

Forecast unwrit

Weyman Chan

An acid

An acid to dissolve all the wrongs.

Easy to think that, according to both Jewish and

Islamic law, a corpse has to be buried first sundown after death.

But the blown off heads and feet of suicide bombers are piling up in Israeli morgues, adding

Hostage to the blast that sealed their unidentified shards

Since Palestinians can't just walk up to their door and claim them.

The metropolitan canvas, its tight grid and congealed dependencies, mock-whispers, *Once upon a time*.

Once upon a time these remains were an entirely unfunded bureaucratic layer to the affected Shirttail of history, flapping in the wind

old as papyrus.

Inshallah, inshallah, hijab keeps us modest, prevents HIV.

IraqBodyCount is a graph with red spikes.

Its intellectual clout can make parabolas grin.

One more gap to consider:

How to

Humanize rubbled flesh.

I flew and fell down, says the one standing next to the one who detonated herself. Noise
And nothing. I was confused.

Counter-threat. You learn not to go out, you sit and think things. Learn not to be thirsty.

Akkadian cylinder seal, pure garnet, 2190 BCE, king holding a spear, framed cuneiform
proclamation,

The righteous. The wise. This seal, unripped on an endless clay ribbon, becomes

A linguistically dreamed anatomy. People

Look in on themselves from

The viewpoint of forever most

Advantageous to the versifier.

It's the only way to hope for and preserve the idea of future.

Surely, in its incumbency is its optimism.

In response, I'm googling the benignity of death.

The oracle tells me that baboons carry their dead babies for many days, ignoring the deadsmell

A cat will keen over a dead companion's favourite spot.

Sometimes a crow will cover a dead mate in

grass or twigs.

Grief, in higher animals, floods the amygdala with glucocorticoids.

Is this the same dialogue with fate, overthinking it

After a heavy meal where some waiter sets down the billfold

And you hesitate, hoping that someone else will pay?

Nine million pounds of beef kicked to the gutter by XL meat-packers,

Maybe one more grant to extend operations,

An open-mouthed grinder of bovines could adumbrate revelatory moods,

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Maybe predict awe, even as indolence
And other buffalo juices seep up from sacred ground.

An obvious gap between the uranium bullet and a child plugged
With fistulas of ice cream (cut to comedic death-plunge off a skyscraper,
Austin Powers imploring Robin Swallows, “why won’t you die?”),
The small question that bags most particulars
Around thinking theorems like, what do you know? at times
Leaches bacteria like a squeaky wheel
beneath the afore-affected protectant
Considering how creeping antecedents never fail to shift the miffer.
Why trade placental gasps for empty sails?
Breath and mind are supposed to clear cobwebs together, but
Like clouds on asphalt, they wander through stacks of unwashed proofs,
A sharp-tongued nanny’s 200 boxes of stuff—
Hats. Old clothing, letters and travel brochures, and the hundred thousand negatives
settled in proportion to life’s disjunction,
an easy way of admitting that I wanted you more than I ever could,
or maybe I’m fooling myself when I look at Vivian Maier’s eye slicing out from shadow,
grateful that the perhaps of want is
grey, including all other shades

but don’t say that recorded life matters more than the magpie’s
whose heart can have everything shaken out of its grasp
and would still know which way is up—
me? Not so easy, not so fast. Blazed
pinhole on my dying mom, anchored to silence
when suddenly there were cows outside. Auntie Mary, Uncle Phil,
and the toneless vowels of a language my sister and I were starting to know
as they held me, I was on someone’s giant knee all the time,
the other fading fast from my bedded
obscura, now the quiet farm in Airdrie basked
in the ease of its substitute clouds, peaceful
and broken—
long arms drawing me to that same forecast unwrit
you interpret and surmise in respect to its changing nature.

The sky wanders how it wanders, squandered by words. Are
Their moments a less concise picture? No wonder
The bomb leaves its velvet puncture,
Miniaturist disarray locked in bonsai,
same origin as the fairy tale that outlasts its moral
for the sake of toy-branding and other quasi-incidentals, say,
a note by Caesar’s food taster not to panic, it’s only cayenne,
the helicopters’ infrared perimeter will secure the next

on a snail's back, perhaps on the hereafter's
fletcherless arrow scribed by Miro, copy of a copy hanging this night market
by oxygen and guesswork, same eye at work as yours, apprising
the kind of search and seize that our economy does with mirrors,
ever-hidden cameras turning a blind eye
to Alberta's breadline so full of fun
that for every job lost, they've hired four invisibles
and juggled them under the floorboards so all you see are their toes, nevermind their lips.
Circus purveyors call them guest workers
what else do they shovel besides one way tickets to
bad news on paper planes, bad welds to limb salad, saying
yes to knife tricks, baring their dare
just to keep it coming? Many do roll that way. Snakeboy
bet the Theremin on what his Mum would never know.

Once upon a time, a sentence, fed up with order, stumbled upon its message.
It stood on a microsheet perforator, flickering
As it reduced multitudes to a digestive heap, spreading its dielectric,
training its circum-elastic spring back through a coulombic separator.
It gave birth to a spiral, which kiss-coated an electrospun nano-lung.
It laid down convulsion strings. Its first
Breaths flared with intent. Now
This spiral's fluorescence began burning
Its own candle, hard-knocked from maps
Gathering the heated side of bricks. It began recording
Its own noise, heard cellophane feedback of its own tympanum for the first time.

It is said that identity navigates the world through bloodletters and bloodsuckers.
Suffering's the astrolabe that measures latitude. Giving
Starts the heart-clock, pendulum's longitude, if you can believe this
bullshit metaphor for how knowledge gets
poached and frittered by today's signifier-locators, ie, poets,
from whose rejoiced places their days float like Ionesco pimps,
gliding on irony.
Nothing's seen that you don't move first. Perception
pushes astonishment against four walls,
photons of striped fedoras loading up the car, and, presto—out comes
the initiation, the swarm
of limits that determine maybe if the moon could only be pulled down closer,
its gravity would vacuum up all this dirt.
The poet's lapis bowl waits to be filled. His body, still
Dreck, for source-codes are about as loose and fatal
As an Alberta farm worker high on pesticides. All those scrambled
Base-pairs, needing to rely on god-imagery.
Stomach linings must fray at the birth defect that ghosts a shining cityscape,
Concrete lilies, Sistine fingernails with makeshift edges
Pushing the speed of its trains. Soft green crime of
anticipation, its elusive protein unzips my cocoon.

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His smoky phallus, gnarled from a giant eye, sees into
—but that's not the point, demanding blood
From forgiveness behind the veil. Try threading through tombs of steel.
Gaps in traffic, if not
For what you did, happened—newborn and
Shieldless, to be so affected.

Finalist for the 2008 Governor General's Award for his second book of poetry, *Noise From the Laundry*, Weyman Chan divides his time between writing, family, electron micrographs and nonsequitor-fluxes in spacetime, brought on by insomnia. Catfish. His latest book of poetry is *Chinese Blue* (Talonbooks 2012).