

Not Really A List

[Observations from a large library window that looks out
from the Emily Carr College of Art and Design on Granville Island]

A grey man in wool walks by a white woman with green hair.
The purple wing of a pigeon catches tiny pieces of sunlight.
Women more beautiful than my imagination put on one-act plays with jangly earrings.
A line of black shade takes a steel-plated wall hostage.

I wonder how they got the mountains so close to the city?
What do these city dwellers carry in their backpacks?
Everyone wants a high-windowed studio of their own.
Maybe I'll bike Europe this Spring.
The time is right to take up smoking.
Ambiguity is not something to be eliminated.

No one looks at anyone else but we all know everything about each other.
Bodies? So many fine layers of fabric hiding this one and that.
I suppose drinking red wine and making love
last through afternoons wouldn't be bad either.

Everybody is bent over a canvas or a wheel or a word.

A middle-aged man with pale brown skin wheels by with a baby.
Someone else is thinking of jumping off the bridge or becoming a poet.
Linguistics can not penetrate the heart of language.
It's all maintenance after forty.
Out the window more leather.

Four girls light cigarettes and laugh.
One thing leads to another.
How many piercings are possible?
I stop using discretion.
A four-year-old girl dances the purple flower dance.

I feel naked without a portfolio.
I hope I never stop seeing.
A woman with a *free tibet* tattoo eats
Thai noodles with a plastic fork.

Give me one good reason to stop.