

poetry
in transit



Reprinted with permission from:
One Muddy Hand: Selected Poems
by Earle Birney, edited by Sam Solecki
© 2006, Harbour Publishing

from VANCOUVER LIGHTS

About me the night moonless wimples the mountains
wraps ocean land air and mounting
sucks at the stars The city throbbing below
webs the sable peninsula The golden
strands overleap the seajet by bridge and buoy
vault the shears of the inlet climb the woods
toward me falter and halt Across to the firefly
haze of a ship on the gulf's erased horizon
roll the lambent spokes of a lighthouse

— Earle Birney

project sponsors:



h[a]tch
www.hatchcreative.ca



We acknowledge the
assistance of the Province
of British Columbia

A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada



poetry
in transit



Reprinted with permission from:
Earth's Crude Gravities by Patrick Friesen,
© 2007, Harbour Publishing

NOT ASLEEP BUT
REMEMBERING

then you breach
to where there are
no songs no words
just an animal silence
and the wait
of predation

a cat sleeps
near your head or
not asleep but remembering
into your dream
as its claws
knead the pillow

— Patrick Friesen

project sponsors:



h[a]tch
www.hatchcreative.ca



We acknowledge the
assistance of the Province
of British Columbia

A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada



poetry
in transit



Reprinted with permission from:
Backup to Babylon by Maxine Gadd,
© 2006, New Star Books

from **MAXINE MEETS
PROTEUS IN
GASTOWN**

coming up powell street into the rising sun
me feeling soft and gentle as an old lady who has done no wrong
who gave birth to children like butter
and kept them alive in apple trees
who took them all swimming in the one big sea
and now has been set free
to enter her city

— Maxine Gadd

project sponsors:



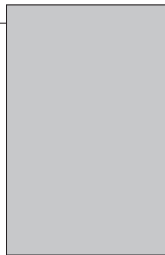
h[a]tch
www.hatchcreative.ca



We acknowledge the
assistance of the Province
of British Columbia

A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada





Reprinted with permission from:
Parallel Lines by Pam Galloway,
© 2006, Ekstasis Editions

from **CORRESPONDENCE**

A February night on the beach, we stumble
toward water's edge, the sky clouded. We look to the city,
its smug brightness, then back to the bay
its small, hopeful points of illumination, boats and buoys.
Harbour lights flash red and white. Reflections
are multi-coloured skeins proffering a deceptive path
from here to there, where buildings' lit and unlit rooms
are checkered against the certain black of the mountains.

Such a narrow strip of life, and then the quiet dark.

— Pam Galloway

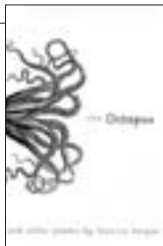
A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada

project sponsors:



We acknowledge the
assistance of the Province
of British Columbia

poetry
in transit



from AUTUMN DETAIL

Every time I leave the house
I see what's changing – the false
pink of fading synagogue walls,
trees discarding their loveliest parts.
We are in the process

of turning nothing around into
something, of rolling everything
over messily to see what's
underneath, what's next
to the earth, and here
we are: on the underside, two
slick, wet passengers, growing
on one another.

— Jennica Harper

A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada

project sponsors:

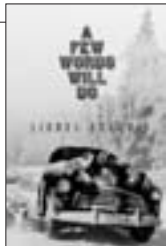


h[a]tch
www.hatchcreative.ca



We acknowledge the
assistance of the Province
of British Columbia

poetry
in transit



Reprinted with permission from:
A Few Words Will Do by Lionel Kearns,
© 2007, Talonbooks

THE OLD ROUTINE

I could tell you of events so complex
they would turn your eyeballs into pie crust,
clog your ears with seaweed, glue
your nervous fingers into a sticky fist.
But what of that now? I am here
on this rickety porch where years ago
I would sit quietly writing you a poem.
Now I am doing it again, perhaps
writing the same poem. Everything
grows and explodes and remains the same
as I jump out of my dying body just
in time to see it again, the world.

— Lionel Kearns

project sponsors:



h[a]tch
www.hatchcreative.ca



We acknowledge the
assistance of the Province
of British Columbia

A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada





FORMER INHABITANTS, c. 1917

It seems no one is home, but wait—
one tiny, inner room is lit.
Each night, all lights but one go out
it seems. Is no one home? But wait—
way in the back, she sews, he writes.
Watch, as in the house's heart
each night unfold: her seams, his wait
for the tiny, inner rhyme to light.

— Barbara Nickel

Reprinted with permission from:
Domain by Barbara Nickel,
© 2007, House of Anansi Press

project sponsors:



We acknowledge the
assistance of the Province
of British Columbia





Reprinted with permission from:
Cusp/detritus: an experiment in alleyways
by Catherine Owen,
© 2006, Anvil Press

ITINERANT

his eyes do not contain the world
they are dark as the heart & lungs

he flirts with himself, then grimaces,
as shiftless as the elements

hastily, he paces the alleyways, hair
black with an animal's plumage

his arms never stop keeping timelessness,
but like a bee poised on granite,

he is lost in the silence of pollen.

— Catherine Owen

project sponsors:



We acknowledge the
assistance of the Province
of British Columbia



from WEED FLOWER MIND (#16)

I pick with my father: spilt arc of blackberry
bramble across a back-lane fence. False
chamomile in the cracked
pavement. Thorns, berries. Bees in the thorns.
Sails falling off white flowers. The bees shake
them loose as, for good, he wishes he could make
me his. This small forlorn
who does not know how to carry what the bees carry.

— Christopher Patton

Reprinted with permission from:
Ox by Christopher Patton,
© 2007, Véhicule Press

A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada

project sponsors:



We acknowledge the
assistance of the Province
of British Columbia



Reprinted with permission from:
Anatomy of Keys by Steven Price,
© 2006, Brick Books

from XLIX

All this in joy. The bite of onion in salt.
Dark earthy gusts of rain. Hearing again
in a train station his fierce gritty shout.
Or Bess lathered, ill-lit, in a claw-foot tub.
Shining faucets. Theo's husky thick talk
of boozing. Lesser things: the snikt of a latch,
wheoo of a radio, spit of fried grease, all of it,
the rich heavy musk of Appleton in harvest:
how fine, having lived among them.
It had seemed only a moment, this life.

— Steven Price

project sponsors:



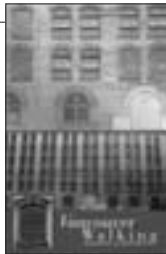
h[a]tch
www.hatchcreative.ca



We acknowledge the
assistance of the Province
of British Columbia



poetry
in transit



Reprinted with permission from:
Vancouver Walking by Meredith Quartermain,
© 2005, NeWest Press

FOR SOMEONE IN
HEART SURGERY

walk along seawall
the edge of this
white frost encrusted sand
the shimmer the mirror of sea
the line of glass distance to sky
freighters rusted hulls stilled
a vast singing organ of day
of sunshine of bright logs
on the beach, of bright dogs
fetching sticks or a man's walk
on top of rock wall above waves
... lapping
sea at shore, the shore of this
gathering

— Meredith Quartermain

project sponsors:



h[a]tch
www.hatchcreative.ca



We acknowledge the
assistance of the Province
of British Columbia

A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada



poetry
in transit



Reprinted with permission from:
What You Can't Have by Michael V. Smith,
© 2006, Signature Editions

from PROMISE

The sun joins elbow
blade of grass, grease rag, weathered paint
and 2X4. The boys on the shaggy lawn
wear their white skin like they've never thought
what the day is made for

coupled
with their fathers, their fathers' cars,
and the insides of the engines. The men
standing on the lawn figuring
out their day's work or avoiding it
are thirsty, slope-shouldered, soft
in places no one would expect, so sure
they know what they're doing.

— Michael V. Smith

project sponsors:



We acknowledge the
assistance of the Province
of British Columbia

A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada





**DON'T GIVE A MAGNET
TO AN ELEPHANT**

Don't give a magnet to an elephant.
He won't handle it with care.
He'll hold it high up in the sky
and pull planes out of the air.
He'll get it stuck to delivery trucks
and bicycles and trains.
He'll cause trouble at construction sites
by sticking to the cranes.
He'll magnetize the city—
every car, bus, van and truck.
Then he'll sneak home to the jungle
and leave everybody stuck.

—Tiffany Stone

Reprinted with permission from:
Baad Animals by Tiffany Stone,
Illustrations by Christina Leist,
© 2006, Tradewind Books

A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada

project sponsors:



We acknowledge the
assistance of the Province
of British Columbia



Reprinted with permission from:
The Human Shore by Russell Thornton,
© 2006, Harbour Publishing

from **STORY**

And you may have gone, you may have departed into the pure promise
of the unknown,
but what you could say of where you had gone when you came back,

or what you could say of your life—your loving, not loving, being loved,
not being loved,
and the miracle of the panic—was that you were standing, staring,

that you were hearing a bird cry, you were seeing the bright blade
of a wing,
that there was a seagull flying close and low through falling snow.

— Russell Thornton

A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada

project sponsors:



We acknowledge the
assistance of the Province
of British Columbia

poetry
in transit



Reprinted with permission from:
Seven Into Even by Jacqueline Turner,
© 2006, ECW Press

WEDNESDAY

why would we care inhaling deeply the relentless salt air or the bite of its raining again and the rain soaked us through and through because we forgot the umbrella again or we don't believe in umbrellas awkwardly banging into people on the street or we have never learned to use them properly lift or lower at precisely the right moment passing and plastic raincoats suffocate your skin shrink wrapped why not just get wet

— Jacqueline Turner

project sponsors:



h[a]tch
www.hatchcreative.ca



We acknowledge the assistance of the Province of British Columbia

A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada

poetry
in transit



Reprinted with permission from:
The Village of Sliding Time by David Zieroth,
© 2006, Harbour Publishing

from **HAD I STAYED
ON THE FARM**

I married the skinny girl
and our kids ran free as chickens
one of them, the second boy
moving along the ditches for days
trapping muskrat and living on
chokecherries and bulrushes
sleeping by a little fire of sticks
wrapped in his jacket, and we hardly noticed
he was gone until he returned
as someone else, burnt and smoky
his sisters silenced by the strides he took
to reach the pump, his hands
a mesh of little nicks and cuts where
the cries of the animals had entered him

— David Zieroth

project sponsors:



h[a]tch
www.hatchcreative.ca



We acknowledge the
assistance of the Province
of British Columbia

A project to celebrate BC poets published in Canada