

# “Bright Light of the Shipwreck”

*for Peter*



*Fred Wah*



amended

“on [her] way to the overpass”

should be the militant mothers

held

to be wild

as to be crosschecked

by the many

eachness always intact

for any dialect

any torrent

any litters

any long plural stoop

boneless potatoes

“common sense”

of the streetlamp

that’s the truth

about melodies

the universal ones

who live among the beaches

and nurse

scrape scrape, a long day for the workmen and a long day for their women waiting for their soft passion, oh, to spend the next day nesting. Just far enough from Hastings to enjoy the silences of your residential fold, far enough from the container cranes, just far enough from the supply depots of relevance, the symbols for “being numerous.”

addendum

are allowed the edge of the image both  
virtual and as part of a condition of truth so fixed yet like that cage  
over the Raymur Overpass you can see through to the train tracks  
the lyric militancy of a CPR mosaic twist that goes like this that goes  
like this but parallel or juxtaposed to the pause I get whenever “Our  
Kid” emerges from the conversation about memory that too is a truth  
that signals iron coming down the tracks to the inlet all the air over  
Strathcona the mass of shared edges in other words the imagination is  
not a lonely place

each word something  
each someone there  
permitted a song

all day  
the trees of our neighborhood  
share the same birds  
at dusk the crows  
surf, swarm  
black takes over

possibility  
crosses the line  
we try to count

want even the numbers  
to be sensuous  
that we can remember

how it goes  
how it goes  
(thinking, thinking)

And then what?  
We know  
one must make up a story;

a place for the words to gather  
at the end of the day  
but each one

standing in the doorway  
sitting on the stairs  
like this that goes like this