

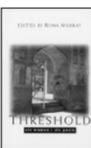
“  **Driving in Adam's Jeep**
by Billeh Nickerson
reprinted with permission from:
The Asthmatic Glassblower
and other poems
by Billeh Nickerson,
© 2000, Arsenal Pulp Press

I keep praying red lights,
the hum of his transmission
when his hand gears down,
almost touches my knee.
Seatbelts aren't the only form
of restraint.
On nights like this —
the wet asphalt making me
lick my lips —
I want him to kiss me
with the windshield wipers on.

\\Kiss me//
\\Kiss me//
\\Kiss me//

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” “  **The Nuns Are Peeling Apples**
by Kelly Parsons
reprinted with permission from:
Threshold by Rena Murray (ed.),
© 1998, Sono Nis Press

see how they sit in pairs
beside the still pond
inside there is Jesus
a saint in every room

the nuns are peeling apples
shaped like bells
their furious knives
glint silver in the sun

wrists and lips move
in a murmuring rosary
a paring down of decades —

coils damp in their dark laps

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“  **from Shadow Icarus**
by Barbara Colebrook Peace
reprinted with permission from:
Kyrie by Barbara Colebrook Peace,
© 2001, Sono Nis Press

He takes from the table the leather-bound
journal *On the Flight of Birds*,
he's kept for sixty years. Writes
sandpiper, and pauses. Each night
he dreams of stars, water, trees;
a lost limbshadow aches behind his shoulder.
Everything that was perfect, he holds
between wind-remembering wings:
his mother's voice calling, and the careful
entries of birds.

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” “  **from Infinity is the Sudden Lilt**
by Zoë Landale
reprinted with permission from:
Blue in this Country
by Zoë Landale,
© 2001, Ronsdale Press

Infinity is a door in grey wood,
opening.
It's right the way
from bevelled siding.
Though it surprises me
to find this extra entrance
in my own house,
I am glad to pass through.

Enough horsing around
with the horizontal.

Infinity is the sudden lilt
of the vertical.

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“  **Raven Prayer**
by Charles Lillard
reprinted with permission from:
Shadow Weather by Charles Lillard,
© 1996, Sono Nis Press

Take this account
of how quickly time passes
in my country,
how the falling snow leaves
nothing, not even a path
to lead my eyes upward;
with this
return to the headwaters,
voice, my shaman,
tell Raven
I'm on my way.

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” “  **I am five**
by Marilyn Dumont
reprinted with permission from:
green girl dreams Mountains
by Marilyn Dumont,
© 2001, Oolichan Books

when the needled-limbs loft and
blond grass-heads move like flames
I am five and
grasshoppers clack
snapping their hot wings
near my ear and
I am five
and breathing the body smell of this place
the skin of fruit-warm cedar, while
adolescent pines wrestle the wind;
they know everything
but I am five and
don't know that this burning inside is
loneliness

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“  **Gargoyle Song**
by Paddy McCallum
reprinted with permission from:
Parable Beach by Paddy McCallum,
© 2000, Beach Holme Publishing

All around me there are streets leading
away from the piazza. And down each street
there is someone walking away from me.
There is a woman with her hair cut
straight across her forehead. There is a man
carrying a warrior mask he brought from America.
There is a friend who just forsook the one
person who would never forsake him.
And there is some light left in the piazza
but no wind. It's blood-warm on the fountain.
I close my eyes. The taps push on.
Goldfish fall from my mouth, and start to swim.

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” “  **Bicycle Rack 2**
by W.H. New
reprinted with permission from:
Stone Rain
by W.H. New,
© 2001, Oolichan Books

At 7 a.m. on a Wednesday morning, forty-
four people go by in less
than a minute, cycling to work and school,
their faces as impassive as Yang
figurines moulded in clay: scholar,
fortune-teller, cobbler, baker,
in Nikes and blue uniform.
One young lover pedals
dreamily, his eyes inward. Perched
side-saddle behind him, his girlfriend,
legs crossed, polishes her nails.

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“  **Camouflage**
by Fiona Tinwei Lam
reprinted with permission from:
Swallowing Clouds: An Anthology
of Chinese-Canadian Poetry
by Andy Quan & Jim Wong-Chu (eds.),
© 1999, Arsenal Pulp Press

outside, pacing fury,
a plywood door
prepares to buckle:
inside, a legless bed floats
docked against a wall,
medusas in the wallpaper's
clumped foliage peer
into an empty shag sea.
a narrow closet,
innards jumbled —
woolly hems, boots, and
a twelve-year-old.
her crouched silence.
she pretends to be
a shoe.

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” “  **from Or there is love**
by Daphne Marlatt
reprinted with permission from:
Steveston
by Daphne Marlatt,
© 2001, Ronsdale Press

we'd house ourselves in, all this wind & rain.
Confuse us. Driving lines that shift, the floor does, ground or
under sea, to cast, at low tide what lies uncaught, uncovered
traces only, of sun & the moon's pull.

Unseen, how lines run
from place to place. How driving from town she follows the water's
push, the fields, drained by ditch to river to, the sea at,
where she lives ... "At the end of the road," she says
Steveston is. At the mouth, where the river runs under, in, to the
immanence of things.

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“  **Untitled**
by Patrick Friesen
reprinted with permission from:
A Broken Bowl by Patrick Friesen,
© 1997, Brick Books

and there
where desert meets the city
in a shantytown
where squalor defines our wealth
there
where God lies beneath rubble
where the bowl is broken
there
a moment we might miss
a glance
a caressing hand
you never know

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” “  **from Islands ... The Heart**
by Sue Wheeler
reprinted with permission from:
Slow-Moving Target by Sue Wheeler,
© 2000, Brick Books

We lug two-by-tens, a claw-foot bathtub,
sacks of lime off the ferry. Islands,
they say, are critical stop-offs for trade
and migration, but I say
whatever comes to an island stays.
That the dark-feathered griefs
and crates of desire calling at any heart
will dock and take up residence.
The heart hauls its reasons like a low-budget
traveller, everything crammed in one backpack,
impossible to set down a single souvenir
without walking away from it all.
How surprised we were in Greece at the packs
leaning against the monument gates,
their owners trudging the pale hills.
If only I could live like that: know
that all the love and sorrow I ever needed
is there. Here.

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