pretty pedestrian

poems by kathryn ariel mandell
for my family and friends
words that become more and more indistinguishable
who loved me when i was unlovable
love me when i am unlovable
and receive my offerings with an openness to life
that belies the popular notion of the secular present.
you are animals, spirits and gifts

drudge on comrades
a collection of dis-illusions and incantations
destination, drift, destination
dendritic, arterial
arthritic, coagulating
breathe in breathe out, melt and fold
slip, pool and eddy
with me,
somewhere tugged by the moon
i. my world grew from the navel-gazing, infant assessments of what the heck kind of creature i am
ii. the onion
is that the running joke in comedy? the layers of human consciousness greasy body odour self-conscious or self-aware in hilarity botched and teary stinging guffawing
iii. october 2, 2015

i am whisking up my malaise
my energetic, my revolutionary impulse
this city is ours
its boulevards get bergamot, cow’s parsnip, yarrow & chamomile
the corner dominated by soporific lavender

it’s okay that i love to bake pies
20 cups of lamb’s quarters
with iridescent violet fuzz and a pate brisée

we are feminists & practical witches
iv. attempts at sharing

i sit in the dry grass
still verdant and moist, but straw-like in patches
i can see the light spectrum in faint stripes
arching rainbows across my page
a basketball thud, percussive bass in the frequencies amid teenage quips
laughter and the noises of competition
V. July 1 at 6:10 pm

I went to City Hall and stood flapping George Vancouver the bird for a silent minute.

#ourhomeonnativeland
vi. i carry my home around on my shoulders
nestled in my ventricles
and sit in the most sumptuous places i can find
something about burning the midnight oil gets me surfing nostalgic
clicking pleasure keys through photobucket
the dusty albums cast in orange by my flux app
to save old me’s melatonin for the sleep
that i’ll catch, adrift in hypnagogic reverie
orange screen
old news
tingling twenty-five year old
viii. home from the lake (camp hot ass)

camping gives me good feels that last into the urban destitution
and the insanity of the trip between west van and east.

ah, class divide, old foe;
you are borne, bled and crinkled on so many faces

calves made strong pounding pavement to the job
the alternative is
toes disintegrated

rotting away, decay hidden in thrift store new balances

so i've gone to my job, gotten strong at my job
burned and pissed off and praised
where i am paid two pints of ben & jerry's half baked an hour
if i buy them at shoppers drug mart
rather than twinkling into noor as the hour hand ticks to eleven
then i'd bring home a single chilly carton

why do we live like this?
dude, toes disintegrating in the street
somebody get that guy a new foot
five grand
grab me my wallet
oh wait
fuck
hey god
ix. black lives matter

these are tough and terrible times
extending my love out, strong radiant heat from my body and heat from my words
hoping to propel all of those who are structurally marginalized, oppressed and left to rot,
bleeding the blood of ancestries and future generations of hurt
wounds to be mended

to all you brothers and sisters
i stand with you
end police violence
end systemic and interpersonal racism
disarm the police — change their tools, their culture and their priorities,
so that they help us the people to best look after ourselves

peace and love
call if you need me
call if you need a volunteer or a vigil or a cup of tea
i can't do it alone
we can't do it alone
i pray for the days where peace rules
when grace reigns
midsummer night in a twilight dream of some other better whenever tranquil air, breathes like mauve lavender
i am in a refracted labradorite pinned to the sky by a web of light something like what us humans call love

x. july 14, 2016
xi. to the heartwood

i just recently met a mountain of a man
"big and strong on the inside!" cheered my womb's heart's mouth
for it was she who dreamed for me this wood chopper
tent builder lends a hand without blinking an eye

i will give him all the light i shine
his photosynthesis is green-gold nectar of god
elixir of loving care, saturated in tenderness
soluble
a mellifluous and deeply conversant love
ttrue blue curmudgeon, real red & quixotic

may i share my salty ocean spirit with you?
let me tussle your branches in my breath
xii. letter to thatcher's ghost

dear TINA,
the only thing there is “NO ALTERNATIVE TO”
is love
give it up to live it up
drink it in, electorate, political class, honey bears
“ding, dong
the witch is dead”
xiii. radiant deviant
divination in the after-glow of a hot fuck
xiv. last, first
what is the world?
that is what i can be
as this fleshy instrument
we'll go find out
oh, is there a fine, fine grain
and sweeties abound
who choose to lie outside of class
and beyond effort.
peace