

Feathers float down in a mass that weighs the sum of two birds because of a natural phenomenon called a *death ritual*. My favourite restaurant is closing but opening a new location in a substantially sketchier area, why do I suspect the food will taste better? A beautiful sound is heard by one million people. There is no known cause. It is a hallucination. A village dances to its death. A man flies over a city at night. A girl prays. A man creates the perfect sculpture and sings a song of change. Unknowingly, a super-fan is outside the window videotaping the whole thing on a Canon MiniDV camcorder. The fog rolls in slowly as the fishing boats go out. A young man is stationed on the stern of a herring skiff prepping bait cups. The young man is facetiously called *The Master*.



I wake up and die. The strings go from high to low and then low to high. When I think of a possible end to anything, images of beginning are pulled forth in vivid recall. Listening to a bird in the sun that excites the trees I breathe.

Fantasy of intuition: we never get out of language.

When you're stacking traps you want them in pillars of five, back to front, left to right — two rows if the vessel's small. When it's time to set, you take the last trap you stacked, slide it off the stern, and the boat keeps cruising at ten knots. After the first one drops you have only a few seconds to grab the next from the top of the pile. If the stacks are out of order, you'll get hit with a wall of traps.

Then you go to the traps that have been soaking. Hook the buoy, get the line on the davit, and start pulling. Two people run the system: one on the pot puller, scanning tags and opening traps; the other dumping old bait and refilling cups. Crabs know instantly when bait's gone — sardines, octopus, salmon, chicken carcass, it all works. You measure each crab and decide what's kept and what's tossed. Press the top of the shell: if it gives too easily, the meat will be mushy, too old.

Fishermen drift. Some own the right licenses and make a passable living. Others, like Kerry Brown at the False Creek Fisherman's Wharf, hold licenses for salmon openings that haven't opened in a decade, living on their boats and finding ways to get by. Fishermen live affordably only because the wharves let them, cheap moorage for commercial vessels, year-round.