



Lucien Durey
SPEAK THE WEATHER

November 2024
at Lobe Studio



Sailing in Porto

We all show up to the dock
and he says *it's a bit windy*
how's your spirit? it'll be sporty

We put our phones in his office
he asks if we've sailed before
we say *no*, his english is okay
his tiny sunglasses look expensive

When we're out in the harbour
a yellow rope unhooks and tangles
his words blend together
he's yelling *put the blue one*
put the blue one
put the blue one where?
pull, push, leave, press
do they all mean the same thing?

We enter the mouth
of the Douro River
maneuvering back and forth
the waves are big and wide
we are literally sideways

But there are moments when
the ocean is relaxing and gorgeous

When its all over
we are elated, laughing and saying
well, that was something
pretty much grateful to be alive
and afterward we go for tapas



Skyline

Silver scales
parquet flooring
patio tiles

Ruby-throated
14-storey
anthophiles

Window washers
anchors fastened
to the roof

No body unbreakable
or spirit shatterproof

Feast your eyes
postcard face picturesque

Baluster alight
windmill palms statuesque

Silver tongue
hazy veil crystallize

Walls talk
skies scrape
and highs rise

Skyline



Aquamarine

Kathleen, I'm the shape of flowers
My name is sunset
My hands are clouds
My family jewels are aquamarine

Kathleen, I would speak the weather
I'd feign rapt interest
I'd pose benign questions
Why are glaciers aquamarine?

If I were blue haired
And tables were turned
I'd invite you for dinner


Vases

open like a vase
narrow like a vase
tall like a vase

full like a vase
fine like a vase
fall like a vase

fragile like a vase
broken like a vase

arms like a vase
neck like a vase
face like a vase
mouth like a vase



Tchotchkes

You drive to me
in a lapis blue pearl coupe
to walk the shores clockwise
with your rescue
in waterproof shoes

You tally the offences
the tourists on the lake
the flowers are invasive
the highway had you waiting
You feel like a canoeist
in a bicycle race

Joshua, Joshua
let your dog off-leash
Himalayan balsams
are like peaches
Foragers make syrup
from their blossoms
and it's hot pink

Meanwhile
you want a condo
with strong horizontals
hardcover books
in an almond office
with so many shelves
and so few tchotchkes

I wish you'd give
to others the same
grace they give to you



Kramer



my couch is an apple perch
under a strangler fig
beneath a diamond dome

moonglow sansevieria
is a vase on a coffee table
corpse flower for a grandfather clock

my radio is a diamond dove,
is it beautiful where you are?

star jasmine string of lights
above a café in the city

a crane fly in a water dish
is the umbrella in a Blue Hawaii

sunflower seeds or pecans
a dozen oysters Rockefeller
is it beautiful where you are?

when I am world-weary
under the bubble star gazing

the bronze bone is Mercury
the fountain is the Milky Way
the plaza is a wide expanse

a crowd of satellites dances,
is it beautiful where you are?

summer days in repetition
summer cages charge admission

every bird is a magician,
is it beautiful where you are?

Fairview Walkups

Gilded letters
bearing women's names
words of good fortune
and places of legend
will soon give way
to glowing numbers
pushing through
stainless steel
marquees of
towers championed
by millionaires
and their architects
who drew inspiration
from nature or foreign cities



The Rochelle
The Edina
The Florence
The Beverly

When they rise
over Fairview
we'll forfeit our vistas
of Mount Baker
and Hollyburn
for beaming windows
with house cats yawning
and blue television auras
shining on sofas
and people arguing
with their hands



Thank You

to Ian Wyatt,
Claine Lamb,
& Eric Chad
for recording
and arranging

to technicians
Vanessa Yuen,
Alex Penney &
Da Yun Stella Song

to Lobe staff
for hosting me

to my friends
& family for coming
to hear me sing again

this project
was supported by
the BC Arts Council
& the Province of BC

