

# "n/w/s/e" and "17th ave / 16th st"

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n / w / s / e

found I found myself at the turcot yards  
with wheels for feet as always these aqueducts more familiar than Acqueducts.  
digging up the old dirt the smog the concrete dust  
the rusted bones the roaring idle of engines

a place only known to be crumbling-over  
with under-skeleton poking through  
inviting to touch healing palms soft  
wet with concrete

*these aqueducts more familiar than Acqueducts.*

in the motherland stopped to read names carved into sunburnt stone  
wished my nosebleed on them  
missed the ruptural rapturous devilry of ahistoric graffiti  
faded lines of a scrubbed *fuck* precious as recent

a peopleless place there  
here a club of machines gathered  
and I thought I'd seen the future staring at me  
from an overpass not taken

*city and home and city and home is city is home.*

curdling infrastructure  
cheesing together long enough to cross  
to let us fall  
not too far weighted

waited down here for the traffic to pass  
found it was recirculated air and exhaust pipes  
that continued connecting this brutal ugly  
our beautiful concrete streams

17th ave / 16th st

something of the ocean in the mist  
rushed over this pre-mountain city, overnight  
moisture teaches me to rise  
from mo(u)rning and walk to the train  
check my phone and listen  
to a podcast preaching social media evils  
blasted over magpies scrapping on wires

none of these trees have given me their names  
yet,  
every now and then  
I miss smaller places  
oceans, barely tidal rivers  
that rush me further inland, west

how this house shakes  
when the washing machine  
hits spin cycle  
hints: the city hasn't decided  
whether or not it wants to hold me up  
yet,  
weekend walk of 17th ave just to check it out  
stop for coffee  
run into an acquaintance from out east  
like some misty fortune and  
walking home,  
facebook recommends her as a friend