

# MAIN STREET



*a poetry chapbook by Lindsay B-e*

## ***dedication***

I'm sure I'm missing  
something  
because of that  
roaming flower guy,  
so to him

i bought your  
stamps of the alphabet  
through which i make  
smearing inkblots  
on light coloured items

but without punctuation  
i am limited to  
titles and labels and  
poems  
and run on sentences  
and the like

forgive me my  
limitations

It's really hard to make  
a bad grilled cheese.  
Perhaps that's why  
you're still here,  
or I am.

My mother (in-law)  
remembers a time, on  
this street, when you  
were something more,  
now

Handwritten Histories  
enact among the dusted  
clutter:  
stonehenge fragments,  
flying saucers, fridge  
magnets

but, most importantly  
fried bread and cheese.

The street  
has health concerns.  
I myself have three thyroid  
cysts and a fetus.

The body is a  
community event,  
a mother's group, a  
support line, a  
vaccination clinic.

Plus a mother of a mural.

I'm sitting in the same  
chair as last time, but  
the smell is different.

(or maybe it's just me)

**iv.**  
**#3 bus stop,**  
**in front of gas station**

comrade, disbarred  
studying  
the rollercoasting  
manual  
diminutive, high-rising  
slow  
walking  
funeral pro,  
pensive, ex  
cream of the  
crowd, concrete  
scicles.

My body wants to buy something.  
My body wants a veggie dog.  
My body wants out of the cold.  
My body wants a hug.

The next stop is  
geometric  
box, shaped  
rectangular prism  
square pyramid  
pistolary, e. go

jump on the  
changing, clanging  
river of hype, maker

takin' back the mean  
middle, meridian  
mmm  
[um]

fade to skyscrap  
[er]

I want to say  
something about the  
strange mohawk guy,  
whom I like,  
and the oil slick steaks,  
the doggy photos, or  
friendly neighbourhood  
patrons,

but

(there's flesh chunks  
on your hands  
as you fondle  
my credit card)

heywood-wakefield  
dining suite  
american  
mid 1950s

shaker rocker  
slat back  
american  
dates from the period  
1760-1800

lion ginger jar  
qing dynasty  
ad 1870

man, woman, naked  
from waist up, holding  
up empty conch shells

elephant carrying  
woman, sitting sideways  
cross-legged,  
also a lion

tribal mask cd stand

shiny gold buddha

block of wood,

made into bench

empty drawers  
empty shelves

big metal painted  
rooster

hanging wooden masks  
disney statues  
coca cola clock  
dragon vase with stand  
gawdy painted armadillo

baby elephant hugging  
mama elephant  
sea gulls with wire  
hanger legs  
blue, yellow, green,  
white stained glass  
stick people holding  
candles

wooden horse, leaning  
down to eat

I lost my daughter's  
toque on a flight to  
Saskatoon.

We were bearing  
crackers made of local  
cranberries  
and rosemary.

It's too bad too.

It was organic cotton.  
(and it matched  
her baby legwarmers.)

**viii.**  
***world dining***

Conceptually, I'm  
intrigued, but not  
enough to make me  
walk through the door.

The scent of family  
effort pervades the  
street, not what else.

[a stanza is missing]

I'll go in one day  
out of guilt though,  
I know it.

outside, a dog  
with a tumour on its leg,  
shaved like a lion.  
smokers.

inside, bad art  
hanging from the pock-  
marked  
walls like  
costume jewelry.  
hot chocolate.

24 hrs.  
free internet.  
old piano.  
dirty, but spacious  
bathroom.  
selection of baked  
goods.

patrons  
talking about  
eighties cartoons and  
trampolines.  
tea.

closed curtains.

one year I walked by  
before I noticed you,  
and it was  
my daughter's eye

on a bad bad day.

I'd like a sign with  
my friend Matt's face  
on it, please,  
a billboard, staring  
down, with no  
caption or purpose,  
other than Matt,  
in the limelight.

**xii.**  
**noodle**

slippery, sliding  
suck-em-ups,  
in a broth, in a bowl.

I assume I know  
[something I know]

Snow sticks to trees  
outside the heavy yellow  
door, blue.

Inside, boxed pictures,  
captions, red.

Employees excitedly  
chatting with preteens,  
who waited in the  
cold for this.

American prices  
on American goods,  
superheroes.  
Wolverine, he was  
Canadian. Weapon X.  
But he too realized that  
Canada needs something  
other than super.

There's a gallery  
in the back,  
behind the till.

*These poems are about the Main & 25th area of Vancouver.  
They were written in 2007.*

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