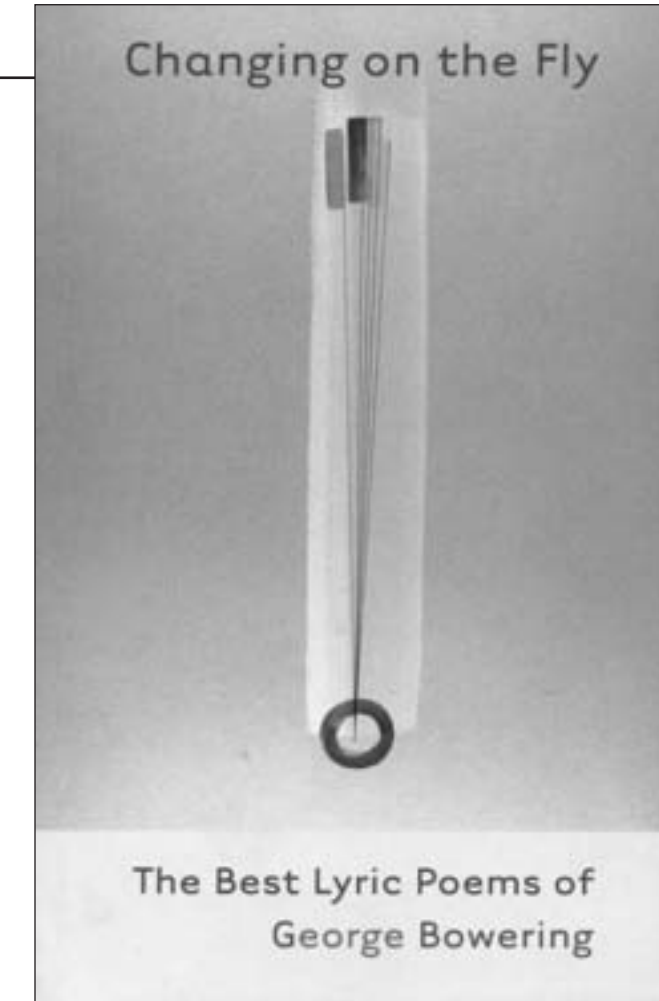


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PRESERVES

Eating preserved pears
this May month

I see the marks of
the paring knife

shape of work
last summer

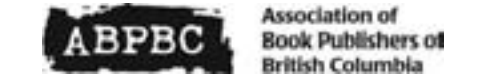
preserved

served
working of women in the kitchen
eaten in a minute

-- George Bowering

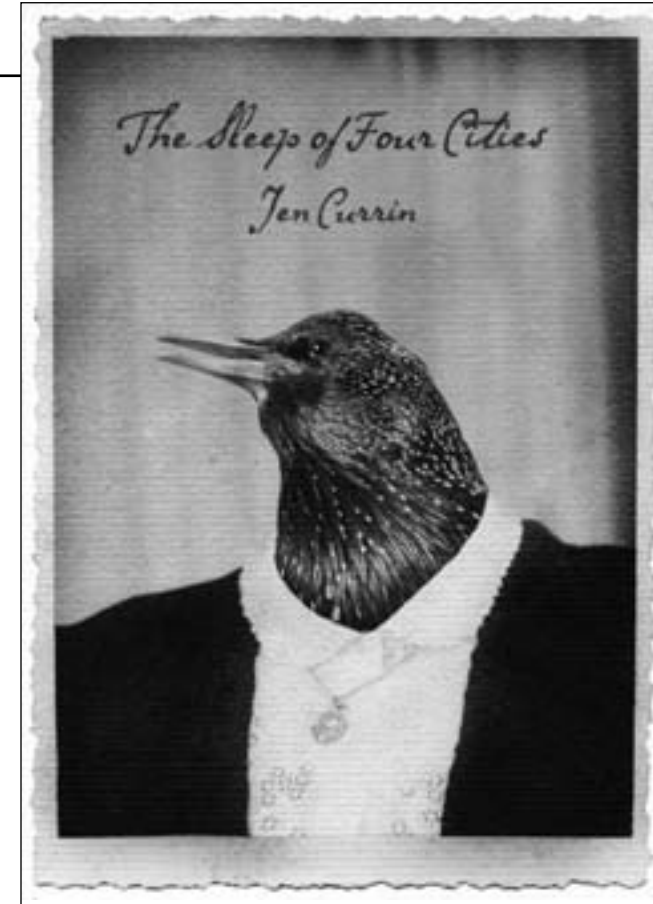
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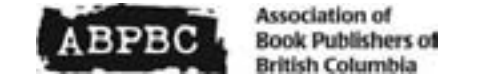
from **ATMOSPHERIC
WITH DULL
KNIVES**

Yesterday on the pier I saw a ship
with five sails. I saw another with none.
I turned back to my book.
When I looked up, the sail-less ship
had blossomed—two handsome triangles fluttered,
white as nursery bed sheets.

And as I sat there, the wind read the book
rapidly, with no regard for rhyme.

—Jen Currin

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THE ORIOLE

Like distant and improbable happiness
the oriole flashes across my eye
to sit in the willow grove.

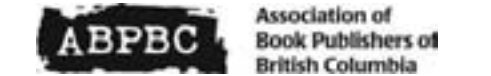
There it sings of green
orange brilliant, imperial.

I plod my way home

— Marya Fiamengo

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MIRAGE

*There's even a rusty sip left
in the tin cup.*

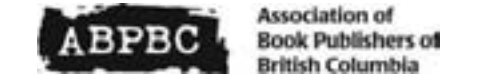
Around the shallow green pool
fan-palms tower. A cottonwood leans.
Reeds bend low over the bank's soft lip, where the real
and the reflected
drink from the same source.

Birds of the oasis divide their time between the two
—as they dip and swerve and flit
from branch,
to reflected branch

— Diana Hartog

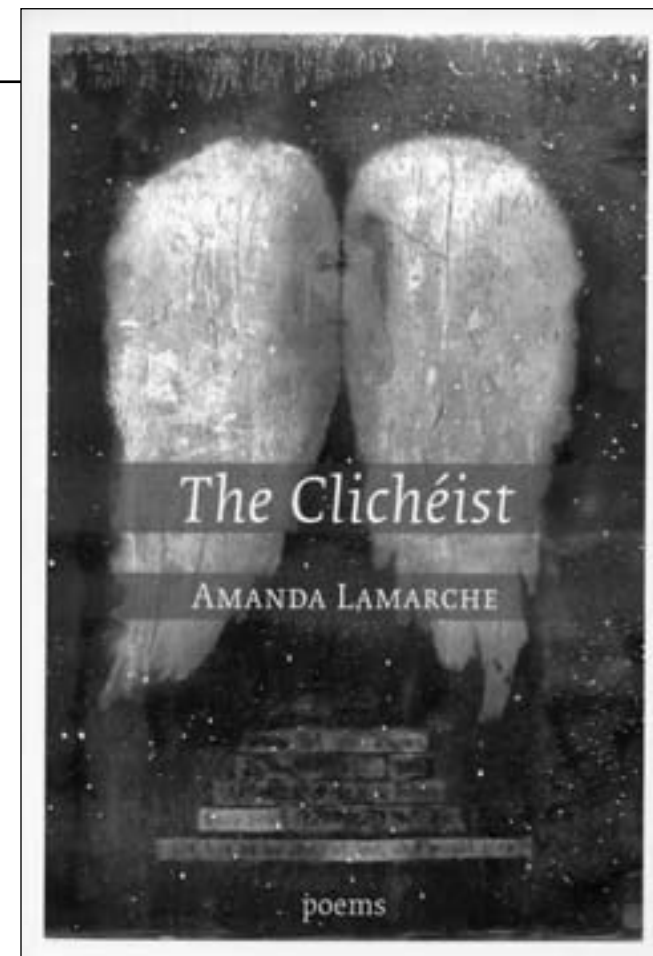
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FEAR OF POPLARS

You know that sadness grows a willow.
Fear grows a birch, white-ringed and nude

in the forests. But a poplar, there is no
mud in the heart to grow a poplar. It is

of some other family. It plants itself,
does not touch the next. Each is a child

that wants to be picked up by the arms,
by whatever made it; has not spent

a day in its life looking down. A poplar
will not know a bit of what you look like.

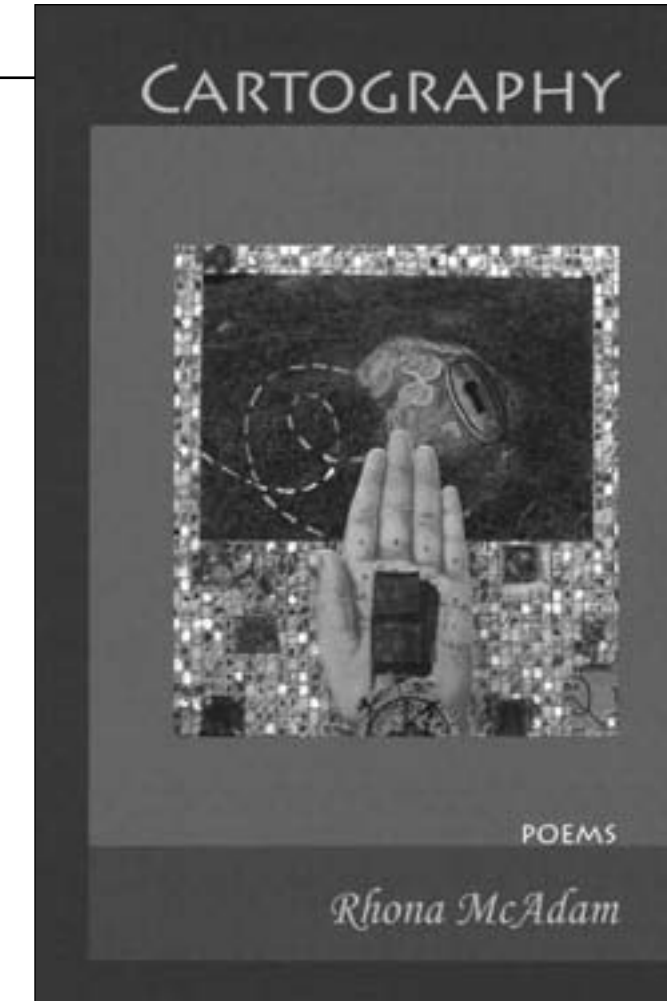
— Amanda Lamarche

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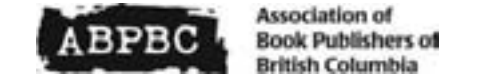
from **CARTOGRAPHY**

I am a traveler, at heart.
Wherever journeys lead me, there
I imagine myself living. I visit you
with the ache of travel, fold myself
into the space between your arms
and make the leap again
inhabiting, for now, these chambers
we beat against together
making doors in the heart's walls
small enough to enter
without damage.

— Rhona McAdam

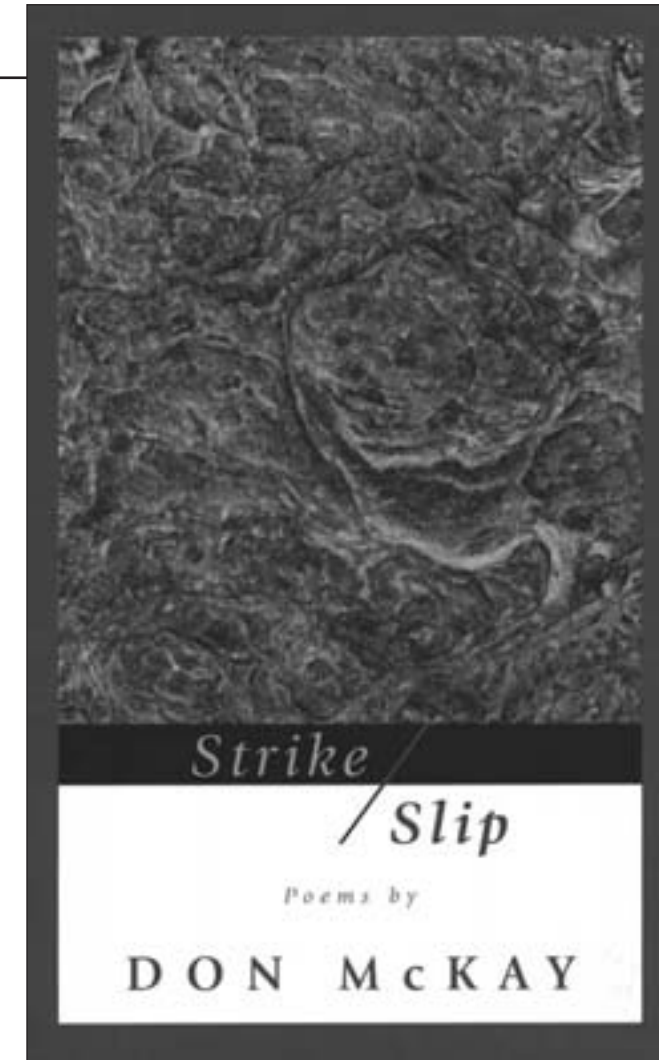
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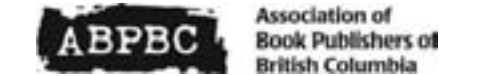
SOLO

Dusk climbs the trunks and
spreads along the branches, then
summons its birds in rough
asymmetrical gestalts, wings
wincing the air, shifting like fine
polyphony, they waver and yaw, they
ride the wind that drives them,
and leave the heart in its little lit room.

— Don McKay

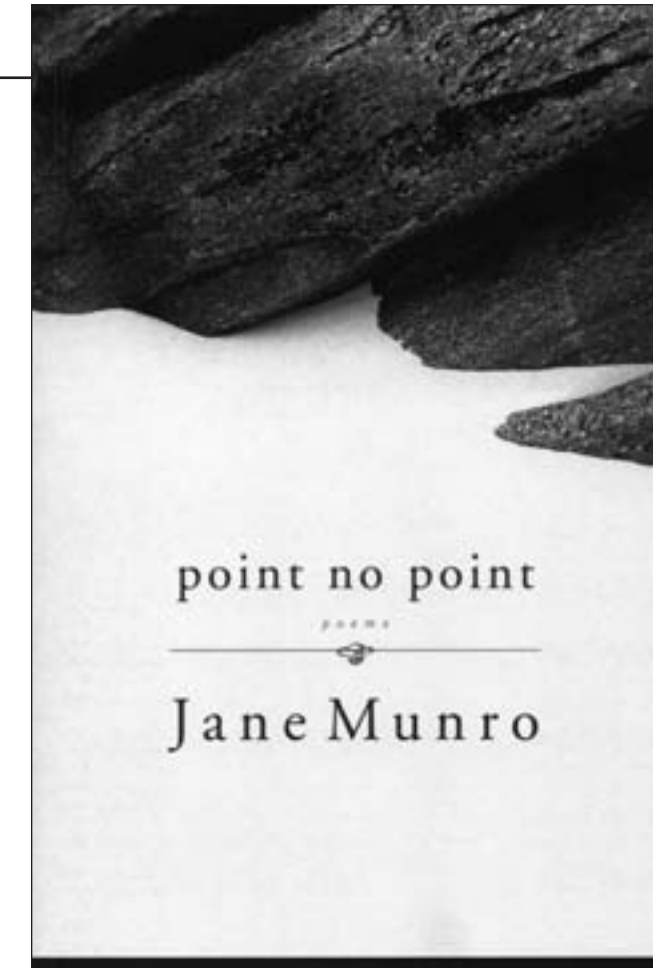
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MONK

he plays
the piano
like it's an animal
he's figuring
to touch
its haunch, its tail something
it still chases
not straight, no chart, plays
like he's got a hunch
there's something
he will do
it likes

—Jane Munro

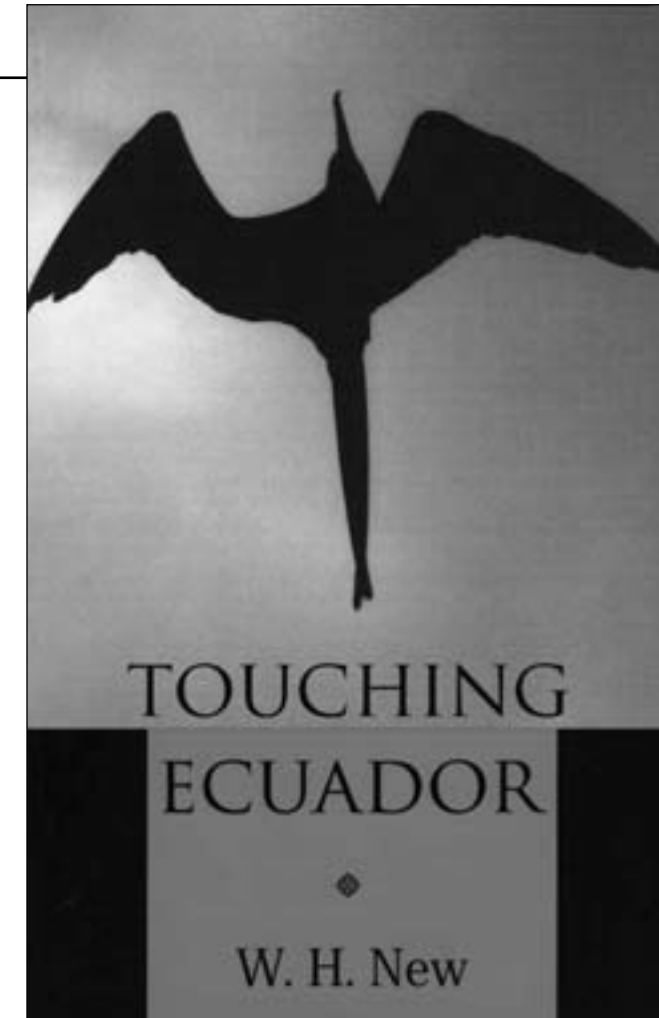
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from **UNTITLED**

the sea takes on a second face
after rain, un-stippled,
freed from pock and hollow:
sea lions heave, loll in a white
cove, ocean coming to rest
obligingly, on a cantled shore

— W.H. New

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from **THREE WOMEN,
NURSING HOME,
MEDICAL WING**

I am not ready to go, not yet.
I have amends to make with my mother.
I need to confess a lie I told.

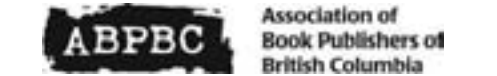
I'd like to smell lilacs by our front door,
wake up in my childhood home
(only a few flagstones are left of the path).
I'd like to pick berries this June with my father.

I am not ready to go, not yet.
But I'm falling asleep in this field of poppies,
and their blue scent is hurrying me away.

— Elise Partridge

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THE DAY BILL BISSETT BLEW INTO TOWN

people appeared like curious crop circles
forgot most earthly conventions
how 2 spel keep trak uv time th wet lawndree
still in th dryer
no wun cud xplayn th suddn urge
2 hug eech othr

The day bill bissett
blew out of town
people soberly went back about their business
unpacked dictionaries, set watches
made neat starched creases in their clothes
yet when they looked in mirrors

they saw brilliyant smyles
nevr seen b4

— Jeff Pew

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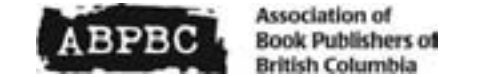
from **SURFER**

And so we all surf, sit in rows
seek the perfect wave, soft
and pliant underfoot to dance us
down, slip-sliding through
the roar of lion waves
to some imagined sandy shore.

— Kevin Roberts

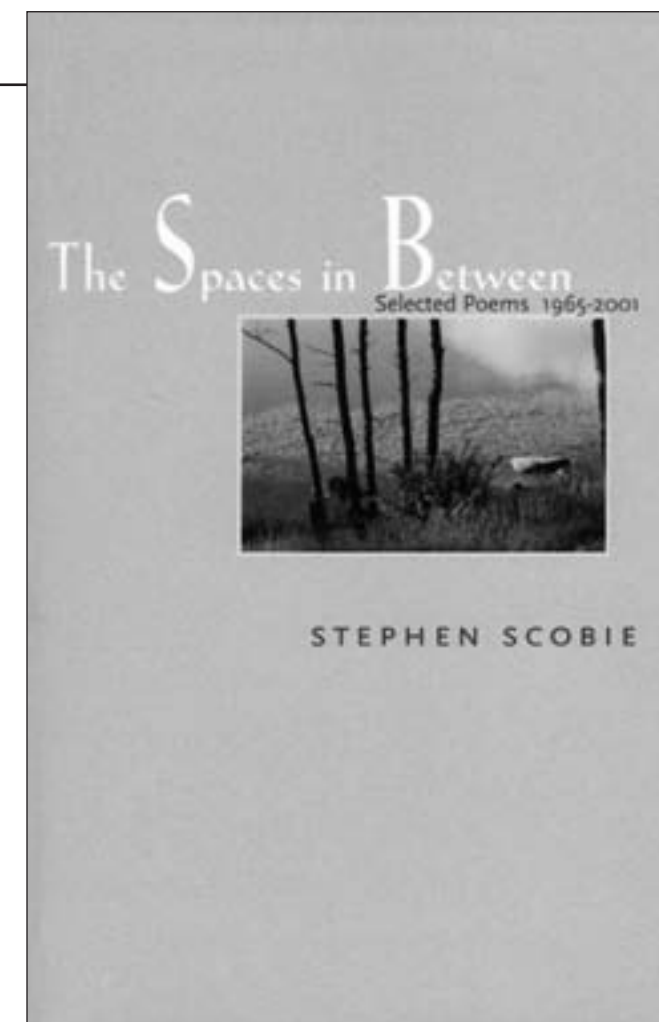
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THE CORRECTION LINE

zigs and then zags
setting the road to rights, and to right
angles: ninety degrees against the curve
of the wide flat earth, the invisible flaw
in all man's neat geometry. A line
extended to infinity goes wrong; two lines
will meet at the horizon, vanishing point
on the prairie's minimal canvas; both
extensions of the visible, into blind faith
in all you cannot know from here, this corner
where the road that once seemed endless stops
and, meeting no obstacle, turns in its tracks.

— Stephen Scobie

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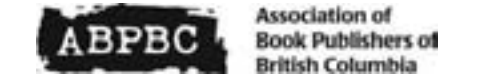
from **SPRINGTIME**

Your silence will not save you
Or your children
From these streets
Most of which are probably
Totally impractical,
But the appeal of the gutter
Is that for one month of the year
It's full of cherry blossoms.

— Gena Thompson

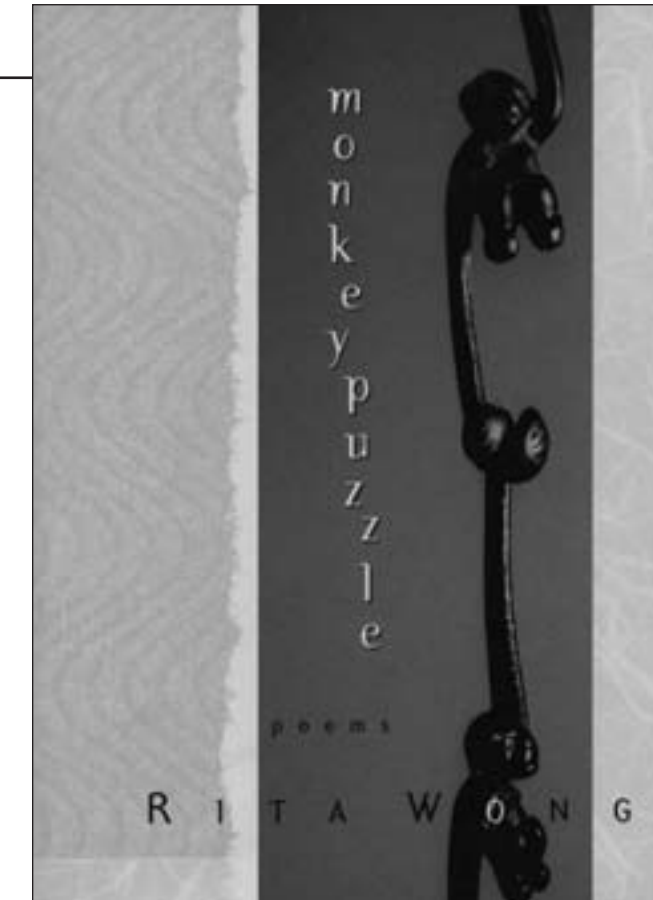
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LEAVETAKING

empty coathangers
clash. echo in the closet.
he will not return.

i walk with the spring
lightness of bare feet after
a winter of boots

— Rita Wong

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from RETURNING

Everywhere people are asking for the past.
They want the ancient names of their countries restored.
They want the sea to reveal its hidden wrecks,
to draw back its waves and return
the hundreds of men and women it swallowed
on a single night.
They want the stars to stop talking.

If only we could pass a law.
Maybe then the children would leave each other alone.
Maybe the fish would remember where they were born.
Maybe we could lie in the sun again.

— Terence Young

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