

From *The Vestiges*

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### **Three**

The quiet diplomacy  
of a world connected

by things used  
everyday and made  
elsewhere. Easy.

This essay

sets out to explore  
what happens

to humans when they are reduced  
to things by other humans.

It's a novel about cities  
in wartime

a poem about a people  
in a distinct land, a time-based

performance piece about property  
rights.

It's a short documentary

about walk-on construction  
jobs.

But it's Monday, hours

harden into labour

shipped out of agreement  
zones in the global  
south, daily the stuff that

“stifles life in its tight, hard mold.”

The texture  
of every city, the remaking  
of its centre

constant creative destruction.

Is mixed use  
sleeping in doorways

the grey economy  
CDs cell phones tools cassettes batteries bikes lighters shoes watches clothes

spread on blankets  
on the sidewalks

under the overhang  
of a pawnshop awning

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[ranked number one in the world  
consistently]

The city centre makes way  
for the middle class

[the production of property]

who have discovered  
themselves  
as engines  
of their own image.

Abstraction capitalizes the common air.

A new (anew) industry  
discovers new frontiers

with banners, sidewalk at  
and new neighbourhood names.

We bid on a redlined building  
for living

in “Historic Japan Town”.

Better banking wants  
speculative space, a sweat  
-shop (second-floor fluorescent glow  
night shift change

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of women, daytime  
job husbands in darkened  
cars, seat sloped back  
sleeping).

In Boston  
Barcelona, Burquitlam, Bucharest.

“Exotic mortgages”  
annihilate time!

Cluster the logic  
of living (density, rental)

above it all “bird’s eye”  
order, the air  
leased, the streets.

The view corridor from here  
a core boring  
into the coastal mountains

“the spirit of place”  
“the spirit of innovation”