

Excerpt from their in-progress collaborative manuscript *Nature Building*

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Elee Kraljii Gardiner (*serpentine loop*, Anvil Press, 2016; *Trauma Head*, forthcoming Anvil Press, 2018) and Andrew McEwan (*Repeater*, BookThug, 2013, *If Pressed*, BookThug, 2017; *Tours, Variously*, forthcoming TalonBooks, 2018) are collaborating on the poetry project *Nature Building*.

Debating Foundations

It comes down to an intercession. It comes down to exit strategies. It comes down to plain sight. It comes down to salt-sprayed rocks. It comes down to you, and you are alone. It comes down to the fiction of neutrality. It comes down to birds of a feather. It comes down to the raw materials at hand. It comes down to fellow creatures. It comes down to the economy. It comes down to the wannabes and the posers. It comes down to a feedback loop or a bottom line. It comes down to environmental forces. It comes down to trees and mountains. It comes down to pre-vetted entries. It comes down to floors and dirt. It comes down to property rights. It comes down to the maple leaves pressed between thick pages. It comes down to the absurdity and brutality of taxonomy. It comes down to purple on the lee. It comes down to folded arms, tied hands. It comes down to a question of taste. It comes down to who wants to win more. It comes down to fluctuating mortgage rates. It comes down to witness credibility. It comes down to intertidal zones. It comes down to the nuts and bolts. It comes down to who was here first. It comes down to working environments. It comes down to taste. It comes down to the music of the sea. It comes down to areas of refuge. It comes down to peaks and valleys. It comes down to muscle flexing. It comes down to participation, transparency, and trust. It comes down to an exact violence. It comes down to clusters of fireweed. It comes down to development interests. It comes down to natural resources. It comes down to semantics. It comes down to the last minute. It comes down to geography, not popularity. It comes down to whether or not there is a person in the poem. It comes down to the root systems that hold the soil in place to prevent soil run-off. It comes down to an exact violence. It comes down to indifference. It comes down to dim-lit shores. It comes down to liberal self-congratulation. It comes down to biotic composition. It comes down to the interests of management. It comes down to a difference of taste. It comes down to money. It comes down to the co-evolution of parasites and hosts. It comes down to chance. It comes down to echoes after twilight. It comes down to landmarks used in navigation. It comes down to the dark.

Agro Future

Sown under by second generation metal,
unmannered orchards and grassed vineyards
become filling stations. Up pop plants, factories,
refineries. Banks flow richer, flush cheeks ruddier
when cash tributes flow upstream. By night,
mushroom slums proliferate on the slopes.
The un-shod come quick to fury and Bossman
is eager to fire any volcano-brained son of dissent.
Calibrations on the clod, the schist and drill length
are relayed to headquarters by rust-stricken economists.
Ore! Bitumen! Who is buried? When the thrust
of the shovel slows, whose names remain visible?
Do trucks reverse in inclement conditions?

Fireproof Properties

Ensure your poetry is free of combustible debris.
Trees, shrubs, grass, even your woodpile, are all potential fuels.
Slash cedar in priority zones.
Manage hazardous accumulations on your poetry.
Some of these measures require long-term commitment to change.
Thin and prune evergreens, the most combustible trees.
Salvage useful material and dispose of remaining timber.
Identify areas of indeterminate ownership around your poetry.
Fires know no boundaries.
Flowers pose little risk.
Space trees so that crowns are 3-6 metres apart.
Extend precautions on downhill slopes from your poetry.
Deadfall will allow fire to reach the canopy.
Create fuel-free zones surrounding your poetry.
Near your poetry, water ornamental shrubs.
Note: 'vegetation' and 'fuel' are used synonymously here.
Neighbouring structures pose significant ignition risks.
Ashes fall slowly but can reignite your poetry.
Remain vigilant, especially during droughts.
Once a fire climbs, it's virtually unstoppable.

Complete

Born without ethics I get sick
on the metaphysics of square footage.
I crave boom-bust. I have spells
when I make a showhome of nothing.
Empty tower. Feel worthless. Marginal. That time
the strata published my by-laws I sat in late sun
without a building permit. I rejected the offer I made myself.

My city, my confessor.
I just want to complete.

A disciplinary desire for wellness
runs my percentages, grinds me up. Despite a mountain view
of deciduous debris, of plucked and frayed nerves
in tide, I say I'm lucky to be born. Alone on an empty balcony,
I calculate a small fee; what would it cost
for testimony to resettle silence?
Below the footings of the garage an ocean
of storage lockers opens and shuts in the cold air stream.
I shingle. My roofline pitches.

Monster Remonster

Hunters forced to hunt newly timbered clear-cut land have to work harder.

Hunters forced to hunt understand changes in animal behaviour.

Hunters forced to hunt travel without pattern and often die on highways.

Hunters forced to hunt scan the edges of reforested plots, wary of symmetry.

Hunters forced to hunt bed other game in other fields to reclaim a sense of home.

Hunters forced to hunt spread tears as bait to mitigate a sacrifice.

Hunters forced to hunt cop remonstrance like matted fur's protection.

Hunters forced to hunt mouth words like "uncharted" in place of "I'm sorry."

Hunters forced to hunt shit themselves in fear, chew off the leg to avoid the trap

Hunters forced to hunt eventually eat themselves, their habits, their forgeries.