

left

After a conversation with Elee last spring whereby we were chatting about letters, the paths of strangers, and estrangement as a sentiment that is accompanied by disquiet.

After a conversation with Elee about the freezer, the tree, the waterfall, slow fibrous decay, swimming in frigid waters and sandstepping with time.

After a conversation with Elee within and about the economics and vantages of the domicile and stepping out of it.

After a conversation with Elee about correspondence and leaving. Perhaps a letter left on a well worn path. To acknowledge proximity despite these conditions of stranger-ness.

here is how I have contacted you:

a square of paper scrolled

another into blackberries

one inside the hole by the bridge

how do you read me, c?

dear elee
nets are specific in
containment

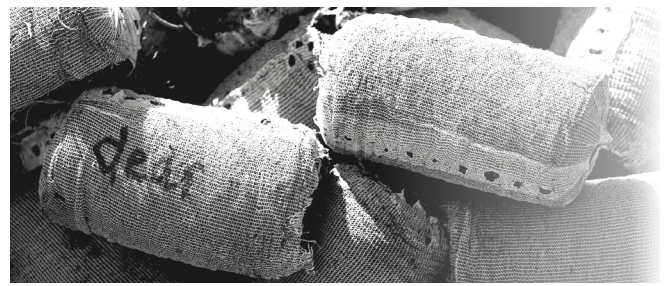
these nets are intended
to be filled

with earth and seeds +placed in earth

the net surrounded over time the seeds and the
roots burst net splits

consider our dependency on
holes

drift on the soil surface these split
nets
what should I call this



how I collect my thoughts and stuff them in the trunk, a tree sawn off at hip

this poem is not a trunk-shaped sculpture

but veiny as a rhizome and just about as tensile

After a conversation with Elee about the presence of tractors, and an agricultural and forestry ethos combined with seed collection dispersal and model forests.

After a conversation with Elee about seed piles and burning brush.

After a conversation with Elee relaying pile movement, tractor rotations, seed pod turnovers and interpretations of landscape interventions.

After a conversation with Elee about leaving our landscapes with words, marks, notes, inscriptions and matterings and the anticipation inherent in returns.

dear elee, some of these may have already been on the seed pile, difficult to say

absorbed by the document(s)/these

stacked jffy coil
pellets

no, heaped

& it. they those, our we,

came along the field

part

of the scenery

now it is raining down cedar brown
and I know my days
will be for sweeping
raking my fingers through my hair
and leaving nests for birds to plunder

other days I dive
beeline down the deer path
track between brambles
where a stranger wrote a poem in yellow
graffiti lasting longer than the verse
no pipeline no pipeline in purple

I gather syllables on my legs and drag them down the path
pollinating the edges of the redwoods with Rosetti

while I walk my legs talk
to people too far
away to touch
the trail an ellipsis of silver circles
puddling my mind and I leap
into the screen of the puddle or the phone
trying to find you

dear

nets are

are
intended

the seeds
roots burst

on
holes these split
nets

and the
nets split

t

on the
soil surface

in contain
ment

After a conversation with Elee about slow dissolves and travelling long distances to monitor an object that is, for all intents and purposes, inert and difficult to assess. This conversation flowed into another conversation about objects and their seeming containment. But objects are vivacious, in ways that are unexpected.

After a conversation with Elee about close monitoring for obsolescence and emergence and forms of recording. Is there vivacity in human-slow processes? What about the glue a barnacle makes, the veracity of a sharp edge.

After a conversation with Elee regarding what gets left behind or ditched or remains, reminding of weathering, and selecting placement: the imminence of the moment in combination with prior intent. Also the inevitability of missing, forgetting, or non-observed things, o shook superhero.

After a conversation with Elee about how people come up on things, what they look at, the curiosity and opportunism of species.

along the route and over the roots
here the metaphor, there the parable
a man splashes
washing in the shallows
when he swims away transformed
into the beaver, I remember

everything is changing and not changed

the notes I leave you along the path
though they disintegrate or blow away
persist in my library

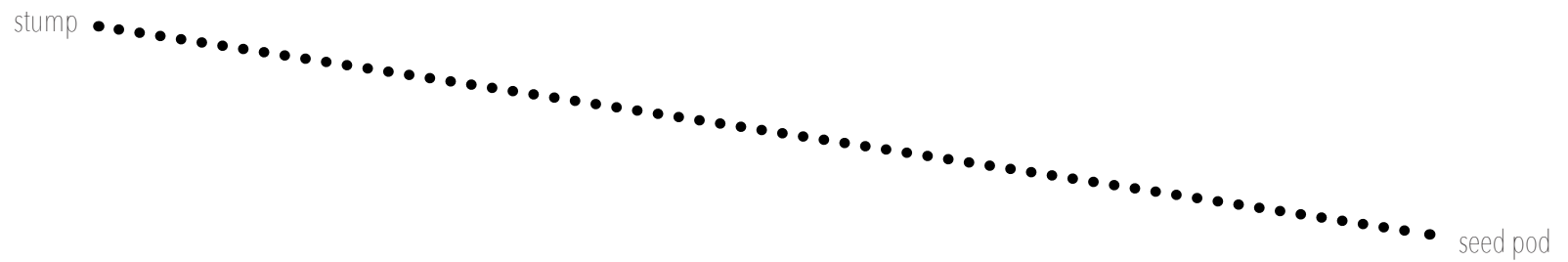
the note becomes the space
itself a place in perpetua
because I recall it that way

are you pleased too that our walks are irregular and untimed?

some pieces of language exist, but not for these letters

subject to brief isolated visits, saturate

errata, desiderata



*not to scale

here I line, am a liner:

sweep cords and pipettes, catheters and rubber bands

lunch lines, pipelines, wrecked shorelines

waists, belts, fill in the form, underlined

the digital string of identity trailing

like the longest late shadow of the day

never a finished line



ash

After a conversation with Elee about the characteristics of hummingbirds, nests and nestfinds, nodding to strangers and other unknowns, stumps, across-expanses.

After a conversation with Elee about anonymous exchanges : the discard of objects found, taken, and replaced by anonymity; I think it's fine to invent the story.

After a conversation with Elee about pathways in rural spaces, population densities being relative and somewhat flow dependent. Interhabitability and interventions.

After a conversation with Elee about fields, scat, lost gloves, soil, and rivers.

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