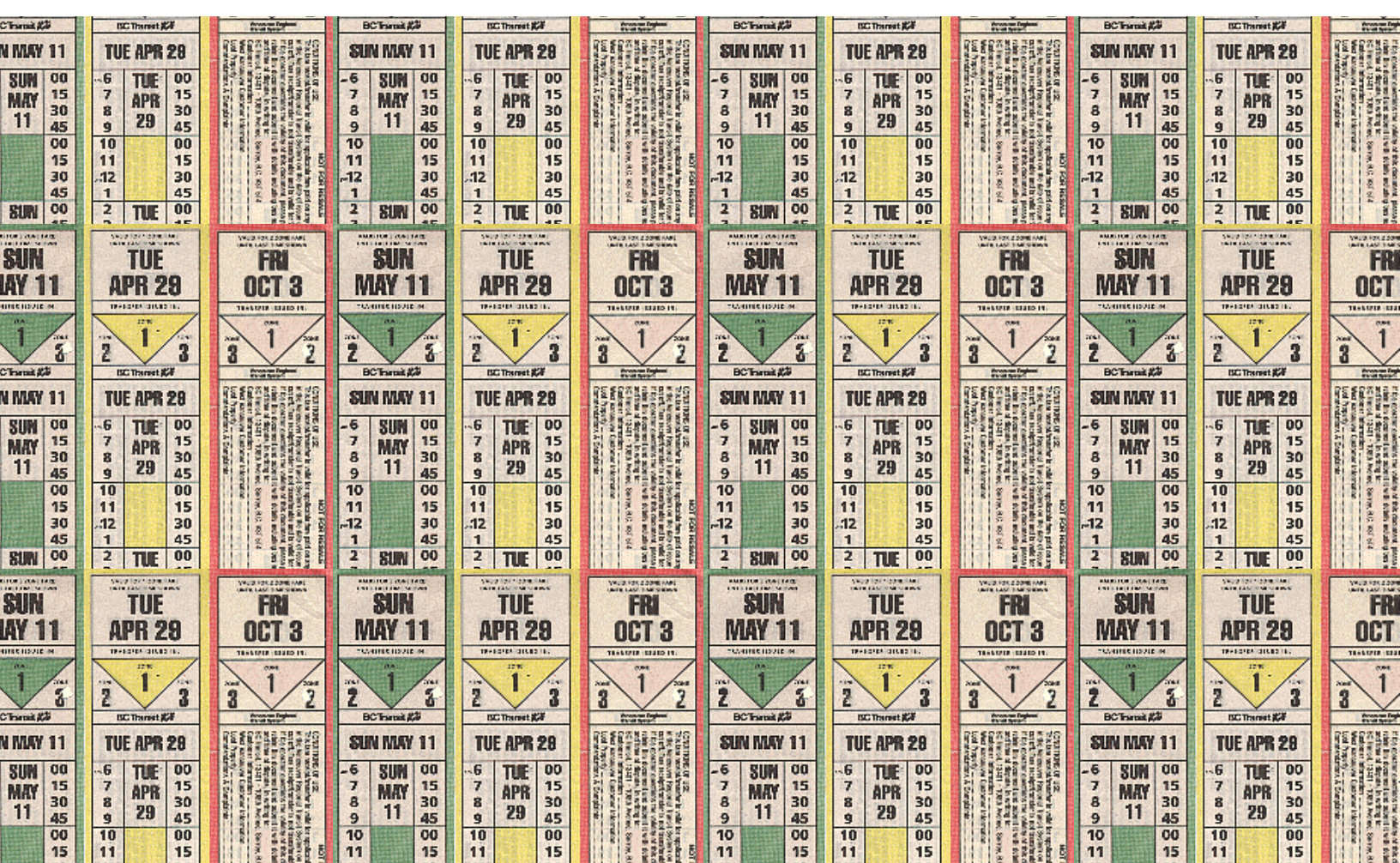


stop.stop.go!



james hörner

thursday afternoon by chance.

didn't mean to come across all that.

transit is always an epiphany. one odd occurrence after another followed by another even odder happening leads to seeing the medium of public transportation as something much greater than it probably is.

but all that was only realized after that first thursday afternoon by chance.

* * *

i'm not going to bother talking about that thursday
afternoon. novels could be written about that one day and its
many moments.

i will talk about all the
fridaysaturdaysundaysundaymondaytuesdaywednesdaythursdays
since. each moment a self-realization. a society revealing itself
through the medium of public transportation.

* * *

looking from inside
looking inside
looking

sometimes that's all i do is look. nothing

registers. mind is tabula rasa staring at all

* * *

some steal glances of others

sleeping
sitting

dreaming

reading r e a d i n g

listening

music

to

tap ping fin gers

staring at transfer slips

examining the dirt
on the floor

considering supper
composing shopping lists
fantasizing about lovers (or others)

talking

talking

talking

talking

talking

talking

talking

talking

talking

seeing outside (wish you were there)

be

ing.

* * *

- those five brothers kicked the shit out this white guy

at edmonds i heard

- shit

- yeah they like right fucked him up

- hey you go to that party the other night?

- naw man i's workin

- it was slamin - like that bitch with them real big tits

what's her name?

- idno

- anyways she's like lookin all nasty at

"THE NEXT STATION is...

[silence] attractive female sits in seating

across youths

soon discussion

resumes

* * *

two mentally handicapped ladies get on bus

"hello"

"hello" responds driver

slower one wearing red plastic coat curled hair
bad teeth red lipstick runs four seats back sits down.

other yells

DON'T USE MONEY WHY USE MONEY WHEN YOU'VE GOT A BUS PASS?

to driver- "she's got a bus pass"
driver- "nngghh"

"so use your money - don't waste your money - use your bus pass next time - let's see - see you
have it in your wallet - see - use this next time - don't waste money"

sits down closest seat to driver she sips coffee though

NO EATING / NO DRINKING / NO SMOKING

signs are in effect.

of course the driver ignores this. they almost always do except

when it's a young kid.

* * *

6:53

autumn

dark outside

"wait"

"huh"

"where's your fare"

"i've got a go-card but i left it at home"

"so you owe me. he paid but you owe me"

two males stand over the loud driver
the three other passengers are tense
the driver and the two young men are yelling now

"there is not enough fare here for the two of you"
"but i got my card"
"no you do NOT. you have NOT shown me your card"
"come on man give us a break"
"where you going?"
"about twenny blocks"
"but you haven't paid"
"i said i got my card man"
"i DON'T care. how do i know? huh? unless i can see this card how am i supposed to know? can't just let everyone go riding around without paying full fare. it's yer fare that keeps this system going."
"whatever man"
"its not 'whatever'"
driver pulls up to stop
"get out"
no response
"you heard me"
"get
out"
"you're a real fuckin asshole man"
fingers driver
"FUCK YOU" heard as bus drives on.

passengers register relief
having been pulled into this
(un)fortunate drama of fare

* * *

pay yr money
get yr ticket
watch the show

* * *

sits beside me

and does he ever smell like drink old white guy wearing some
sports jacket some team or other nose is red cheeks veiny

* * *

BULLSHIT just look at him- i tell ya he's a fuckin
skinhead

he looks like one but it might be that fashion thing

* * *

she stares at me the seat across beside.
hard glances constituting a stare a glare what did i do wrong?
feeling insignificant. have i wronged you, righted you?
should be nice but is uncomfortable your gaze through me

big red clogs bare feet winter snow outside awaiting
shoulder cropped flapper hair behind the ear everyone's wearing it
not afraid to hold sockets, orbital eyes sending
blankness through the (void[ed]) crowd
same stop next train what is it? love nor lust nor
compassion of any sort, human staring down human
contemplating the existence of the other

* * *

from bliss to piss. fragrant forties fifties ladies to smelly bus

stanks like my granny's musty basement. whole bus has
that odour of skunky vegetables. bile rise. purge. swallow.
breathe. breathe

breathe don't let it get to you

"nothin personal but you make me gag"

but i can't say that. who the fuck can?
for crying out loud your body odour's a bit much for my hungover head
it's all a bit overwhelming

the elderly
years rotting by
time fermenting the flesh
life pouring through pores sickly
trying to flee the self

* * *

driver

drives

by

"hey" half heartedly yelled

know

he

ain't

gonna

stop

quietly

express

my

discontent

at

the

system

the

tired

driver

hey

man

i

under

stand

i

am

sure

it's

been

one

fuck

of

a

long

week

don't

blow

it

it's

o

k

i'll

get

by

take

another

i'll

get

there

eventually

oh

what's

that?

yr

not

worrying

oh

i

guess

that's

good

(fuck

you)

just

remember

to

see

me

at

this

stop.

tomorrow if i'm not [invisible] to you

* * *

stop.

stop.
go

go

go

get to where

it is

you

have to be because

that's

what's real important now isn't it?

go ahead

jump ahead

budge

you stupid yup yup yuppie

business [fuck!]

sure, i'm

so insignificant you

didn't even see

(me)

standing [eat shit!]

(un) screw you

r e l a x
lose the ground state (un) blinking

morning mind

collecting thoughts close

paper helps to collect

droplets of

(man am i) exhaust [ed]

* * *

dead bus

missed usual

catch later 8pm

empty [questions] body inside
steel frame
"how's it going tonight?"
"quiet so far- it's saturday so it should pick up"

...

...

...

...

...

...

"i'll get off at the next stop. that bell must annoy the hell out of you!"

"naw, you get used to it. don't really notice it too much any more. new buses are nice
cause the bell can only ring once, unlike the old buses where they could keep goin off"

pullsuptocurb

"seeya"

"take care..have a good night"

"you too"

tssssshhhhhhhhh

nnnnnnngggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

hnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnngggggggggggggghhhhhhhhhhh

hhhhnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnngggggggggggggggggnnnnnnnnnn

other
cars
then
pass
by

n-----h

n-----h

n-----h

n-----h

n-----h

n-----h

* * *

girl drops coins

sliding to back

- hey get back here

sliding to back

- excuse me miss but you didn't pay full fare you owe seventy five cents

- o

sliding to front

drops

c
o
i
n
s
o
O
o
O
o

__ O __
(o)
knew better
but thought
she'd try
anyway

* * *

"i like to play license plate games when i ride on the bus- that way i never get bored. you know like MCE
would = mice"

"like FKG=fucking?"

"too many letters" (says smiling)

"ASS=ASS?"

(chuckles) "i don't think they ever print obscene ones. there must be a list that is taken out when they come up with their giant list of... what do you call it?"

"combinations"

"sure... or permutations. it's like when people try to get personalized license plates and try to be really sneaky by making them dirty ones - except you never see them because they have people who study those suckers before they approve them. they check every abbreviation, every funetikul pronunseeayshun..."

"shit they worry about too much. no wonder taxes are so fuckin high!!"

* * *

remembrance day
white decaying veterans heading to some destination
or other looking anxious joking

(remembering the dead?)

being asked to remember the dead weighs
heavy. a lot to ask when we can't even remember
the living

* * *

they hate standing
you can see the disgust and anger they bear towards
you for no reason

other than that we've got
seats and they don't. tough shit we've been on our
feet 8 hours too.

unless you're old or feeble or
disabled or pregnant (or damn beautiful for
some) you can stand - continuing to seep hatred
towards those in seats.

others (rare few) stand
ambivalently "oh well" they may think "what's a
few more moments upright right?"

besides it's
such a great condescending vantage looking.

down

upon the minions

of commuters
staring at wrinkles

baldness cleavage
dandruff shoes
(shiny scuffed heeled laced barefoot)

some stare out windows carefully avoiding glances while others

welcome contact.

"stare on"

they seem to stay- the contact warming you both on cold morning/evening 6am/6pm trips

* * *

commute: to change a prison sentence or other penalty to a lesser form.

* * *

waiting.....dec 8 8:30am

bus

STOP

w
a
.
t
.
.
e
.
.
.

—
dripping
on a bench

* * *

guy whose face was a little angular who could barely whisper out words though he looked as if he were yelling

PUNCTUATED harshly

with gesticulations

* * *

stop.

bus halts red light
driver turns around facing "audience"
"any one have a..." he gets out of his head
"a what?" shocked passenger presses
"a..." nervous now
"huh??"
"a loonie" the driver gets out fully
"oh, a loonie- i thought you said something else"
drivers face (embarrassed) red in mirror
"i just needed change for..."

voice

trails

off

bus pulls to stop.

* * *

(bus stop.)

"no you're my bitch"

"if i'm your bitch how come you actin like she's your bitch or somethin"

"come on bitch"

"you hurt me. you know that?"

"cmon"

native woman
white man

tempted to see this white man as the product of lower class unemployed welfare wednesday drug abusing
(alcoholic parents) and this native female as the product of abuse (abusing) trying to escape rez memories
and promises of nowhere and present day shit.
and yet i see nothing at all but now.

* * *

old timer
white bedhead
talks constantly
but entirely coherent
muttering to person behind him
they leave
mutters to himself
passengers board
bus leaves curb

"driver DRIVER there's ONE MORE"
bus driver stops
driver stops bus
bus stops driver opens door
person becomes passenger
"almost forgotcha" says old man "one more
on the boat. can't forget the last man

can't forget the last man

we can't leave yet

there's one more"

* * *

time passes
old timer still muttering. when i saw him at the stop he asked what time it was

6 am

must almost be six then eh. yep just about then it's gotta be

on bus he wraps one hand on seat beside him, one hand on seat ahead. turns facing person
(victim?) behind

yeah business

business these days changed a lot

changed a lot

you know yep changed a lot there
in this area mostly that asian...

person gets off at next stop

* * *

driver humours him
whitey didn't even have enough coin for fare
but driver didn't care

"that's what it is to be a canadian these days - can't even sit next to someone who will
understand you"

passengers get on people look at him and mooove along

mooove along

"young feller wouldn't even sit nexta me"

he turns and looks out the window

"hope they're open. most things should be. but i....."

sorta wonder
sorta wonder with this weather and all"

* * *

at stop he had asked me also

"today's monday ainit?
"yeah
"how long that bus been yr waitin for?
huh??
"uhhh, five minutes

* * *

out the window is a hard-plated-snow-surface.
ice rain hit almost two feet of snow. looks hard.
like you could walk on top of it.

* * *

driver drives fast
drops of water s p r a y
through window seals

"SHE'S TAKING IN WATER

she's taking in water! my god i hope this old girl can float gonna need a raft to dig us out.
torpedoes to blow the snow away. oh we're going over. a bridge. hope it's still intact hope it hasn't been
taken out like the rest of this city. snow bombs down on everything

.freezes.
all
move
ment
stop
ped
the
world'
s
at
a
stand
still.

never seen it like this before. when i was up north this was what summer was like
but here.. "never seen any thing like this" you hear them say

* * *

"that's my boy
yer mom and i can't believe yer gone son.
now that she's gone it's real quiet.

real quiet.
real

ain't fair
damn shame

'sorry to hear bout yr boy' they'd say.
then 'pity bout the missus'
piss.
piss.

* * *

white hair drops his change
takes a second to register
looks down
sits up
looks for a light
to turn on
that he can turn on
almost pulling
STOP REQUESTED lever
in process
"light in here
needta gimme some light in here"

* * *

bus stands still
engine quietly rumbles
windshield wipers
every 10 seconds
hisses out to
kill the rain-----throwing it

onto
the road

to be run
over after its journey
through the sky

* * *

-untitled novel (as yet)

"rain drops drip down

"huh?

"just watchin the window covered in wetness runnin down towards the ground. piss pouring prolifically

"piss can POUR prolifically

"and why not?

"it just isn't right

"...so?..."

"so it's completely awkward in that context

"i'm making a social commentary on such things as poetry- about the stereotypes... you should know that,
after all you're a writer

my face must have changed shades. i was ready and willing to hit him but of course couldn't

* * *

6:05 am

"yeah it is warm yesterday i took off my long johns and undershirt" an australian man breaks silence

painful. several commuters close their eyes to the intrusion. specious silence needing to be respected.

now they've given up
shoulders resume halvesleeping
slumped postures
g'night dawn.

* * *

family.

familiar faces greet or frown each morning.

darkness...(what? enshrouds?? nooo)

...fills the bus

from outside. it is a silence we all now share.

* * *

hate to write on the bus but who would be bothered by it, except me
suffering lives lost. not captured. embalmed bodies,
stuffed heads lining my pages.

* * *

a large bald headed scar

----circular shaped----

sits centred on the
of the head of the
man seated in
front of me

glasses stuck behind smooth naked ears. exposed to cold and the voices that are nowhere
(but perhaps in his head)

they're all mad

seated carefully alone

apart from everyone

stop. stop. *go!*
james hörner

.(mute).

staring ->in or out <- staring
no matter
the gaze is blank - the mind hollow

* * *

with every second that
is eaten up another is
created at the end of the
universe

* * *

the church
"flee temptation but do not
leave a forwarding address"

* * *

don't know if i looked out the window or slept

* * *

treat me warm
shrubs trimmed
alive still
breathing constrained
pressure
pleasure to be.
it's .

* * *

breath
ssspeedsss
lungs collapse
hopelessly returning
to today

* * *

hummmm
anointed engine
hummm
spray ditches

over water
tires push

* * *

rest

* * *

stop/start/stop

* * *

chewing fuel
few sit saturday mornings

through

fields of farms

past

city streets
obliterate
oh say
can ignorance
really be truth
in disguise

* * *

big shoulder man
you lousy fuck shoving
your shoulders into my head
how i want to hate thee
let me count the stupid times
you sit beside me for
thou art a prick

transit turns you into a grumpy asshole
at 6am

* * *

i'm waiting to relax to read
my brain is still asleep from bed
or still, well, asleep from work
i want to retire
onto the cold window with
sweet sweat and breath dripping into
my hair

up

i'm too worked still
can't settle yet
down

feeling antsy. (now how does one make "antsy" come alive?)

* * *

there is a distinct lack of oxygen on this bus.

my brain is slowly atrofing until i fynulee blak owt*****

everytime the bus gets full
it gets hot
no one (everyone) wants to open
the windows---as usual in
those sticky social situations
gasp

* * *

there is a fellow with fancy socks that for some time now has sat in front of me crossing his left leg over his right

the reason i saw all this so clearly was that he sat sideways right in front of my seat near the back of the bus

he always looks dead and opens this four inch book which i wonder about until i look at it in a bookstore running across it by chance it having taken him three days to read the introduction and only when he was reading the editors note or something did i see the book was called the golden bough

though i don't really know any thing more about this man

maybe other than the fact he got on four stops. after me and we both read on the bus and we never smile at each other or make eye contact and he wants my spot i can see it in the bastard's eyes

and when a seat like mine on the other side becomes available he scoots his shiny leather shoes
and his fancy socks

over.

* * *

transfixed by the ambience

* * *

reading camus:

"every man faces a death sentence"

thanks for that, albert. like i didn't have enough to worry about.

* * *

my nemesis

quiet bastard
big book
short curly hair
sits side seat
in front of my face
(where else??)
reading from the book
of giganticus (it's huuge)
it's a mile thick billions of
words long and weighs at least
a trillion pounds.
we both want back seat
it's so perfect
not too tall like
so many back seats
while still providing
plenty of light

* * *

what does it really
matter any how i
suppose when i'm only
falling asleep all the god
damn time for christ's
sake

* * *

waiting

heads forward
faces blank
listening to the
monotonous (lovely)
humMmmmMMmM
of the engine
(what else?)
maybe the body
next to me
grumbling growling
scowling
anticipating
places waiting
for their presence
until the bus presents
its presents.
standing up
bus not yet stopped
trip zipped by
rush to the door
bastards slip through
to the destination
be it the place that
awaits
or their transfer
for further
experience

* * *

toqued heads
single mums
steal seats

empty aisle
quiet day
no kids
only middle aged
(40? 30? 20?)
over perfumed
stinky folks
("goin to work on a saturday?")
glad i'm not alive
right now only
looking out through
a corpse being with
the rest of it. mind
skitter scatters in and out
of skulls and faces and
dancing nervous eyes
avoiding seeing my tired
body slumped void

* * *

this was going to start out objective. honest. i intended it to be this way. suppose experience has
kicked the shit out of objectivity.

do i start telling it
how i see it?
how i smell it?
how i taste it?
how i hear it?
how i feel it?
or do i tell it how others perceive it?

* * *

little woman outside at stop waves to grandpa (dad?) getting in. he waves back. i smile at the niceness. look
at girl. she is embarrassed

* * *

two planes pass
each other a
bird follows one
at least it looks
that way though it's
far too convenient
a meta- for
damn near every
thing

* * *

looking down into
cars other people's
lives their private
world's morning coffee
cups in hands whilst

other is on wheel
bloated cheeks double
chins loads of
cleavage and rolls
protruding
guts spilling
over genitals wanting
to drive the car itself
being a sentient pile
of internal organs and
all but that can't
happen cos if
there was an accident
a big fuckin thirty (30)
car pile up
they'd never know what
belonged to whom

* * *

can smell drink on him
doesn't
speak
words

only gestures with his red aged nose - full of pock marks- and his smile
tries to show his transfer keeps droppin

it
though the driver nods to me to go on though he hasn't seen my transfer cos he sees me
all the time but i can't get past the quiet man because he's pickin his dropped transfer off the floor trying to
be respectful/respectable yet he smells rum sweet and the driver simply says in a voice filled with
understanding

(?)

"thank you sir" even though he never saw that man's transfer either

the quiet man now looks out the window to his right and i can smell his sweetness four seats away

* * *

some stare.
he stares. lookin
through my head whenever
i glance in his
direction is he
constantly glaring
at me or only happens
to look at me when i look
at him

* * *

some drivers turn their mirrors up so you can't stare at them since that must be unnerving being conscious
of a constant presence watching your every facial expression

* * *

my bell has rung.
goodnight.

* * *

"good morning" says the driver
both of us hoping it will be

* * *

there's food in the book i'm reading
opened it up
started reading
get into it
turned the page-
there it was
scabby chunk of dried
reddish
matter.
the person next to me
turned their head i see
out the corner of my
eye. they must be disgusted.
good.
i pick at it.
most crumbles away.
a stain remains.
attempting to conceal a
few letters

* * *

gaze at lines
passing by
floating across
farm land
city roads
backroads
no roads
not really
existing but
for those
waiting at
home or

for no one
for those
who have
none

* * *

* * *

sitting on a seat
(no shit - or maybe
someone's lap)
all of us guys
with long stick
umbrellas
u
m
b
r
e
l
l
a
s

sticking
straight
up
(tee hee)
looking
like
curved
cocks
oh
how
childish
of me.

* * *

sitting on a city bus

* * *

did i already mention the lad who said that all of us standing in line were

like the "dance of the umbrellas"

the what?

you know, benny hill

oh him

oh i thought you might be too young

* * *

CAUTION
moving seat

do not place
feet on lower
bar

* * *

what clock do these drivers run by?

universal clock of you're always just 30 seconds too late to catch the bus you wanted so now
you've got a 3/4 hr stopover at a station in the middle of a field

* * *

lady doesn't pull bell cause bus always stops for her but now driver doesn't. she doesn't say any thing just
has to backtrack a block or two

* * *

guy on bus
turns little reading light on
sits staring scared shitless
looks like.

paranoid of what?
the burning bus
CRASH
that rots in his
mind
(don't mind me)
is he frightened
he's turned on so
much by charred
metal and twisted
flesh confused
in a heap of
ballard's orgasm

stop. stop. go!
james hörner

churning the
combinations
in his dryer mind
heating them up
to exploding

it's dark
outside
the bus
and i am
tired

* * *

a paper cup rolls

rolls rolls rolls rolls

on the floor

i want to crush
it
hearing the pop
and watching the
faces of the
surprised

* * *

note: new driver

* * *

the ocean spits its
load upon the tops
of moving sticks.
coughing.
stomach gurgles.
phlegm spat
cleaning the mossy
rocks
waves of nausea
proceeding
receding

* * *

thought i'd have
this car to my
self for the first
time but no
someone else
has come to
take away

[my solitude]
this coincides
with the realization
of the
NO EXIT
signs between
cars.

THE NEXT STATION IS...

more people
wander aboard
bored looks of
submission
corralled into
the moving pen
(but who's got
the cattle PROD?)

probably the quiet guy
in the back

* * *

skiff of snow
after looking up
from reading
does not shock
the eyes but
pleases the mind
longing for that
covering which
was here so
much but gone
so quick
although we get
sick of it
and are
thankful
when it's

* * *

clean my pockets of
well aired madness

* * *

hot out
black lady
toqued kid

* * *

bus tire
kills cars
kills people

flies off

* * *

rain again
coldhands
holding air
alone with
themselves
put one to
my cheek
feel chilled

* * *

gin visions
of a difficult
day dealing
with cocks
and cunts
and sick of
the shit
who makes
one beg
for a
transfer
"sir..."
*

[hey buddy
i want off
yr fuckin
bus NOW]
*

"2 zone transfer
please"
how pathetic

* * *

small child smile
holding rail
looking back
can't help grinning
at such unabashed
detachment
from all of us so worried in our little worlds wondering about this and that but not this kid he's only
interested in discovery and

staring

all around though likely not even hoping to make sense only seeing it as though we were not living
creatures but parts of the land
scape there for him to observe

* * *

the ability of this child to have apparent
unconsciousness of social restraints comes as an
epiphany moment of
clarity
sudden realization
whatever
the fuck
you want
to call
it

that's what i've been after been
trying to capture is the

tension

the presentation of self in everyday life has led us
to lead.

a hesitancy
to talk to
strangers to
stare at
beauty or
disfigurement
not out of
(voyeuristic)
perversion
but blatant
curiosity.

that kid
has
more

detachment

than we can
ever hope to
sanely achieve

* * *

that wheelchair lift
seems like such an
awful waste of time
for us poor poor souls
who need to be places
pronto with meetings

and lunches and lives
to rush
living

lift raises
embarrassment
by those
closest

why?

don't want to
be associated?

* * *

cut on the edge of my nose dripping

down i
daydream

* * *

"i am but a
simple whore
whose needs are
few and intangible"

* * *

bus shag
perfumed
nice clothes
side seats
turns her
back to me
leans on my
shoulder
legs crossed
surges of
acceleration
push our
bodies together
rhythmic
pulse we
share
together
but for
a few
moments
passing
we have
had
intimacy
of sorts
in the

home
of
strangers

* * *

looks on others faces glanced at occasionally reveal curiosity and discomfort at two commuters actually touching

* * *

blossoms
are here
it's spring
pink
even though
it snowed
last night
i read
the end
by a
canadian.

concrete.
i feel its
presence
now
whereas
before it
only sat
inanimate

* * *

things speed by

* * *

"the sum of things
is nothing"

* * *

"what an asshole"
"i can't believe she's going to keep it"
"and now everyone knows"
"everyone's talking about it"
"i wonder if he'll lose his job"
"how long has this been going on"
"some say it never started and none of this is true"
"but who will help?"

"everyone does their part"
"is the position up for grabs?"
"the pay is good but the work is shit"
"who do you think you are?"
"it's only a question"
"but it's only a matter of time"
"let's not bring that all into it"
"let's be reasonable here"
"things have gone too far"
"you've gotten out of hand"
"so they say"
"none of it is true"
"you can't believe a word"
"don't tell anyone though"
"hush hush"
"yeah i understand that"
"it's going to happen"
"no one will believe you"
"do you think i'm crazy or something"
"don't even go there"
"i wish i was outside"
"he seemed so nice"
"boy are you ever gullible"
"this situation is coming to a head"
"there's no conclusion to this"
"be calm and no one will figure out"
"just relax"
"i can't help but be concerned"
"give me a break"
"i'm just trying to help"
"the world doesn't need you as a mediator"
"oh get off your high horse"
"i'm not the one with the problem here"
"i can't go on"
"you must go on"

* * *

sunday
morning
rimbaud
on the bus
musical
phrases
witticize
my tired
brain

* * *

the east

indian sikh
turban
yakov smirnoff
gets on
immediately
doing his
schtick
though i
can't hear
his words
i know
they're there

* * *

this man
with his
black overcoat
and his shined
shoes n fancy
socks and done hair
who seems so wealthy
cause i've seen him before
with his family all good
looking but now i see
his coat is torn the lining
a mouth frowning at
my discovery

* * *

minions
steel instruments
construct
around me
a world of
concrete.
it too
is nature
naturally

* * *

sun impressed
letters across
my pages from
behind my back

* * *

crow and a seagull
sittin on a lamppost

s-q-u-a-c-k...

no.
they weren't

but they were really there. and the crow did fly off first if you were wondering. not that this is some good/evil metaphor. and the lamppost was not a tree. nope. just two birds early in the morning flying around.

* * *

look at
each other
from bus
to car
separated

by two
sheets
of glass
the stale
air of
the city
our
pillows
* * *

i don't
know you
and simply
don't give
a fuck
who you are
only
curious
(so maybe
i do)
* * *

broken
glass
under
my feet
at the
broken stop.
as is

t
e
p

out of my chamber

* * *

i see
myself
reflected
a vague

shadow
among bodies
in the building
windows i
move my
head to see
who i am.

* * *

what do
i say
i who
am at
a loss
for [words]
searching all
corners of
...a
faint smell
of your
presence
remains
but fades
traces
quickly
lost in
my thoughts
racing
to recall
something

* * *

presence. a word i use so (too?) much yet describes so well what we are to each other. here on our long evening journey where it is already night.

all of us have our own character slowly revealing itself without the owner's knowledge. it escapes leaving imprints in our mind all of us carrying a little piece of each other that is triggered every morning/evening as we go through the (e)motions of living

* * *

amusing
bright light
rides as
we float
by. can't
see them in
their metal
containers
and cages
spinning in
circles

(stop and let
me off i feel sick)
amusing?
park rides
do they too
lead to visions
of existence
and being
suddenly
unveiled
in a flash
of knowing
or are
they just
transparent
escapes
into a
transcendent
mind trip
inner ear
fuck up

* * *

the air
in here
smells like
a chili bean
fart
my eyes
caked open
and the
coffee
kills
my heart

* * *

tonight
(though yet it is not dark)
is a
can't concentrate
ride home
overriding
reading
rimbaud's
final letters
now is a loss.

a friend
moves on
not dies
but disa

ppears
across the
country
more prov
inces than
i can count
more miles
than imag
ination
allows n
yet i hope
to keep
close thoughts
carried through
words purp
oseful this
time

* * *

i don't feel like a
camera anymore

* * *

soon this city
these buses those
people should be
left to carry out
their days with
out my unnot
iced eyes staring
into a void of
emotions which has
now spewed me
forth to move onto
another notebook

* * *

meridian emphysemic
hunched over
coughing in the
line of traffic
buzzing by
masking

phlegmatic
outbursts and your
chunks of spittle spat
out onto
the morning road

* * *

alex fraser
you fuck
pattullo
you whore
backed to
the gills with
metal nuisances
scurrying this way
and that
trying to
race off into dark corners
where desks and computers await.

* * *

the crazed
man emits
sounds
* * *
chirping
trying to
figure out
what it is
i see the asian
man next to
me smiling
does he too
suddenly real
ise how much the
lunatic sounds
akin to operatics

* * *

so windy
the bus

rocks half

a foot feels

it's gonna

t i p

o
v
e

r

c

a

h

r

s

*

*

*

grass leaning over
k i s s i n g the g round
try ing to ho l d its
r o o t s in but barely
succ e e din g
tre es break i
n ha
lf

power out
all that's
heard is
the rumbling
of a bus
going some
where any
where to
escape the
breath of
spring

*

*

*

old white
turban
hanger jacket leg (stiff?)
up
propped
cane resting on seat ahead
of him falls down leans
forward slow picks up props

it up again

* * *

waiting
waiting
wondering
what
happened
then i
see it
coming
down
but the
light red

so

waiting
waiting
is the
light
broke?
waiting
waiting

go

* * *

can imagine
old bundles
falling

over

in this
breeze
"well hell
I remember
when we
used to
watch
old people
get picked
right on up

* * *

a child
blue knitted
jacket holds
my gaze
for what
seems
minutes.
this makes me stop
and smile

* * *

stop.
firetruck rolls
into
inter<>section
lights *flash*
but no

emits.

* * *

convergence
on the 7:15.
the bastard
the poor/rich man
aka jacket boy
the security guard
a collision of realities
all on
the bus.
the very
same bus

* * *

i've got a new notebook but my writing is messier because the pages are floppier and the corners are bent already unlike the smaller coil bound one i used to use not so long ago

* * *

ahhh
another character
i've missed
mentioning---
the banker (?)
at least that's what his name
is now.
black jacket
well trimmed
moustache
he contemplates his
seat
sits
but now gets
up
and moves over
nexto
me<- ->him

* * *

le banker
reads his
papier every
morning looks
like inspector
clouseau a little
i suppose thus the
frenghish

* * *

thought i might have to put
this away with all these people
getting on but the banker
sits in the back within our
little corral everyone else has
their backs towards us (the snobs!)
staring a head a waiting their

next stop. requested

* * *

somedays
like mondays
the bus is fuller
early week resolution
to ride the transit?
same business in the
new year all of
sudden
so many take
transit
but now they're

to who knows

where?

[over here--over there
from behind their
car wheels
they now stare]

* * *

today energy
is amiss
(never a mister?)
you can tell i'm in a
great mood because
my puns get worse.

alas, the bus fills
and now i must my writing
STOP.

* * *

another moustached
man with polyester
pants and a big chin
with a loose jacket
listens to music
and i wonder his pro
fession and
can't help but
think hitman.

maybe though it's
the music i've been
listening to at home
making me think this
its cynical
messages permeating
the dusty corners
of my brain

* * *

damnit
to fuck
i trudge
into
the
ever
in
creasing
queue
damn
ing
the
fuck
ing
traf
fic

* * *

we watch them
run before us
like idiots
chasing a leaving bus

run run RUUUUUUUUN
pathetic
but rational
creatures
coats
flapping
heels clicking
tiny steps along
the cement
please stop

* * *

old chinese lady outside
flaps her arms
madly against herself stretching?

fwap
fwap
fwap

* * *

as soon
as a seats
available
they move
some without
care
others with pretense
i feel i've
said this before

* * *

she falls.
always
wondered
when this
would happen.
red jacket
lady flies into lap
of black jacketed man
he's not embarrassed
the bus lurched
sending her along
she sits down on
side seat beside him her
ankle stockings
slipping showing

smooth
skin

* * *

man
cow
shit
smells
been so long
since i've been
on a farm i've

can't remember
that smell
which for
some signifies
home.

* * *

a young girl who sits beside
me three seats between us in
the back of the bus.

i've ridden with her before
seen her talk into her pocket
tape recorder replaying old
messages to herself

i wonder if she too watches
and how much she picks up on
does she notice the subtle
glances between strangers the
woman maybe pulling her hair
behind her ear to show off her
smile

or have we always seen these
things and just think age makes
us more in tune

naw the little things probably
became clearer to her now
that she's getting older
is she really asleep
or only resting her eyes
glancing over occasionally
with her nosy brain at the
scribbles i scrawl.

the cord is pulled

off she gets
there (where?) she goes.

* * *

the little used bookstore i've been
meaning to go to that i pass
by each day in the bus for the
past six and a half months
looks like it may now be
permanently closed and i never
once made it inside only
looked longingly from the metal
beast which briskly lurches
by letting only my thoughts stop
there a moment

* * *

seems like every
time i lean against
that glass at
that stop that
the light lights up for
the night

* * *

the cow
she sits at the
stop.
with two bags
props them up
on the seat beside her
yeah i can see that
but when people
come up like older asian
ladies the young wench
won't move her shit
so some guys get
up instead and then another
old lady east european
the accent sounded i think
asks to have a seat
and now the asian lady gets
up and oh yeah there was
already an old muslim
woman and her kid the
old lady burquaed in black
and the kid in a jogging suit
with a handkerchiefed head
her full face showing what
a damn cute kid
but still the young cow
wont move her fucking
salon tanned face instead
blowin smoke slightly

turned to the rest of the
occupants

* * *

an abandoned
newspaper falls
from its seat
no one bends
to pick it up

* * *

can't read
brain frozen
bus stuffed
greyhound type
no aisle
two sikhs
talking real loud
some *gora* says
"can you keep it down
cause i don't care
what fucking language
you're talking just keep
it quiet i'm trying to
read"

holy crap
that's a great
way to get
the shit

the living
stinking
shit

kicked out
of yourself

* * *

seat's having
an epileptic
fit rocking
back and forth
maybe it's
only trauma

* * *

sunshine for
once thought the
damn thing'd
be empty
but nope
people still
having to go
from a->c

* * *

maybe the
driver has
a headache
cause he's
in a real
pissy mood
being a prick
though what the
hell-----
-----some
(2) people get
on fare ain't
enough for him
from the back
yells a man

"how much
you need"

"75cents"

color should be
so incidental
but it ain't since you
can't help noticing
it's noticed
it was a black guy
with an accent
who gave change
to a young
asian girl
these things
shouldn't matter
but do when
you see the looks
on the rest
of the faces

* * *

**CAUTION
DOORS OPENING**

**DO NOT PUT
ARM OVER
SCREEN**

* * *

**DO NOT STAND IN STEPWELL
WHEN BUS IN MOTION
TO OPEN DOORS STAND ON TOP STEP**

* * *

22nd st.
tire dents
cement's got
a lip and looks
like a mouth
must look
as though it's
drinking or
drowning when
rain fills its
hollow

* * *

lipstick
cigarette
"would you two
kids keep
outta the
bushes"
blue dress
fat feet
shoes too
small
line-ups are fine
except for the
fuckers who
like to find
their way to
the middle
(ain't talkin
about the lady
and the 2 boys)
of course it's

kids [seems
like it always
is and then they
wonder why people
treat them like
shit
some
few screwing it
for the rest]

* * *

open windy
window drying
out my eyes at
least my pen's
wet yet i can
barely see the
page the bumps
christ are these
letters or doodles?
and the suns burnt
holes in my sq
uinting pupils ahh it's
summer

* * *

there's a
madman on
the bus the
scar running
from the
base of his
neck to the
top of his
head a thin
cut scar like
his head was
opened up
gently then put
back together
(oh wasn't that
nice of them) after
some work of
sorts had been
done

he's up
there talking to
the driver for
the whole bloody
ride when all
of sudden the
driver

"next stop- #5 road"

as though it's bingo
and he's calling
the winning number
he continues to do
this for others but
not so dramatically
the madman doesn't
blink so well his
eyes messed a
little

 see others
on this chatty
chat
chat chat
bus
madman presses
buttons radio
comes on for a
moment then

before he leaves
he sings what sounds
to be the beverly
hillbillies song but
done transit style

ding.

-NEXT STOP REQUESTED-

oops sorry
 that's ok it happens hey
we're all human

"next stop garden city where
you pick up"-
 expect to hear 'vegetables'
 -"the vancouver express buses"

"next stop...
 ...across the street
canadian tire...
 ...and a bunch of other stuff"
 this guy's a comedian
 or should be doing radio

* * *

transfer

technique
down to
a 't'.
three in
his hand
red
yellow
and green.
close to
the wheel
they're held
in his grip

* * *

weeping
woman
in a white
truck
what she
crying for
lover lost
(or won't
get lost)
death in
the family
fired from
work gone
off the deep
end

* * *

old man
on the park
bench talking
shaking hands
like he owns
the bus shelter
 all his turbaned
 friends pay respect
 maybe because
 he respects them
 or he's like some
 kind of sikh mafia
 the don of the
 neighborhood but
 i really doubt it
 it's probably just
 because he's a relic
 looks older than
 everyone else or it's

because he's got a
mickey of rye

* * *

fucking tourists
there with their
luggage talking
at 6 billion
decibels about
drinking and hard
core music and
shit and acting so
fucking cool as
though they're over
compensating about
how nervous they
are or maybe they're
really excited though
i remember even
when being a tourist
here i could spot
the tourists cause
they stick out
like stiff pricks.

* * *

where the hell
some of this stuff
comes from i cannot
say from deep within
my transiting
subconscious
driving here
nor there no
stops made this
express bus is
going nowhere
fast full of
assholes
elders
beauties
deities
culture
neurotics
problematics
clichés n
stories to watch
tell themselves

* * *

fast approaching
home hope
the bladder
holds out
mein gott i'm
going mad mad
jalopy wonka
get out your
umbrellas pull
all stops dig
a well aaarrghhhh

ding

* * *

staring straight
ahead making
miniscule
adjustments
to steering
wheels
they don't
look human
appear to
be instruments
of dr. caligari

* * *

wood chips
sputter out
of a chute
onto a barge
headed
out somewhere
unknown

* * *

the water's
still.
calm
one could say
if you felt
the greenish
fluid had
life. perhaps
if you've
been in a
storm you would
see anger and calm
ness and

even joy
in the waters
which travel
by

taking their time

* * *

darkness
now descends
the train into
what i thought
would be under
 ground
 but is
 not - merely
 a lower
 elevation.

black shadow
cement reflections
of ourselves

* * *

look up to
a precipice
the water
below a
wobble slight
surges tickles
the shore
while
people?
make their
way slowly
together?
enjoying
the late
afternoon's
dying light

* * *

a pause
an interruption
a stop at
a station
breaks
the continuity
of reflection

* * *

cement parking lots extend

* * *

small shacks
scattered
amongst highways
n
growing spring
grass
inhabited

could
be the poor
stuck
stuck with
no where else
to go but let society
envelope them

addressed and sent to
the core of industrialism

* * *

my ride is
nearly done
my stop
arriving
anticipating
the now
sterile voice
which reminds
me exactly
where i
am

stop.

* * *

i come to
a full stop
for now
near crying
for it has
to close
while i move
elsewhere
exhausted

all these
faces
hideous
wretches

terrible
beauty
all going
somewhere
and nowhere
and myself
being only
another blank
face paying my
fare and going on
a small ride
for however
far my ticket
takes me