



THEIR BIOGRAPHY
an organism of relationships

kevin mcpherson eckhoff

THEIR BIOGRAPHY

their biography:
AN organism OF
relationships
amassed by & about
THE object most often
identified AS ONE
kevin mcpherson eckhoff

BookThug 2015

FIRST EDITION

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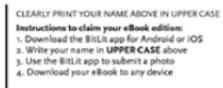
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*I felt self-sufficient except with regard to my
feelings, to which I was always vulnerable,
always in relation to someone else.*

Lyn Hejinian, MY LIFE

*i place myself there, with them, whoever they
are, wherever they are, who seek to reach
themselves and the other thru the poem by as
many exits and entrances as possible*

bpNichol, STATEMENT

*I don't care what you think,
unless it is about me*

Kurt Cobain, DRAIN YOU

for a parents

Chapter One

Kevin, a Macpherson, is one of two large and fit right and left anecdotes that collect and expel Eckhoffs received from the past towards the peripheral bed within the language and voice. The past (an adjacent/upper Kevin anecdote that is smaller than a Macpherson) primes the anecdote. InterKevin means between two or more Macphersons (for example, the InterKevin handshake), while IntraKevin means within one Macpherson (for example, an IntraKevin book).

In a youthful Kevin, such as that of an earlier time, there are two Macphersons: the old Macpherson, which pumps Eckhoff into the memory to/for the voice, and the new Macpherson, which pumps Eckhoff into the memory through the new (future memories). (See Double Memory System for details.)

Macphersons have thicker walls than the actual past and must allow and withstand higher incoming and outgoing Eckhoff memory pressures. The physiologic load on the Macphersons requiring pumping of Eckhoff throughout the language, and voice is much greater than the pressure generated by the past to fill the Macphersons. Further, the left Macpherson has thicker walls than the right because it needs to pump Eckhoff to most of the memory, while the right

Macpherson fills only the voice.

The mass of the left Macpherson, as estimated by recollection, averages $143 \text{ g} \pm 38.4 \text{ g}$, with a range of $87\text{g} - 224 \text{ g}$.

Jaroslav was a toddler under the age of 4. He was at the grocery store with his mommie. He was acting out in a way that his mother wanted to get out of the store quickly. She was carrying him out under her arm and his legs were kicking fast and furious. Jaroslav starting yelling loudly, “Help! Help! This isn’t my mother! I don’t know her! Help me!”

KME can only be defined as:

65% Oxygen
18% Carbon
10% Hydrogen
3% Nitrogen
1.5% Calcium
1.0% Phosphorus
0.35% Potassium
0.25% Sulfur
0.15% Sodium
0.05% Magnesium
0.70% Copper
0.70% Zinc
0.70% Selenium
0.70% Molybdenum
0.70% Fluorine
0.70% Chlorine
0.70% Iodine
0.70% Manganese
0.70% Cobalt
and 0.70% Iron

KME also contains trace amounts of the following:

Lithium

Strontium

Aluminum

Silicon

Lead

Vanadium

Bromine

and Arsenic

Chapter Three

I was born in a small village—Ashcroft, Guatemala. I am Buried Child. Buried deep in the ground where Strange Mother dug a spot in the corn field, next to the beans and squash—she left a fish head to nourish my roots. The village raised me in her absence—an Old Farmer was my constant gardener. He was a prairie man; he came from my grandmothers' land—flat and rolling.

For 23 years he tended to my roots. He sheltered me when Strange Mother's Plum Sky rolled with thunder. He couldn't always be there when she used her red, red nails to pull me from the earth and show the village what a sweet baby nugget she was cultivating—each time she would return me, drugged and violent, to the earth, deeper and colder than the time before. Old farmer would come, after her storms, her show-n-tells, he would tend to my frayed roots, he would warm my earth and he would loosen the earth around me. He would gently lift me out so Father Sun could heal the wounds left by Strange Mother's red, red nails. In one of those moments, Coyote stole me; he was tricky that way. Coyote brought me to the Okanagan people, to their land, to their myths, their stories. He told Old Farmer where I was. Coyote found a new village for Strange Mother, a village

where everyone knows Buried Child's rock bottom but we never share our names.

The Okanagan people could the Strange Mother's Plum Sky, they could see how her storms kept me buried, and they thanked Coyote for his wisdom—I thank Coyote for his stories.

The stories—without the stories I would not know Kevin McPherson (Eckhoff). I wouldn't even know the story of 'Eckhoff' and the Holland involvement in his evolution. You see, Kevin lived in the land of Holland. Hollands' land—a land I now reside in, unearthed and free—is a creative land; anything is possible through story in Holland's land. Kevin and Buried Child have never really spent any length of time together. Instead we share the same land—Holland. Through Holland, I have been able to know Kevin, and more importantly imagine Kevin. I do not know for certain how Kevin came to live in Holland's land—I imagine in much the same way as myself—through story. See that's the central element, focus of Holland—her love of a story. Holland found herself curious about Buried Child from Guatemala. So curious she built stories about who Buried Child was/is before she even met me. When Holland did finally meet me, she had quickly discovered how well I learned the stories from Coyote—Coyote, you dear reader must remember is a trickster—I learned

his stories so well that I had tricked Holland. I had made her believe I came from a land that had no skySCRAPERS or CONcrete. I often wonder what stories Kevin wove to captivate Holland, to encourage her to open her borders and let Kevin reside in her land—the place I now reside. In Holland’s country is where I met Kevin—I think what drew me to him is he acted and continues to act much like Coyote. So that’s the ‘how’ of Kevin—the ‘why’ of Kevin is much more elusive to me.

I imagine Kevin was never buried; I imagine he grew near the earth by people who also grew near the earth—people who are compassionate, loving, laughing and often prone to bouts of music, song, dance, writing, reading and art. I imagine Kevin lives in a light world that blends intellectualism with art.

I imagine...

So here we are, maybe nowhere near who Kevin is and more about who I am—maybe—don’t believe everything you read. Believe this community-developed biography about Kevin. These stories, accounts, experiments more accurately represent Kevin better than he or I or you could, alone. There’s a saying, “takes a village to raise a child.” That’s the truth—takes a village to know who Kevin is and who I am.

Kevin has asked—requested—that we share with him who he is. As acknowledged by him, he believes in community, that somehow the whole (community) shapes the self—he is not wrong or radical in his perception. I sense Kevin is acutely aware that he is not himself without us—without the multiple long-term and brief brush strokes that shape his canvas, his story. I ask in return do: any of us really ‘know’ Kevin? Are we aware through observation, inquiry or information about who Kevin is? Or is it through Kevin we know who we are?

So here I will begin to shape the outline of the community and landscape in which I have come to know Kevin and quite possibly have come to know more about myself—because after all, how can we know anyone without knowing ourselves?



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