

“  **Thoughts on Marriage**
by Aislinn Hunter
reprinted with permission from:
Into the Early Hours by Aislinn Hunter,
© 2001, Raincoast Books

A jar of wet earth,
a bulb burst open
its roots banded around
the inside of the glass.

Thin streams of ribbons,
tendriled hands.

The window box brimming
in its square of sunlight,
the flowers' dark throats
like bell glasses full of wine.

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” “  **from Europa**
by Heather Haley
reprinted with permission from:
Sideways by Heather Haley,
© 2003, Anvil Press

Resident alien, distant planet,
two moons, world of fickle shadows,
every surface hard, reflective, argentine.
The name did not confer grace
or luminosity as her mother had hoped.
Europa was born ready,
rough-riding bareback
between the crags, solenoid spires,
casting her pearls before celestial swine.
She's at that age, you know.

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Poetry in Transit VII A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada Poetry in Transit VII A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada Poetry in Transit VII A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada Poetry in Transit VII A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada Poetry in Transit VII A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada Poetry in Transit VII A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada

“  **from small print**
by Daphne Marlatt
reprinted with permission from:
This Terror Love Is
by Daphne Marlatt,
© 2001, Talonbooks

how little the reach, what is *love love*? its
impossible repeat attenuated through telephone
wire the light letter language of 'fax it,' hearts
darling and x's intend body's imprint, stand in for
the unremitting smell of your skin just there at
neck's bony hollow in your hair both kinds that
arc the pelvic ridge keys your other speech
close up and swollen lips aflame with wet
declaration **bold face** — without which i sleep
small print in the white of the page

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” “  **Promises, Promises**
by Heidi Greco
reprinted with permission from:
Rattlesnake Plantain by Heidi Greco,
© 2002, Anvil Press

I will ride my red motorcycle
into your heart
crash land my feelings
all over your doorstep
fling scented pink petals
across your front lawn
kiss you like pancakes
for breakfast

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“  **from Night Window**
by Derk Wynand
reprinted with permission from:
Dead Man's Float by Derk Wynand,
© 2001, Brick Books

Half moon floating slowly in it,
right to left, right to left,
ever closer to the heart,
while the mind drifts left
to right, resisting.
Where do the missing halves go?

Stars, of course, hang on
when the moon's all gone.
Into their silence, the small
sound of your breathing,
as the part of you I only guess
goes flying after them.

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” “  **from Observations Midway Through October**
by Jason Dewinetz
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moving to the clear by Jason Dewinetz,
© 2002, NewWest Press

Today my father comes to visit, his face warm but
crooked with concern. I am busy with classes, distracted.
These days my heart is set, blue plum in a bowl.
In this cold wind autumn moves slowly,
each leaf hesitating its silent undress. At night
the tea steams with air that twists the candle flame.
Most nights I sleep well, the bed warming slowly.
Yet my hands, although at times not empty, notice
your absent skin. The cat sits in the window,
swallows the scent of those walking past, his eyes
fearless. My father carries a tomato, in his
briefcase, a thousand kilometres from his garden,
and gives me this.

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“  **Man**
by Mark Cochrane
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Change Room by Mark Cochrane,
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Soft, man.

Put your head down

your shoulders apart

& to the aspirant
heart of the animal

listen.

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” “  **Praxis**
by Sharon Thesen
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News & Smoke by Sharon Thesen
© 1999, Talonbooks

Unable to imagine a future,
imagine a future better
than now, us creatures
weeping in the abattoir
only make noise & do
not transform a single fact.
So stop crying. Get up. Go out. Leap
the mossy garden wall
the steel fence or whatever
the case may be & crash
through painted arcadias,
fragments of bliss & roses
decorating your fists.

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“  **from The Field**
by Marlene Cookshaw
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Shameless by Marlene Cookshaw
© 2002, Brick Books

The field speaks endlessly of loss: the bleak sun gone
behind a cloud provokes the evening cries of birds:
sweet, aspiring, brief. How is it possible to hold
death like a stone in our heads while the earth sings?

The cornstubble field, abandoned, is on its way to lots.
Smaller each season. Next year it will be gone
to hydro wires, sidewalks, and equidistant ornamental
trees younger than we are, and so not possibly more wise.

My mother's childlike sweetness amazed us half a day.
Not long: death won't keep company with time.
Closer to death yesterday than days before. Ungraspable
proximity. It subdivides. And, closer still, today.

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” “  **The Pause**
by Susan McCaslin
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At the Mercy Seat by Susan McCaslin,
© 2003, Ronsdale Press

Hooded owl, horned and snowy owl
of ripened, ringed eyes,
grey Arctic wolf in hullabaloo,
Canada goose on warmed nest,
grub and masticating beetle,
amoebae in wavering dance,
subatomic particle in wave's sonata,
eight-year-old girl in leggings
pounding a western beach:

let all the earth keep silence.

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“  **from Keats and the Nectarine**
by Nancy Holmes
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The Adultery Poems by Nancy Holmes,
© 2002, Ronsdale Press

September's garden unloads all shades of red:
Tomatoes, peppers, shallots, peaches, apples,
And wrists and arms leash in thick ropes of grape.
Like books, this reawakened bounty pulls
Out of us old thoughts of time, recorded
Endlessly in odes,
His crossed and uncrossed letters,
Seeds and myth,
That black ploughed myth of plenty and withdrawal.
The mother's canning peaches. The glass is hot,
The core is sweet. She's storing gold below.

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