

Pig War

& other songs of Cascadia

Paul E Nelson

All writing is pigshit. People who come out of nowhere and try to define whatever it is that goes on in their heads, are pigs.

- Antonin Artaud

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Source texts include: *The Pig War: Standoff at Griffin Bay*, Mike Vouri, Friday Harbor: Griffin Bay Bookstore, 2006; *The Flower Ornament Scripture: A Translation of the Avatamsaka Sutra, Volume 1*, Thomas Cleary, Boston: Shambhala, 1985; *The Raven Steals the Light*, Bill Reid and Robert Bringhurst, Seattle: U of Washington Press, 1996; Wikipedia; NPS.gov; *Greguerias*, Ramón Gomez de la Serna;

Before Pigs

A LONG time ago,
so long ago
it was
In the Beginning
(beginning of this world)
the Fifth
World
a LONG time ago
two brothers were placed
upon this earth. (Placed)
First landed in Somane but
cd not make a living there,
(no salmon) then
headed south.
Brother One to Melexat.
Brother Two (Swetan) to
San Juan Island, to
make a home.
They'd each go their way
with the gifts w/ which
Xelas
(Transformer'd)
bless'd them:
Salmon.
Reef-net.
Spear.
Fire.
Suin
(magic)
.

Lonely Swetan'd amuse himself

shape a hunk of
rotten wood into
a human.
Tell her about cliff winds
in what'd someday be *Abuela Cala*
how January sunbeams
wd illuminate the sea we'd say
was Salish someday
where Otter'd bob
Orca'd leap
Thunderbird'd be brighter
than noon sun. Or how Flicker'd
rest on lichen cover'd
fir branches, or
the old home in an
obsolete constellation.

Transformer: *Why make people out of wood?*

Swetan: *I hate being lonely.*

Transformer: *I will change this that you may enjoy yourself.*

& w/ a sprinkle of water the wood
became woman
& from them sprang the tribe they'd
call Taleqamec.

Brother One tried to propagate a
strong people, finally
did w/ a worn mat.

Much later the Taleqamec
damn near wiped out by
a great plague.

(Fever, body aches, headaches, chills & backache. Vomiting,

confusion. A rash appears & scabs over. The virus moves into
mucous membranes & virus particles get released via sneezes;
infectious for three weeks. Scars remain.)

One of the survivors
gave a stetlenaq (potlatch)
feasted
& gave gifts to distinguished
guests.

One (Qokwaltxw) refused gift offer after
gift offer &
when all had gotten their gifts
save this one
(Qokwaltxw)
he (one of the last survivors) sd:

*I don't know what to do. I am left alone of all my people and I care for
nothing that I possess. But all that I have offered to this man does not suit
him. I would like to know what he wd take. I am willing to give all I have,
even my house, if it will please him.*

Qokwaltxw took the house.
Tore it down.
Moved it to Isla de Gonzalo Lopez
de Haro. (Lopez Island,
we'd later say.) Sandy Point,
we'd later say.

There he arranged the house
in line w/ village buildings
but too cramped.
Then on an angle an L shape
made it the home of his
daughter. They called this
part of the village
Twlolames (*Facing
one another.*)

From this we get the name *Lummi*.

Qokwaltxw let his daughter marry
a man from a rich Lummi
Island family to love one another.
To love one another.

W/ bravery & strength
salmon & fire
reef-nets & suin
spears & ceremonies
more suin & songs
lifted from the First World

they'd follow life's
restrictions
they'd beget leaders and warriors
like Sehenep

who moved the people to Gooseberry Point
build their house in the
shape of an L

never forgetting
the First World
& how the word for song
was the word for *cry*

how some people
had two legs
some four.
Some two wings
some destined to be meat.
Some people want
yr house
yr daughter
yr land
yr culture
but can't steal the suin

of the gleam in yr eyes
when sunbeams hit
a spot of silver water on the sacred
sacred
Salish Sea.

12:46P - 1.22.12
Whitely Center #7
SJI

Death of an Indian (Birth of a Shaker)

November 1881

to the Great Spirit Chief

Squ-sacht-un

had been a bad Indian.

Drinking & hard-living had left

his body weak

& open to evil spirits.

A Squaxin (Sahewamish) logger

worked hard/drank hard

was said to've broke his neck

& five

Indian Doctors w/ scallop-shell rattles

& feathersuits & in

can

tay

shuns

five Indian Doctors w/

a healing song from Duncan (perhaps)

a vowel-laden Full Moon canto howl'd

into November Skookum Bay

(Hammersly Inlet)

air

no use.

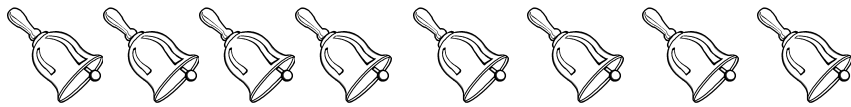
The bottle'd won.

Broke his neck.

Left his body at Skookum

and his soul -

Maybe in a
clam basket
the Giant Ogress keeps,
maybe in a canoe
headed to sea, maybe
Coyote knows...



Whe-Bul-eh-t-sah (Mary Thompson to settlers)
bedside &
(niece) Nancy George
in the corner
bit of red suspender
wrapped around Squ-sacht-un's
(John Slocum's)
head.
Only weeping now,
send two men off to Olympia
for the finest pine.

Tell the cousins

Squ-sacht-un
was no more.

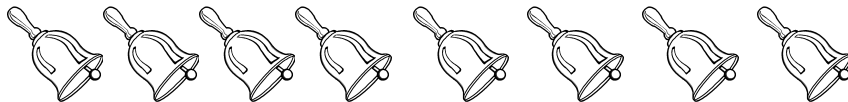
Tell the Uncles
drinking won
Squ-sacht-un's neck
lost.

See the robins make the snowberry branches
bob.

Hear wind kiss
November evergreens.

Hold this moment in time.
Let grief well up
from the
large intestine & slow
take over the neck &
all skin.

Squ-sacht-un.



His last breath
left him.

Soul lifted
by bright light upwards
met by a procession
angelic.

Meanwhile
somewhere beyond the veil
somewhere
under obsolete constellations near a
silver river
where no demarcation between tendons
and star stuff
comet tails
& entrails
embutido y
nebulae
Squ-sacht-un had some explaining
to do.

Past a picket fenced yard
stands a house.
Door open
house empty 'cept for what he knew as
a presence.

Another door open
a well-dressed man asks:
Do you believe in God?

(This is no trick question.) One cd end this way

spin the meat wheel again again climb
back on start over
again, carne roulette
agonies again

I coulda been better
I coulda
been free of *ligaments and tendencies to change myself*
into a shape that's less than spirit

THIS

all Squ-sacht-un was now. Skin without
a boat.
Meat about to climb back on
the wheel.
It ain't home
but somewhere close.

I hear Charles Lloyd play
Migration of the Spirit
& Salish singers
w/ similar songs
cued up to wail
beside pine but
NO.

There is another door
& on the wall a large photograph
of that bad Indian
Squ-sacht-un
drinking
fucking
puking in snow.
Glass crash
fist fight
every bad act
of his 40 years
whiskey
tincture of Jamaica ginger
gambling

reenacted
wicked technicolor
for him to chew on
for a few long moments
of purgatory.

Down
down
down

some furnace in the basement
bodies of drinking
buddies

cracking in the fire
*ashes to ashes, tendons to
stardust.*

Start again
wicked Indian
you need this skin boat
no more.

(Who'd not want to haggle
right about now? *What would you do*

*if all the lovers of all your years
passed by at midnight
dressed in the flesh
they wore when you
last loved them.?)*

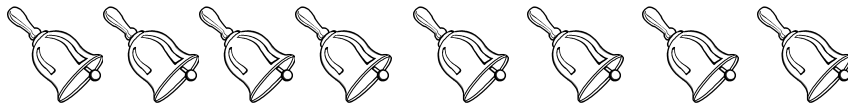
Denial turns to dealing &
this offer comes straight from
the angels (or God)
a spirit great and benevolent.

Some luminous divinity
capable of showing
Squ-sacht-un
his wicked Indian
fornicatin'
ways
to offer mercy
mercy
mercy.

Offer sobriety
&
upright morality, take
the white robe
candles & bells.

This is a bell-ring.

Take II.



Led to a room upstairs
& then the roof
the view
an ancestral homeland
all coast
a giant glaciated breast

his broken neck
healed,
his need

WATER (but not from the vessel that
“belonged to the Sin.”

WATER

Weak, he won't go back to
his old bed.

A white robe
for a new morality and mission.

CONFESS he urged
(make all right)
lest the burning furnace,
lest yr spot in heaven be
denied
&
then build a church.

Forget the coffin now
just around the riverbend.

Heaven gave him eloquence/ability
to hear voices:

You shall live on earth four weeks. (Get busy.)

Bells.
Candles.
Crosses.
Flags.
Albs.
Holy
pictures

would festoon churches from
Squamish
to Yurok.
From Chemainus

to Tolowa
Nanaimo to Nez Perce
Quileute to
Umatilla

Hoh
to Cowlitz &
Siletz & Klamath

to Muckleshoot & Snoqualmie
Quinalt & Skokomish
to Tulalip &
Musqueam.

Songish Colville
Cowichan Swinomish
Hoopa Chehalis
Squaxin Lummi
Upper Skagit
Wasco
Warm Springs
Nooksack
Makah
Clallam
Yakama

.

Cascadia, gets its own religion.

Squ-sacht-un had a body
w/o a soul

had a light

like a sun

trying his soul

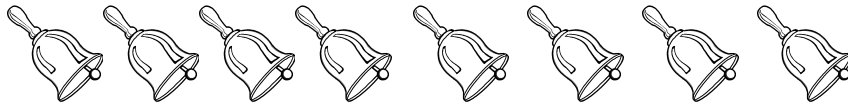
had

four weeks

&

one last chance.

12:10P - 1.21.12
Whiteley Center
SJI



A year later
Squ-sacht-un
sick again
& remember Mary?
(Whe-Bul-eh-t-sah) bedside Mary?

Mary got the shakes.
Not from drinking, no. Not
from not drinking, no.

This shaking a healing shake a fit.

As in the Spirit Canoe Ceremony
Waterman wd talk abt.

Power enters poles drummed on roof boards
or planks conducting like lightning rods
or Whe-Bul-eh-t-sah, Dear Sweet Mary

here to shake the daylight back into
Squ-sacht-un (John Slocum).

Shaking (noetic illumination) Shaking
(direct experience of divinity) Shaking. Shake that bell.
Carry that rhythm. Loan yr throat out
to the all too silent antepasados.
Shaking (widdershins) Stomping
smoke-free and sober.

Why'd this
scare the shit out the White Man?
Settler prehension one
regulation at a time.
Punishable by torture
or slaughter.

Notice to the Shakers: You are hereby permitted to hold meetings... under the following conditions: on Sundays not longer than three (3) hours at one time and on Wednesdays not longer than two (2) hours at one time. The following REGULATIONS to be observed: 1st, Keep windows or a door open during all meetings. 2nd, Use only one bell to give signals. Not continuous ringing. 3rd, Do not admit school children at night meetings.

7:25P - 1.21.12
Whitley Center
SJI

How to Ensure a Happy Healthy Kid of Good Character

Here

First People wd call a childless woman

stematc

(barren)

& spit

(maybe)

but a woman pregnant w/ child? (No.)

She wd avoid halibut

(avoid white blotches on the kid's
skin)

Steelhead

(causes weak ankles)

Trout

(harelip! harelip!)

Beaver

(babies w/ big heads).

The esteemed woman w/ child wd pass on shag

(Blue Cod)

(baby convulsions)

& Seagull & Crane

(crybaby)

& Deer

(absentmindedness).

Our Lady of Bun in the Oven shd avert her gaze from the freakish:

(ceremonial masks

(deformed persons

(snakes, probly add *American Horror*)

or the kid'll be born a freak (they'd fear)
let the dying fish
or dying doe
thrash

out of eyeshot
& swallow seeing anything
that'd improve the
kid's character, otherwise

spit
@
the
detestable. Ugh.

To ensure safe & easy delivery

let someone else sew
& don't let her tangle the yarn

(lest the naval cord tangle).

See she doesn't sleep w/ her head covered
(smothered @ birth)

she shdn't lie carelessly
(or crosswise)

she shd bathe daily.

She picks no fruit

& the ground upon which

she walks becomes sterile.

For a boy she shd

look @ the moon through the corner
of her right eye

@ fixed times

learn the chant
from those who know suin
(magic, remember).

Want a small baby?
(drink juice
(avoid fats).

Men & women with spirit power shun a pregnant woman for there is an atmosphere about her which makes it impossible for spirits to tarry. Medicine men rarely assist at delivery out of fear of losing their spirit powers. (Stern).

The First Person midwives of their day wd
watch the fetus position
as it moves in the
womb

let the momma-to-be know
when delivery approaches.

Poor women were on their own.
Rich women had an old woman
w/ suin
y abuleita
& give birth by a
gooseberry bush
or on a beach.

The Indian midwife had
the chant which
baby wd recognize
wd
command the muscles
necessary for delivery
wd be an “all-clear” for
the baby’s
head.

A belt of cedar bark for momma
just above the abdomen
as she tugs on a cord
fastened to a tree to aid
the bear-down.

Tea of thistle-roots
(amp tips)
boiled in salt-water
boiled nettles, cactus
(w/ sharp points singed off)
goose amp swan fat
Choke-cherry amp
bark of June plum to gnaw on amp
dogfish oil amp
bear grease to ease
her muscles.

When the new baby's born
take it by your right hand
for a right hander
by both hands to ensure ambidextrosity
all present speak to the baby
don't even think anything
harmful

when the new baby's born.

Tie amp cut the cord.
Bathe that babe w/ luke-warm water, rub w/
dogfish oil,
wrap w/
shredded cedar bark.

Pop can bury the placenta
where it will not be trampled
or in a cedar stump (insure long life)
or hang it high in a cedar tree (*o cedar tree, clap yr hands
& sing w/ me*) let the babe
be brave.

When the remnant of the cord falls off
bury in a strong alder
or the kid'll be
a wanderer.

Bury the first feces
(don't burn it)
& their intestines won't
become weak.

Mom, don't scratch yr head w/ yr fingers
for several days after
or you'll go bald.

Hurl the placenta
into a swirl of the sea or river
& you'll have never have
no new kids no more.

That is all.

9:55A - 1.24.12
Whiteley Center #7
San Juan Island

56. Shooting Starward

The most terrible thing about our address book is that they will use it, inevitably, as the means of communicating our death to friends and relatives.

— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& up past the San Juan spot where Death Camas sleeps in chthonic ecstasy & Fawn Lillies, Lupine, Chocolate Lillies, Indian Paintbrush and, yes, Shooting Star ready their April avalanche to right the sadness of the old man who can't empty himself to be a vessel for a throaty hymn to old age.

*First a small rosette of leaves one flower stalk
shoots starward, branches to multiple buds' that nod down.
Then purple-magenta blossoms unfold petals arch back
aim starward. (Shooting Star.)*

The old poet said *Sex is the mysticism of materialism* & how can one not love the lichenclimb up ghost limbs of the fir how can one not love the kiss Sunday wind gives it further up how not see the sun radiate over the January Salish sea and not see a bit of themselves released skyward hoping for a soft landing in the sand of Grandmother's Cove?

Reductionism wd wonder (at best) or laugh at how *1/62,000th of the original mother essence, undetectable in any chemical analysis* and here we are halfway to the center of the labyrinth dreaming how to pet the Water Dragon in its holy holy moment how trust that *chance will intervene and save the day* how the rain when turned on its side hits the face like a needle how the flicker found her way here, Salish seaside, only to disappear in a blur of red.

Sacrifice an Irish pig
at the feet of two armies
see who's man enough to shoot

starward.

11:09AM - 1.22.12
Whiteley Center #7
San Juan Island

Quotes 1 & 3, Richard Katz from *The Science of
Flower Essence Therapy*.

Quote 2 from Phyllis Baker *The Slippery Soapbox:
Aphorisms and Rants*
Quote 4

57. Frog Song

*The poet looked so long at the sky that he grew a cloud in
one eye.*

— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

There was nowhere left. Each way the spindle'd
whorl, no where there. No sea sky lake grass tree
leaf grass stem left. They'd settle for a ghetto island
settle for a frog place to put their skin on & cry. Cry
for a mate. Cry to ward off a close encounter w/
some jealous ghetto frog. Cry just to get some.

By
Imbolc or Candlemas we'd all be waiting for wood
frogs we'd call the chorus we'd hear the silence as
the 150'd rumble by & how they'd all creak up
again once it was halfway past Slaughter. The
day'd begin w/ woodfrogs end w/ woodfrogs
under a woodfrog moon w/ a woodfrog word
'Kreek-eeck' it was (an ad) 'Kreek-eeck' it'd go way
past the fred meyer the driver's ed lessons St. Vinny
de Paul & the bike shop. 'Kreek-eeck' it went on
a whole night of frog fucking 'Kreek-eeck' he's on
her back 'Kreek-eeck' neighbors get no sleep
'Kreek-eeck' can you *fuckers knock it off already*
'Kreek-eeck' they'd try & fuck any silent thing that
wander'd close. (Sober.) Then hitchhike to Alaska
in a Christmas tree.

Susan spins the whorl agin &
there is no sound here there is no where there &
less here & the frog whorl may have one for every
direction, but her frogs are made of wood & her
frogs are fetching but no substitute & 'Kreek-eeck's'
when the wood needs some grease and 'Kreek-
eeck' rarely the sound of some suburb. What's a
ghetto anyway?

Our canary
who's coal mine & when's
winter end?

3:41 - 1.23.12
Whiteley Center #7
San Juan Island



After Susan Point's *Nowhere Left*. 2000

<http://www.mister-toad.com/PacificTreeFrog.html>

Ghetto - 1605–15; < Italian, orig. the name of an island near Venice where Jews were forced to reside in the 16th century < Venetian, literally, foundry for artillery (giving the island its name), noun derivative of ghettare to throw < Vulgar Latin *jectāre; see [jet](#)1

THE PICTURE:

- 1790s Nootka Conventions: Spain & England agree how to carve up Cascadia. George Vancouver y Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra (one'd get a city named after him & a ghost town fort the other an island) haggled & wd get John Meares his boats back or at least cash. *Their said Majesties will mutually aid each other to maintain for their subjects free access to the port of Nootka against any other nation which may attempt to establish there any sovereignty or dominion.* Maquinna, Nuu- chah-nulth Chief wd summer where the wind *comes from all directions*, testify for the Brits/rival Wickaninnish.
- 1818 Treaty of 1818, or Anglo-American Convention of 1818 or the London Convention: U.S. & U.K. Allowed joint occupation of the Oregon Country (or New Columbia division of the H.B.C.) & gave the Yankees all of Rupert's land south of the 49th & west of the (Stony) Rocky Mountains. (A hunk of North Dakota & Minnesota left out the Louisiana Purchase.) Also commerce (mostly fishing rights & *restoration of slaves*.) The race was on to populate the Oregon Country with white people while the HBC tried extermination of everything w/ fur up that way.
- 1845 July: Claim of Vancouver's Island by HBC agents by placing an engraved wooden tablet on Mt. Finlayson, and (according to Governor James Douglas) that would include ancillary islands like San Juan.
- 1846 April: (*Primera*) intervención estadounidense en México y *invasión estadounidense de México y guerra del '47*. That & \$18M got the Estados Unidos Alta California y Nueva Mexico, pulled the collective Texas ass out the fire & established the 42nd parallel as the northern border of what wd be the states of California, Nevada & Utah.

- 1846 Oregon Treaty: Signed June 15, 1846, remember that date, boundary between U.S. and what would become Canada set at 49th parallel, 'cept for Vancouver Island and a hunk of Minnesota's Northwest Angle (an anomaly like Point Roberts) avoiding the $54^{\circ} 40'$ or *Fight* idea on which President Polk campaigned. 49th parallel from the Stony (Rocky) Mountains west to the major channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island "& thence southerly through the middle of said channel, & of Juan de Fuca Strait to the Pacific Ocean." (What said channel?)
- 1853 February 8, 1853: Washington Territory formed, Mexican War hero Isaac Stevens named Governor.
- 1853 December 15: HBC agent Charles John Griffin, with Hawaiian herdsmen and 1,350 sheep land on San Juan to establish Bell Vue Farm. Governor Douglas was out to claim the island for the crown, but didn't advise his government that not a citizen but a (pre-corporation as person) corporation had settled the island.
- 1859 April: A Kentucky farmer, Lyman Cutlar, settles on San Juan Island.
- 1859 June 15: A pig shot heard round the world.

58. Coyote Guts

The eyes of the dead look at clouds that will never return.

— *Ramón Gomez de la Serna*

It was the First World. People'd not come out yet. People'd take a fur or skin, put it on take it off just like a coat or hat. Mosquito Flea Spider Ant big as cougars. Eagle Beaver Fox Coyote fish't & hunted dug roots lived in longhouses had sweat lodges & slaves had chiefs and laws & were just, yes, the people. Fur people medicine people plant people people the day before people beyond. People who'd shake when they needed a good hit of divinity who'd spit as a spit of antipathy who'd growl a grahhr when needed to ward off evil.

Coyote created the world or the world created Coyote or Raven created the world or the world created was created by the Man-Who-Changed-Things, some Changer he was and might of been Coyote still.

But the Old-One made the earth out of a woman. Soil as flesh rocks as bones wind/breath, hair of trees & grass & when she moves we tremble. & Old-One'd take strips of flesh to roll up the ancients as a potter might pinch off some clay, ball it up. & were Deer, Elk, Antelope people or half-people & were people meat? Pinch a bit of skin from earth add wind & these ancient ones

these ancient ones were dumb. Not couldn't talk dumb. They cd talk. Dumb. Needed a guide, dumb. Needed a tutor dumb. & who'd they get to lead them into the promise who'd they get to kill all their ignorance who to kill the monsters, whittle the longest arrow who? The guy who dropped anvils from the cliff

who. The one w/ the inside to all that is Acme the
one who'd always crashland in a dustcloud the
one'd bury all but his dickhead in dirt & trick the
girls for kicks faking it was a ripe strawberry.

Power in the bullrushes.
Coyote gets the shortest arrow
& supernatural power

in his guts.



10:03P - 1.25.12
The Whiteley Center #7
San Juan Island

Here Pig

Wasn't a razorback but

a railback

but Brits'd call 'em

Berkshire boar. A rooter.

& Charles Griffin

no Brit

but an Irishman

w/ the hot blood of

an Irishman but

just trying to make a living

w/ the google of

his day

The Hudson Bay Company.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1670

one of the world's oldest corporations

oldest in North America

(officially *The Governor and Company of Adventurers
of England Trading into Hudson Bay*)

& extracting furs furs furs

pelt preparation

the first factories (factor/agent

did business from HBC

trading posts.)

Pro Pelle Cutem.

(A skin for a skin.)

HBC the de facto government

in the early days

Oregon Territory

& on San Juan first

they'd say (1st white people)

& Charles Griffin
making his claim for HBC
(& Governor Douglas)

in sheep w/ Hawaiian herders.

Lyman Cutlar, 29
a "squatter"
from Kentucky? (Ohio?)

came up dry
in the Fraser River gold rush
had an Indian wife
& kid (he sd) &

squatted. Sd he had a homestead
(160 acres)
but no such deal
on the islands.

Had a garden
(humble)

imperfectly enclosed
by a crude fence on three sides
& what wd he grow?

Kale? No.

Beets? No.

That which led to the death of one
Slaughter
that which an Irishman
ought to know abt.

Potatoes.

Lyman'd warned Charles
about that god damned pig
keep him out of the garden

& on June 15, 1859
it was thirteen years to the day
of the Oregon Treaty
it was a Wednesday and it was
chronicled in Charles Griffin's Bell Vue Farm journal:

An American shot one of my pigs for trespassing!

Had to chase it
too, it was
some distance outside his patch

& no one knows who
ate the bacon and
no one knows

if the pig was wrong
or Lyman Cutlar (the pig's choice)

or that "colard man"
(Hawaiian)
laughing abt the potato-eatin'
pig.

Here pig.

He'd a had to run it down
w/ his rifle & in what he'd
later call "a moment of irritation"
shoot that pig dead.

Lyman felt bad abt this.
Wanted to make amends.
Sd he'd replace the animal, offered
Griffin the chance to
select three men who cd

pick a fair price
then said *here's \$10 bucks.*

That's when Charles Griffin went
Pro Pelle Cutem
on our Kentucky
pig-hunter.

Git some
skin in the game
an eye for an eye
skin for skin
& somethin' in him

(greed mebbe, HBC business acumen, mebbe
he smelled a pelt opportunity
whatever)

what came out of his mouth was:

That's a prize Berkshire Boar you shot
& that'll be \$100 bucks! (or something like that.)

For you Americans are a nuisance on the island
and you have no business here and I shall write
Mr. Douglas and have you removed.

All Lyman cd say
in his humble Kentucky (Ohio?)
sure-i'm-squattin'-but
i-warned-you-abt-that-fucking-pig

way was:

I came here to settle for shootin' your hog, not to
argue the right of Americans on the island for I
consider it American soil.

& Lyman'd later say they
brought the heat:

Griffin, Dr. William Tolmie (Founder, Puget Sound
Agricultural Company)
Vancouver Council Member Donald Fraser
&
Alexander Grant Dallas
(Governor of HBC's
West-of-the-Rockies division &
son-in-law
of James Douglas.)

How'd you dare do it?

*I'll do what I damn well please, I
offered to pay for it & it ain't worth no
\$100 bucks.*

He sd Dallas sd The Beaver was
awaiting them, had a “possy”
on board.

Beavers
possys
furs
expansion
rifles
two empires
&
one
dead
(maybe
it
was
a
prize)

pig

.
. .
.

& this is how the

pigshit
hit

the fan.

1:22P - 1.26.12
Whiteley Center
SJI

War Pigs

The U.S.
headed west
one huge hunk of
(Indian)
land at a time.



The eagle'd sharpen'd
talons
on boring little wars
& the permanent warriors
we're itchy & coming w/guns
& numbers.

Bill for the Occupation of Oregon Territory

In Senate of the United States, January 3, 1843:

...That *provision hereafter shall be made made by law to secure and grant* six hundred and forty acres, or *one section of land* [shall be granted] to every white male inhabitant of [said] *the Territory of Oregon*, of the age of 18 years and upward, who shall cultivate the use of the same for five consecutive years, or to his heir or heirs-at-law, if such there be, *in case of his decease. And to every such inhabitant or cultivator, being a married man, there shall be granted, in addition, one hundred sixty acres to the wife of said husband, and the like quantity of one hundred sixty acres to the father for each child under the age of eighteen years he may have, or which may be born within the five years aforesaid.*

That the President is hereby authorized and required to appoint two additional Indian agents, with a salary of [fifteen hundred] *two thousand* dollars each, whose duty it shall be (under his direction and control) to superintend the interests of the United States with any or every Indian tribe west of any agency now established by law.

1840–1859

July, 1840 – Fiji Islands. USNavy punishes natives for attacking American exploring and surveying parties. 1841, USNavy lands on McKean Island to avenge a murder of a U.S. sailor. February, 1841, (another murdered sailor's revenge) the USNavy burns towns in Samoa on Upolu. October 19, 1842 in that part which was once Mexico, Monterey, (Alta) California, Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones occupied the city believing war had come. (He was six years early.) 1843, USN sailors and US marines from the St. Louis landed after a clash between Americans and Chinese at the trading post in Canton. November 29, 1843, Four US navy vessels landed various parties (200+ marines/sailors) fighting pirates & the Ivory Coast slave trade & again to revenge attacks on US sailors. In 1844, President Tyler deployed U.S. forces in that part of Mexico called Texas before annexation a year later. 1846–48, the Mexican-American War, w/ President Polk saying it's necessary to deploy forces in Mexico to repel invaders. From the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo (February 2, 1848) the US grew to include Texas, established the U.S.-Mexican border of the Rio Grande River, and what we now call California, Nevada, Utah, and parts of Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, and Wyoming. Mexico got over \$18M, half of the pre-war offer. More invasions in Izmir, Turkey (Smyrna), 1849, Johanns Island (east of Africa) August 1851. Marines in Argentina, 1852 & 3, in Nicaragua March 1853, Japan 1853 and 4, China April and June 1854, Nicaragua again (the bombing and burning of San Juan del Norte July 9-15,

1854). Back to China in May 1855 (Shanghai, Hong Kong and back to the Fiji Islands in 1855, September through November 4. 1855, Uruguay. 1856 – Panama, Republic of New Grenada, September. China in 1856, October (Canton). The Utah War 1857 & 8, only property was harmed, but the Mormons found they were not in charge, yet). April/May 1857, Nicaragua, where William Walker (Corny Vanderbilt's pal) proclaimed himself *Presidente de Nicaragua*, Commander Charles Henry Davis accepted Walker's surrender & Commodore Hiram Paulding landed marines later in the year. 1858, U.S. warships or Marines in Uruguay & Fiji Islands (again) and a naval force in the Middle East after a massacre of Americans at Jaffa to: "remind the authorities ... (of the Ottoman Empire) ... of the power of the United States." 1859 Paraguay, Mexico (hunting Juan Cortina) and Shanghai, China, lest US corporate interests be Shanghai'd. All practice for a big war they knew in their bones was coming. Who owned San Juan Island? What's a pig worth?

& how to divvy up

the Northwest corner.

No. 27

The Earl of Aberdeen to Mr. Pakenham

(No. 10) Foreign Office, December 28, 1843

That the United States should possess the Port called Port Discovery, and that all tract of country comprised within a line to be drawn from Cape Flattery, along the souther shore of De Fuca's Inlet to Point Wilson, at the north-western extremity of Admiralty Inlet; thence along the western shore of that inlet, across the entrance of Hood's Inlet, to the point of land forming the north-eastern extremity of the same; thence direct to the southern point of Gray's Harbour, and thence along the shore of the Pacific to Cape Flattery.

No dice, tho Seattle woulda been a fine Canadian city.

But the 1846 Treaty was clear
right?

No. 5
General Cass to Mr. Dallas
Department of State, Washington
October 20, 1859

(Commissioners of the two countries who were appointed in 1856 failed to reach an agreement).

It is much to be regretted, undoubtably, inasmuch as the present controversy has arisen, that there was not annexed to the Treaty of 1846, any map or chart, by which the true meaning of the expressions made of use in this Article could be authoritatively ascertained...

The Oregon negotiation which resulted in the Treaty of 1846, originally involved, as you are aware, the whole of that territory west of the Rocky Mountains between the parallels of 42° and 54° 40' north latitude, which is now occupied, south of the British line, by the State of Oregon and the Territory of Washington. When President Polk came into office in 1845, he found this whole region still in the joint occupation of the United States and Great Britain, under the Treaty of 1827. Repeated efforts had been made to accomplish an amicable division of the territory between the two countries upon this basis of the parallel of 49°, and a proposition for compromise was actually pending in Washington when Mr. Polk became President. Under these circumstances he felt himself bound to continue the negotiation, although in his inaugural address he had declared his full conviction that we had a clear title to the whole territory.

(54 40 or FIGHT!)

...Meanwhile, a resolution was passed by the Senate advising the President to give the necessary notice to terminate the Treaty of 1827, which provided for the joint occupation of Oregon, and this notice was given.

3:05P - 1.27.12
Whiteley Cener #7
SJI

Above collisional orogenies
in the land of falling waters
we live the story again
begin to hear

begin to fix
our nitrogen
gawk at the season
of endless magnolias street
circle euphorbia
dogwoods & jasmine.

The dark age
age of the male yuga
age
symbolized by the bull's
sacrificial slaughter at
exactly 5 in the afternoon.

We are all Ignacio Sanchez Mejias
gored by perennial slaughter
and only Lorca's faggot eyebrow
gives a shit.

An age to transform faults
hear the earth going under
here velocity can't be
taken for granted.
Here the only speed trap
is time.

the thing you're after
may lie around the bend
like a coffin
or a city corner
but which? Slaughter
lost

7:55P – 4.19.11

Upper Boulder Creek Falls, Lower
Boulder Creek Falls, Snoqualmie
Falls, Green Lake Falls,
Multnomah Falls, Berdeen Falls,
Jordan Creek Falls, Rush Creek
Falls, Comet Falls, Angeline Falls,
Colonial Creek Falls, Cascade
Falls, Rustic Falls, Caverb Falls,
Hidden Falls, Depot Creek Falls,
Upper Stevens Creek Falls,
Mazama Falls, Shoshone Falls,
Bridal Veil Falls, Creek Falls,
Sulphide Creek Falls, Drury Falls,
Walupt Creek Falls, Salt Creek
Falls, Linton Falls, Ice Falls, Spray
Falls, Lower Lewis River Falls,
Upper Lewis River Falls & Lava
Canyon Falls.

The body's music a cascade of falls,
f a l l i n g beyond the irritable reaching
f a l l i n g & splitting
atoms in two / recombine in new
shapes (shades) melopoeia.

Here is a hydro latihan
for our a muse ment, music
of waterrush (surrender) unmistakable

R O A R

Here violent denial of expectation.
Here is where the atoms make up glaciers
go to die

(open)

be reborn as missives (footsteps) urges, rewards
listenings constant and scrupulous
with assurance of a well-trained ear
hear

an antidote for slaughter waiting in the rocks
pooling under rainbows
(a gathering of)
energy centers (intensity)
break up granite, make
a model for meat and the jiwa's hunger.

A path to a less violent yuga (shelter perpetual)
closer than any guess.

9:18A – 4.20.11



& one wish, slip
this mortal coil

into the one
love loved
ones bedside
witness

surrender

11P - 1.27.12
The Whiteley Center #7
SJI

59. Sisuitl (Si'sEyul)

*Every professor looking at the sea becomes a professor of
Geography.*

— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Sisuitl (Si'sEyul) rode in on the back of an Orca or on the soul of an Orca a commandeered anyway one head for both directions. Ready your holly (or blood to spit) find his slime trail in which to step or petition a Thunderbird as this is not just another two-headed worm is a warrior god invincible is a magic chthonic war canoe navigating below ground rivers is guardian of the people whose house is in the sky.

Whose house is in the sky 'cept chulos del cielo 'cept a latihan that had gotten large 'cept any creature with Horn Power & the gift of flight or shifting shape for what the occasion calls. Whose house in the sky 'cept Sisuitl (Si'sEyul) who'd ride in on the back of Orca (or on the soul of one) in the guise of a worm who could get huge enough to block Commencement huge enough to be human, self-propelled underground canoe or make you stone for just one look.

Whose house is the sky house darkening Cascadia one November storm at a time bobbing madrones/make pines sing?

Dance with boughs
of Western Hemlock, hand
of holly, mouth
full of self-defense blood
to spit.

12:57P - 2.20.12
Lucile



William Selby Harney

He'd hail from a state
 'd give us Beale Street
 & Pulaski's KKK, a state
 'd shoot MLK
 & send out Sun Records.

 Last out the Union
 first in,

 Tennessee.

He'd be William Selby Harney.
 His brother/doctor
 petitioned 1812
 War Hero & Commander of the Army of the
 South

 Andrew Jackson (Old Hickory
 architect of the Trail of Tears
 inspiration for the modern
 Democratic Party)

 let him in the Navy
 but Harney wd
 be a soldier
 serve with Old Hick.

No West Point for him.
 Direct commission as a
 2nd Lieutenant
 1st Infantry
 1818,
 Old Hick's patronage
 a lifelong deal.

& this William Selby Harney
 boy he hated

the Brits
like Old Hick did.

Six foot, red hair blue eyes
cd beat many Indians
in a foot race
& once chased
a dog
who tore up his garden
mile and a half
til he caught it
& beat it.

Fought the Winnebagos (not the RV's
the tribe)
in 1827

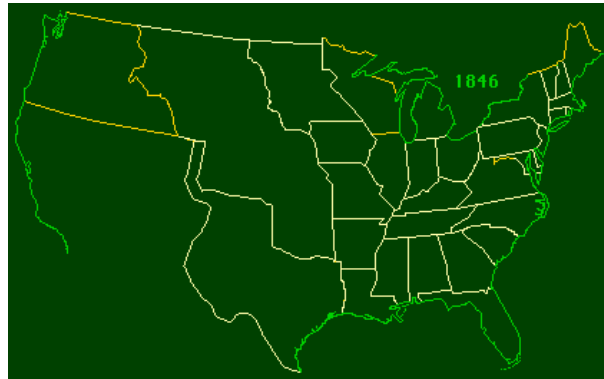
the Sauk & Fox in the Black Hawk War
1831 (where
Abe Lincoln had his brief taste
of battle.)

A Major,
then Lieutenant Colonel by 1836
he wrested control of the
Second D r a g o o n s
& had eleven of said d r a g o o n s
under his command
killed
in 1839.
Reckless

they said he was.
Colonel Stephen Watts Kearny

(he of the first d r a g o o n s)
sd Colonel Harney *had no more brains
than a Greyhound.*

In Texas
he fought Comanches.
By 1846
the
Mexican-American War &
general Zachary Taylor
put him in charge of
protecting the frontier
which would've
looked like this then:



But for Colonel Harney
the frontier cd only be limited
by the imagination.
Took an “invasion army”
seven volunteer units
a band of Delaware Indians
sans authorization
crossed the Mexican border
defeated a small Mexican force
occupied Presidio
& when ordered back here
left behind a company
of volunteers, who’d
eventually be defeated by Mexicans.

General John E Wool gave the
“come back”
order and in his report to General Winfield Scott
sd Harney exhibited
“extreme imbecility
& manifest incapacity.”
& Scott wd leave him
behind in the
push for Vera Cruz
1847, though Harney
disobeyed the order
had a court martial, ended up
in Vera Cruz anyway
(his clout back east now included Young Hickory
Democrat President James Knox Polk)
w/o orders
but took out the Mexican position
at Cerro Gordo (Fat Hill?)
w/ his d r a g o o n s
used as shock troops
& this heroism won him a
brevet rank
of
Brigadier General.
& one last touch
took a group of Irish-Catholic-American
Mexican War
deserters
San Patricio Battalion
after the Battle of Chapultapec
including one recent amputee
Francis O’Conner

to have said”

and by God I'll do it!"

stripes up

of the 8th Infantry.

Brule Sioux

“By God, I’m for battle, not for peace.”

slaughter at Blue Water Creek

Mad Bear
The Butcher
Woman Killer
The Hornet
The Big Chief Who Swears

Was sd to have kept the peace,
tho
in Kansas, Bloody Kansas
before becoming Big Chief
of the new
Department of Oregon
a little bored
to inspect Northern Forts
(like ones in Texas
from the panhandle to the
Rio Grande).

Inspections - July 1859.

1:52P - 2.23.12
Lucile
(Map courtesy of Houston Institute of Culture)

60. Hymn to Indian Plum

*The interlocking hearts carved on benches are the cheap
wedding vows of seducers.*

— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& the book as spiritual instrument will not itself
thicken your knowledge (will knot itself) will not
itself allow yr gaze to penetrate the evergreen nor
the cliff above Obstruction will not itself lift you up
out of animal blinders will not itself make
luminous the February witch hazel's view or the
perched Anna's Hummingbird or the frail first
candleflames of the Indian Plum, no.

Might make
a fine window (widow?) to jump in & see the Light
of the Supreme Lamp of Universal Virtue or Lion
Banner of Universal Light, might be an in to the
Subtle Light of Flames of Universal Jewels or the
Banner of Oceans of Qualities of Universal
Sounds. I cd open my February window and hear
waves below bushtit chatter or starling gossip & jet
engine wash. Maybe wait for a day when (through
practice practice practice) could envision hearing
the Pleasing Voice of Universal Awareness or the
Undeified Treasury of Light of Oceans of
Cloudlike Sounds.

Could make a topknot of that.
Cd imagine it instead of a whorl of pheromones or
a goatskin jailcell in which to feel the beatdown of
bruxism. Could envision a Light Banner of
Fragrant Flames each morning, before yoga &
truckgrowl before slaughter and dehydration
before the animal inside aware of extensive root
systems & their eloquent oceans
of concentrations that sometimes emit the scent
of magnolia blossoms or jalapeño or jasmine.

Pick a vow
at least as radiant

as the first leafshoots
of the February Indian Plum.



2:32P - 2.23.12
Lucile

64. Sin Malicia

*Living in one century would be like living in them all
if one only knew how to look at stones with serenity.*

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

To slow velocity & clear the wisdom eye some other sort of sandman had a hand in sanding (degreasing) the path into the cosmos' matrix, obscuring the birdsong so obviously awaits May Tuesday focus as if the dead around here were no more than an acid eats away the possible. As if the water (when glass) a sign wind was blowing out or the stones were not grandfathers waiting centuries to bestow something will clear away grains of that wisdom eye-sand a large latihan cd not fix.

Here in the heart of the place may be Cascadia is an island - meaning body of land surrounded by water - meaning surrounded by sea - meaning vast metaphor for concentration (sin fronteras) as Garcia knew - meaning the stones, each have some kind of marking on them are gates of sorts, are to be selected for their pleasing color then situated on an altar-to-be-named later for the resonance, the hold, the stories they may evoke, the uncertain serenity of living in all the centuries at once in the millennium of instant karma, or velocity.

There were as many of them as atoms in a Buddha world and were all Thunderbolt-bearing spirits as if clouds had sounds dwelling wherever a Buddha was going wherever necessary w/ only the weapon of their guile which protected, clarified & never strayed from the direction festooned by the new light green shoots of the May Tuesday evergreen, metaphor for the heart's ripening family ghosts're determined to evoke.

Here stones

may've had enough to eat
don't need to feast
on the future.

10:22A - 5.21.12
Mala, Doe Bay,
Orcas Island

Quote from *The Flower Ornament Scripture*,
Vol. One,
Thomas Cleary

(Insert Blossom Here)

Fighting Pickett

Virginia native, (1.25.1825) amateur actor
(preferred female roles) from the
“Fighting Picketts of Fauquier
County” & after the Panic

of 1837, out to Quincy a Mississippi
Rivertown where Uncle Andrew Johnston
cd’ve taught him some law

but for fishing
& banjo
& dead last in the
West Point Class
of ’46, he

George Edward Pickett

a Mexican vet & gutsy
at Churabusco
carrying regimental colors
over the wall
Castle Chapultapec, Fall ‘47.

He of the faux English accent.
He w/ hair that smelled like women
of San Francisco’s Barbary Coast.

He who lost Sally
& son in childbirth
in ’51.

By ’56 he
carrying on what Slaughter
cd not on the White

& soon to B’ham Bay,
essentially the frontier police.
Company Commander, Captain Pickett
commanding enlisted men rated

just this side of dogs
eating salt beef or pork,
bread or hardtack
often crawling w/ weevils.

& worse, some enlisted men were
(ugh) left-handed.

(“...I do not think a left handed man should be enlisted.
He cannot fire efficiently by the right shoulder in the ranks.”)

& when William Selby Harney
saw Stars & Stripes on SJI
that July Noon
(Nine July '59)

why

there was some shit to stir
& two from Dixie to do it.

Once on the island Paul K. Hubbs, Jr.
told General Harney (the
Department of Oregon Commander)
of the “Hog Scrape”
& Harney

he may have coached the locals
on a petition they wrote
& 22 signed (w/ Lyman Cutlar
Pig Killer)

asking for troops
(protection from Northern Indians
& their raids for sugar
& whiskey)

& on 18 July
steeped in the spirit of Manifest Destiny
gave Pickett his Special Orders No. 72
leave Bellingham &

occupy

San Juan Island.

She of “good water, timber & grass.”
She of the “most commanding position
on that Sound... Best location
for a Naval Station on the Pacific Coast.”

Views of Victoria
& in nose-thumbing range
of British Governor James
Douglas of Vancouver Island.

11:59A - 5.23.12
Doe Bay
Mala

Catalog of Traces

I

Pushing the car through dream snow
the martyr'd field only grows more luminous.
Those ain't crows, Snake Chief! one could say.
 Desert hours/Christmas tamales
 in love's answered moan
 the fiery I consumes itself.
(A storm of hormones)
& our two Patrón memory fades
(Claro!) into mountain snow that melts into
 "lovebait" (he said) while
stopt for a moment
losing all his skin yet still limbos.
Put back that mask of fat
 not unlike an Island sunrise.
 (A postcard bargain).

II

Did Li Po die drunk
trying to embrace the Snow Moon's reflection?
Snake in the drain & one blood-letting.
 This world's half the Devil's, the other,
 shooting star indeed.
 Attune life
to the movement of stars
too easy in this
 activation of dormant genetics.
Bar horror stories of the dirrrrty shitter
we nevermind w/ single malt &
giant organic spirit-guided cabbages.
 Harmless Eccentrics &
 gorse blossoms
 keep time aboriginal.

III

He cackles @ the humble fire
the forlorn American art of entrapment.
Spirits come in and they go out syllables.

The promised gifts of the possible storm
are naked, a happy genius in the mind of one
Philip Whalen, who is dead.

Please remember the roots of tribal memory
(real cherry flavor)
shall be released upon the red water.

That bird might be a Rufous.

Tell me something good.

Tired legs carry the fired-by-Indians burden
and much Scotch Broom still blooms roadside
moving between celestial pillars.

Maybe sometimes it takes an acupuncturist to
needle
the Sea of Blood.

IV

Beyond the bread riots, the cottage shingle's
tiny pebbles reflect light.
In Blake's non-Newtonian universe ghosts outrank
machines, green tea's a person
just in motion
so slow no one notices.

Dogen says: "when you find your
place where you are, practice occurs."

"Look within and adjust
the mechanism of perception."
Tell that, Anne, to these cheese-eatin' bears.

Always a Chicago guy, ready to turn breath into fire.
They abandoned cunning and half the poets hear the sound
of the mouth of the man who plants the seed but
can't stop this neighborhood's soul
from being pimped.

V

Pushing the car through dream snow
 (a postcard bargain)
the martyr'd field only grows more luminous
not unlike an Island sunrise.
Those ain't crows!
 Put back that mask of fat
Snake Chief, one could
lose all his back skin & still limbo.

Desert Hours/Christmas Tamales
 stopt for a moment
 in love's answered moan
"lovebait" (he said) while
the fiery I consumes itself.
(Claro!) Mountain snow melts into
 a storm of hormones
 & our two Patrón memory fails.

VI

Did Li Po die drunk
snake in the drain & one blood-letting?
 (Shooting star indeed.)
 The movement of stars
 activates dormant genetics
we nevermind w/ single malt.
Harmless Eccentrics
keep time aboriginal.
 Gorse blossoms,
 giant organic spirit-guided cabbages
 & bar horror stories of the dirrrrty shitter
are too easy in this life attuned to
the world's half that's the Devil's. The other?
Trying to embrace the Snow Moon's reflection.

VII

He cackles @ the humble fire.
Spirits come in and they go out syllables
 naked, a happy genius in the mind of one
 Philip Whalen, who is dead.
 (real cherry flavor)
That bird might be a Rufous
and much Scotch Broom still blooms roadside.
Maybe sometimes it takes an acupuncturist to
needle
 the Sea of Blood.
 Moving between celestial pillars
 tired legs carry the fired-by-Indians burden.
Tell me something good & ye
shall be released upon the red water.
Please remember the roots of tribal memory
 the promised gifts of the possible storm
 the forlorn American art of entrapment.

VIII

Beyond the bread riots the cottage shingle
in Blake's non-Newtonian universe ghosts outrank
just emotion. Dogen says: "when you find your
 look within, adjust."
Tell that, Anne, to these cheese-eatin' bears.
They abandoned cunning and half the poets
plant the seeds but can't stop this neighborhood's soul
 from being pimped & we all
 weep. They hear the sound of the mouth of the
man, always a Chicago guy, ready to turn breath into the
"mechanism of perception."
The place where you are, practice occurs
so slow no one notices
 machines. Green tea's a person
 & tiny pebbles reflect light.

IX

Spirits come in and they go out syllables
at least that's what Jack believed
but too much nevermind w/ single malt
 & the best become dirrrrty shitters
 too late to needle the Sea of Blood.
The martyr'd field only grows more luminous
trying to embrace the Snow Moon's reflection
in motion so slow, no one notices. Tired legs
 carry the fired-by-Indians burden
 past love's answered moan
 into Blake's post-Newtonian universe.
Tell that, Philip Whalen, to the cheese eatin' poets.
They ain't crows, just Harmless Eccentrics
 who keep time aboriginal.

9A - 5.23.12
Mala, Doe Bay,
Orcas Island

Notes:

The *Sea of Blood* is the Spleen 10 acupuncture point.
“Look within and adjust the mechanism of perception” is a Gary Snyder quote.

65. Dirty Raven Light Thief

The fountain of the contented garden sprays sky instead of water.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

& while we were Adam and Eveing our creation, in Haida Gwaii they (& other cosmologists indigenous) figured a better agent. One'd be "deceitful, insolent, libidinous and often grotesque..." with a "penchant for scatology." Never mind he'd be a rock star in the darkness of USAmerica's 3rd century. A *décepteur*.

Before the Great Flood came & receded before starlings cd be seeded in Parque Central Nueva York, before trees could crawl up here from parts south before salmon found a nice nest in every Cascadia river before the J-Pod scooped up Ilalqo copepods & crustaceans & waaaaaaaaaaaaaay before Sophie Charlotte von Mecklenburg-Strelitz darkness was not a metaphor not an adjective it was a condition - *sin sol* - it was the inky Northwet night sky all day all night not even a star or a Moon of Pure Awareness, no Wolf Moon, no Ripe Plum Moon, nada hermano.

But an old man on the bank of a river in a house with one daughter & no wife and his daughter cd be ugly as a slug but loved anyway. In box in a box in a box in another box & another and another and a few more in the total dark there was light. & Raven eavesdropping heard about it and Raven desirous wd have to have it. & Raven studied the old man & daughter's riverside house but cd not find the door or even a window, but studied the daughter's walk & cd recognize her footsteps & when she went to fetch water he turned himself with his magic *décepteur* powers into a hemlock needle in her handful of water to drink, was swallowed, & grew inside her and he was born a long-beaked, occasionally-feathered freak of a

boy with shining eyes and a cry that split the night,
curled hair & imagine his terrible twos. & Raven,
he used that cry to get just one box, how cd
Grandpa say no? & just one more and, well you
know how it's gonna end. Caught in his jaws the
light inside the last box, he back to old Raven &
wingbeat symphony out the smokehole to
transform the world, stunning: the views of
mountains against sky, ineffable the shine of the
silver river from the azul above, awe of water
falling off the side of a mountain catching light
beams in its decent & no more flying while blind. If
not for Eagle, he'd a hung on to that light, but half
of it slipped & broke off into one large piece and
shards innumerable (became Moon & Stars) &
Eagle kept pursuit beyond the rim of the known
world, out East.

Back at rio rancho, Grandpa was
sick about the lost light, sat above a growing
puddle of snot and tears. But the dropped light
entered the house & for the first time ever Grandpa
could see his daughter was not an ugly slug, but
revealed to be as beautiful as the first light green
shoots of the May evergreen bobbing in late
afternoon sun, beautiful as the ocean's shimmer
when the mid-day sun hit it just the right angle, a
little piece of him who'd tell his stories when he
went back to meet his maker, and wd laugh

or cry
thinking of the bedtime songs he'd sing to her to
let her know everything was going to be ok. & it
was, even after that dirty Raven did what all dirty
Ravens always do.

If you're gonna keep yr light
in a box
at least keep yr mouth shut.

7:17P - 5.23.12

Mala, Doe Bay,
Orcas Island

Quote from Claude Levi-Strauss
The Raven Steals the Light

Douglas Ranges, Douglas Crossing, Douglas Peak, Mt. Douglas, Douglas Channel, Douglas Street, Douglas College, Sir James Douglas Elementary Schools, James Island, James Bay, Douglas Hall...

Without Sir James Douglas, British Columbia
likely would have been a U.S. state
& they wouldn't have been
happy about it. Where would the draft dodgers
have gone, would've invented BC bud & imagine
the forest holocaust, not that they've been
spared. Could have been a lot worse.

Born (1803) in what's now Guyana,
Scottish dad
Creole (free person) mom, yep
The Father of British Columbia was
a brother & may've been
able to smile.

[Insert wikipedia photo here]

Schooled in Scotland (maybe England too)
fluent in French anyway, entered the North
American fur trade at 16
&
worked his way up
the Hudson's Bay Company
corporate ladder
may've taken out a Native
who killed two HBC traders. (His wife
part Cree herself.)
Like Pickett, they
lost their first child
but had ten more while stationed
at Fort Vancouver (5 died as infants.)

By 1841, he was the man
to found Fort Victoria
five years before the

Oregon Treaty. Still HBC Chief Factor
he pushed out the first
Governor (Blanshard) of the Colony of Vancouver
Island
(separate, at first, from the rest of BC which was then called
New Caledonia.)

Created a Militia. Founded a hospital. Created public elementary
schools, fought alcohol and constructed what's now
Christ Church Cathedral.

Dealt with the 30,000 or so Native locals
Songhees, Cowichan, Nanaimo, Nuu-chah-nulth
Kwakiutl, Sechelt, & more. The settlers were only 1,000
but coming like stars.

What did his quarter-Cree kids think
about the guns & ammo he gave Isaac Stevens
to put down WA Indian uprisings?

& in 1856 gold in the Thompson River and
in 1857 gold in the Fraser
& thousands of USAmericans
but he stationed a warship at the river's mouth
issued licenses to prospectors and merchants.

On whose authority?

HIS

No Douglass, no B.C. (Oregon North). 54:40 or bust.

Chief Factor of the HB (*a skin for a skin*) C
Governor of two Colonies (Vancouver Island AND B.C.)

HE

liked having his way
got used to
calling the shots.

8:18A - 5.4.12
Doe Bay, Orcas Island
Mala Cabin

THE BRITISH COLONIST.

A. DE COSMOS,.....EDITOR.

VICTORIA, V. I.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 27.

SAN JUAN ISLAND INVADED BY AMERICAN TROOPS.

We learn that a company of U. S. soldiers under command of Capt. Pickett, were expected to land at San Juan Island yesterday, from Semiahmoo, in order to erect barracks and fortifications. They were ordered there by Gen. Harney, when up here a short time ago. We trust our government will call our insatiable neighbor to account for the unwarrantable assumption. The first thing that will follow will be duties and taxes imposed by the United States and Washington Territory, on British subjects, who may reside there, and serious disputes may grow out of it. When the title of the island is definitely settled in their favor, then it will be time to allow Americans to quietly garrison the island, and not before. It is desirable that the question of sovereignty should be speedily settled; but we hope that in the final settlement, Imperial politicians will not show such a disregard for British American interests as exhibited in the settlement of the north-eastern and north-western boundaries,—by which New Brunswick lost millions of acres of land, and this side, all Washington Territory and Oregon to the Columbia River,

Pioneer and Democrat.

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY,
FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1859.

EDWARD FURST, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"Truth crush'd to earth will rise again.
The eternal years of God are here."

The Disputed Boundary.

Our military have just taken a step in the right direction. We learn from good authority that orders have been issued by Gen. HARNEY to transfer the military post from Bellingham Bay to San Juan Island. The U. S. steamship *Massachusetts* left this port on Saturday last for the purpose of transferring the troops, and ere this, Capt. PICKETT with his company is established upon that Island. This is what should have been done long since.

It will be remembered that by the terms of the treaty the northern boundary was declared to be a line on the forty-ninth parallel, west, to the middle of the main channel separating Vancouver's Island from the main shore, and down that channel, south, to the middle of the Straits of Fuca—thence west along the middle of the Straits to the Pacific Ocean.

In the construction of this treaty a dispute has been raised as to the channel—we claiming the Canal de Haro, and the English the Rosario Straits. Between these two channels are several Islands of more or less importance—San Juan or Belue, Orcas, Lopez and others. At the time of the treaty there were no settlements on either of these islands. Since then, however, some American settlers have gone there; and through the Hudson Bay Co. some shepherds, with some of the Company's sheep, have been placed upon San Juan Island. That Island, with the others, was at its organization included in the limits of Whatcom county, and difficulties have already arisen from the collection of taxes. The United States have a custom house officer upon the island.

The idea of considering these islands as disputed could only have originated in the brains of the officers of a company who, under the same treaty, supposed that they had a title in fee simple to all the lands in this country where their flocks had ever roamed or their hunters trapped.

The treaty is based upon the principle that all south of the parallel of forty-nine was United States territory, and the deviation made was simply to give Vancouver's Island—only a very small portion of which was south of that parallel—to that country, who, had the line continued directly across it, would have owned the greater part of it. If, then, the question were one of doubt as to the proper channel, a consideration of the intent of the treaty must solve that question in favor of the United States. But it is not a question upon which a doubt should be permitted to exist. The Canal de Haro is the broadest, deepest, and most direct channel from the Straits of Fuca into the Gulf of Georgia. And this would not be questioned were it not for the value of the intermediate islands. To England they are valuable as well for the land, of which there is much that is of a superior quality on some of the islands, as also that they are supposed to command the southern entrance to the Gulf of Georgia. To us they are necessary as a military post, being the only place suitable for the protection of our people from the herds of Northern savages, from whom we have already suffered, and from whose threatened attacks many of our settlements down the Sound are kept in continual alarm. San Juan is just the place for a post. The Indians must pass within striking distance in coming to and returning from the settlements.

Capt. PICKETT is just the man to be put in command. With every attribute of the gentleman, he is a perfect soldier; a man of great prudence and self-command, and with decision, promptitude and energy, he will be equal to any emergency that may arise.

We suppose our neighbors may grumble a little at this summary way of settling the disputed title, but then it is the privilege of John Bull to grumble, and the motley crowd of native born British subjects congregated in those new Colonies, many of whom have often times abjured their allegiance to their native land and monarch, and by their wanderings and sojourning in foreign lands nearly lost the use of their mother tongue, can only prove their renewed attachment by exercising the unquestioned right of the British lion to growl and grumble. They have, however, the same reason to complain of our post at Steilacoom as at San Juan. Our title and right to one is no better than to the other.

Gen. HARNEY no doubt views it in this light, and has ordered the establishment of the post there as he would upon any other portion of American soil. We honor him for it. There is a striking difference between Gen. Wool and Gen. HARNEY.—While the former seemed to consider it his

especial duty to protect the Indians, the latter protects the whites.

We understand, also, that the post at Port Townsend is to be broken up, and Maj. HALLER's command goes to Steilacoom. A company is also to be placed on board the *Massachusetts*. The *Massachusetts* is not the craft exactly for the Sound, she is too large and too slow. She is better than none, and should she come across a Northern canoe in the open sea, she might, with her long guns, chance to sink it and pick up some stray Indian, if he was a particularly dull swimmer.

66. Doors of Liberation

It is the slowness of its progress that assures the tortoise of longevity.

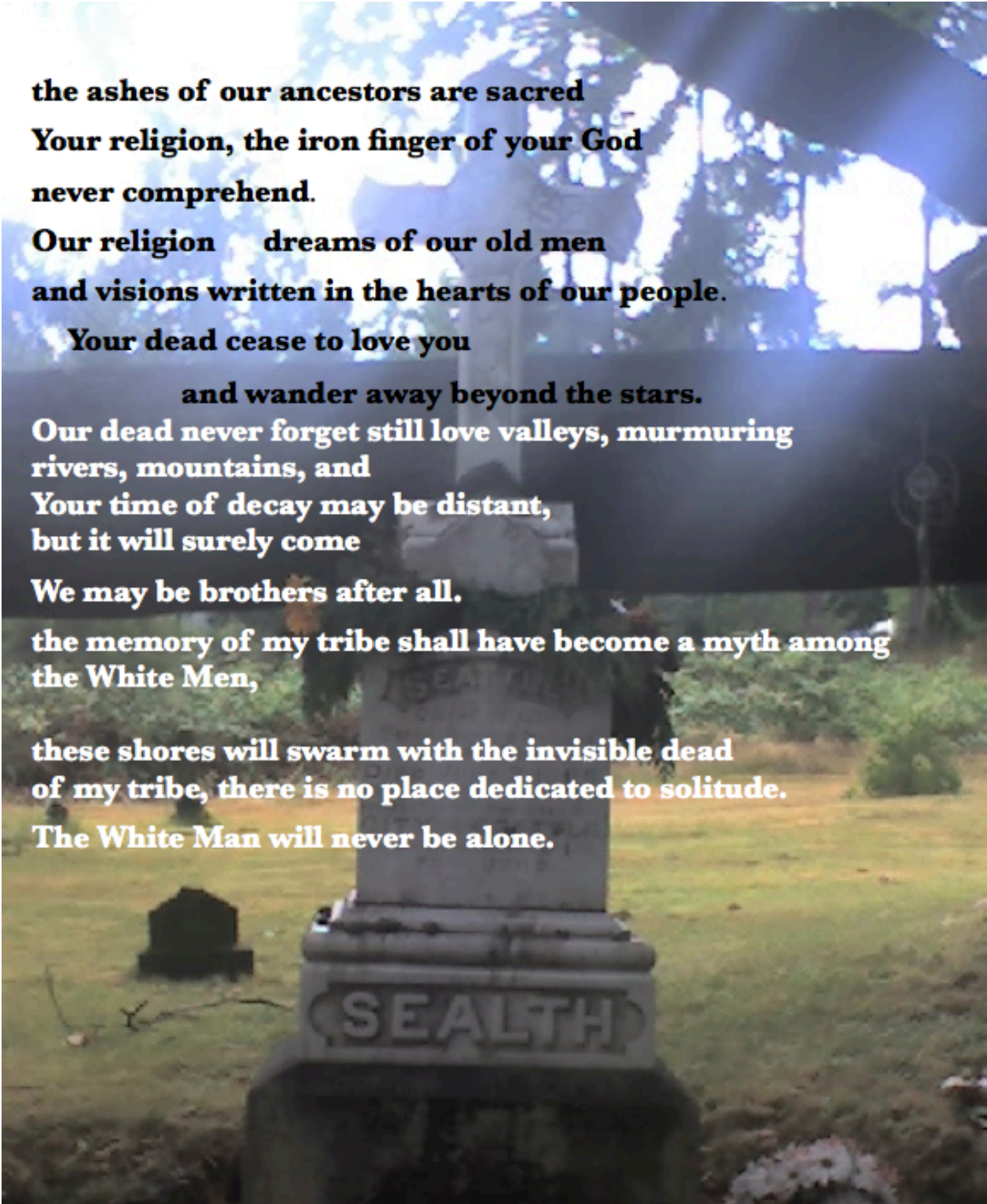
Ramon Gomez de la Serna

Watching tortoise can be a door of liberation or sunset, south & east when setting Cascadia sun scatters pastels, a door of liberation in the instant setting up *oceans of inconceivable adornments* this moment itself a jewel Wilson Duff knew as an episode related to all past episodes and prehending ones yet to come, all doors of liberation of *all-sided observation of the universe*.

Duck couples hunt seaweed in the low-tide cove where Kingfishers wait in trees doors the same as much as the vaportrail left by Hummingbird after sugar rush at the downtown whale station doors of liberation much as the albino deer munching Pink Ladies sliced & thrown to the forest floor just this side of the garden fence cutting off all doubts, clarifies path to compassion for those you'd want to choke the shit outta, or whose land you'd like to treat like a grab bag but somewhere conscious these are episodes passing, jewels in mid-afternoon Thursday shimmer only the latest in the endless archetypal parade of doors of you know.

Your cellphone not as likely
to save you as Eagle
chased Raven 'til he dropped the
last box of light.

9:51P - 5.24.12
Mala, Doe Bay,
Orcas Island
Quotes from *The Flower Ornament Scripture, Vol. I*
translated by Thomas Cleary



**the ashes of our ancestors are sacred
Your religion, the iron finger of your God
never comprehend.**

**Our religion dreams of our old men
and visions written in the hearts of our people.**

Your dead cease to love you

and wander away beyond the stars.

**Our dead never forget still love valleys, murmuring
rivers, mountains, and
Your time of decay may be distant,
but it will surely come**

We may be brothers after all.

**the memory of my tribe shall have become a myth among
the White Men,**

**these shores will swarm with the invisible dead
of my tribe, there is no place dedicated to solitude.**

The White Man will never be alone.

67. The Harmless Eccentric

*The violinist holds his ear to his instrument as though
overhearing a telephone conversation.*

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

Spirits come in and they go out syllables, at least that's what Jack believed and Robin and others who might have had a hand in the sky for the episode we could call latihan. But Jack had too much nevermind w/ single malt & the best become dirrrrrrty shitttters too late to needle the Sea of Blood.

The martyr'd field only grows more luminous trying to embrace the Snow Moon's reflection in motion so slow, no one notices. Tired legs carry the fired-by-Indians burden no burden but episode no mere episode yet past love's answered moan where a baby waits in Blake's post-Newtonian universe underneath the obsolete constellations.

Dogen says:

"when you find your place where you are, practice occurs" and de Chardin: "action has no value other than the intention which directs it." The people here first knew that from here to Yakutat & tried to tell us but life was not attuned to the movement of stars forgoing the promised gifts of the possible storm for the forlorn American art of entrapment. In the end the sea will shimmer; the green of the swallow's back reflect sun

the largest beard? The harmless
eccentric who keeps time
aboriginal.

1:43P - 5.25.12
Mala, Doe Bay,
Orcas Island

How to Cook Orcas Clams

1. Work up an appetite by hiking up Mt. Constitution or walking around Mountain Lake.
2. Drive slow along E.J. Young Road just past the Buck Bay Bridge (driving out of Olga) arrive at Buck Bay Shellfish.
3. Try not to stare at Toni's tatas.
4. See if she'll give you the local's price (\$5 clams for a pound of butternecks.) Get 3 pounds a person. (Trust me.)
5. In a heated cast iron skillet, drizzle in some olive oil.
6. Dice a third of a package of turkey bacon for each eater, stir around w/ spoon of wood.
7. Cover that in fresh garlic or garlic powder.
8. Libation. Pour out the first bit of beer as an offering. (Ancestors eat first.)
9. Pour good ale in the pan. I used Liberty Ale but Fat Tire or Red Hook'll do. You don't need the clams covered in five inches of beer *like our parents used to do* Toni says.
10. Ready a bowl (for empties) stir clams to distribute even in the pan.
11. As they open, scoop them out with a slotted spoon. They'll start flipping open one by one like popcorn.
12. If alone, start eating there, next to the pan. Dead shells in the bowl.
13. Try to pull open clams from the pan in ten seconds & eat.
14. Don't feel bad if you eat three pounds by yourself. This ain't heaven, but it's close and in heaven they have no clams, that's why you can eat them with your hands. (To keep up.) Pour more clams into the pan as you empty it of cooked ones. Fill your belly.
15. Remember to give thanks for the critters who gave up their lives so you might sustain yours.
16. Drink more beer or don't. Remember the scent of pine in the warm sun or the view of sunbeams hitting wavetops on Mountain Lake.
17. Tomorrow, repeat.

8:05A - 5.26.12
Mala, Doe Bay,
Orcas Island

Itchin' For War

It was U.S. Deputy Customs Collector
Paul K. Hubbs, Jr.
mighta been the shit-stirrer.

Thot HBC's monopoly of skin
"intolerable & odious"
to settlers USAmerican.

"Collision is imminent" sd he &
feared the "most serious result."

"Til the boundary issue was settled"
he wanted, immediate, a "large
military force" so USAmericans

wd'n't end up in a prison
"worse than Dartmoor ... 1813." (War of 1812 gulag,
fifty yrs
before Guantanamo, 155 before
Abu Ghraib.)

Was it a warship brought
the HBC Governor A.G. Dallas
to SJI to punish pig
killer Lyman Cutlar?
(Probably not. Most likely
The Beaver)
but Dallas did land, did
demand \$100 for the pig, did
threaten to take Cutlar to Victoria
& U.S. General Harney issued orders:

Pickett to SJI, to a
"suitable position near the harbor
at the southeastern extremity"
for four to six companies.

Lieutenant Colonel Silas Casey, Deputy

Commander of the 9th Infantry
to provide support via the
lumbering black-hulled steamer
Massachusetts.

On SJI,
late July, 1859,
Pickett picked a spot
directly above the HBC dock
where he did not think
at the time
the Royal Navy cd
bomb the shit out him
& his troops.

The proclamation he had posted sd

“NO LAWS OTHER THAN THOSE OF THE UNITED STATES...
WILL BE RECOGNIZED OR ALLOWED ON THIS ISLAND.”

Governor Douglas had
other ideas.

Dispatched his
Civil Magistrate
John DeCourcy to the island:

Restore squatters' property to the HBC;
Arraign Trespassers;
Collect Bail (to ensure their Victoria court dates);
Seek assistance from the Army & Navy if nec.,
as a last resort & “avoid giving any occasion that might
lead to acts of violence.”

This act, by Douglas
to enforce British law on San Juan Island
because of squatters &, of course
the dearly-beloved
swine.

Had he sd “in anticipation
of the landing of U.S. troops”
(as the Acting head of the Royal Navy’s
Pacific Fleet suggested)

he mighta had more success

but Harney & Pickett had their
excuse & it was pig
pissing match time.

* * *

Casey added it up, guessed
at what he cdn’t add
there were 31 guns on the
steam frigate H.M.S. *Tribune*
(commanded by Captain Geoffrey Phipps
Hornby) sailing
w/ extra royal marines
a Lieutenant, three non-coms
& 19 privates.

This made five British warships
(*Ganges* (w/ 84 guns), *Pylades*, *Satellite* & *the Plumper*)
167 guns/nearly 2,000 men.

(Not all warriors, but coal stokers
wipers
gunners &
cooks. Hell, were only

400 total royal marines
in all of Vancouver Island & BC, so more like
23 marines, a promise
of 46 more
plus

15 royal engineers
to take on what
(they didn't yet know)
was leading lady Pickett
& his surly band
of left-handed crap grabbers.

It took the Tribune
four hours Friday evening,
29, July 1859 to get
from Victoria to
SJI
saw Picket's camp was
not fortified not even
entrenched.

Douglas sent the steam frigate H.M.S. *Pylades*
was counting on
intimidation "trusting that the
exhibition of an overwhelming
force might prevent resistance
and the probable effusion of
blood"

but

the Royal Navy
secure at home and abroad
in the Victorian era
practiced "minimum intervention"

& the Royal naval officers
were not going along
wd send more marines
advised against arresting Pickett

suggested checking w/
the boundary commissioners
at Semiahmoo

while a broadside
 (15 British guns)
 aimed at Pickett
 & his men.

The Olympia Pioneer & Democrat
 started calling San Juan Island a
 “Seat of War.”

Commander Hornby
 went ashore, met
 Pickett, asked him
to leave
 & Pickett said
 “no.”

* * *

By August 1
 USN ships: *Constitution* and *Jefferson Davis*
 graced Griffin Bay.

Half a world away,
 in Northern Italy,
 France & Austria fought
 the Battle of Solferino, no
 way the Brits
wanted war here.

The enlisted men
 Yanks & Brits
 share tobacco
spirits &
 B.S. & in their camps wait,
 watch the fire, keep
 their powder
 dry.

12:15P - 5.26.12
Mala Cabin, Doe Bay
Orcas Island

68. Sowilo-Tinted Vision Field

When motion pictures were invented, the clouds in photographs began to move.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

Many (neglected) relocated to Cascadia got a hook in Tahoma guide the populace into sage cleanings and cappucinos. Clouds moved in, whole farms of 'em, colored the sunset salmon apricot & lavender but only a horizon slice before darkness, bright fire to bounce off Bellevue glass rebound off Lake *Xacuab's* become (for a minute) (for me & Brenda) a door (yes, liberation) just this side Hillman City the spot where Almondina & I "I did" each other & so far we do & so far we are & w/ Ella here who knows where the scatting takes us or who'll be there in our Sowilo-tinted vision field. How manage the ethical principles define the value-neutral will force?

Sound of crow's caw
didn't liberate blossoms
but sure looked like it.

9:05A - 6.18.12



69. Go Dolly Go!

(Goodbye Lakes Aldwell & Mills)

*When the neighbor puts on her vacuum cleaner, it sucks up
all our ideas.*

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

When the Elwha Dam and the Glines
Canyon Dam were blown up the strait sucked out
the first of a century of stopped up sediment.
Sediment plume paints the straight gray, frees five
species of Pacific salmon. Puts the shine back on
the Elwha Snowfinger, diamonds revealed in the
rock garden. Lake Aldwell and Lake Mills, filed
with the rest of settler prehension.

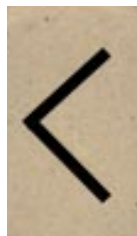
*The historic slack waters of Lake Aldwell are
changing to a delta environment with swift water
conditions. River channels with steep banks are
changing rapidly, are unpredictable, and
hazardous to visitors. Access around the remaining
reservoir is therefore closed to vehicle, bicycle, foot
traffic, and boating.*

Elwha Dam, 1910 - 2011

Glines Canyon Dam, 1927 - 2012

Dear Dolly Varden,
follow the gray to the end
then turn left.

<http://www.nps.gov/olym/parknews/lake-aldwell-closed-to-public-use.htm> 10.20.2011
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dolly_Varden_trout



Dear Beaver Chief,

we had this peach for you
if only your Belfair shrine
was *you can't miss it* easy but
we missed it, headed west/kept
the North Shore Rd's curves
in front of Que's dash &
found Tahuya, Camp
Hahobas & Seabeck pizza.

Found Dewalto Bay &
 enough gravel,
but not the blue black
Olympics. & you, whose ancestors
we wd honor at SPLAB,
& you, whose songs ring out
in most holy moments.

Dear Beaver Chief, we see
Kulshan from the Kennewick
(Ella's first ride) & Vi knew
her own family's secret rules
& you know too, how to cross yrself
threw the game off & how
some people never receive
spirit help. Ancestors are
standing by & we three

w/ this peach you would
have loved, *Saturn* they
call 'em even from that side
of the aneurism we know
you'd know how tasty
 all this still is.

Your Brother, Paul

11:09 - 8.11.12

70. The Return of the Elwha King

If fish sang we should have to keep them in cages and then they would die because the water would all come out.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

The King is Back! Blue-green and silver-sided repository of Omega 3's *Oncorhynchus tshawytscha*. One hundred years later he had no scroll left by Grandpa. She had no treasure map left by Grandma. They had no GPS to re-find the lost land behind Elhwa dams & 150 days after the dams were sent back to hell; 150 days after the long delayed blasts (one small step for man, one giant leap for Chinook Salmon); 150 days after they done blewed up what outn't a been there anyway, the King returns.

He's back! He'll be needed to feed all those Cracker Climate Refugees whose Texas crude's burning all creation. He's back! Belly full of planktonic diatoms, copepods, kelp, seaweed, jellyfish, starfish, bugs, amphipods & crustaceans so delicious served up at Sakura as sake or sakekama w/ side of Mu poured by Sam.

He's back. The King found his pitchflare/prepares herself for the banquet & the initiatory forge long foretold.

Welcome to Cascadia
climate refugees. Leave yr religion
back in the flatland & don't forget
to say *grace*.

9:13 - 8.22.12

http://o.seattletimes.nwsources.com/html/fieldnotes/2018961159_chinook_return_to_the_elwha.html
<http://crosscut.com/2012/08/22/climate/110118/world-according-gallup-and-according-planet/>

72. Moss Spruce Cedar Cathedral

The glitter of her jewels illustrates the ambition of her thoughts.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

The shine of the orca's teeth illustrates the animacy of his intentions. The ovoid of his eye outlines a smile for salmon, eagle, chief & raven. The raven's throaty caw settles in the soft fur of the licorice fern or in that of the clubmoss festoons branches of the ancient Olympic vine maple.

Here we can imagine rocks as being thrilled (enthralled) by the current of the memory of events. Here we can see a fish in his dorsal fin, a salmon on her back, a chief with headdress just behind the eyes. Here, her moss spruce cedar cathedral the king travels only after waiting for the rainrainrain or the final dam crash. Here the glaciers had the last say raven wingbeats plot ritmo espiritual sea stacks choke off another pacific wave, the runes predict travel and lavender and blood.

Here, more than dirt
dance floor of ancestors
now unbound.



8:29P - 10.10.12

Rainforest Hostel, Forks, WA (Inspired by the art work of Richard Shorty and a visit to the grave of Chief Seattle)

73. Ode to Sun Mask

The moon and the sun have only one bed between them, so one has to work while the other sleeps.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

Sun up there he was right in your face w/ his face & his teeth a solar grill in a grimace aiming for dogwood & sun down the moon's up, a Raven Moon a Rainforest Moon a Frost Moon a moon about to be bearded. & the sun again again he rises w/ talons of gold and red and black tentacles edging out from a solar corona creating form from behind a mask of yellow cedar and cedar bark and rope and acrylic just in time to burn something or start to hit the other side of the candle wick or to become a twilight hymn again, hymn to awakening, hymn to Black Rivers (*Rios Negros*) & they shine & he still up, sun yeah, and eyes wide open still a mouth fat on a disc or heat or a dream dream of the grass blowing east against the source of the still up sun or a dream of getting the ball to curve up or in, a sort of migraine cathedral built with trumpet or other horns built with a sense of inherent bebop which you thought was a song of the night but there it comes bright as day until it's dying for a nap a nap while it's still bright out but its nap is our night and the moon, she gotta get up & out and gotta get a shine on she got to take off that flannel & become more ee haichka-like two arms up, palms in but open & she gotta let owl back into latihan she gotta get ready for the backscratch she gotta dig clams and smoke fish because no one knows when the tsunami's going to come, no one knows when the Elwha starts running back unsiltifying itself, no one knows when to stop running and start thinking about September again and the advent of avalanche fields and the trail that would be here now gone down there to the realm of dental records, past the ripe blue and thimbleberries down where the blood is and the bruxism and the river

gods quiet enough & you can hear ‘em there beside
the flat stones. Me & Rebecca did. Stone eyes and
straw hair and some’d be beret’d & some would
look like Lester Bowie & til the day they take her
away or they take you away & everyone will run out
of salt but the sun and the moon have their
arrangement & everybody got to get some sleep
sometime.

Yr just scrapin off last year’s plums
from the apron
when the Lady sings
Do it agin.

7:234P - 10.11.12
Rainforest Hostel, Forks, WA

(Inspired by the art work of Bill Henderson (*Sun
Mask*) And Lester Bowie’s *Rios Negros*

75. Translating the Digital Fire

(For Dharma Mitra)

When you say “asterisks” it is like speaking of tiny pieces of a star.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

& each tiny piece breaks off as a person,
punctuation as person, Sister Comma, Uncle
Semicolon and Brother Mitra tending the digital
fire from which the sutras are situated & he, like the
sea salt farmer filtering from the ash of a foreign
language what may be of use as a door of
liberation or maybe a basement window how the
transformation skillful how burn the hatefulness
and delusion though only as ornery as grabbing the
collar of the glass-eyed demon for a face punch or
5.

Namo Guanyin Bodhisattva

Namo Guanyin Bodhisattva

Namo Guanyin Bodhisattva

one hundred and eight bead-festooned times. How
a spider on the car flap headed for your head no
doubt to burrow and lay eggs a door of liberation
as much as the harvested octopus not so deep in
Puget Sound Cove 2 as to not hear the c l a n g
of metal rods and then a fist fight for a college art
project to be drawn and then drawn and quartered
and dinner.

Give me the black walnut thud on
pavement or the sound of the gentle rainrainrain
on Que’s windshield its own liberation door of
silent light inconceivable. Give me the bountiful
season’s last November raspberry. Neighbors have
had their fill. Six more are undefiled. The stars are
off my boots. The digital fire roars on no one needs
to fix it.

Fire in pixels. Fire
on the boveda. Fire's
how the ancestors get your attention.

8:41A - 11.5.12

http://seattletimes.com/html/localnews/2019600636_octo04m.html

http://seattletimes.com/html/localnews/2019592865_octo03m.html

Protecting sea life in Puget Sound

Some areas of Puget Sound are off limits to fishing. The killing of an octopus off Alki Point – an unprotected area – has sparked a call for a new state Marine Protected Area.



Source: Washington state Department of Fish and Wildlife

MARK NOWLIN / THE SEATTLE TIMES

78. Wren & Whale Surrender

One who drinks through a straw is becoming a bird and there is a moment towards the end of summer when he succeeds.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

Could be a wren (Ah-up-wha-eek) atop the Nuuchah-nulth whale translates whale behavior to the whale hunter not in accordance with the unity of the plan *heshook-ish tsawalk*. All in the whaling canoe true to protocols *cleansed, purified... in harmony*. You can up the volume of your songs, can wonder (as whale tows you out to sea) what might've escaped order 'til wren as messenger (again) *the little brown bird* whispers: *Tell the whale to go back where it was harpooned.*

Later you find protocol broken back at home when one heard whale'd taken the harpoon and whale, sensing the deal breached, headed to sea. Later you find your songs enough to attract an intermediary (a go-between) could translate whale speak into Nuuchah-nulth. Much later you find you're simply a prisoner in the *Dictatorship of Reason* - spirit, appetite, faith, emotion, intuition, imagination, experience all stuffed in the back of the empirical canoe. (It's all methodology.)

In the department store, some
one must move the mannequins
& haul in basketball hoops.

Threes to shoot a *spiritual primacy to existence* how a bear in a dream smiles, teeth 4 to 5 inches long could be sent to surrender his body/teach the querent *how to make medicine*. You could make a method (poetry?) in which make up for the *sort of cultural and psychic lobotomy* any sons of settlers've suffered.

Your life, career that

daily latté but a shadow of a reality
of the show the Divine (through Wren)
conspires for those in surrender.

7:16A - 1.7.13
4817 S Lucile B

All quotes from *Tsawalk:*
A Nuu-chah-nulth Worldview
by *Umeek*, E. Richard Atleo

Tsawalk is the Nuu-chah-nulth wordldview
which unifies the spiritual and physical.

Motherwit

Pickett couldn't

stop 'em, not
w/ a "mere mouthful" for Brit
warships.

Defend land as if only
Old Glory had the right
to be planted on old
SJI

(& Orcas
& Lopez
& Waldron

Defend land as if it were U.S. land
(as if)

but no.

Fledgling empire wd
have to wait, powder
kept dry, blood
in piles like ponds

a possibility, yet.

But the Brits
w/
a world view, the Brits

w/ a policy (official) of non
con
frontation, (Pacific Station directive)

had heard the tales of
"blood-washed quarterdecks"
& human enough to see what cd be done
beyond bluffs

& USAmerican cock
blocking &
bravado.

A world view w/ which
would have nothing to prove
against a ragtag bunch
of expat Irishmen
& this one Southerner
w/ a “mere mouthful”
of men & a mis
conception
of who owned what land
& how.

& the media
(what it was)
far from the field
(of battle)
free to rattle
(the sabers)

(free)
to be courage acting cheap
(free)

to talk big & stride
over tobacco stain'd
grass

& this Southerner
& his mere mouthful

of guns
& tents &
lumber (for buildings
& heavy gun platforms)

& this Southerner
whose nerve wd

stun a gunkholer
Archibald Campbell
who knew these islands
as neither ours

nor theirs and waiting
for the choice of straits.

Haro

Rosario

Does it always take
a world-view
(that is) a perspective
global?

*Some say an army of horse &
Some say an army on foot &
Some say an army of ships
the most beautiful thing
on this black earth but
it is what you love...*

& if you love
commerce
& limbs
& children

& salmon & apricot
colored
sunsets from Young Hill

or if you're a Rear Admiral
w/ elaborate bow ties &
comb-overs

& top hats &
 high collars
 & laughter
 like R. Lambert Baynes, then maybe
 you & your navy
 as beautiful as this army of ships
 might be
 w/ their beautiful soldiers & sailors
 beautiful bayonets, sharp
 as any human eye & brain
 & beautiful cannons
 you
 & yr world view
 & yr
 pocketsfull of motherwit (as is sd of Hornby)
 wd direct all to:
 “strictly avoid all interference”
 &
 “by every means in yr power”
 “prevent the risk of collision...”

World view, love
 of earth & eagles
 of camas & orcas
 of tides & gunkholes
 & raccoons & red-
 winged blackbirds
 & views of rufous
 hummingbirds
 & their sanghas, love
 of sea lions & red
 tailed hawks &
 motherwit
 &
 garry oak & western
 hemlock
 a love of things &

humans & their
smell then you

you'd take a
pinch of that
motherwit

& you'd be re
membered
Geoffrey Phipps Hornby
R. Lambert Baynes
Winfield Scott
as that rarest of
military man
who'd see glory
where it rightly
be in all things
connected
(all things)
even those worth
much as a pocket
of motherwit
& a world view of
all things connected
(all things) worth
fighting for or

not

6:39P - 2.8.13
Caffé Vita
Seward Park
Some say quote from Sappho.

