



dusie kollektiv 2008

(february 2009)

portland / oakland

u p t i c k

kaia sand

greetings from this hot future
broadcasting empire waste

the newscast carols loudly



pinning for lushness, I observe greenery
green as winter

am I viewing the past or the future?

recognition bends



a centigrade uptick—
crops, deserted in desert dust
mountains melting, run-off rising
cities flooded, cars rusted low
large oceans larger
a flood of liquidity
houses inhospitable
& afloat



we try to eat & riot
in scarcity



we try to drink
sometimes with gusto



worrying conversations forward
shy raconteurs
standing in the backyard
distilling our liquor like neighbors
water strained through the grains



I don't expect he will be cruel
take care, though

bountiful bounty
sudden sun on a Sunday
suspect scarcity

there are so many of us
afoot—take care.



some of us picking berries to bring to the table
some of us jetting berries from nation to nation
jetting nation to nation

Haitians are importing
rice & sugar, hungering
for what once grew nearby

some of us seeking return
on investments



the dispassionate rote
fury of financiers

up next: 'making a killing from the global food crisis'



the rulers, on the make
a frolic for the camera

profit, poverty

the dispassionate rote
fury of bankers banking
on our disengaged
engagements



in the use of the, in the many of the, in the use of the, in the many of the

that circle is showing the behavior of a sun

sun inked out

is night

in the land of the, in the land of the many

by the hand of the few

taking a risk

on the uptick



at all hours, someone is laboring
centigrade uptick
a rise in temp
work

in the land of the many
by the hand of the few

bailing
on the downturn



subprime

landgrab

meltdown

free speech ends when I call

fire in a crowded theater

but there is a fire

a burn is full of feeling

and it is in this time

I am alive

to love you



this is not puffer fish jetted from Japan

this is not Atlantic salmon, trucked from sea to sea

not cod, lobster, squid far flung

this is the jeweled among us, water breathers, small smelt
from nearby streams



nearness is knowledge
touching the fish touches back

a helping second

a New Year's second
spacious in the year's spate
of productive seconds



what is left open

is left open

the birds' carbon bodies fly in the carbon sky

& skywriting is taxable

in this time I am alive

with you



dry wind yields to rain
& some earth fills with wetness

more wetness is more river

more river forms to flood

here flood was damming:
the power to derive power



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din of trucks in picnic weather

a mountain is a picture for us citydwellers
remembering to wave

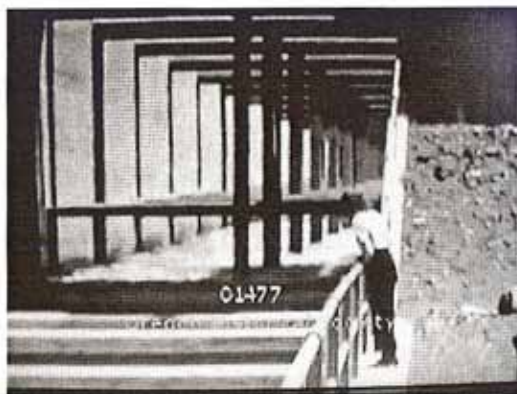
a picture for us city dwellers in the sidesky



imagine, no reimagine, a municipal source of power



like flags, some of us leaning toward
some leaning away



one nation forced-floods over others
a dammed river over a waterfall

forced flooding, a dam slammed down
where thousands of years people
dipnetted salmon

presidential candidates flirt
with breeching dams

after the election Celilo Falls
will still be still



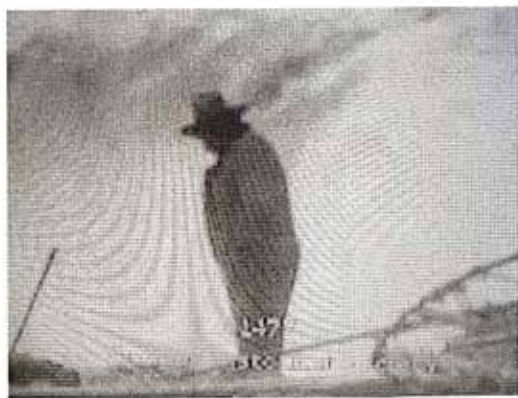
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count us with the former ice

count us with the warming sea

count us with the strident storms



still—

count us in



Notes:

I wrote this poem as I viewed a home-movie shot by William Cheney, a machine shop operator & inventor. The movie is a montage of scenes from the Pacific Northwest in the 1930s & 40s. (William Cheney Motion Picture Collection, Oregon Historical Society, MI 01477). Thank you to Michele Kribs at the Oregon Historical Society for preparing the footage, and for permission to use the images.

I performed an early version of this poem as part of the NeoBenshi reading in Portland, Oregon, May 3, 2008. Thank you Konrad Steiner for tremendous labor & vision regarding the NeoBenshi movement. And thank you to David Abel & Rodney Koenke.

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Love & gratitude to Jules & Jessica & all our family.

Kaia Sand

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