

PLACE

: THREE COMPANION POEMS

16 January 2017

Location: Route 10, between 176A and 177B

Activity: Driving and texting

I'm experiencing a sense of dislocation in this in between place.

I'm in Cloverdale.

Leaving there. Coming home. Something I don't share with you behind me. Something I share with strangers. And travelling back (?) to what I know:

My life.
My home.
And, yet, I used to live there.
That was once my life.

18 January 2017

Location: Glover and 216th

Activity: Driving to work

I want to be a part of something different
Something that doesn't exist in this place

Driving through rain
Once again
And it's only getting worse (climate change)

Temperate rainforest
I used to feel the connection with this land
(Isn't that a song?)

Now it weighs on me heavy
A soaked jacket dragging me down

I slip off the side of the road
Into the ditch
And float away

4 Feb 2017

Location: Home

Activity: Sitting on the bed avec le chien

I keep forgetting what year it is.
Hate is a strong word and I try not to use it (anymore)—
it reminds me of my mother.

But
I hate this weather
which makes me hate this place
which makes me want to leave
and never come back.

I fantasise
about living in Southern California
but without the whole American thing
yet
retaining what I like:

A mid-century modernist era of
diners, drive-ins, and
John Lautner homes;
women who drink martinis and
smoke;
jazz; and regional cuisine unaffected
by nutritionism
and shit like that.

Place and time both
perhaps?

Either way
impossible.