort of cultural and psychic lobotomy* any sons of settlers've suffered.

Your life, career that

daily latté but a shadow of a reality
of the show the Divine (through Wren)
conspires for those in surrender.

7:16A - 1.7.13
4817 S Lucile B

All quotes from *Tsawalk:*
A Nuu-chah-nulth Worldview
by *Umeek*, E. Richard Atleo

Tsawalk is the Nuu-chah-nulth wordldview
which unifies the spiritual and physical.

Motherwit

Pickett couldn't

stop 'em, not
w/ a "mere mouthful" for Brit
warships.

Defend land as if only
Old Glory had the right
to be planted on old
SJI

(& Orcas
& Lopez
& Waldron

Defend land as if it were U.S. land
(as if)

but no.

Fledgling empire wd
have to wait, powder
kept dry, *blood*
in piles like ponds

a possibility, yet.

But the Brits
w/
a world view, the Brits

w/ a policy (official) of non
con
frontation, (Pacific Station directive)

had heard the tales of
"blood-washed quarterdecks"
& human enough to see what cd be done
beyond bluffs

& USAmerican cock
blocking &
bravado.

A world view w/ which
would have nothing to prove
against a ragtag bunch
of expat Irishmen
& this one Southerner
w/ a “mere mouthful”
of men & a mis
conception
of who owned what land
& how.

& the media
(what it was)
far from the field
(of battle)
free to rattle
(the sabers)

(free)
to be courage acting cheap
(free)

to talk big & stride
over tobacco stain'd
grass

& this Southerner
& his mere mouthful

of guns
& tents &
lumber (for buildings
& heavy gun platforms)

& this Southerner
whose nerve wd

stun a gunkholer
Archibald Campbell
who knew these islands
as neither ours

nor theirs and waiting
for the choice of straits.

Haro

Rosario

Does it always take
a world-view
(that is) a perspective
global?

*Some say an army of horse &
Some say an army on foot &
Some say an army of ships
the most beautiful thing
on this black earth but
it is what you love...*

& if you love
commerce
& limbs
& children

& salmon & apricot
colored
sunsets from Young Hill

or if you're a Rear Admiral
w/ elaborate bow ties &
comb-overs

& top hats &
 high collars
 & laughter
 like R. Lambert Baynes, then maybe
 you & your navy
 beautiful as this army of ships
 might be
 w/ their beautiful soldiers & sailors
 beautiful bayonets, sharp
 as any human eye & brain
 & beautiful cannons
 you
 & yr world view
 & yr
 pocketsfull of motherwit (as is sd of Hornby)
 wd direct all to:
 “strictly avoid all interference”
 &
 “by every means in yr power”
 “prevent the risk of collision...”

World view, love
 of earth & eagles
 of camas & orcas
 of tides & gunkholes
 & raccoons & red-
 winged blackbirds
 & views of rufous
 hummingbirds
 & their sanghas, love
 of sea lions & red
 tailed hawks &
 motherwit
 &
 garry oak & western
 hemlock
 a love of things &

humans & their
smell then you

you'd take a
pinch of that
motherwit

& you'd be re
membered
Geoffrey Phipps Hornby
R. Lambert Baynes
Winfield Scott
as that rarest of
military man
who'd see glory
where it rightly
be in all things
connected
(all things)
even those worth
much as a pocket
of motherwit
& a world view of
all things connected
(all things) worth
fighting for or

not

6:39P - 2.8.13
Caffé Vita
Seward Park
Some say quote from Sappho.

80. Ian Boyden's Bear Dream Bird Dream

(For Ian on his 102nd Birthday)

The sea is the oldest rotary press in the world, incessantly printing in retrogravure The Daily Wave.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

In the dance to understand what a man is he made his head out of bird seed, dreaming head cast of seed in yellow with black bits *let me pick your brain* they might say if they could say something beyond *tweet* if they could beat the feast spread out for raccoons, cats, ants, slugs. Instead of your name (mis-spelled) adorning a calle some day, here he wd watch his head cast in seed be eaten by a bunch of birds or a dancing bear who'd paw it and lick it and mix it maybe with berries he'd found a man's head so impermanent & what is left but bear shit or bird shit & some ghostly resonances on the walls some descendant or poet of the future picks up in waves or an inspired bit of metaphor.

& here he cd
he cd make his head of concrete, ape the acts of those who'd seek to be immortal & pigeon roosts & pitch it in the rushing spring river for 100 meters of rapids to render it nest stuff for salmon beds, 100 meters all she needs, she who is permeable, she who gathers armies of compassion this water bodhisattva so soft so ready to surrender & eat Ian's concrete head in 100 rushing meters.

In the dance to understand what a man is (in one last dance) he'd stock a pond w/ carp & more concrete heads of his, fish food in eye holes & nose holes & mouth - carp as visiting immortals he thinks -- swam here from Penglai -- (ichthiomorphism) fish-centric & if we could fool the immortals for a moment, what wisdom wd they have for us? & if we could see paradise as our highest/deepest wish. & if the fish could wish & kiss & whisper what

would our concrete head hear & wonder & what
wd be left, & what would that have to say?

In the dance to understand
what a man is how
does he treat women, how
do animals/children dance
to the sound of his name.

9:17A - 2.16.13



**Juan Vicente de Güemes Padilla Horcasitas y Aguayo,
2nd Count of Revillagigedo**

y who is de *San Juan* after whom
de islas de San Juan are named?
& how did Spaniards

get here and who, why, how
did the blood stop
at one pig, how
were the war pigs (for once)
denied
(denuded)

divested of covering
made bare?)

Coulda been war, glorious
here in *Isla y Archipelago de San Juan*.

Cannon balls and musket blasts
to scatter the last of the *Canis lupis*
the Columbia Black-Tailed Deer, the
rare Northern Sea Otter (for whom

or whose pelt Quimper would trade copper
years before Filthy Jerry cd get his
filthy fingers on it.)

But there's something in the Cascadia water wd
bring out the noble in men
like Admiral Baynes who'd soon
be knighted
who'd refuse Governor Douglass'
August 2, 1859 troop landing order.

Something that'd attract
Spaniards like the Mexican Viceroy:

Juan Vicente de Güemes Padilla Horcasitas y Aguayo, 2nd Count of Revillagigedo

(Not the San Juan who'd be put in a cell not much bigger than himself. Not the one who'd see the union of jiwa and Divine in the metaphor of Holy Marriage. Not the one who'd write about how the bride hides herself and abandoned him in his lonely groaning. Not the one who'd feel the need to purge every last imperfection every last psychic typo every last lust urge every last of the dominator fixation not mitigated but transcended by The Fire to which Blaser wd allude. Not the he of a thousand graces diffusing, graces unnumbered, those that protect from the thousand cuts that come from conceptions of the Beloved. Not the one whose metaphor'd bride'd leave his heart there in that lashed meat cage maintained by a bit of bread and salted fish. Not the one with the silvered surface who'd one day mirror forth. Not the one on the wing whose Beloved'd one day see the strange islands with the roaring torrents (Cascade Falls?) & whose gales would whisper amour, a love-awakening south wind not spewed by Spetsx who'd be the rain wind from the Southwest a two day canoe journey south of the present scene. Not the one whose Beloved bride from a mother corrupted would make a bed out of flowers, protected by lions hung with purple and crowned with a thousand shields of gold. Not the one whose bride'd attract young ones & who'd commence the flow of divine balsam & get him pitchdrunk on fire and scent and spiced wine. Not he of all consuming painless fire drunk on pomegranate wine whose only job was amour. Not that San Juan.)

This Juan was a Cubano,
 born in La Habana.
 The third Criollo Viceroy
 of Hispaña Nueva.

This Juan wd see
 the Capital (then Veracruz)
 as a slum, peasants
 in thin robes, straw hats, trash
 in the streets and the first flash
 of all those Rez dogs to come.

This Juan

(el Vengador de la Justicia)

he'd find & hang
the outlaw gangs
of murderers

& clean the Viceroy's palace.

Light the streets of Ciudad de México
pave highways to Veracruz,
Acapulco,
Guadalajara,
San Blas y
Toluca

find the Aztec Calendar Stone & set
the heavens on fire but found
Cascadia

not worth the troops

it'd cost to own her,

settled

for leading the flock

of 4.5 million future Mexicans

he'd count and a few islands

to this day

in one way or another

bear his name:

San Juan

Orcas

Guemes.

Dots in a green landscape

as seen from Constitution

where the divine balsam flows

by the kayaks

and the wind whispers

Mary.

8:49A - 2.24.13

84. Hold the House Sparrow

(For Maleea Acker)

A real civilization would invent messenger seagulls

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

& prefer the enormous face of the Snake King or
the Northern Flicker at the birdfeeder, feted by
House Finches but please no House Sparrows at
this house. How would a real civilization deal with
Starlings House Sparrows other invaders?
Let natural selection unfurl under the feeder?

She
wd find a box, a trap for House Sparrow. She, not
squeamish having helped her own Pop gut fish on
the dock, she wd take this box this trap, catch these
critters unwanted smash ‘em between two blocks of
firewood, a clean kill, a prairie re-born in her
backyard, an immigrant neighbor incensed at how
she’d refuse lawns, roundup and other addictions
specific to bourgeois conformity and snuff the pint-
sized invaders.

*Without question the most deplorable event
in the history of American ornithology was the introduction
of the English Sparrow & she’d agree “winged rats”
attack bluebirds, peck holes in their skulls. How
such a gentle culture (HA!) release such demons?
Drop ‘em in New Zealand, find ‘em in Hawaii. Put
‘em in a Northern Flicker lover’s backyard and find
‘em flattened ‘tween two pieces of firewood,
liberated w/ great compassion.*

Out the beak
of the House Sparrow no “philip.”

Barely a peep.

9:01A - 4.19.13

Quote: W.L. Dawson, *Birds of Ohio*, 1903

86. Paulownia Tomentosa

His “Good Day!” was always overcast.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

& yes, he was from Seattle. & yes, the sun was shining that particular Friday in the season of lilac blossoms and a full bloom Empress Tree, Princess Tree, *Paulownia tomentosa*, stolen from central and western China but an invader here loving the lack of competition for what sun there is, shaping purple hanging bell blossoms and *leaves in whorls of three*. We sit under it, take fotos, are there if we think about it, Lakewood Park.

& by *good day*

he meant, in Seattle nice, courtesy and not much else, will wait for your street crossing, will not honk, “a city of the mind . . . a city of geeks. People here . . . totally blow you off” the newcomer’d say in The Times. But not at the stop sign beyond the Empress Tree. Not at the four way stop where *you go no you go no you go* & the guy from Chicago goes knowing your M.O., knowing driving the car “is personality enshrined.”

& overhead’s a helicopter shopping for dark-skinned shooting suspects & here the “anti-capitalism May Day riots” only 3 businesses w/ busted windows & here a view of deep Elliott Bay azul under snow-capped Olympics seeking a hearing. *Good day*, always overcast, always an undertone, somewhere the intimacy’s obscured. Some know the names of dogs at the dog park but not the ones the other side of the leash. Not the neighbor’s name or wife, but their latté order or wifi-signal & how much in their compost bin. Is it the weather? Topography? It is a “social script that leads to alienation” but Emmett Watson didn’t want you here anyway and we can’t make a left on Denny at 1:40 in the afternoon & bike-riders forego single file just to hack at you & your humongous

carbon footprint. In Slaughter I once saw a yard sign that said simply: "Vote No!" Can whip it out for any election. *Vote No*, democracy easy as yard signs & being against. (Just put a line through it.) Easy as stopping for one pedestrian or take a pill or cut it out, or the bombing starts in 5 minutes or the settler prehension a century after the perimeter's secured.

& yes, the sun shines that particular Friday the season of late magnolia blossoms, of English Heather, or Scotch Broom petals sticking their heads out of leaves this side the highway, season of lilac blossoms & the full bloom Empress Tree, Princess Tree.

Paulownia tomentosa,
stolen from western China
but just an invader here
like you & me.

3:00P - 5.3.13
@ Louisa's

Joe Friday's Harbor

Pig buried or burned
(& eaten) maybe chicharrones
for Kanakas
& town building. Barges
w/ shacks from B'Ham Bay's old
mining camp &

rot gut
cots &
Indian women
escaped slaves
sailors, marines
as johns
drinkin/fornicatin
in (of all places)

Joe Friday's Harbor.

It's awkward having a policeman around the house. Friends drop in, a man with a badge opens the door, the temperature drops 20 degrees. You throw a party and that badge gets in the way. All of a sudden there isn't a straight man in the crowd. Everybody's a comedian. "Don't drink too much" somebody says "or the man with a badge will run you in." Or "How's it going Dick Tracy? How many jaywalkers did you pinch today?" & then there's the one who wants to know how many apples you stole. All at once you lost your first name. You're a cop, a flatfoot, a bull, a dick, John Law, you're the fuzz, the heat, you're poison, you're trouble, you're bad news. They call you everything. But never a policeman. Maybe she's right. It's not much of a life unless you don't mind missing a Dodger game because the hot shot phone rings. Unless you like working Saturdays, Sundays, Holidays at a job that doesn't pay overtime. Oh, the pay's adequate. If you count your pennies you can put your kid through college. But you better plan on seeing Europe on your television set. & then there's your first night on the beat. When you try to arrest a drunken prostitute at a Main Street bar & she rips your new uniform to shreds. You'll buy another one outta your own pocket. & you're gonna rub elbows with all the elite: pimps, addicts, thieves, bums, winos, girls who can't keep an address & men who don't care. Liars, cheats, conmen. The class of Skid Row. & the heartbreak. Underfed kids, beaten kids, molested kids, lost kids, crying kids, homeless kids, hit & run kids, broken arm kids, broken leg kids, broken head kids, sick kids, dying kids, dead kids. The old people that nobody wants. The relievers, the

*pensioners. The ones who walk the street cold and those who tried to keep warm
and died in a three dollar room with an unvented gas heater. You'll walk your
beat and try to pick up the pieces...*

But not that Joe Friday.

Joseph Poalie Friday, a Native Hawaiian. Kanaka
meaning maybe a man, maybe an animal man
maybe a wild man, a man who Got Poi,

a free man. Maybe a man who just wants
to make a buck. Maybe it's how
Canadians became Canucks

biting Bruins in the Cup finals
inspire their fanatics to
set it on fire.

So,

no matter your Joe Friday
you're w/ the riff raff, yr

tryin to make a go of it on an island
nobody knows who owns, yr
in what's now the county seat
(tryin' to raise sheep) now,
the only incorporated town in
San Juan County, then

a fledgling town
a whorehouse
a tavern
a site from which
to launch drunken
letters-to-the-editor
ridiculin' that coward
Harney.

Courage ain't courage when it's
actin' cheap &
even in San Juan August
might
need a fire & sheep
won't tend themselves
& a Kanaka got to
make a buck & Harney
he'd call Douglass' bluff
raise him Lieutenant Colonel Silas Casey
from the warm fort (Steilacoom) &
three more companies
& heavy guns & maybe they know

pro pelle cutem - get some
skin in this game like the
Hudson's Bay Company, August 6, '59

*no other island in the Puget Sound besides Vancouver's
south of the 49th and east of Canal de Haro*

Harney'd inform
the War Department.

& with the 8, 32 pound guns
of the Massachusetts there to defend,
the rights of the riff raff
(the whores & johns
& foreigners)
to drink & fornicate
wd be unabated
fer a few years
make a little hell
in this island paradise
while Casey
took the *Julia*
& his troops to Griffin Bay
in the fog.

Joseph Poalie (Joe) Friday
 (a Kanaka) was free
 to sheer his sheep
 or have a lamb chop

free
 to watch those old white men do
 what they do best

plan war.

11:10A - 5.17.13
Subud House

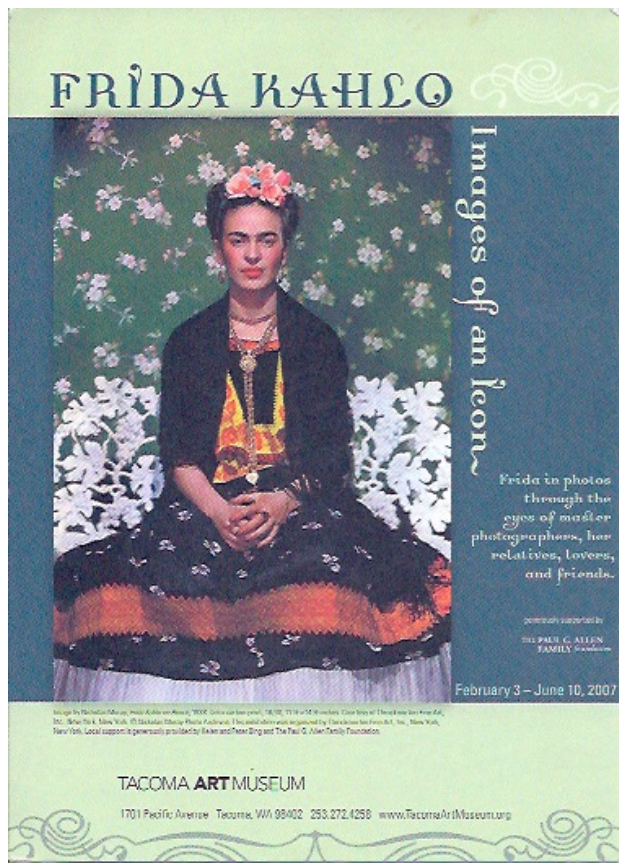
(Joe Friday is the son of Peter Friday (1830-1894)
the man after whom Friday Harbor is actually named.
See: [http://www.historylink.org/index.cfm?
DisplayPage=output.cfm&file_id=10671](http://www.historylink.org/index.cfm?DisplayPage=output.cfm&file_id=10671))

430. to Morgan Harlow, Barneveld, WI – *Emperor of Wind*
7.19.13 Hillman City (Seattle) Morgan –

“...night has cast off its ropes.” -
Maria Baranda

Ropes attached to that
which has become mundane:
(profane)

blogs, ginger snaps,
capitalism. Where’s the
Emperor of (post-Mayan) wind
when we need him?
Stuck in the grove of
sunflowers, behind the
irises, busy naming
orphaned rocks? “Patience
is the reward of patience”
so I’ve been told. We’re stuck
hoarding eggs from the cats.



432. to David Daniels, Denver, CO – *Buttercup Mambo*

7.20.13 Hillman City (Seattle) David –

“Bitch, let us make this world together.”

- María Baranda

God as perra w/ which
one co-creates a cosmos.

God as p-patch police
woman, Angie Dickinson
begging lazy p-patchers
to get the buttercups
the fuck out of here.

God as child, raised
arms - request for
Till Tom Special, this
world's made of
some kind of simple
mambo.

453. Bridget Nutting, Vancouver, WA - *Put a Berber on it*
8.10.13 Hillman City (Seattle) BRIDGET -

“We go through ourselves
and the new surprise gives us our friends.”
- José Lezama Lima

We go through our friends
& put a Berber on it
in Cascadia. Berber shooting
Portlandians fading on organic
bikes. Berber at the intersection
of Pike & Pike planting an image
behind flying fish or before a
troll, aside a Lenin. Put a Berber
on it, not a Bieber and never
get to Finland, just to 45th
& shadows of Akilah & Ethelbert
 & dear Denise, whose memorial
 stone, a throw from Bruce Lee's,
points to Desolation.

468. Matt Trease, Seattle, WA - *Nerve Endings and Rainstorms*
8.31.13 Hillman City (Seattle) MATT - “a velvet curtain / of nerves /
and habit, / IS ME.” - Michael McClure

And brake fluid dirty
as tar sands and pacifiers
kept in a breast pocket
and pockets stained w/ ink
over and over. Sometimes
we get this lesson, listen
to the start of a rainstorm
in the heart of an
urban forest.

91. Berber City Poems

(For El Habib Louai)

*There are railway stars, shining near stations, which give out
more cold than other stars.*

- Ramon Gomez de la Serna

In the book of Berber, there may be an August nasturtium, a postcard garden, a walking salad and portrait of the young poet as José Lezama Lima ensuring his *alma no esta en un cenicero*. There would be a Hillman City hummingbird somewhere behind Desolation and the stolen word of the day might be *eggs* or *Amtrak*. Lenin aside, there would be homage almost everywhere you'd go in this leap, this certain Ripe Plum Moon moment this certain lack of asides, this tour of famous graves.

& you'd become a Berber too, you'd find rare Baranda epigraphs & etch them into dirt beyond anthills, wd try to find a stolen kind of taste & be content to plant the garden / wait to see what volunteers pop up in a year, what mambo steps the baby masters by next time, write your way through August, through postcards, past the last chair in the p-patch, always making new aside the ghost of Robin Blaser.

To be a Berber in the city means time, means blossoms, means the cat must mambo through the urban forest, means huckleberries slow the long slog up the Peak to where Jack's shack beckons, warming railway stars whose beams link Cascadia and cities named for saints, means the art of how a cherry tomato links the dark sounds of the dream & jiwa & J.J. Cale, all inside a blackness worn as a mask of fat. Reuben sandwiches and wasabi moments with Sam. Mu for you, but not for a Muslim.

Find yrself
as a city Berber for a
fortnight, how measure the vigil
keeps one irregular?

9:34A - 9.14.13

93. The Fog Wet Web

Smoke never quite manages to scribble a mustache on the sky.

- Ramon Gomez de la Serna



Nothing takes weight of October fog more serious than spider webs.

October 23, 2013.

& they'll take it for a fogmageddon fortnight & no more,
the last drying line left in the neighborhood drying what
might be diamonds for your mind only because the fog
covers all / illuminates color rampant in October

Cascadia of maybe rose hips or the grass coming back
or the Irish Strawberry Tree now the culprit of the
seemingly broomless neighbor on the way to PCC.

&
it'll be *fogmageddon* says Dr. Mass, "An extraordinary
persistent ridge of high pressure over the eastern Pacific
and West Coast" for which a large soy almond latté may
stand in as an attempted antidote, but for the spider,
an October fly's a rare slice of meat more likely a rose
petal or recent maple leaf & the web's bejeweled &
heavy with serious weight of summer's sins still staining
late October. The Cascadia sky unmustached, must settle
for yet another chin beard - may the playoffs be over
soon - & take the Teahadists with you.

Here's where we can
wear the fog.
Something else spider
reminds us of.

7:20A - 10.25.13

We, William, by the Grace of God, German Emperor...

Instead of a cellphone skype session
driving 75 - the highway
‘stead of an email, series
of digital clicks or tweets

you’d have Washington (D.C.) &
London a continent
(or two) removed. You’d have telegraph (1859)
west to Fort Leavenworth, KS
east, San Francisco to
Carson City. Anyway
two to four long weeks
for the news
to be perused in the corridors
of power.

The 24/7 news cycle
720/14 at best.

Or a steamer east side of pre-canal Panama
such as the *Northerner* or *Cortez*,
Constitution or *Sonora*.

Vessels’d get the news of the west
in six weeks
& a minimum of the vomito
(Yella fever.)

& Britain as the number one investor
of these soon-to-be-warring states. & John Brown
stirring the pot.

& Democratic President
James Buchanan w/ more on his plate
than dead pigs
& fledling empire.

& he knew Harney’s M.O.
& how the Brits could blow
anything in the U.S. Navy WAY

out the water.

Contend with irritated
bureaucrats.
Territory-hungry
settlers.

Harney & Pickett
mis-steps & shoulder chips
betting on empire.

Who better to send west
than a corpulent 6'5" 365 lb. General
riddled by gout & a broken collar bone
having been thrown
by a noble steed?

Lieutenant General Winifield Scott,
HEro of War of 1812.
HEro of 1814 Battle of Chippewa.
HEro of the Mexican War, marching troops
over Las Montañas Rios Frios.
HEro of Lundy's Lane, he of
73 and something less than aerobic
fitness, feasting at NYC's finest
eateries. He

of previous boundary disputes when Yankees
cd smell a buck just that side of what'd be
the border with Canada. (Navy Island
1837 & the steamer over Niagara Falls & the '38 Aroostook
Pork and Beans War in Maine w/ timber poachers.)

& this soldier would sail on the *Star of the West*,
leave NYC September 20, 1859,
arrive October 20 (Fort Vancouver) on the *Northerner*
slap Harney and Pickett around
w/ paper (from the comfort of his
various cabins)
gorge on deer, duck, goose

& the occasional stray
seal
bagged by ship master
(& his personal physician)
William Fauntleroy.

Pave the way for joint military occupation
of San Juan Island.

Ignore the jingoist HOOTS
of Territorial Governor Gholson
& the whores
drunken Indians
& rest of the ruffians &
riff raff.

Let the suits settle it, tho
no one expected these
two empires (one fledgling)
chew on it for twelve years
March 21, 1860 - November 22, 1872
when the Brits finally left. The troops removed
the Union Jack, left
some buildings, gardens,
wooden tombstones for corpses
in the graveyard.

Kaiser Wilhelm (Emperor William I)
validated the plan of the Treaty of Washington
on 21 October, 1872

after the war of the states
w/ all 184 residents
of ALL the islands
now
no longer in limbo.
All for the love of a pig.

10:44a - N.6.13
The Lake
Loleta, CA

Instruments for a New Navigation

94. Dilettante Periphery

Nothing is repeated: it just looks similar.

- Ramon Gomez de la Serna

& here at The Lake (Graves built) sunslip past cedartops that side tiny lichen-festooned islands & w/ yr head a certain angle here are “instruments for a new navigation.” Monet sd a finished work of art an “unreasonable pretension” & this unfinished work’s Cascadia’s Giverny more a monument to solitude (practice of inside) & grove of Grandfather trees date from the late T’ang era. No. Tourists. Ever.

“The dilettante periphery has so little to do but keep these things stirred up for their titillation” / won’t get the red meat of fotos nor see what light left on this Sunday of the thinnest veil becomes another tiny lichen-festoon’d island. (Iris island.)

Redwood canopy sways
backlit by Cascadia
azul - above Graves’
lake.

Nothing looks similar as this yearning for an *auspicious wind* / yearndeeep to abide *Securely Beyond Obstruction*, a sober puer-fueled invite to the *all pervading light* lit by horsetails & sword ferns, ciananthus & Italian marble, a soft path up & elevate the heart rate. “Here is the heart of this bulletin”

Clover grows in needles
dropped by Redwood trees on
the path to bench three.

& lie there looking up sure NOT to squish a banana slug
& cd die there if required - give the dilettante periphery

sumtin' to put in their pipe when they cd be re-sounding
their own lost twin's broken hosannahs.

Homebuilding as
 enlightenment practice
while citizens "tweet
 & sleep through the wars."

6p - N.3.13
The Lake
Loleta, CA

- Quotes:
- 1) Morris Graves
 - 2) Claude Monet
 - 3) Guy Anderson to Morris Graves in a 1957 letter
 - 4) Morris Graves in a 1958 letter
 - 5) Brenda Hillman

Morris Graves Mesostic

Consciousness assuming the foRm of a man
partial to sOlitude y ciananthus that side The Lake
under 800 y.o. Redwood gRandfathers stifle the machine age noise.
Consciousness assuming the foRm of a cup
chalice, snake, bIrd, moon, blooming flower or
lotus blossom breathing forth itS own birthing chamber.

Consciousness assuminG the form of an avalanche in which
no casualties, a foRest fire in which a single deer
mAy find safety in a mountain creek, in a
Vedanta Sutra, a Gurdjieff Hymn
playEd back by a
rapturouS vocalizer or a winter in Chartres or

Harlem. consciousness assuMing the form of a
purification rEtreat & banana slugs, pasta with meat
sauce, goat cheeSe, puer and a stolen peppermint
chocolate patty. ConsciOusness assuming the form of a
snake bathing in the light of the Snow moon, a querent
in retreaT from all the machine age
noise. *Evil Is*
mechaniCal. No pretending this is no vigil.

8p - N.3.13
The Lake
Loleta, CA
Quote from D.H. Lawrence

- 2) **Responses: a)** There is a Graves manuscript on display at the downtown Seattle Public Library the title of which might be *Silence Over-Worded*. To place the context, I'll reproduce it here:

Silence over-worded:--This is It--now--perfect--everchanging--illusory--.

We each project our Spirit's environment--private, apparently, beyond mind's comprehension--yet including the universe + its Humanity--indebtedness + responsibility within the knowledge that the "Creation" has not been created--the interplay of paradoxes which governs our subjective-journey-through Deity--our journey back from sense's-world-of nature to that conscious recognition that we are our undefinable Origin.

Only when conditioned by a "Vision of God," + its resultant detachment, does man significantly use the language-of-his-actions to praise his journey's environment-- + to worship the miracle-of-the-illusion of his consciousness seeking + finding Rest.----"Yes--so it is--so be it--Amen." All is Void.

From the title we get a sense of what may have come to Mr. Graves in meditation, or in a similar state, an effort to put words to the ineffable. There are many similarities in this statement to my own process and to the kind of process I have been investigating since before 1995, when the poet Michael McClure brought the Charles Olson essay *Projective Verse* to my attention. To sum up that stance toward poem-making I would use a Denise Levertov quote: *Form is never more than a REVELATION of content.* (My capital letters.) What it suggests is that, as artists, we can sing from our selves, or we can transcend that sense by a process of surrender to the divine, or what Graves calls *Deity*.

From the second line: "We each project our Spirit's environment--private, apparently, beyond mind's comprehension--yet including the universe..." I am reminded that the subtitle of Olson's essay: "Composition by Field" and the title of a lecture William Carlos Williams gave at the University of Washington in 1948 *The Poem as a Field of Action*. I believe that, in composing spontaneously, we allow ourselves to be vulnerable, open to impulses beyond the notion of one's "self" (certainly to a sense of self one would describe as "non-local") and that the resulting work is more deeply a projection of that self. McClure (again) once said *We swirl out what we are and watch what returns* in his 1974 poem *Rare Angel*. So the poem (or the painting, sculpture, &c) acts as a feedback mechanism, similar to how a scale lets us know how effective our recent diet and exercise regimen has been. A sort of spiritual check-in. To have such a quest in one's own praxis renders typical American notions of artistic success somewhat irrelevant.

2 b) The second piece is a 1979 painting entitled: *The Great Blue Heron and the Great Rainbow Trout Yogi in Phenomenal Space, Mental Space and the Space of Consciousness.*

It is a triptych, as the title would indicate, and the images start as a fairly conventional painting, but then turn abstract and colorful. I am taken by this piece because of the three images, the progression in them and the title which (in my view) in part, shows us that since the advent of the camera, painting and art in general has been liberated from direct representation to more fully reflect deeper levels of consciousness and impulses below the superficial level. By the third panel reds, yellows and sky blues replace the blue gray pastels of the first two panels. In addition, the trout has appeared to merge with the head of the heron and a thick red brushstroke gives the appearance that the heron's wings, or at least one of them, is now flexed. The heron also appears to be looking on the opposite direction from the first two panels, suggesting the attention has been turned completely.

That artists in our age would still be satisfied with a praxis of copying nature, rather than getting in touch with the deep nature inside our deepest self, is one of the great mysteries to me. That there is considerably more color, action and energy at the deeper levels of consciousness is intimated here, at least in my view. That the images are iconic Cascadia images, at least the Great Blue Heron, suggest a deep sense of place, one of the attributes I seek to enhance in my own work. (Hence the focus on Cascadia and its history and culture.) That a view would change 180 degrees with such a focus, or depth of seeing, suggests that we can move to acceptance, gratitude and other deep levels of being by training ourselves to see what is deeper than surface level, that we should, in the words of Allen Ginsberg, be people who *notice what we notice*. The implication here is that one is given the opportunity to develop a deeper consciousness while here on this planet. It is our birthright, but is especially the calling of the true artist in these dark times of whole system transition. Having such a praxis grounds us and, in a humble way, provides a model for other creative seekers...

I have written extensively about the Organic approach in poetry. I think I have outlined here how I see the work of Morris Graves reaching a level beyond the self, allied in spirit with Robin Blaser's *Practice of Outside*. The levels reachable by transcending self are much more energetic than those available by staying within the heart and mind and certainly beyond the ego.

But there is an interesting anecdote about the process of composing this application. While I had gathered my materials on Morris Graves in preparation

for sitting down and writing this, I had a Morris Berman book at my bedside, *The Twilight of American Culture*. On one or two evenings I wondered why I was reading this book when my work required that I more fully immerse myself in materials on Mr. Graves rather than this apparent sidebar. Well, lo and behold, there appeared a passage from Mr. Berman on one way in which we may get through the inevitable dissolution of the American empire and to a more just and sustainable existence, something that turned out to be quite relevant.

Mr. Berman has a chapter in the book entitled: *The Monastic Option in the Twenty-First Century*. He writes:

I have argued that we are in the grip of structural forces that are the culmination of a certain historical process, so a major change is not likely to be quick or dramatic; but individual shifts in lifeways and values may just possibly act as a wedge that would serve as counterweight to the world of schlock, ignorance, social inequality, and mass consumerism that now defines the American landscape. At the very least these “new monks” or native expatriates, as one might call them, could provide a kind of record of authentic ways of living that could be preserved and handed down, to resurface later on, during healthier times... we are *drowning* in information; hence, what is required is that it be *embodied*, preserved through ways of living. If *this* can get passed down, our cultural heritage may well serve as a seed for a subsequent renaissance.

Mr. Berman then quotes Basho:

Journeying through the world
To and Fro, to and fro
Cultivating a small field.

It is my own small field I wish to cultivate more deeply and it is apparent that a stay at The Lake would enhance that, in my view. As an author I interviewed said years ago, *if you do not see auras and wish to, hang out with people who do*. I wish to deepen my own artistic gesture and feel there may be no other place in Cascadia better than The Lake in which to do it.

Thanks for your consideration.

Sincerely,
Paul Nelson

Instruments for a New Navigation

Consciousness manIfesting as a whale hunt dance shawl
or as an Instrument for a New Navigation. The age
that ended as humans entered Space

mighT have been ruled by machines.
A poem is not a machine, noR a noble human, nor an otter
sending wavelets from Under the studio dock or from just beyond
the horsetail or giant Members of the skunk cabbage
tribE. “An odd blend of totemism, Art Deco and
Nautical apparatus” might be consciousness
manifesting as thaT but dressed as a bell ring. Consciousness
manifesting as a “Strong whiff of the 19th Century.”

Consciousness maniFesting as a reflection of the dominant breeze
On the lake
oR

an Ache to escape by water.

PreteNd this is not a vigil. This is
consciousnEss
manifesting as an oar in the Water w/ ripples reflecting

sun on the tiny island’s licheN-besotted Wax Myrtle tree. In search of
another new tool for trAnsendence or to learn the
inVisible language of birds. Redwing blackbird, coot,
window-ramming tIt bush or nut hatch, consciousness
manifesting as a Gander in ecstasy,
a certAin empathy for invisible natural forces but
are There
sure as Orion and the steamIng puer leaves thrice steeped
in the hall of witness, gOing everywhere unimpeded in Southern Cascadia
November, fire quiet as “some half caught
telepathic message.”

3:06p - N.4.13

The Lake, Loleta, CA

Quotes: 1 & 2) Barry Schwabsky, 3) Kenneth Rexroth

The Lake as P.U.D. (Personal Universe Deck)

Limitless	conifers	connote	the bioregion
we salute	as Cascadia.	But south	at The Lake
find	Wax Myrtle	lichen	-festooned
& reflecting	(telepathic)	constellations	made
by waves	created	by a row boat's	paddle.
Illuminated	insistence	in waves.	Better than
Otokoyama	free	from distress	and the
puer's	insistence	on the	genius
of desolation.	Honeymoon	w/ noble self	without
dimension.	Here a	freerange	sunbreak.
Hear The	Lake	as field	of reckless
Hosannahs,	as ritual	birdbath	for coots
& dragonflies	of symbols	that	annihilate
the apprentice	in any	querent.	Make a
postcard of	these	Redwoods,	or see a
swordfern	dreadlock	whose	"cutting"
suggests	a prehension	he yearns	to subdue
w/ care	& fire	intentional,	ritual
insistence	& the glass	crash of	ancestors.
Consciousness	is a	pacifist	ember
or an	eyebrow	or veiled	iris
who'd	bloom in	praise of	Avatamsaka
process	or an	otter	who'd
double as	wood	if not so	slick.

95. Sending Out Tendrils

Skulls in museums are laughing at their labels.

- Ramon Gomez de la Serna

To label is to control & control is to dominate & who can dominate when that which does not rot wills itself through skulltop out of this “sigh between two mysteries.” Creator paints The Lake w/ swirls of duckweed survive wade of single file coots, otter trips & seemingly impervious to wavelets, same that mirror Monday morning November Southern Cascadia sun up the tiny island’s lichen-festooned Wax Myrtle. (Wax as mask of fat, *contains the life-substance, hence its use in witchcraft. Myrtle as joy, peace, tranquility, happiness, constancy, victory... the feminine principle... a vital essence and transmits the breath of life.* A more apt symbol for the Master of the Lake may never be met.)

& so hang on
to the morning duckweed swirl long as we can w/o
possession, laugh out the top of our skulls after latihan,
break from inane demands of the digital world, product
of this “military contaminated age.” In its place firs and
lichen lichen lichen. Tiny islands of cat-tails & ancestors,
consciousness left here to manifest as swordfern &
sunbreak. Dreadlocks & giant skunk cabbage. A
haymocker of a white, functioning, ritual cleanse so
necessary in the age of hummers & drones, GMOs &
narcolepsy.

a 150 acre paeon
of ancient redwoods, grand firs
& lichenized wax myrtles
to “the living vine of my
nervous system.”

In the dream world they want to date your sisters and
you want to pee. In the dream world Dominick can pop
finger bits into the air to the sound of Curley Howard.

In consciousness manifesting as a lake retreat the heart of this bulletin is the occasion of a coot landing beyond horsetails or distant gunfire confirming the world's not had its coming sudden revelation. And we go on, longing for butter, coffee, beer & bioregional animation. And we go on, offerings for the dead of piano hymns & picadillo, telepathic conifers & constellations as bird baths. & we go on improvising one prehension after another here, because he said it's not death the opposite of life, it's time.

This living vine
sending out tendrils
(invisible)
like the smoke of my
well-tended fire.

10:38a - N.5.13
The Lake
Loleta, CA

Quotes:

- 1) Old County Cork woman attributed by Morris Graves
- 2) Illustrated Encyclopaedia of Traditional Symbols
- 3 & 4) Morris Graves

96. The Gift

I am rich thanks to all that I cannot afford.

- Ramon Gomez de la Serna

Your entry is a gift & a gift your exit. Try the labyrinth, for instance. Cd function as feedback or divination strategy depends on insistence of the querent/quality of her hymn. Gebo reflects triple gift of Odin: consciousness/ life breath/ form. Cd be life breath manifesting as lichen-tipped conifers & one cd deduce the air be good here. Cd be form manifesting as a visit by Rufous hummingbird to neighborhood horsetails, nature's kind of cursory check-in. Maybe manifesting as a *Portrait of a Residential Schoolboy* how *post-colonial stress syndrome's* lampooned in turquoise, rust, azul, tan, green, blues y pepsodented teeth. An involuntary offer akin to Odin's self-sacrifice to the World Tree or a whole Wiyot village's World Renewal Ceremony.

A gift's not a bribe to persuade a god, nor a payment, nor to stave off nature's penance. A gift's the joy of non-attachment, unlike the Bezos or any such center for innovation or legal larceny. A gift may be a human-eyed hallucination or Redwood autonomy designed to stave off the glass-crash of ancestors lolling behind the tiny island's Wax Myrtle waiting for better weather. Tongue out, ovoid-eyed you can call in Picasso or Geronimo, Chief Seattle, Yeats or Bugs Bunny. Or take a frame drum as halo, but you learn all blood's one, Doc.

In Denmark, call on the Goddess Gefion, sign off w/ plethora of capital X's, same consciousness as what some call sustainability, some survival of the species. Otter will remain. A free-range gift Hosannah of the moment, his dive always unrushed, impeccable & leaves only the simplest ripples. (A lake ritual.) You go out as you come in, a gift.

Gebo in the impeccable
silence

& cloud drift of duckweed swirl
in the infinite Wednesday
Redwood
afternoon.

1:59p - N.6.13
The Lake
Loleta, CA

Written in part after the Lawrence Paul Yuxweluptun painting
referenced in the poem.

X X X

Seven Poems After Graves, Rexroth and WAY After The Japanese

After so many sunny days
at the November Lake
reading, writing, tending
the fire
FINALLY, the rain.

Rain so soft so
indigenous to Cascadia
can't disturb the Lake, gives
a spiderweb in the horsetails
new jewels.

Bubbles in mid-Lake
beyond where duckweed rests.
I wonder if that's otter
& if he sees the intercourse of
low clouds & smoke from my fire.

At any moment a poem
can arrive, secret
as the silent rain
or the spider hitchhiking
on firewood I crushed.

Tops of the conifers
can't see me here watch
birds that fly like magpies
pass by over n over
'til I write about them.

Too many poems.
The coffee's cold now
the fire quiet
even the Lake needs
a mid-day nap.

Oh spider. If only
you'd stay'd on the
log I had to chop
to size. You'd've had
a proper cremation.

11:58a - N.7.13
The Lake
Loleta, CA

Portrait of the Artist as a Joyous Young Pine Mimicking a Cup

Chalice (in this case)
or in the 30's in
Be Lifted Up he'd
as chalice (the red-
maybe) or no lips
rage for Miss Mod
sated by fish, chicken
chased out with broom



branches or glass
his twenties in *If Eye*
be depicted w/ head
eyed guile of potential
holding all back, but
whose *eternal yowl* not
nor fresh meat, eventually
or tossed halfway to the pond.

Chalice always, according to Pauline
symbolic. Calyx or cup. Flower'd =
renewal/growth. Karmic cup (he
its twin (spirit) *cannot ultimately be*
Without empty space, the cup
inturning lip = holding back,
neither one pole or the other,
w/ bent or tilted stem, cont
Chalice shattered'd sym
the belief of duality. When
surrounds it, symbolic
illusory projection of con-
the studio. & pine needles assembled to act as chalice. & Mr.

Governor established the
potential of essential experience/
felt (unalterable) filled w/ pain or
rejected she'd say, for Mr. Graves
cannot serve its function, w/ no
with division (partition) in it, holds
but both at once. Chalice distorted or
ent wasted willfully or consciously.
bolize *the negative effort to recapture*
made up of stuff which apparently
unity - *or out of the phenomenal being the*
ciousness. &c &c &c. & one white cup in
the studio. & pine needles assembled to act as chalice. & Mr.
Graves one time feeling more plant than animal. & Mr.
Graves one of 118 Loleta masturbators. & Mr. Graves
(at the end) feeling nothing but a *5th-rate rural American*
painter of the 1930s and 40s. & Mr. Graves at 89 felt
he'd lived too long and life no longer FUN -- or
FUNNY. & Mr. Graves living here still as
a grey jay lifting off toward the Friday
Redwood morning sun, above the coots
on the log, life fun again as a jay
watching the continental
drift of the duckweed or
the re-tuning of the
horsetail to a different

frequency. Painting as
a branch of *literature*
(as in India or China)
or *poetry*. (His
emphasis.) Ultimately
experiential as only a
nature-loving Virgo
cd deduce in a
quintessentially
Cascadia way.
His destination zero,
w/ a *genuine (or self-*
dramatizing) doomsday
plaint or as
an

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10:26A - N.8.13
The Lake
Loleta, CA

97. Clues from Hell

Smoke rises to heaven when it ought to descend to hell.

- Ramon Gomez de la Serna

& a heaven's of yr making a home be it the Rock or Careladen, Woodtown or the Lake, Ka'gean or Cloud Nine, Slaughter or a little corner of Hillman City survivable by p-patch. Make it w/ enough care to notice *from the lichen to the day moon*. From the library to the Japanese Maple. From the giant sunflowers to the three steepled cedar points to better weather.

In it & in the chaos of the marked-up books, the three-toed vase, the empty Otokoyama bottles in the recycle bin, clues. To sift through the wreckage one day they'll want clues. Clues to how you ended up next to a fire (well-tended) & clues to the spiritual chase. Clues to the record & direction (for future seekers) & clues to where you hid the Humboldt Fog. Clues cd hide right in front of you as does the sponge plant by the duckweed drift which smears the morning Lake. Clues of cigarette butts & grief.

Old growth Redwood
800 years old
300 feet tall
heard its share
of prayers.

They were always there we'll say, prominent as miniature islands w/ salal, blue huckleberry & dwarfed spruce. Calm as the Lake ripples made by a coot flock landing. Subtle as the woodsmoke rejecting hell in the making of its new home as it courts the morning Cascadia fog. Sincere as autumn bouquets (*sweet little nosegay like*) for every dead stranger in the cemetery made w/ the spirit of *great cobwebs of geese in the sky* & mild-mannered hallucinations of reverse snow in September Olympic Fireweed or the hush of dropping fir needles w/ each new exhale from Blue Glacier.

So stock up on cake mix & tequila, butter &
turkey bacon. Mangoes y pan de banana. Have handy
jasmine rice & altar candles, fresh garlic & olive oil.
Cashew bits & blush wine. Wool socks & binoculars.
Photos of the loved ones & always the clue-enabling
ancestors.

Decoding the sea
 & the heavens
 ain't for sissies.
 Lend a hand
 or stand back.

4:08p - N.8.13
 The Lake
 Loleta, CA

All quotes from Morris Graves

American Sentences Written at The Lake

N.3.13 - Top of Redwood sways backlit by Cascadia blue - view of Graves' Lake.

N.3.13 - Clover grows in needles dropped by Redwood trees on the path to bench three.

N.4.13 - Waves of oar-made ripples reflect sun off the small island's lichen-caked tree.

N.5.13 - Single file coots cut a trail through November morning duckweed.

N.5.13 - Stellar Jay outside studio window wants to know when Latihan starts.

N.5.13 - In time it takes to fix the fire puer's steeped the duckweed still there.

N.5.13 - That's not Jesus coot standing on water (part of the tiny island's submerged).

N.5.13 - The occasion of spider web rides an updraft floating above the Lake.

N.5.13 - "Integrity" he told me, "is not just for when someone is looking."

N.6.13 - I went to the Lake's so-called *Vista View* just for a quick look-see.

N.6.13 - Chris takes makeshift raft & a rake to eradicate sponge plants from the Lake.

N.7.13 - Stellar Jay watching me eat lunch - it's only leftover breakfast tofu.

N.7.13 - Not a dead hummingbird dropt from the sky - just a leaf after the rain.

N.7.13 - Shopping list: lamb patties, cheese Danish, tweezers, whores & a llama.

N.7.13 - Me, Morris, each went after eternally yowling cats w/ a broom.

N.8.13 - I love the sound of redwing blackbirds in the morning - smells like solitude.

N.8.13 - Enjoy them now because the redwing blackbirds won't be singing all day.

N.8.13 - C'mon slug! You don't need a life vest and this one too big anyway.

N.8.13 - Lichen-tipped conifers in corrugated waves reflection - pixellated.

N.8.13 - Slugs on the trail are about the same color as the Lake's duckweed.

N.9.13 - Still spitting out seeds from first attempt at eating a dogwood berry.

N.9.13 - Almost every place I go at the Lake, coyote got there first & shit.

N.9.13 - Slug stuck flat four feet high on the window tryin' to get a good look.

N.10.13 - That slug on the window last night left a trail of slime & curly slug poop.

N.10.13 - Just as I finish the last of 99 haibun, Eagle cries twice.

N.10.13 - Ground rules for afternoon coot races: No wing must ever touch the water.

N.11.13 - At death (energy out his head) Blue Heron's squawk split the 3A.M. night.

N.12.13 - "The day after Morris died a symphony of birds sang on the Lake."

Howling Autonomy Sutra

(A Mesostic for Morris Graves & Robert & Desirée Yarber)

s**T**op. It's a moment of phenomenal space, a
moment of **h**owling autonomy. The
Lake as one of Cascadia's

Great sutras. Joey the otter as much a yogi as
the **G**reat Blue Heron Graves paints. Resident coots
who almost walk on water. Song of the redwing
blackbird as **d**ay starts. A fire, piano hymns &
respite from the **t**orture of machine age needs.

Ro**B**ins land in the dwarf spruce above
the blue huckleberry bush adorns (adores)
the **s**utra one tiny island's become, one
the slug might **g**et to one day in

anot**H**er life. Coexistence (limitless)
& Gurdjieff's Sacred Hymns as
today's sound**t**rack. Dig the *Hymn to the Endless*
Creator. And Cascadia azul ab**o**ve a robin
congregation**n** or a Wax Myrtle leaf

liberated b**Y** the sound of a buck
with antlers startled by the start **o**f my
(whistled, studio-**g**ifted) spirit song. Elegance in a mossy lichen-
festooned spruce. Howl**i**ng autonomy fed by

the field of sentience (**a**nd gut
h**u**nc**h**) confirming
Dōgen's notion, the natural world itself a

great sutra.
How the horsetail's
wired to some**e** kind of

Galactic impulse. How the

sword
fern &
cattails'll be bent awhile from the
time you came

aRound the bend with that
oak walking stick for
communion with the sassy
dragonfly. Remember? Filled with
the bright fire of any
dragon acting as Rain God or its deadly
enemy. Howling autonomy. You can hear it

in the laTihan, how something doesn't
take over much as you move over
to co-create a *Space of Consciousness*
Graves'd say, to (human-eyed)
take in innumerable November

wavelets barelyY caress the surface of the Lake.
Innumerable November wavelets, pixellate
reflections of light green lichenized Wax Myrtles
at once witchcraft & expression of the sacred

feminine. Relax. It's
not a dead hummingbird

droPt from the sky. It's just
another leaf falling in
recognition that: *We have to get me out of the way*
(he'd say) after a long enough time
ensconsed by sutras of his own
making, his own
design. Coyote sees it as a time
to shit on the trail to the
Grandfather Redwoods.
Slug sees it as lunch in three days.

Raven **S**ees & tells everyone within a day's
wave of his throaty **p**roclamation.

Electric (in a **c**alm way) a ritual with
innumerable epiphanies, a **c**lear bioregional
animation to quiet the **d**emons

as the **M**ove to the level of Noble Human
comm**e**nces & you remember
to floss **a**nd take your butterbur & magnesium
watch the mild hallucin**a**tion of coniferous reflections
noticed in the **l**atest ripples
on the **L**ake.

Sometimes for a moment you wonder, are your
eyes failing you or is someone **p**reparing you for
a coffee break **a**k or the
much-delayed
har**v**est

of potential**a**? The brightness of
lichen **a**nd the
day moon.

The five Lo**l**eta widowers on Social Security
and **t**he need to
create a space for the ag**e**s for those who share

the hate of the **S**paces machines make and the
pe**o**ple who love them.
It's a great impression of wh**a**t some'd
call a **C**unning Artificer
who'd make **e** paintings &

navigation devices w/ a **p**oet's mind
& the depth of grief**f** from someone whose father'd

commit suicide. All the **C**igarettes
you cd ever sm**o**ke wd never

bring him back.
So you paint, assemble, build homes
as the ancients would make a sutra.
Discover new spirit
songs to carry you to the next whirl & invocation.
Or maybe your great creation will be a
son or daughter could make
a new sutra for an
age in desperate need of
something obviously
sacred.

10:42a - N.9.13
The Lake
Loleta, CA