

WORDS FROM
ABOVE
THE BAR



MR. SUN //

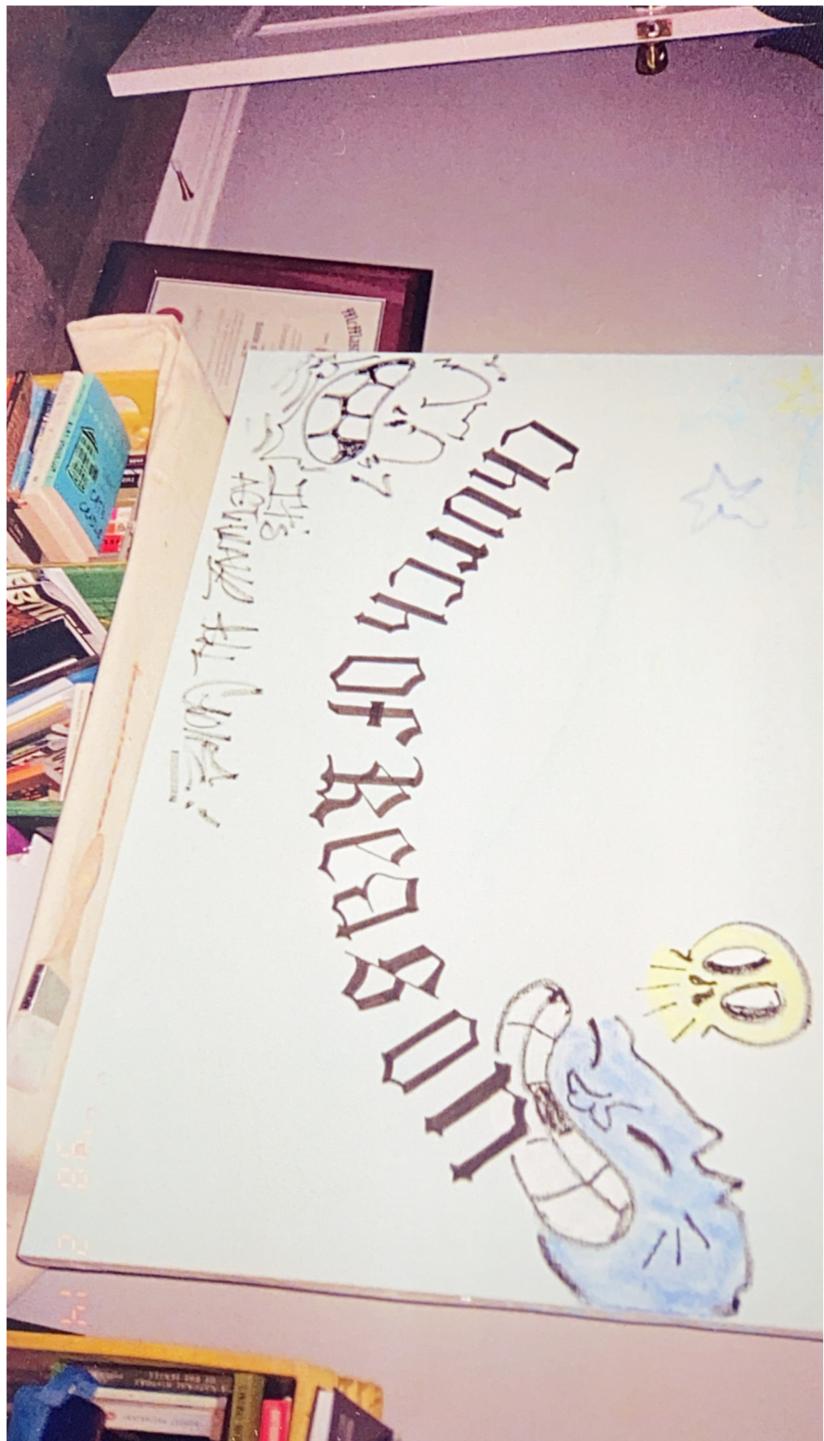
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These are words collected from the unbound airiness of moving out. A time of routine early mornings on top of routine late nights. Living with friends, each one of us representing pieces of a home we'd all ran from. Above the pub, sound emanating from our floor boards, we laughed and relented. With the sun we'd head to work only to find more noise and a longer commute. The delirium of this time was found, not in the lack of sleep or nutrients in the fridge but in the effervescent noise of our world. The noise of the bar below imitated the noise of our ideas above. An unrelenting search to find ourselves finally as adults, slowing realizing the uselessness of such a title, and the aloneness of being grown. Easily and quietly our values seemed to slip, when used in the name of raising oneself above the bar.

So this little book is for my friends, you lovely slices of quiet. For the wonders of noise cancellation. These words are for the attempts, and the projects, and all the ideas which are better suited to rest always in the future.

Luckily, old street light, I don't mind the dark.
When you flick courageously back on if only for a moment,
I realize how futile our dark lonely courage really is.
The defiant dull glow of a resilience no longer needed.
Progression skipped us both,
our height no longer proud.
In the wake of light,
the darkness overgrown,
they will come and replace us all.



Church of Reason

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“What do you believe in?”

The question cruises by, never interested in lingering.
Question with an answer,
input with an output,
esoteric vending machine,
I pause.

Drowned in thought, choked by the question.

Belief’s surface touches my ears,
as I bob in contradiction,
knowing below and believing above.

I tire from maintaining the contradiction,
as I relax belief’s delirious waters lower.
Or they swallow.

The question recalls my attention when it’s repeated.

I answer with a definitive
“I don’t really know”

Cost of living rises continually,
so the budget gets tighter.
I am a dollar,
 a renter,
 a consumer,
 a column in a budget.
I contribute to the rising unaffordability,
by continuing to live.
Each breathe accounted like pennies,
my budget whispers:
living is paying,
 Life expensive,
 existence taxable,
 what is your value?

Thank God for the budget.
Without it, what would I be?



There's a crack in my windshield.
Everyday in commuter traffic,
I gauge its progress across the dashboard.
I hope its reaches the other side.
I hope it shatters the glass in triumph,
sending the glass inwards in ceremony.
I'd take the day off work to celebrate my friend.
We'd celebrate the mess made,
and the void it left.
One less commute.
Yet I only observe as this car falls apart,
I only hope one day it does.



I catch my eyes in the reflection of the pot lid,
my shaded reflection stares up at me.
The popcorn pops like it's supposed to, and I shake,
loosing view of myself as the pot fills.
Little Freak plays and she sings.
The pot fills to the brim,
I become fainter.
She asks, "you know what?"
I don't,
and I'm gone.



My eyes have grown dry and tired.

I bought glasses to help mitigate these problems,
but they didn't help.

They didn't help the craving in my fingers.

They didn't help the noise, or the preaching.

They didn't help much at all.

Without them I'm still awake.

As always, looking and absorbing,
through my dried out eyes.

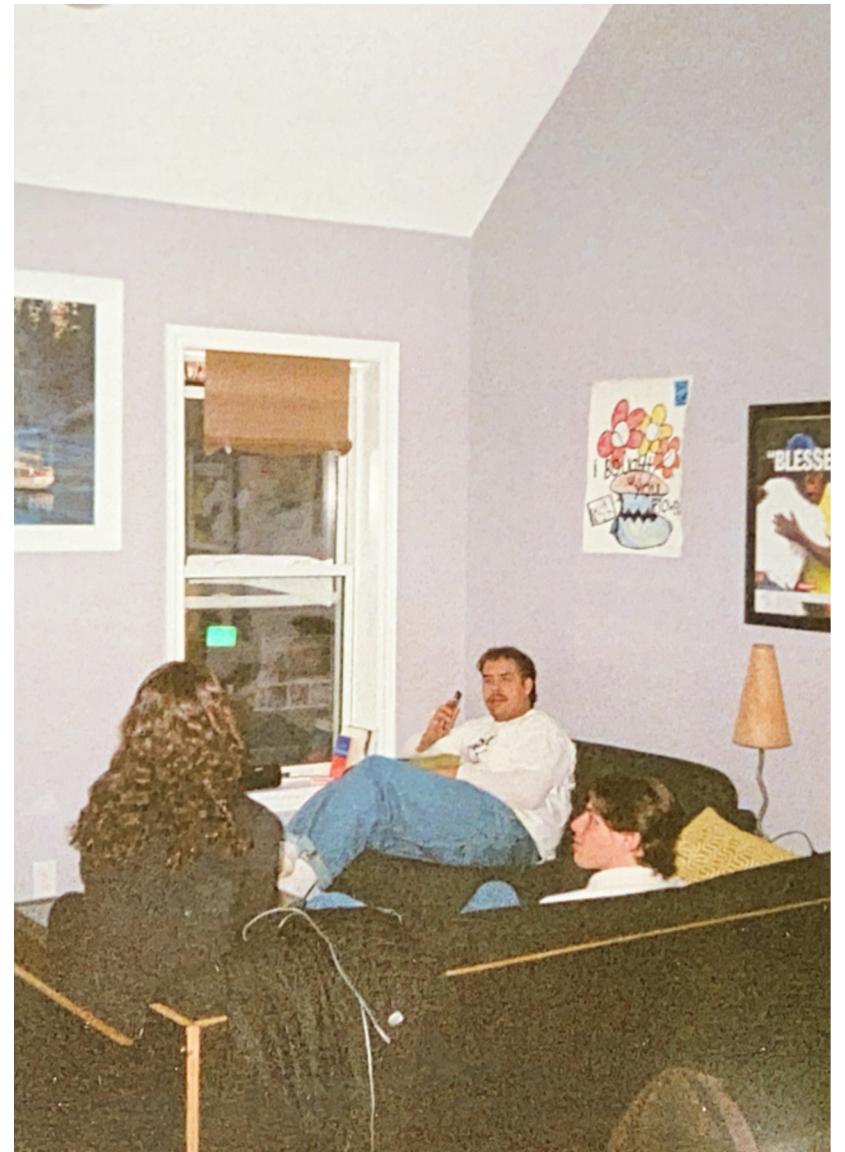
Without their protective filter I wonder if my head will
explode,
from its compiling contents.

Defeat comes to greet me,

we usually meet at this time.

I wish she'd leave me be.

I wish my eyes were wetter,



and that we weren't so good at dying.

The platform is empty.

The day isn't exceptional, just fine.

Standard work day swinging by quickly,
regularity pervades.

Through the emergency window
the morning sun extends
its warmth.

It's cathartic to complain.

The bore of fulfilled expectations,
Or the horror of their diversion.

A piece of home sits across and to my right.
Maintaining the peace,
quiet.

These days pass with little attention,

I feel no guilt in letting them go.

Apotheosis of Tuesday morning.

On the train,
what strange joy to have it leave a minute early.



Content little hotel pool,
alone in my 4ft sanctuary,
echoing with memories.

Their reverberance off tired tiled walls,
soaks the air in loneliness.

It is the places that are lonely.

Rooms filled with music no one hears,
signs still on display for the rarity of eyes.

A place left behind by uninterested swimmers,
quiet forgetting.

I'll leave the pool, and it will return to a place alone.

Chlorinated water dancing for the echoes,
Signs prudent in their hanging.

My memory added to the lonely humidity.

It rained last night.

This morning I empathize with the shy Vancouver sun.

It's touch through the open blinds is calm and cautious,

like it understood the night's rain,

like it understands there's more to come.

I'm learning there will always be more rain,

and that the noise never stops.

That adult is a hollow title,

and that parents die.

So take your time Mr. Sun,

I'll follow your lead,

standing proud in the patches of ground

you've dried for me.





Just How Much

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She naps and I'm awake.
Where did the day go?
I wonder if she thinks the moon is a boy or a girl,
She's good at knowing these things.
Her feet shift under the blanket,
and I search for them with my own.
She's inside the blanket, I'm outside.
The moon is a girl she would say,
and I imagine her up there.
I imagine us as the two fish of pisces.
She turns, and I feel the pull of her back.
She asks if I still like her,
I chuckle affirmingly.
If I were the sun and you the moon,
companions bound by gravity,
maybe then you'd understand
just how much.

The night dances.

The cool air filled with sexuality.

My ears ring,

body tired,

you brought me here.

I wait,

and I worship.

Serving with enjoyment,

but this is for her.

You brought me here.

Willingly led,

supporting,

here I am.

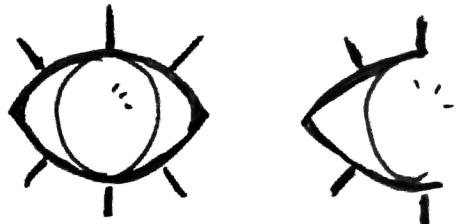
The moonlight moves,

and the air seduces.

Yet my ears still ring.

Jaw clenched,

I reenter.



Today I worked eight hours.
Just like yesterday.
I didn't need to check the time,
I knew by the strength of the sun
and the viscosity of the traffic it was 4 o'clock.



It would seem we lost the fight.

Seems we never really had a chance.

So rest now,

on your back.

Be still and be calm.

Though neither of us have earned it,

this dreadful fight will continue.



The last six months I spent above the bar.

Working and waking, avoiding sleep, and wading my time.

Fighting for the silence,

advocating for its return.

With attempted rhythm,

I join the noise.

Necessity of living I suppose...

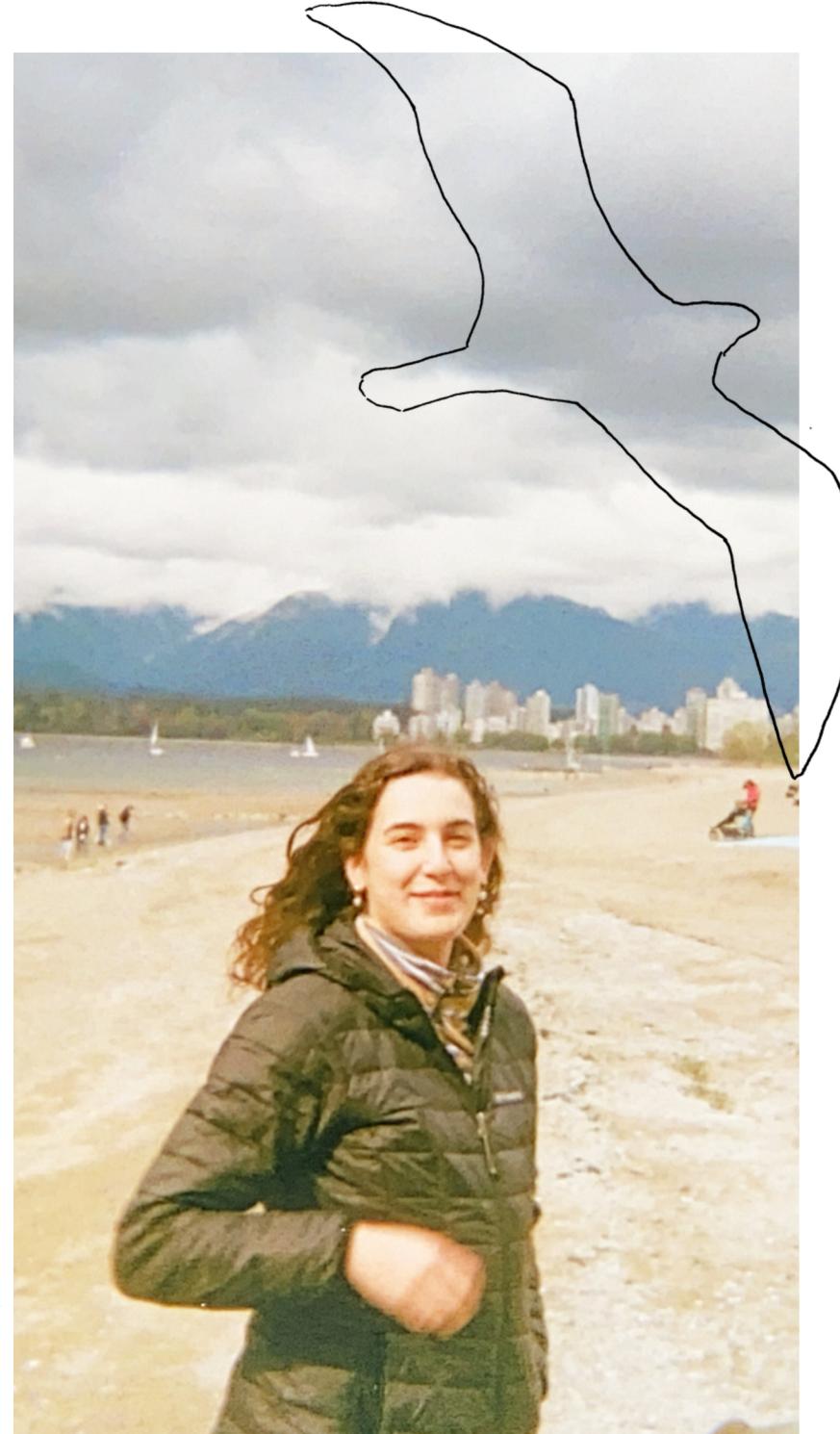
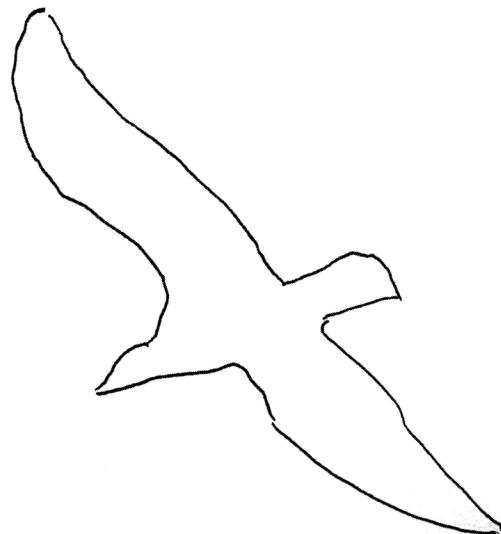
As was there,

I am here.



As memories of time above the bar galvanize, Vancouver slowing releases its unfamiliarity. With tolerance grown, I face the noise and the delirium. One story higher the floor is quiet but our world remains fervent in its yelling. It crashes in through the windows to remind me of the bar, and a time when our goals still held their power firmly rooted in the future.

This little book is done, and all the dramas I've written in it are too. An end to my attachment to the bar, and my place above it. Relaxing my grip, noticing the damage. My hands in their fragile state, show the pain in holding on. When I look down I find comfort in their now openness and joy in dissolution. This little book has made me lighter, releasing my bond to the ground. I can feel the wind between my unclenched fingers. Changing and diaphanous, felt but never know. The bar dissolved. Myself too, carried away with the costal wind.





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