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# Lines

Often I have said goodbye,

pulled down the blinds, locked the doors, left the city to wallow in its rivalries and said not me not me, embracing London Paris Hong Kong San Francisco, someone else's anywhere, and called it life,

or thrown myself down mountainsides, called foxgloves and grizzlies my friends, told Rome be damned and left.

But here I am.

Singing.

That tug of danger, home.

We're born with gills, we say to strangers, laughing the pared shore, the day long overcast,

walking brash the quaking land, the theatre of seagrass:

trolling wood, fire, anarchy and desperation, over the sediment, under the rain,

insecure.

Sedges grow in the sidewalk cracks. The air is salt. The river runs rough, erosion—

—W.H. New

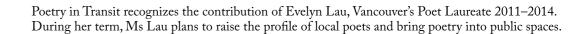
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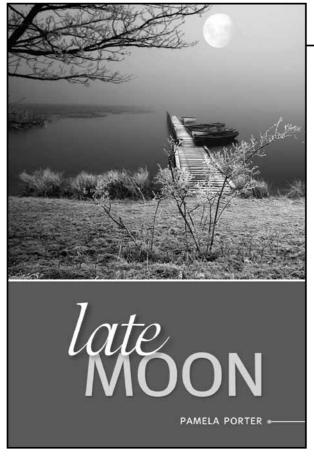


impulsive,









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# Message for a Time Capsule

Perhaps some of you, coming after, will want to know: I lived in the time when we stopped speaking poetry and spoke in prose. That was the start.

Believe me: I saw snow so heavy it broke the roof, I saw cedars shake their white winter fur. And moss was shorter but greener than grass.

On our hill, water still ran wild. None of us could catch it. Dandelions. Daisies. Queen Anne's lace. We had them all. Even blackberry, prized for its fruit.

There were wars and rumours of wars. The misbegotten words rushed past.

How many hummingbirds? I didn't think to count. In rain, water flared from their wings.

And once I set foot on a great glacial sheet, but mostly kept to common things: the clearest blue light beneath the snow,

crystals of ice that grew on windowpanes, rabbits, snails that sailed around the house and back. This is what I knew of earth,

and how we were loved, but failed to love enough.

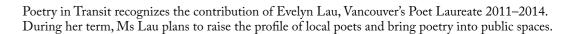
— Pamela Porter

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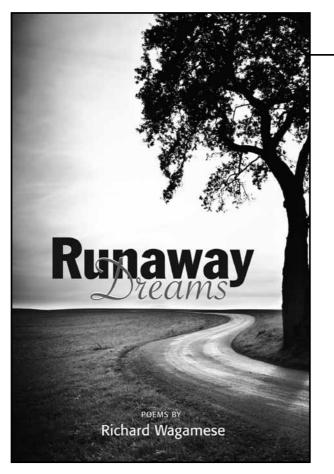












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#### Powwow

See them dance against the slow and even movement of the sky so that to the eye colours shift against the grass and the drum and the rattle of elk teeth the swish of shawl, and the clatter of bells on leggings becoming the smile on young kids' faces and the wistful grins of the old ones sitting back in wheelchairs now wishing they might dance again to join the whirling, swirling, stomping, glee of this great wheel of regalia danced so that energies might become a blessing and a prayer bestowed upon this sacred earth where a simple song sung with drums sends waves of light across the universe to that spiritual place where we all began our journeys toward this place where it all comes together like a vision that travels in a circle of prayer to encircle all who come

here

now

#### — Richard Wagamese

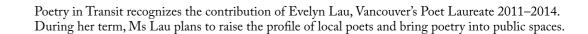
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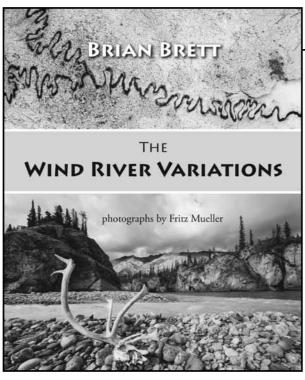












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# Half a Skull In the Grass

This sheep in the grass and reeds had a history, had a narrative built into its bones – gnawed by scavengers – fox and porcupine and mink. Only the grass knows the real story. How many go so anonymously? The philosopher at the night lamp while the barbarians surged over the ramparts; the little girl that fell into the well, silently, gone....

Big horned, a ram.

Did he fall defending the flock? Did he die sleeping in the grass? Was it a tumour? Indigestion? This sheep died in the reeds, and like most history he's unwritten.

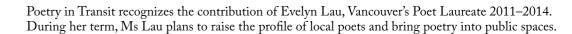
— Brian Brett

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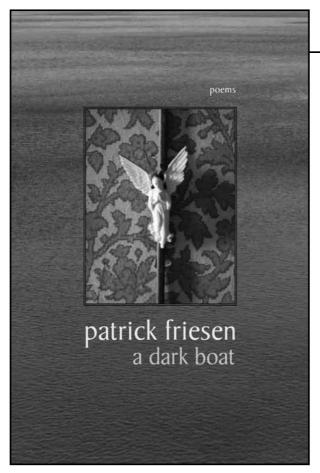












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#### rua da saudade

who you are the one who glances passing by

I don't know where this street goes like many others it changes names

bending through shade and light going nowhere and arriving

three women stand in an open doorway a dog barking from some courtyard

jittery I turn around in this place where someone turned around before

you know what I mean? walking as if I'll get there

#### — Patrick Friesen

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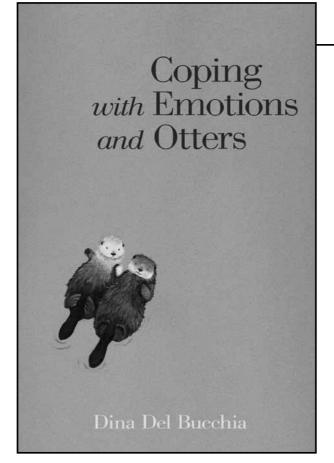












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# from "How to Be Ashamed," Step 6

Talk politics with your secret crush, catch the glint of uncertainty as you mispronounce countries, movements, quote publications that don't exist. Listen to the rebuttal, shake your head, agree, then make the same mistakes all over again. Watch a nervous check of time, mutter excuses. Fumble for common ground, connectivity. It's not that you don't agree, just that you're so oblivious you can't even change the subject.

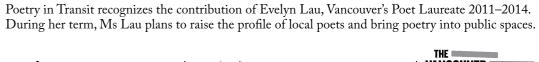
— Dina Del Bucchia

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TO THE BARRICADES

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from Kettle: Vancouver to Toronto [June 2010]

tweet

after tweet

the sweet

hereafter

heaves

anger at

the devices

bringing us

this news

that flays

news but

leaves no

space for a

human response

dumb box

I kick

— Stephen Collis

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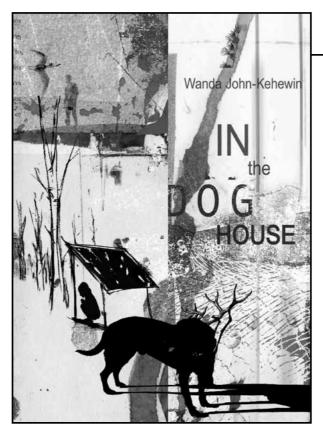






Poetry in Transit recognizes the contribution of Evelyn Lau, Vancouver's Poet Laureate 2011–2014.





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# Red Warrior Woman

Slow down. Take a breath – It hasn't even begun. I've watched your struggle in a world not of your making. I've watched your tears fall, and make the ground shake. I've heard your solitary cries desperate for understanding. I have felt your suffering vibrate on a starless night when you want to give up and yet you know you are not finished. Let go of the past and use it to teach. Discover your culture and use it to find ... Stop questing for love that is not worth a single stone upon the altar of the ancestors and souls of the lost. Let go of ego and just be ... Stop being afraid of judgment. Be what you were destined to be.

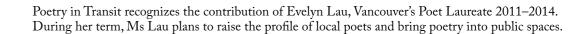
#### - Wanda John-Kehewin

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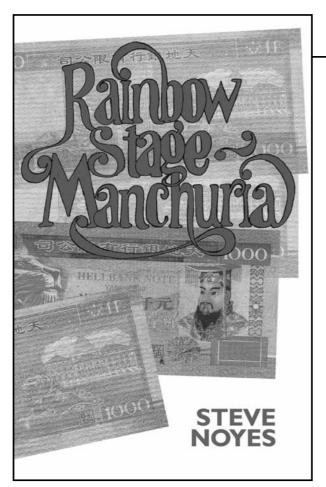












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# from Rainbow Stage

Ransom sang about rain and guns,
The open road and lightning and the sun
In a smile, long gone, gone-gone.
Back to BC on a Greyhound, still
Got a long, long, long. He sang the spaces
In homes and homes in spaces and
Buffalo and deer bones, and the grain
Of summer in syringes. Ransom sang
Of a shot-to-hell dawn. Of the leaves
That fell when you weren't looking, were you?
Gone-gone-ka-chong, gone, gone, and the ache
Of a Saskatoon kiss, blue like camas,
In the hot afternoon, and the stink
Of weed and patchouli.

— Steve Noyes

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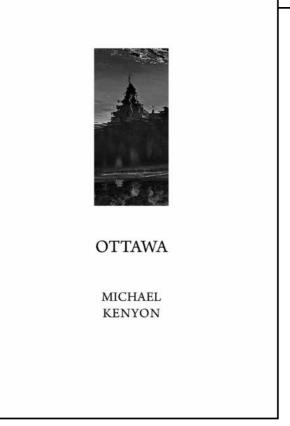












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# from The Barley Mow

So many children in the spinning wind pass round and round and pass again when change and change turns the crank handle round again with less and less resistance, each spiral mashing grain to fine and finer dust till we reach the point of no resistance, when each instance of gladness in us ends, each instance of gladness, shame, and life, ends, and the rounds pass, the rounds pass, also friends, governors general, prime ministers, gulls blown inland by the latest crazed storm, wheel immodest, fevered, out of control in the spinning wind, so many children.

- Michael Kenyon

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Poetry in Transit recognizes the contribution of Evelyn Lau, Vancouver's Poet Laureate 2011–2014.

During her term, Ms Lau plans to raise the profile of local poets and bring poetry into public spaces.





