

Day Spent Sailing

To spend a day sailing over
Vancouver streets, ocean
and cappuccino baiting the breeze.

Greek bakeries troll with
spanakopitas espresso baklava: fishing
for customers.

Cars swim through hidden currents
lefts and rights, brakelights
blinking waves.

To flash on—swordfish arching.
A dying sun. Scalebright weave through
traffic on two wheels. Handlebars
gripped.

The city alive breathing. City
of uppercase wine, lowercase crack.
The Salvation Army march lurch
stumble over concrete fields past accountants
couriers, brokers. Past

investment portfolioists who
check their watches
walk when it says
Yield.

Mountains bunch up to form
a backdrop. Sharp notes:
an orchestra of
ATM's

a high echo over
distant peaks
lost remote valleys where

bright green salmon spawn the crooked
tune of northern lights.

Absolutely no refunds
without proof
of purchase.