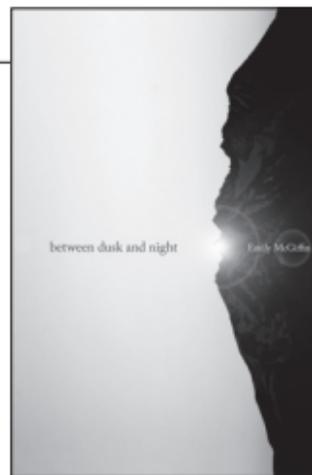


poetry in transit



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Between Dusk and Night by Emily McGiffin,
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from *Cranes*

Now, midway across the yard, six sandhill cranes
pass overhead. They're so low I can hear their wings
skin the cold air. In unison they descend,
circling slowly, and alight on the drumlin in the far field.

Behind me over the trees, dawn ignites
the ragged clouds. The old door creaks open.
I bucket grain into the manger and draw the milking stool up.
Two streams of milk collide in the pail and the day

begins. In this season of endings, from this garden
of derelict tire rims, seized-up mower blades, there is so much
I would like to say. Leaning into this gentle, giving cow
she seems to me the natural condition of the world.

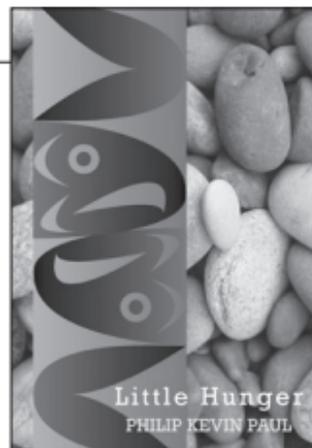
— Emily McGiffin

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Making the
Forgotten

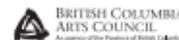
Tail feather from a bald eagle.
I carried it from the north islands
to her new city so she could
hang it over her bed.
Returned to me in the mail
in the same wooden box
I made for it. I drove for hours,
wondering what really carries us
to the absolute wreck of something
until we can drive away.

I gave the feather to a river.
If it sang, falling from the bridge,
the river sang louder.

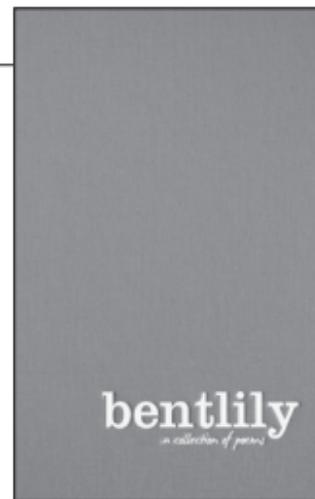
— Philip Kevin Paul

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bentlily: a collection of poems
by Samantha Reynolds,
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A red jacket A four-year-old boy once asked me
if a ladybug
was a very, very small turtle
in a red jacket.

I told him
there are things we can never know,
like why small turtles
choose
such flashy clothes.

— Samantha Reynolds

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Song and Spectacle by Rachel Rose,
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from *Uncut Wood*

Mortgage! Mortgage! scolds the Steller's jay
as I put the breakfast bowls away.
It's easy to get lost along the way.
This morning, Plum Blossom Form
flowed through my hands
and from the net of heaven
rain fell on old snow.
The baby chewed his mysterious toes
content with a single tooth.
Lao Tzu, old carpenter, tell me the truth:
what's the difference
between *want for nothing*
and *good for nothing?*
What we love can always be taken.

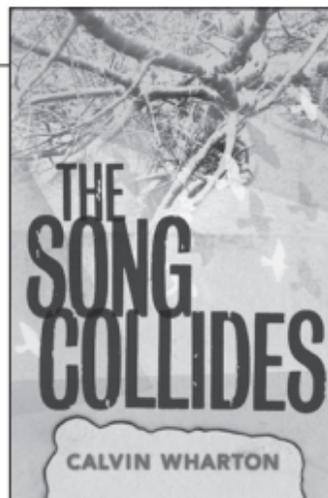
— Rachel Rose

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The Song Collides by Calvin Wharton,
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Always something about the sky,
the quality of light specific, not released
but held against my heart which hears your name, possibly
music rising into blue,
the thin flannel of cloud,
parallel lines fan out to wind-filled afternoon
sky, imaginary, the last of summer,
expands the smell of dry leaves into the September air,
a mess of fallen plums and wasps in the back yard,
bronze fruit sweet as honey you said, maybe sweeter.

— Calvin Wharton

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