

Coat,
Scarf,
Tuque,
Out!

—side where the arborous shades sway
under cool airy night sky blues
sighing in comfortable ennui,
and those other Francophone afflictions,

Fuck those rooted, hollowed-out old things!
You will spread out your bold Icarus wings!

—to balance yourself on that thin slice of concrete
which mediates those opposing worlds,
of greener grass and tar-black asphalt
neither of which belong to you.

But you keep your quick eyes
to the swirling, nauseated skies,
navigating by way of the trickster stars,
which cleverly try to conceal themselves
under layers and layers of camo-pollution, of camollution,
but it's exactly for this situation that you ate so many carrots
—or are those just planes?

Nevermind, now
You find yourself
Well-Situated,
In the local park which closes at 11PM sharp
but it's not like parks can really close so
you hurl your freakish body across
trespassing through public grounds
with only the midnight dog to bark after you
as you leave it all behind,
as you launch to the top
Of that small hill | Split in the middle
with the fence across
which mediates those opposing worlds,
of suburban substandards and,
the epic city of Atlantis

You press your mutt face against the grate, to meld yourself
To the city, and the open road leading to it
Traveled by roaring gasolene Angels
that swap their halos every few meters of the pilgrimage

Soak it all in,
Absorb it all,
And finally let it nestle itself somewhere deep inside.
You breathe in the angeldust, your parents
always did say that chemicals were good for you and
You squeeze tightly against la cloture (with or without accent?)
hoping that it leaves marks on your hands,
the ones that would last forever
so you'd know this experience changed you and
—the o has a circônflèxe accent just like
the conical hat the rice-farmers from your pays d'origine
wear in the old elementary school library
picturebook you borrowed a few years ago
And now you can't believe that
it is your very own country camarade
that is seperating you, especially
when we were supposed to be united now,
and how can they be so cruel?
and after the terribleness of the war and,
—maybe they're not meaning it that way
And maybe they're keeping me here
my camarade the farmer-fence, to share
the best way to experience the city
which belongs to both of us

And. from here,

I can tell that they're all stars

Moh-rey-yal.