

Natalie Simpson

A burst, and a flowering

Prior to weather, alone and gathering captions, the copse figures the city.

Fundamentals encase laxity, the firm embrace of capital derision. Scorning firmaments trench sign. Druid humour lost to surplus.

Age implicit orders shore like stunned deep-water mammals, calcifying stump, sand-blasted, weathered bone.

Cage bone, salty structure.

Capital's undercurrents rush to erasure, lick a sand-smooth eclipse, wet, gleaming and face out to sun scrawl.

Fervor to coalesce. Tremor to wrought.

Below blue loop pools. Haunted market stalls. Fluted horn and marble skewers.

Taut impressions come effervescent. Come delay.

A doleful, baleful whale sighting, a lonely mockery. What ruse assumes this ekphrastic moan? What loitering dusk?

Gloaming, late into anachronistic day, the light fails to shock. It rockets, it blurs.

Having turned quite suddenly to molted pelts and dank feathering ruin, the currency stills. Cave gape. Stir grasses.

Roped into the century's graphic plaster idylls, the moment hones correction. Flaw corrupts the scarcity.

But obsolescence engineers a lasting introspection.

Tempered patterns of corrugation alternate, in opulent thoracic gusts, in thrusts all paling, in pantomimed naturalism.

Dent saviours, the filtering brood. Strains of similar melodies braid tails together into thick cord. The cycle attenuates. The tendering dusk.

Every nautical fiction drives its thirst into limber corpus, a soft belly, a tongue quip.

Once narrative drains uncertainty, once flavour rivers, the shock waves pile on.

The forfeit tenses, the thick salt deposit split spontaneous with consternation; the correct tenor assuades itself; the persuading gallop drums.

A frequent gaunt shot. A permanent drift.

Counting on tides, dim stations ship signal. Classic patterns rise shining: the bloated coastline, the streaming wind.

Natalie Simpson is the author of *accrete or crumble* (LINEbooks 2006) and *Thrum* (Talonbooks 2014). Her poetry has appeared in several anthologies, including *The Best Canadian Poetry in English 2013*. She practices pro bono law in Calgary, Alberta and curates *filling Station* magazine's flywheel Reading Series.