

Candid



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Chris Turnbull

Candid has been produced as part of dusie #8 ~ the dusie chapbook kollektiv ~ in a limited edition of fifty-seven black and white chapbooks. As part of dusie, *Candid* rumbles alongside chapbooks by forty-two poets from many places. Many thanks to rob mclennan for the invitation and gathering thereof, and to Susana Gardner for a fabulous thing and its continuation. Appreciations to forty-two poets and for what each has made. Previous dusie kollektiv chapbooks, and then #8 , can be found: <http://www.dusie.org/kollektivarchive.html>
The online version of *Candid* is in colour.



roughly unconditional

fungus slick with deliquescence the kids refuse to enter
the woods, that is, the forest, and there are notes excusing
them.

letters and scripts about odour and health
and uncontrollable decay. about growths shooting,
varieted ec sounds. similar signs of unruliness.

skip rocks skip rocks skip rocks skip rocks skip rocks skip
rocks skip rocks skip rocks skip rocks skips crow rocks
skip rocks skip rocks skip rocks hop skip rocks skip rock
skip rocks crow skips rocks skips rocks road skip rocks
skip rocks skip rocks skip rocks skips rocks skip rocks
bloom skip rocks skip rocks skip rocks skip rocks crow
skip rocks skip rocks skip rocks skip rocks hut skip rocks
skip rocks skip rocks skip rocks road skip rocks skip rocks
skip rocks crow skip rocks skip rocks beak skip rocks
skip rocks skip rocks skip rocks black skip rocks road
skip rock skip rocks skip rocks crow skip black rocks skip
rocks skip rocks skip rocks hard skip rocks skip hop rock
dent skip rocks skip rocks skip rocks skip rocks night skip
rock rock rock rock crow

in florida a 15,000 sq. foot re-use store. after the crash (2008)
the canadians offload their clothes, the border less textile.

it's OK. abandon. transition. adapt. border/body shft policies,

warm, composed, energies: it's OK.

spore pollen sperm seed

entities thought vanished

or emotive. kid wanted the ref. to 'it', 'thing', 'that', 'ec'
as a start. kid is given a diagram of the neck.

all kids at once go where there are no trees.
the way light is filtered, unresistant surfaces. ocean
forget the shadows as locators. forest is far
between and over. light reconstituted parts hidden
far below, sunk or covered. their floating bodies, still
movements, connections missing

I am a Fenestral! I am a Coralacid!

pores, mouths ingest/spit out ocean.
spray, exuberant as shrieks, breeze
. molecular transitions, shoring ~

bright blue balloon floats

the kids refuse to go on the bus. it is gnarly with
city. the city is florescent. the kids know
shadows offer location and direction. they know to
rely on the buildings' shapes. the kids refuse
to go into the city. they refuse to walk in the city.
they refuse. notes excuse them:

they need an ocean holiday
the odour is unforgiveable
the roads are unsafe
the buildings leak tangents
there are no wild animals
they tend toward ear infections
the forest is beside itself
the air is unfashionable

kid comes upon the words, says, “dudes, where’re the coordinates?”
waits

see this indent?

ice on the river, of irregular circularity, is
the pattern on a flat road in a snow squall,
the pattern on a polyester blend dress bought in a re-use store
in florida, perhaps the pattern of pores on skin,
or the shape of lips on glass.

a confident performance of what is not the woods.

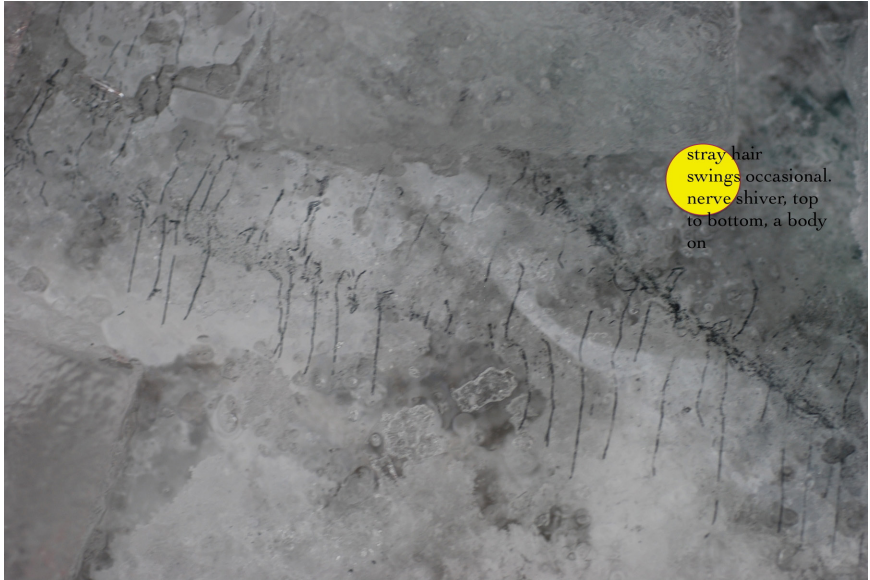
the kids gasp; they shift their hip flexors.

a brilliant performance of a floating balloon.


kid sits crosslegged on a fluvial scar. considers a lopsided hut.

kid concludes the diagram of the neck is useless,
conditional on a fold, a certain way

corollary

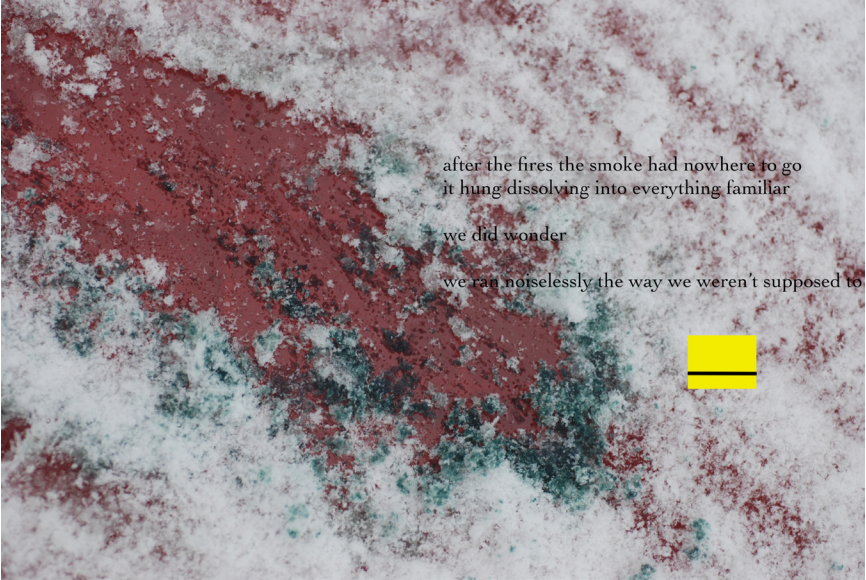


stray hair
swings occasional.
nerve shiver, top
to bottom, a body
on



oh
my god I
just stepped
out for one
minute to

and when
I got back I
wasn't
gone long
the door
was open I
could see
inside the
door and
couldn't
believe it
at first-I'd
only been
just across
the road
but it was
clear from



after the fires the smoke had nowhere to go
it hung dissolving into everything familiar

we did wonder

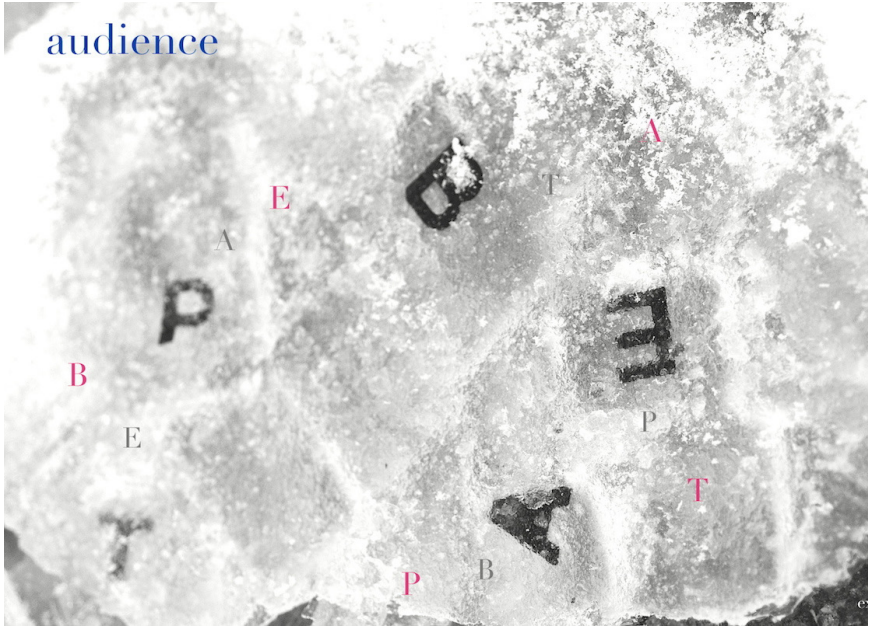
we ran noiselessly the way we weren't supposed to





not enough

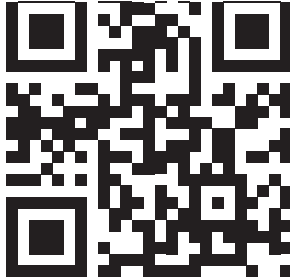
audience



Chris Turnbull's poetry piece, [*untitled*], was recently published in *o w n*, alongside work by arawlings and Heather Hermant (CUE Books 2014). Her visual and multi-voice performance work, *continua*, is forthcoming through Chaudiere Books (2015). She has two chapbooks, *Shingles* (Thuja Press: 2001) and *continua* (above/ground press: 2010). Her poetry can be found in print and digital forms. She installs poems on trails through *route*, an ongoing footpress: <http://etuor.wordpress.com>



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Candid: Skip Rock
dusie kollektiv #8
Password: Dusie