

# Poetry Formations in a Resonant Sky

Deanna Radford

A Thesis

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**Concordia University  
School of Graduate Studies**

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By: Deanna Radford

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**Master of Arts (English, Creative Writing option)**

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Signed by the final Examining Committee:

Dr. Manish Sharma, Department of English (Department Chair)

Monika Kin Gagnon, PhD  
Department of Communication Studies (Examiner)

Dr. Stephen Ross, Department of English (Examiner)

Sina Queyras, Department of English (Supervisor)

Dr. Jonathan Sachs  
Graduate Program Director, Department of English

Dr. André G. Roy, Dean, Faculty of Arts and Science

March 27, 2020 (Date of thesis defense)

**Abstract**  
**Poetry Formations in a Resonant Cloud**

Deanna Radford

This poetry thesis undertakes to trace language-use in English surrounding cloud computing and cloud computing itself by considering its physical, historical, and environmental aspects.

What began with the desire to find out what the term “the cloud” means and identify its material contours was a way of questioning my own and mass internet consumption; to make “the cloud” more visible in interest of climate crisis and to contribute new possibilities for understanding.

This research-creation is guided by these sets of questions:

**How is cloud computing marketed?** The dominant narrative of “the cloud” centres lightness, access, ease, and ubiquity. It appears entrenched (it always has been and will be) and simultaneously in motion (it goes everywhere the user goes.) The implication is unsound.

**What is cloud computing’s relationship to the Internet’s physical infrastructure?** What are the physical components? Where do they come from? What happens when people finish using them? What sources of energy powers it? How does it intersect with the well-being of living things, of earth’s elements, and weather systems?

**How is cloud computing connected to historical and social processes?** How can the cloud be read in conjunction with colonialism, racism, decolonization, precolonial land use, global warming, “population displacement,” (UNESCO,) surveillance, and multinational violation of privacy and big data?

**How is everyday human communication entangled with these concerns?** How I might trace my personal position in this context? How can I show intimacy, disconnection, and links between people who benefit from operating within the cloud with those who are excluded?

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*L'AGIR: Act(ion) in the Hyperconnected Condition: Art & Images at Work Symposium* organized by committees from McGill University, Université de Montréal & Université du Québec en Abitibi-Témiscamingue, in collaboration with Mediatopias and Studio XX, Montréal, QC, November 2017.

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## **I - METEOROLOGICAL CLOUDS**

## Untitled

*Clouds & snow are a form of meteor.  
Snow is a form of nimbostratus but it is not a cloud.  
An ensemble of falling particles.*

When the winter weather is mild, when it is  
snowing, when clouds hang low and I stand outside,  
it's my chance to be fully within the clouds.



## An introduction to cloud genera

Not all clouds are the same.  
Clouds are always evolving.  
Clouds gather and not. Quiet and  
Sea loud. Visible as mass or loose. Ice or watery vapour.  
When clouds cluster in miasma  
From dust, steam, fumes, smog, gas, powder, and ` it's  
Of nebulous skies.  
*Cloudiness what is cloudiness?*

HIGH  
Of the sky's floor,  
Cirrus is strands, filament, hooks detached.  
Cirrostratus' full body hair-like or smooth.  
Cirrocumulus a hair-like heap. Cotton wool or ice crystals.  
*Is it a lining?*

MIDDLE  
No one type of cloud is right for everyone.  
Altostratus high sheet, halo, hell, no.  
Alto cumulus high heap. Laminae, round mass, roll.  
Nimbostratus rain-bearing sheet. Blots sun.  
*Is it a roll?*

LOW  
Several cloud models have evolved.  
Stratus sheet for drizzle. Makes ice prisms, snow grains.  
Stratocumulus sheet-like sheet with dark parts.  
Cumulus symbol-of-all clouds heap.  
Cumulonimbus thunder-storm heap.  
*Is it melting?*

Title adapted from, World Meteorological Organization, editor. Manual on the Observation of Clouds and Other Meteors. Rev. ed, Secretariat of the World Meteorological Organization, 1975.  
Italicized text from "Roastbeef," Stein, Gertrude. *Tender Buttons*. First Canadian Edition, Book Thug Press, 2008, <https://bookhugpress.ca/shop/books/poetry/tender-buttons-by-gertrude-stein/>.

## **Airbus 321**

On spending 40 minutes in an airfield.

Holding space unfixed. View from window over Iceland.

Thundersnow. Snowicane. Atmospheric circulation.

Moon surface and snow dunes.

Horizontal air stream pendulate.

Low light burns through cirro-stratus.

Air stairs choppy. A canoe craft on

jagged sound waves. Piercing. Silent.

Still moving not not still. On current.

Hover. Hover. Hover. Over airfield.

Then through alto-stratus. Thick cover.

Current rampant. Raging. Light slake  
altogether electric.

## The speed of sound. A trail of airplane exhaust slowly.

Long note stretched so far across, not elastic.  
No consequence but also, Doppler shift.

Close up delay. Letters in strings.  
Bordering, but not close enough.

From lips. F-, f-, f-, falter. Flounder. Founder. Flutter.  
Audible range of embouchure plus consequence

is vibration into shock diamonds.  
Spastic. Locked then dissipated

by breath on the horizon of a  
soft and hard palette, with lips shut, or

cast in molten lava. Words as traces.  
If there isn't anything to come out of

lip shapes such as words of mouth,  
cohesive, quick, succinct and using

p-, p-, p-, plosives and  
t-, k-, p-; voiceless and d-, g-, b-; voiced,

then hands conduct pantomime.  
Damned and panicked.

But between words a flood.  
Torrent but with nuance and inflection

using teeth and tongue  
with which to draw traces across the sky.

## II - CLOUD MIGRATION

## Untitled II

I tell myself, do not be afraid. The cloud is as beautiful as the sea. *The upper surface of a layer of cloud may be flat or it may show fairly well-defined undulations of varying width [10 to 1 000 metres (33 to 3 300 feet)], suggesting ocean waves ("sea of cloud").*

**If a high speed mobile internet connection can be accessed on a high speed train,  
will it make my connection faster?**

On network lines and edges, eyes  
Read signs. Signs project buying. Desires  
Make insides fold over outsides.

Outsides fold in conditions close. Cold. Climate. Cuts.  
People sleep on benches. Dis-rest next to movement  
On network lines and edges. Eyes

Scan devices, *tools for the hand w/ languages for the face.*  
Eyes focus. Touch. Swipe. Tap. Type. Reply. Connections  
Make insides fold over outsides.

Interiors in here: Sub-streets, yes. Substrates, yes and  
Clickbait, yes. Heart rate, yes. Stimulates, yes.  
On network edges and lines, eyes

Close. Close eyes ambient. Body-tool-body proximity.  
Pass time. Travel fast. Hold still. High speed lines  
Make insides fold over outsides.

Inside lines gates close  
on global position of moments and  
On network edges and lines, eyes  
Make insides fold over outsides.



**Everyone—executives, colleagues, partners—is telling you to migrate to the cloud.**

After the Google Data Centres of the Americas

*Lost in the noise and the pressure to migrate to the cloud* are field words, terms related to weather disturbance: erratic, stray, melt. Heat builds displacement swells, giant gusts. Tidal. Then freezing squall. Cloud-wash disavows batch loss, privy leaks, network ills, bandwidth grabs. Typic.

Words, terms related to weather disturbance: erratic, stray, melt, and heat—prime portent pow. *Hybrid computing and federal systems have blurred* active, ubiquitous cloud with clouds, climate and gold-rush goals. So.

When to pack assets, send data, switch platforms, trash plastic, ore? Or,

with heat? Prime portent. Pow! *Hybrid computing and federal systems have* ambient access and license to thermal springs, cosmos' drink.

Title & italicized text from, D. I. Labs, "When and How to Migrate to the Cloud: Everyone Is Telling You to Migrate to the Cloud. TransitionManager Can Tell You How." TDS. [www.transitiondata.com](https://www.transitiondata.com), <https://www.transitiondata.com/resources/when-and-how-to-migrate-to-cloud>. Accessed 23 Nov 2017.





**NORTH**

Berkeley County, South Carolina

Council Bluffs, Iowa

The Dalles, Oregon

Douglas County, Georgia

Henderson, Nevada

Jackson County, Alabama

Lenoir, North Carolina

Loudoun County, Virginia

Mayes County, Oklahoma

Midlothian, Texas

Montgomery County, Tennessee

**SOUTH**

Quilicura, Chile

Names of Google Data Centres from, Discover Our Data Center Locations. <https://www.google.com/about/datacenters/locations/>. Accessed 23 Nov 2017.  
Since 2017 when this poem was written, Google has added two data centres in the US: Loudoun County, Virginia & Midlothian, Texas.

## The sound of birds migrating when -404 not found- arises

Moments of dead air tender end connection. No signal received. SPACE  
Cloud source broke, dry. Stream dropped. Bounced back through sky to the troposphere where

Weather makes. Local. Wind. Temps, cloud, humidity, pressure. A cocktail  
Circumstance at annexed nests extra inclement. Big. Double plus

Intense. Charms aslant. Of flocks, words so muddled. Fall under the weather,  
Land on spec. Slow. Songs drift through cracks on ancient veins. Pegmatite of

Feldspar, quartz, mica. Quartz. Ex- species -tract. Silicon. Industry  
Standard of purity-ultra. Host. Wafer from ingot for Intel.

From a grain of sand.

EXOSPHERE

THERMOSPHERE

MESOSPHERE

STRATOSPHERE

TROPOSPHERE

EARTH

"Flocks, words" adapted from "Pythagorean Silence [Excerpt]" by Susan Howe. Academy of American Poets.  
<https://poets.org/poem/pythagorean-silence-excerpt>. Accessed 4 Dec 2018.

SPACE

EXOSPHERE

THERMOSPHERE

MESOSPHERE

STRATOSPHERE

TROPOSPHERE

EARTH

THIS IS LOCATED IN THE TROPOSPHERE.

## Reach out and touch someone across the Atlantic

After Microsoft, Facebook and Telxius

As if Marea was parish of your throat and vibrated ahh-cross  
your lips and your loins. Like her name was inland, a corpus—yours, tongue—  
yours and corp—yours. As if she was irrational, aneeps in your  
charge. And on your found frontier. She is loaded as cable. She is

loaded as rubber. As copper. As twin lines: eight optical fibres.

Waterproof plastic coat. Iron scent, metal jolt. Rubber balm's stench

buoyant and cable bales buried awake in Atlantic's bed. Titanic.

Streaming in video—cresting high—peaking is seventy-million,

dead-heat cache. Cable port landing Virginia Beach. Cable port landing

Bilbao shore. Footprint on beach-sand, on manhole, at selfie-spot, on

*mother earth, mother board.* Data  $\infty$  weightless.

Title adapted from "Reach Out and Touch Someone," AT&T, 1987. Commercial. YouTube, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OapWdcIVqEY>.  
Accessed 15 Oct 2017.

Italicized text in stanzas 2 & 3 from Bach, Deborah, "Microsoft, Facebook and Telxius complete the highest-capacity subsea cable to cross the Atlantic." News at *Microsoft.com*. <https://tinyurl.com/yak7kknb>. Accessed 15 Oct 2017.

Italicized text in stanza 4 from, Condliffe, James "This Cable Will Boggle Your Mind With the Highest Data Capacity Ever to Cross the Atlantic." *MIT Technology Review*. <https://tinyurl.com/yd63fsbr>. Accessed 15 Oct 2017.

Italicized text in final stanza from, Stephenson, Neal. "Mother Earth Mother Board." *Wired*, Dec. 1996. <https://www.wired.com/1996/12/ffglass/>.  
Accessed 15 Oct 2017.

"Marea is tide. Marea comes from "mar" = sea. Wave is "ola", same pronunciation that "hola" = hello." Translation by Wenceslao Amezcua.

## Breath of fire

Breath control to fight against anxiety, nerves, fear & pain

Inhale deeply.

Draw

warm computer room air

through

chilled water coils

filled

with chilled water

rotating.

When heat lifts,

exhale.

Push hot air out

of your stomach

until it's empty.

Heat removed from

IT environment

will flow out with

now warmer chilled water

exiting computer room

air handler and

returns it

to the chiller.

Inhale deeply again while

the chiller removes

heat from the warmer

chilled water.

Transfers it to

another stream of

circulating water called

condenser water.

It flows through the  
cooling tower.

Exhale.

The cooling tower  
rejects heat from  
the IT room to  
the outdoor environment  
by spraying  
warm condenser water  
onto spongy material called fill  
at the top of the tower.

The water spreads out.  
Some evaporates as it  
drips and flows  
to the bottom  
of the cooling tower.

Push heat out of  
your stomach swiftly  
as if pressing  
your lungs downward  
until your stomach  
is empty.

### **III-ANCIENT COMPUTING [SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE]**

## **Pharos of Alexandria**

For an imaginary walk from the Great Library of Alexandria to Pharos Lighthouse in Alexandria, Egypt, probably between 285 and 246 BC in order to transmit an information signal.

Rubbing hands. Friction. Heat. Amplitude. Beacon from flame. Flare. Flash. Sign.  
Martial in message a beam from hands. Radiant address 'cross sky.

Sliding thumbs. Index. Soft tension of muscles, back. Battery fever! Ick! Sweat! Ex-  
uding front muscles. Lap top. Surge. Connection sparks synapse. Dopamine.

Light of palms. Quickening. Contact, pings, echo requests. Beacon's lead  
thrills as lips brushing. Feeds. Ancient as signals. Everything is everything and

sealed with heat.





Bibliotheca Alexandrina to Lighthouse of Alexandria

Walk 4.0 km, 49 min

<https://goo.gl/maps/R8SK4aqMg5CWPotR7>


Map data ©2020 ORION-ME 200 m

**⚠** Use caution—walking directions may not always reflect real-world conditions

## Bibliotheca Alexandrina

Al Azaritah WA Ash Shatebi, Qism Bab Sharqi, Alexandria Governorate 21526, Egypt

- ↑ 1. Head west on Emtedad Dr. Abd Al Hamid Sayed toward Ali Moustafa Moshrfah St  
140 m
- ↘ 2. Turn right onto Ali Moustafa Moshrfah St  
100 m
- ↙ 3. Turn left onto 26 July/El-Gaish Rd  
3.2 km
- 📍 4. At Qaitbai Sq., take the 1st exit onto Kayetbai  
160 m
- ↙ 5. Slight left to stay on Kayetbai  
19 m
- ↘ 6. Turn right to stay on Kayetbai  
400 m

These directions are for planning purposes only. You may find that construction projects, traffic, weather, or other events may cause conditions to differ from the map results, and you should plan your route accordingly. You must obey all signs or notices regarding your route.

## Lighthouse of Alexandria

As Sayalah Sharq, Qesm Al Gomrok, Alexandria Governorate, Egypt

## The sound of magpie song when all devices are ready

From a grain of sand  
An ancient sheen beams flush in

Moments of self recognition and echo.  
*Source for single truths*

From beneath The Appalachians,  
From fifteen miles down,

From a long moment of movement with heat two-thousand degrees,  
From three-hundred million years ago

And one-hundred million years of cooling.  
The emergence of words and

Pearls or jewels or crystals. Or better, patterns of pegmatite.  
Feldspar, quartz, mica, with purest other traces

So select. Just so. Super elite  
*For a data depository.*

From beneath The Appalachians slow motions surface then  
Sown from wind, waves, weather, wear. A

White powder so soft as soft as clouds. So  
Smooth as fibre glass cables stitched under the sea.

Tiny as next gen silicon chips.  
∞Lucent as ocean of screens when

All devices are interfacing for  
*Broad data access. For data literacy and*

No memory errors. No memos, no re:s, no more.  
No errs, nor ers, nor heirs, nor ors, but ore

For roses.  
For Eros in  
*Decision making.*

Inspired by Beiser, Vince. "The Ultra-Pure, Super-Secret Sand That Makes Your Phone Possible." *Wired*.  
<https://www.wired.com/story/book-excerpt-science-of-ultra-pure-silicon/>. Accessed 4 Dec 2018.  
Italicized text from/adapted from, Anderson, Carl & Michael Li "Five Building Blocks of a Data-Driven Culture." *TechCrunch*,  
<http://social.techcrunch.com/2017/06/23/five-building-blocks-of-a-data-driven-culture/>. Accessed 4 Dec 2018.

## When my lover is across the ocean

Exhale. Whisper. Speak. Voices airborne. Talk talk.  
Into microphone. Keys. Pictures of keys. Signs.  
Logic board. Vocal folds vibrate. We. In chatter streams.  
Through earth. Through air. Big water. Whisper modulation.  
No land line. Breath. To phone mast. Sea signal. High sign.  
Tiding. Marconi. Signal Hill. Poldhu. Breathing.  
In data ocean. Ocean ocean. Troposphere.  
Voice heat. Ours. Clouds. Ours. Condensation. Ours. The weather.  
Ours. Islands. Shore. Beach sand. Cable landing. Man hole.  
Gun Beach. Bilbao. Lan Tao. Brest. Electric Beach.  
Palm tree. Base station. Monopalm. Monopole. Steeple.  
Tower. Bell sound. Call change. Scramble. North. South. East. West.  
Wind. Words. We. Water. Winnings. Worship. Workmanship.  
Rock solid. Broadcast. Radiation. Quiet zone. Signal storm.  
Word switch. Ring system. Network. Word bundle. Word packet.  
Love charge. Cable load. Bandwidth. Wow. Video flutter.  
Screen light. Moonlight. Starlight. Sunlight. Day. Data less.  
Less wire. Wireless. Microwave. Back haul. Transceive.  
Call me. Transmit. Receive. Failed HD. Frequency channel. Fail.  
Cobalt. Earthen. Display. Ectoplasm interface.  
Flow. Expanding. Server farm. Expanse. Cooling system.  
Fever. Parched. Rapt. In keys. Cable routes. Trees.  
Garden. Gutta percha. Resin. Rubber tubing.  
Thermoplastic. Number armour. Amour. Handsfree. Gear.  
Soil. Earth. Terrestrial. Body. Vocals. Invisible.  
Aerial. Alien. Transatlantic. Sub-sea. Sound.  
Listening. Bitstream. Channel. Literal radio.  
We whisper. Lip to ear. Through glass. Walls. Plastic. Light scope.  
No rock dove. Fibre optic translating through hair size  
Through time. Cable. Copper. Coaxial. Compac. Complex.  
Industrial. Strength. Breadth. Breath. Hearts beat. We speak.

I inhale your words.

My words.

Your breath. My breath. Ours.

A puff. Exhale.

A flurry on my tongue.

And an acid cloud event.

Rain – it tastes

of territorial traces.

## A computer wanted

Key parts of world brain, of CPU, gndrd-source. Lady. Computer.  
Computing machines arise from blood, breath, hands, minds to giants as

*Colossus, Paragon, Apollo, Monolith, Atlas, ACE, Bombe,  
Sabre, Sage, Logic Machine and Connection Machine.* Megas lap

All tops, lick indices, palms, wrists with tongue. Licks smart. Single swipe sends  
Rocket to yotta, sends chemicals, gases to sublime-type places.

Meantime, heat-reject machines cool giants, heap cast-off stew through  
Rack space, containerized server rooms, data farms, critical for

Missions and tender to tropos, to stratus, to mesos spheres so blue.

Y O T T A is Y is 1 0 0 0 <sub>8</sub> is 1 0 <sup>24</sup> is 1, 0 0 0, 0 0 0, 0 0 0, 0 0 0, 0 0 0, 0 0 0, 0 0 0, 0 0 0

#### **IV-WHEN BROKEN COMMUNICATION & LANGUAGE APPROPRIATION COME TOGETHER, EXCESSIVE EXTRACTION CAN OCCUR**

My words to you-once in a letter, upon a postcard, as message in a bottle, or answering machine and now, as SMS, a tag on social, as photo from my smartphone, as my geographical position information embedded in my photo, my WIFI history, my cookie collection-are priceless gems. They are *diamond dust*.

Stretch out your tongue and you will be able to taste. *These crystals, which are visible mainly when they sparkle in the sunlight, give rise to generally well-marked halo phenomena.*

*In diamond dust, visibility is very variable*

## A letter from the cloud eternal network

I am not wanted by any authority but,  
A lot of people see me like a friend to a dethroned leader.  
Many thrones see me as an unfriended leader.  
I have been followed by authority.

I am seventy-eight years old. I am eighty-seven years old.  
My eye frames are growth rings.  
You can't even count them.  
My eyes burn like the sun.

I am the sun.  
I am seventy. I am eighty.  
Seven. Eight. Zero. Zero. Two. Zero. Twenty.  
Twenty.

My vision is clear.  
My sight is unspoiled by my double-vision.  
My double-vision gives me abilities you may not be aware of.  
I am stealth. I am present. I bring depth of connection.

My health condition does not permit me to run around for business like I used to.  
My business does not permit me to use my health condition like I used to.  
This is why I am calling on you. I need your business cooperation.  
I want to invest with you.

Let's make bank notes.  
Paper files. Supply. Rubber stamp it.  
Let's handshake. Will you agree?  
You and I are speculators.

I have 45 million in my trust with a private vault.  
I want you to partner with me to put this fund in place.  
You will amass a fortune. My investment is in your ideas.  
If you are into other good ideas and guarantee a good turnover, it is fine by me.

I cannot health due to my bad travel.  
I want you to chance with me.  
If you are interested let me know. We can exchange an agreement.  
We can follow one another.

We can start a business relationship immediately.  
We can start a relationship business immediately.  
We can make a pile of paper.  
We will make a pile of time.

*“Eternal network,” from the Eternal Network designed by Robert Filliou and George Brecht, as described by Ludovico, Alessandro. Post-Digital Print: The Mutation of Publishing since 1894. Onomatopoe, 2012.  
Concept sourced & lovingly collected from spam I received between 2014 & 2016 at my former place of employment email address.*

### **A whisper to a screen**

To trace an echo chamber when the body is a source for extraction.

Mouth. Cave. Flesh diamond. Breath. Whisper to screen. Shield.  
One chamber. Echo court. Whisper in whisper.  
Add mouth, two mouths, caves. Chats swell. Warm murmurs  
make Layers. Three, then more—shining pearls glow, wet,

get transmissions. Tongue, words. Sibilant chorus.  
This dispatch bombinates, liquid as crystals  
in fibre optic glass. Carries from pharynx  
through plastic films that guard light. What fluorescence;

red, green, blue. Tiny lamps dazzle 'n capture  
pic-vid-txt-feeds. Talk back. Fast. Loop gains volume,  
shape. Copy close, rote, roar. Rhythm gives rise to  
no reason for repeat. One loop and more loops.

If edgewise among,  
tongue that  
propriety.

## Google powering Finnish server farm with Swedish wind farm

For one basic cloud type.

On gaining solar accreditation,  
begin arrangements to lease a private  
cloud. Assurances and space are included  
with opportunities to own. Resources

for deep data storage are here. They're  
natural: Solar power. Wind power.  
Cloud power. Wind. Sun. Cloud. Wind could. Wind can.  
Cloud can. But, what contours the private

cloud? Floating, stratus, cumulus plumes or  
fog? Somewhat. Also—Cloud firewalls protect  
cloud projects except for rejection clause  
items like data loss from volatile

weather. Control personal cloud data  
effectively. Build, upload and switch data  
clouds. Private cloud can be fuzzy. Private  
cloud hosting is desirable. Private cloud

is ready to acclimate to your needs.  
On gaining solar accreditation  
and reviewing conformance details, private  
cloud can help anyone to the outer

sphere and worries about security are dissipated.

Title from article of the same name by Verge, Jason. "Google Powering Finnish Server Farm with Swedish Wind Farm." *Data Center Knowledge*, 4 June 2013, <https://www.datacenterknowledge.com/archives/2013/06/04/googles-powering-finnish-data-center-with-swedish-wind-farm>. Accessed 7 Dec 2017.  
Marketing language gleaned from spam I received between 2014 & 2016 at my former place of employment email address.



**I feel so close to you right now**

I want to make things right from the way the bent officials made it.  
My first priority is to deliver your payment award in full,  
plus the unpaid gains and benefits without my waking your heartbreak.

I am well pleased to tell you the delivery man has come with  
Your cash trunk valued at eight point three million. He now waits for you.  
You must stop dealing with people who contact you telling you your

fund is with them. It is not one bit with them. They want to take advantage.  
I know whoever is contacting you by this address is fake.  
They're not with your fund. They will dry you up until you have just nothing.

**When the hand moves quicker than the eye**  
Messages for financial and other security

Subject: CONFLICT

Aug 31, 2017, 6:45 PM

☆ Reply :

Dear Client,

Please allow me to introduce myself.

As I lay on my sick bed, there was an attempt to forever deleting.

So you see, we have to limit your account for careful policy reasons.

I have been touched to protect your information. With my personal legacy fund, we will resolve this together.

Fill in your data please. Please click **HERE**.

In safety,  
Mrs. Mary Smith

Subject: Re: Subject

Nov 5, 2018, 9:08 AM

☆ Reply :

Hello Subject,

There is unusual movement. In facts, your card.

We got this.

Plus, we have to limit your account to insure you secure your account now.

Hit "reply-all" and answer to enable your insurance protection.

SINCERELY,  
CEO & PRESIDENT  
FINANCIAL CRIME DIVISION  
(IMF)  
INTERNATIONAL MONETARY FUND

To opt out of future emails click [HERE](#).

Subject: Magic Life

Jan 25 2019, 1:58 PM

☆ Reply :

Hello, You,

It's Ed. We spoke on the phone last week about the flexible low, low rates.

Remember those key features? They're fully circular.

- Forever deleting
- Delete forever
- Cutting out (extra)

You might ask, how can I make this oasis for myself? Take these steps:

- Click freely
- Do it now
- Re-touch
- Bonus clicks

Then, just reach me here for more details:  
[ed.magic.life@gmail.com](mailto:ed.magic.life@gmail.com)

Your friend Ed at Magic Life

[Message clipped] [Click HERE](#) to view entire message.

## Like the seashore clings to the sea

Yes, how my stretch streams. Spreads global. My personal traces farmed from key terms in ad words. I'm visible. Present in hereness. A proxy,

broadly. My body, crude. Measured feed. Filtered as water. As prints-partial. Repeated. Fingers pressed to form whole print then scattered for future

*service, entrusted, disclosed, incidental, behavioural, derived.*

Body unsettled, my reach is organic. My past and now are

scraped as my image with sunlight spread evenly across my face, across the faces of everyone named on my contact list.

Title from "Me and my shadow," by The Rat Pack. Martin, Dean, et al. Synergie OMP, 2008. Accessed 15 Aug 2019.  
Italicized text from, Tactical Technology Collective. "How Much Control Do We Have over Our Data? Me and My Shadow." Me and My Shadow, 20 Oct. 2016. myshadow.org, <https://myshadow.org>. Accessed 15 Aug 2019.

## V-CLOUD-LAND CIRCUIT

## **Capsized**

### **I.**

For available land, cheap electricity, and tax incentives.

## **NORTH**

Berkeley County, South Carolina

Council Bluffs, Iowa

The Dalles, Oregon

Douglas County, Georgia

Henderson, Nevada

Jackson County, Alabama

Lenoir, North Carolina

Loudoun County, Virginia

Mayes County, Oklahoma

Midlothian, Texas

Montgomery County, Tennessee

New Albany, Ohio

Papillion, Nebraska

## **SOUTH**

Quilicura, Chile

## II.

Oh, how lines have curved to the earth over time.  
Lines, they are not always isolated objective vessels  
for transportation, mobility, shipping, borders, and other demarcation.  
Lines, they can scaffold motions and gestures and acts upon the earth and its beings.  
Sometimes a line isn't just a point from A to B.  
Sometimes a line can be fully loaded.



### III.

Often I  
wonder-when  
walking a-  
long tracks, rails,  
cables, tracts,  
highways, paths,  
borders round  
stations, hubs,  
buildings, pits,  
quarries on  
sites, lands where  
creatures and  
people were  
hard moved, re-  
moved by force  
where now flows  
energy,  
traffic, freight,  
signals, spills,  
info, fire,  
transactions-  
if I can  
call forth, breathe  
in those lost  
creatures, eco-  
systems, soil  
people, rock,  
flora and  
fauna so  
they know I  
can feel them.

These tracks, rails,  
cables, tracts,  
highways, paths,  
stations, hubs,  
buildings, pits,  
quarries on  
sites and lands  
were not placed  
randomly.  
These lines for  
sending and  
receiving  
are long used.

#### IV.

Contests // situations / our / A / before / Can / context / will / of / of / Physically / and / placed /  
lines / lines / lines / up / separate / be / simultaneously / lift / praise / serves / edges / surroundings /  
landing / Can / behind / transport / the / port / and / paths / the / circumstances / the / we / in / and  
/ that / landing / performance / we / path / raise / them / all / the / to / raise / in / we / against / in /  
which / they / path / we / I / of / paths / made / in / infrastructure // up / conditions / what / to / The  
/ are / to / lines / lift / seemingly / improve / line / Why / to / under / and / their / a / as / advance / I /  
resistance / improve / the / the / would / But / and / Our / from / as / Can / them / So / the / homage  
/ better / to / empathy / and / material / about / vessel / How / excludes / I / Can / upon / perimeter /  
want / We / from / this / building / Can / care / within / so / empty / for / port / with / sea // vigil /  
gravel / leaves / from / object // have / our / internet / systematically / can / cannot / part / their / as /  
telegraph / walk / it / and / Why? /

V.

How can we raise our lines physically and at the same time in praise,  
to improve upon their value and acknowledge their relations?

Can we place our lines in better circumstances?

Can I have empathy for this seemingly neutral thing, a vessel?

What if we were to lift up the perimeter sidewalk around Place Ville Marie and  
carry all of those who and which are normally relegated to the margins?

A gravel path?

The sand which supports the landing ports for internet cables sea-side?

These things do have relations. Communities we may not be aware of.

I will walk in vigil and in tribute with and against these lines  
which serve to transport and advance  
as much as they function to exclude and leave behind.

**On the cuts we make**  
Tracking the Dominion Land Survey

Track. The mark.  
Series of  
marks left by  
passage of  
anything.  
Trail.

Surfaced, I,  
from the strip  
up to the  
road. Clothes soaked.  
Water. Source.  
Power.

Sky, from ≠ to  
concrete strip.  
rectangle.  
Series of,  
arcades. Ground.  
Unjustified.

Dashed lines on  
earth un-bold.  
Sequence of  
light. Ways of  
finding.  
Sequins.

My track a  
course of stop  
action, start.  
Train of blooms  
sometimes

Track. The mark.  
Series of  
marks left by  
passage of  
anything.  
Trail.

Little bau- ,  
little bau- ,  
hauses sans  
serif on  
prairies  
make

rectangles.  
paragraphs.  
Matter as  
words. Move. Words  
matter. Make  
change.

Dirt. Move from  
surface. Arc  
motion of  
broom. This is  
weeping earth.  
Change.

Rough way, path  
beaten by  
feet, by men.  
Animals.  
Lines made of  
desire.

Grid's. It cares.  
Does not care.  
Listens to  
narrative. Nature and  
squares it down.  
To no end.

Track. The mark.  
Series of  
Marks left by  
Passage of  
Anything.  
Trail.

Veins make heart,  
Make with those  
Arteries.  
Survival  
Lines. Beats. Of  
Course.

Course of a  
nerve or blood  
vessel then  
skin parts—  
intimate  
exposed.

Pieces of  
inside I  
tried to pro-  
ject to the  
outside. A  
motion.

Line there is  
tissue thick.  
Mark left by  
passage of  
glass on it.  
Seam.

Netting.  
There is so  
much to be  
seen. There is  
no such thing.  
A flickering

rack. A mark,  
series of  
marks left by  
passage of  
anything.  
Not nothing.

Passage of  
fingers on  
lines, acts, glass,  
habits, vice,  
Virtue. Wait—  
Who's lines?

*They*

Draws eyes. Drive.  
Will I pro-  
tect I from  
What I want?  
Will we pro-  
tect we?

Quickened de-  
cisions, mine.  
Warp, woof—my  
Hashtags' de-  
monstrative  
Body.

Declare prints.  
Voice. Thumb. Face.  
Retina.  
Soft swipes all  
Deeply mine.

*And infinite.*

**Circuitry for places in Ohio**  
*After Great Serpent Mound*

For finding why, instructions I gave myself.

What names? And they ring.

Identified: 44,825 miles squared.

Akron. Cincinnati. Cleveland.

The shape of a waving flag,

These features part ink.

pixelated and squared. Gridiron.

Call letters flag

Also identified,

transmissions for broadcast.

latitude: 38° 24' N to 41° 59' N and

Code channels curve and send through forests, mind.

longitude: 80° 31' W to 84° 49' W.

Not from my carriage.

I have made no straight path here.

Place names between rocks.

I have not no indirect path here,

Columbus. Dayton. Toledo.

(though not until my forty-second year.)

Energy over time and into words

and yet

illuminate on liquid time and crystal.

I come with these place names

Pulsing conductivity.

Installed in my mind.

Channels churn over surface features and space.

It has been such a long time.

Break rock.

Each place name

They get human of a whole,

has a place in my lexicon.

but place names not mapped in.

220 miles by

These pipelines audible within my chest and skin.

220 miles.

Sound force through veined eyelids as lit

Water runs across

by intimate jetsam.

3,877 square miles.

The sun.

Columbus the capital and largest.

Words call on cotton for a time.





## Deep hub I: Moving toward a place where information flows from & through

Along Parc linéaire du Réseau-Vert

Boulevard St-Laurent runs beneath the Van  
Horne viaduct. There are two northbound  
lanes for cars and buses. There is a bi-  
directional bike lane, a major artery for  
city cyclists. Adjacent St-Laurent and  
beneath the viaduct is L. Villeneuve & Cie,  
Renovation Centre, "le vraie cour à bois."  
Piste des carrières crosses St-Laurent  
alongside the CPR tracks. The first time  
I saw the water tower was in 1997 on the  
cover of the album *F#A#∞* by Godspeed  
You Black Emperor! In 2008, I moved into a  
place on St-Laurent two blocks south of the  
water tower. In 2012, I moved into a place  
two blocks north of St-Laurent. North of  
the water tower. In 2012, the CPR police  
began to guard the rail line and make arrests  
of individuals who would cross it. That year,  
the city of Montreal re-zoned the area for  
redevelopment without informing the public.  
Over the years, more and more people have  
come to love walking under the viaduct on  
St-Laurent. The water tower a romantic  
industrial shape on the cityscape.

Behold brick panorama. Brick red. Bricks together. Wide as a city  
block.

From ground level, a close distance, degrees of rotation my head—  
from forward-facing to upward—about 23.

If sun shines, if summer, if midday, branch of my body which is neck  
may rotate 15 degrees, left or right.

Brick sweep bends to oblique up close.

Beneath viaduct, rail flyover, south-side, shadow angles enact  
building to an island.

Ground-level, rail-side, north side—gravel, dirt, weeds, shrubbery.  
Graffiti on brick.

If ground-level. If track-side. If train passes, graffiti on freights.

Static then and moving, then. Letters in graf call. Call letters in graf.  
Speak and

Call in. Call off. Call out. Call up,

And up. Atop the brick sweep a water tower.

Robust rust bucket with sun hat. With cell towers affixed, three by  
three by three.

Sun hat and cell towers painted brick red. As oxidized steel.

Cell towers send signals. Stream waves. Radio. Electromagnetic.

Steel tracks, thickest wires, cover the earth. Send freight and

Information weight.

## Deep hub II: Moving toward a place where people used to move toward to get information

Along Parc linéaire du Réseau-Vert

On the territory commonly referred to	Freight trains pass two times a day. Horns sound dry chords.
as Canada, "The Canadian Pacific Railway	There my field of vision couples with the width of the track to form a
Company's charter authorized the Company	corridor.
to engage in telegraph, telephone and other	Start and finish—Beaubien Ouest and rue Masson.
means of communication, and in 1882	The Canadian Pacific railway its familiar.
commercial telegrams were accepted for	In summer the track is removed from heat, city traffic, urban concerns.
transmission over the Company's newly	In summer, daytime there, heat blurs objects in the distance.
constructed lines between Winnipeg and	Activated urbans cut holes in the chain-link fence between the tracks
points in Western Canada where railway lines	and the track.
already had been built.	The force of flowers and plants are woven into the fence's mesh.
Pole mileage, 1886: 4,525	Many people see this track as a useful through-way. Vélo-route.
Pole mileage, 1936: 17,596	It is not identified as one of the top five jogging sites in the city.
Miles of wire, 1886: 14,508	Associates along the corridor:
Miles of wire, 1936: 173,341	Sculpture garden. Disused metal assemblages.
Miles of cable, 1886: 50	Water tower rust colour. Cell-phone towers affixed to.
Miles of submarine cable, 1936: 411	Modernist viaduct. Concrete a deep arc in parts.
No. of telegrams accepted for transmission,	Brewery and brewery aroma. Ferments.
1936: 4,491,266	Recycling centre with modernist vehicle bridge entrance and stench.
No. of cablegrams accepted	Smoke stack. Rusted and idle.
for transmission, 1936: 290,406	Gravel and dirt sit at ground level.

## Holding place

Often I  
wonder when  
moving a-  
long tracks, rails,  
cables, tracts,  
highways, paths,  
borders round  
stations, hubs,  
buildings, pits,  
quarries on  
sites, lands where  
creatures and  
people were  
hard moved, re-  
moved by force  
where now flows  
energy,  
traffic, freight,  
signals, spills,  
info, fire,  
transactions-  
if I can  
call forth, breathe  
in those lost  
creatures, worlds,  
people, soil,  
flora and  
fauna so  
they know I  
can feel them.

When I was  
young and made  
tracks to France

and to Spain,  
thought I could  
taste breath, bone,  
fossil and  
blood gone long  
now. As if  
where I was  
born had no  
earthen cask  
quite like it.

Now,  
these tracks, rails,  
cables, tracts,  
highways, paths,  
borders round  
stations, hubs,  
buildings, pits,  
quarries on  
sites and lands  
where I was  
born, where I  
live were not  
put in place  
randomly.  
Many lines like  
these stretch back,  
back, and back.  
These lines for  
sending and  
receiving  
so long used  
and lived on.  
Along. In.  
Around in  
full.

**VI - INSIDE/OUTSIDE & AROUND INFRASTRUCTURE.**

2:32 pm Wednesday—On the back of the coffee shop front door the letters to its name in adhesive vinyl in reverse. They are A, T, S, I, P. Three horizontal lines emerge from the letter P to indicate movement, speed. Below that on the back of the coffee shop front door are the shop hours in adhesive vinyl in reverse. Finger prints are smeared on either side of the front door. Condensation on the back of the front door that is wet and formerly wet or dried, that is wet and dries each day trails downward where it once dripped and is still dripping toward the shop hours and the floor.

The coffee shop is located across from a metro station. It is located at the corner, an intersection where buses and people cross the street to get to the metro station and bus stops there. An intersection where people disembark from the metro cars in the metro station and the bus stops where they cross the street to leave there.

2:22 pm Monday—From the banquettes hot tears streaming to hexagonal floor tiles in black, green and white mixed with stones and melted snow.

Translations from English to Spanish & French & from Spanish & French into English with Google Translate.

Piste in French can be translated into the word track. It can also be understood as a course, a runway, a trail, a lead and a piste. It is a run, a rung, a racetrack, a scent, a tarmac.

Pista in Spanish can be translated into the word track. It can also be understood as a path, a runway, a clue, a trail and a lead. A pista is a floor is an arena.

Piste in English can be translated into the word track in English. It can also be understood as a runway, a trail, a run, a course. It can also be understood as a track beaten by a horse or a mule. The track is a racecourse or a training ground. A piste is a track and a trail.

## Safety in numbers

This place is out of reach. This case is minus two dollars and cents.  
Windchill neg forty: raw blast force through bus hut for bodies. No  
ticket. No wicket. No keypad. No quick mart. But car park. But rapid  
transit mound. Call this is. Case this is. Place. It is out of bounds. Bound to  
numbers. To units. Words twice. Air time stopped. Heel toe. Snow to  
bones. Packed on routes. Paths. I'm negative forty or sixteen bucks. Not  
numb, not I, No thing. But closer, come. Mini van. Taxi cab. In  
back seat. The driver's shield. Driver's side. From there his voice. His voice and,  
up front, dear. It's safe here. Near me, dear.



After “Three Families, 14 Children on US 99, San Joaquin Valley, November 1938”  
by Dorothea Lange

Optic a prospect at close-grain. The breath's dew and stench. Dry sweat. Drought.  
Dust and yet and dust. Sky. Cover from. Under sun. Billboard perennial  
painted a pillow. Of feathers. Of cotton. And lattice lifts cumulus.  
Message text—travel while you sleep. Then words beam speed. Business man dreams.

While soil storms. While bald grass. While wind wins. Wild sweat dries dreams and kids start  
on weeds. The foreground is hard ground. The billboard and highway all 'round.  
Gate place not gateway. Terminus non terminus.

Photo in, Lange, Dorothea, Paul S. Taylor, and Sam Stourdze. *An American Exodus: A Record of Human Erosion*. Paris: Jean-Michel Place, 2000.

## Body of work

The station from which my thoughts triggered, by that which my eyes had seen and processed, by what my hands had acted upon, is multilevel as rain clouds. Damp, expecting of wet and leaks. Vision blurred.

The station embedded but not grounded by the line of my body to heel bones. That track kept me upright even in sleep for the bolts as tokens. Remember, clench left, hold tight, squeeze. Cut. Remember, fingers tap as spider's legs transmit in real-time. Muscle memories are the phantom actions of day-side. Bolt as lightning cuts a deep line from the meat of the blades to the veins where hands should send current, should make for currency, makes for slow instead. It wakens. The shining station for word extraction and shaping is down, somewhere between conservation and circulation on shifting ground. My breath a soft express into the sferics. It's canicule. In this small frame, air protrudes, super-loaded with heat strain. Moves little. Draws heavy. Forces bodies from inside to outside. Back to inside. Forces outside bodies further toward the edges. One risk of precarity is health. A stress of the risk is to not have a job, to have a job or several jobs which pay too small, to have a half-time job which requires the effort and commitment of a full-time job, to get a job which offers a trial period. Stress of losing trial job and of being invited to stay occurs simultaneously. A stress of the risk is to achieve active recovery in time off to find new job. Better work. Or smarter. To the edges I'll go.

## VII-CLOUD CLIMATE CHANGE

## It's possible to connect to & use the internet in many different ways

After canicule 2018

What range of ways to link. Swipe, Visitor, signature.  
Your watch, your phone, palms wide. Iris less wires. Tethered.  
Make contact. Sign up. Touch yes. I-feels-net—ligatures  
as nests. Close. Warm. Pulls. Source cirrus. Celeste's feathers  
Full. Sky cameras feed mushroom flash. Cloud plumes.  
Fixed service or mobile. Burgs turn small, crowd cloudlets.  
Whilst weightless, e-waste heaps. Precious ore juiced. Fumes.  
In Furnace Creek, sun peaks, fifty-one three. Cloudless.

On beach rests man hole. Port of your port. Cable.  
As glass twins. Fibre's packed. Garden hose holds four.  
With lining. Draped on sea's bed. Makes love line natal.  
Device connects success.

Title from, "How to Connect to the Internet: Today, It's Possible to Connect to and Use the Internet in Many Different Ways." *Digital Unite*, <https://www.digitalunite.com/technology-guides/using-internet/connecting-internet/how-connect-internet>. Accessed 6 Dec 2018.

## Triptych

TRADE IN YOUR PHONE  
AND GET UP TO \$450 OFF  
A HOT NEW ONE

Move unwanted heat  
To outside atmosphere.  
It's precision cool.

## WHALEBONE

Ancient water web.  
Infrasonic frequencies.  
Love songs sung in code.

## VAGUE DE CHALEUR

Cooling systems take.  
Metro lines down. Beads of sweat.  
Plastic bottle balm.

## Attending the global event

Have you ever crossed the line?  
Which lines will you cross?  
Have you ever forged a path?  
What path are you on?  
How many paths have you not taken?  
Is there a particular road you travel most frequently?  
Have you ever hit the road?  
Do you ever take the high road?  
Have you ever crossed the tracks?  
Have you ever gone off the rails?  
Which streams do you follow?  
How often do you them?  
Do you tend to sit on the fence—yes, no, or maybe?  
Where does your energy come from?  
Is your energy also a source of power?  
Which sources do you tap most often?  
How do you react when you hit a wall?  
How often do you come full-circle?

**When I'm drunk on the sun everyone I meet is either a poet or a medium.**

## **HEAT**

Sometimes I can see a person's aura when they speak.

It doesn't matter what kind of light the person is illuminated by.

This is true and it is untrue.

The homonyms from an empire of language lead me to believe that everything is everything.

The bus drove into the morning sun from Montreal to Ottawa via Papineau.

Narrow. North.

Toward Cremazie the sunlight flashed in my peripheral vision.

Buildings on the street were covered with sun's rays and were uncovered.

Sun on / sun off.

Flash of light and shadow in motion.

This is the inverse of being on the metro.

On the metro light emerges from within the cars.

Not from the exterior metro tunnels.

I am stroked by the sun. Stoked by the light and warmth and am cold when it is gone.

Flash on / flash off.

Sometimes I imagine I'm within a giant reel of film on the metro as it passes from one stop to another.

Smudges of colour and light rush by outside as other trains pass.

Photons with matter.

Sometimes I think everyone I encounter is either poet or medium.

I know this is true and I have no idea.

## LIGHT

Light comes from within the metro and not the tunnel.

Green line east, Green line west.

Its flood is chopped, smudged, absorbed.

Encased.

Footage of light to a film reel.

The length of the train.

Morning on the Green, but dark then.

Man, single, boards at St-Laurent.

Chain around his neck.

Giant seashell, a pendant.

Alternating light.

I am sitting on a bus moving at 60 mph.

Sun blocked.

North on Papineau.

Buildings on-off-on.

Stoked.

A person's aura.

We are sitting in a room.

I see it.

I am sitting in another room.

A person is standing onstage.

There it is.

Aura of trees.

A gathering.

Times of day.

I am there.



## Notes

Italicized text in Untitled, Untitled II & Section IV taken from *International Cloud Atlas, Volume 1*. Revised Edition, 1975. Manual on the Observation of Clouds and Other Meteors (Partly Annex I to WMO Technical Regulations) Secretariat of the World Meteorological Organization, 1975. [cloudatlas.wmo.int/docs/wmo\\_407\\_en-v1.pdf](http://cloudatlas.wmo.int/docs/wmo_407_en-v1.pdf)

At the centre of, *Poetry Formations In A Resonant Sky*, are a number of poems written in dactylic hexameter (or broken dactylic hexameter) following Guy Lee's translation of *The Eclogues* by Virgil. *The Eclogues*, "inspire[d] the whole European tradition of pastoral poetry," and was, "grounded in political reality,"<sup>1</sup> of the day. Though this thesis isn't immersed in the pastoral, it is concerned with living beings of the human and non-human kind, the natural environment, and is likewise grounded in some of the political realities of our contemporary moment.

Poems in dactylic hexameter are: Everyone...Is Telling You to Migrate to the Cloud, The Sound of Birds Migrating When -404- Not Found Arises, Reach Out & Touch Someone Across the Atlantic, Pharos of Alexandria, Computer Wanted, I Feel So Close to You Right Now, Like the Seashore Clings to the See, On the Cuts We Make, Safety in Numbers, After 'Three Families...', and Holding Place.

The concept of information in motion and of people moving toward information in "Deep Hub I" and "II" was inspired by Neal Stephenson's article, "Mother Earth, Mother Board," in *Wired*, 1996. [www.wired.com/1996/12/ffglass](http://www.wired.com/1996/12/ffglass).

"Everyone-Executives, Colleagues, Partners-Is Telling You to Migrate to the Cloud" and "Reach Out and Touch Someone Across the Atlantic" are inspired in part, by the 1872 John Gast painting, *American Progress*, as it relates to westward expansion in the US.

The laying of railroads and telegraph lines was inherent to colonization of what is now North America. I'm interested in the gesture of movement affiliated with westward expansion and examining key sites along the way which facilitated colonization of land, resources, and peoples (e.g., ports of entry, railway hubs, sites of energy production.) In doing so, I wish to highlight these historical sites for their proximity to or as being locations for internet data centres and what it means for information to undergo expansion by way of these sites. I wish acknowledge the relevance of these sites for their contemporary use and the historical impact they have in relation to this language I write and speak in.

Drawing from the context *American Progress* comes from, one such key site Jamestown, Virginia, where the first recorded ship of enslaved peoples or, “20 and Odd Negros” arrived in August 1619.<sup>2</sup> Today, Virginia is home to more than, “55 data centres across 17 campuses” operated by Amazon Web Services alone,<sup>3</sup> and to the Marea cable discussed in “Reach Out and Touch Someone Across the Atlantic.”

With these poems, I wish to honour the African peoples of the Transatlantic slave trade and the traditional custodians of the lands and waters of Turtle Island; Indigenous Peoples, the First Nations, Inuk/Inuit, and the Métis peoples then and now.

#### Footnotes

1. Virgil. *The Eclogues*. Translated by Guy Lee. Penguin Books, revised edition, England, 1984, back cover copy.
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