Willow

by Barry McKinnon

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there is the unknown music of the willow
bush
purest of all trees
in its
endurance

break its branch apart
& there is it
from where you came

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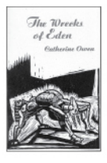

Paean

by Catherine Owen

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bird-without
the world
would not be worth
the being
song-suffered
stricken with the silence
of doing, us-noises
only deepening
the desire-need for birds,
their sweet, space-full
singing
in small, reminder-signs
of green.

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(Untitled)

by Esta Spalding

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The Wife's Account by Esta Spalding
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What did you wish for?
I didn't wish, I waited.
Waited?
For my life to begin.
& did it begin?
Afterwards I thought it must have.
Why?
Didn't I wake to footfalls
on the roof, like
rain? Didn't I know
it was the pregnant skunk
who sleeps under the tea rose?

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Quiet

by Jacqueline Turner

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Careful by Jacqueline Turner
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you seem to not say much seemingly you don't say much i haven't heard you say very much what have you got to say say what you have to say
what are you thinking now huh what?
what?
couldn't hear you did you say something what did you say i couldn't hear you
oh you wanna be alone now
don't want me to talk anymore want me to just shut up want me to go away go somewhere else
go outside?
are you sure you don't want to talk talk it out talk it through talk it over you sure
okay, but don't say i didn't try

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If Ever

by Jamie Reid

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I. Another. The Space Between
by Jamie Reid
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the old ways of talking are no longer yours,
if ever
there was one
it spoke of ready distinction
ruddy diction, contrary
motion, the dialectics
of reason and nature where reason
was unnatural and nature
unreasonable. Listen. See? it comes back to you
as soon as you try. Try not to notice
those wobbling wheels

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from
Red Dog, Grey Day

by Mari-Lou Rowley

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Interference with the Hydrangea
by Mari-Lou Rowley
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red dog on grey concrete running a fine line along the narrow strip of stone that separates his old bones, wet fur from tonnes of metal whizzing past his one clear eye, the other black and matted closed. but tail up, striding along as if to say i'm ok, not lost, just running, running along this freeway bridge for the hell of it because i'm a dog without a leash, not without a home no don't think that don't call the pound, an old dog like me wouldn't last a week in that place. rather walk this thin grey line than become one, a slow finger of smoke curling up to a low grey sky.

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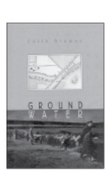

Lady Wang Chao-Jun - II

by Li Po

translated by Qui Xia He and Colin Browne
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Ground Water by Colin Browne
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In Han the Han moon was her companion.
One night it clung to her, its shadow grew long and thin;
the next morning she was gone.

That night the Han moon pierced the sky.
In a strange, far-off city, a western moon rises
on a bride's bolted shutters.
In that place, they say, the flowers are made of snow.

They buried her in the sand.
I remember her eyebrows. Who does not?
As for our lives? We've no portrait painter to blame.
Her tomb is a green blip in the western desert. The wind howls.
You would too if you were there.

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from
The Reinventing Wheel

by Wayde Compton

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Performance Bond by Wayde Compton
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Act like you know.
I take my cue out of crates and boxes,
speak by outfoxing rock. That's hip hop
in the boondocks,
the relief package
drop zone. I echo New York back
like a code-cracker.
Reality hacker. A Crusoe.
Cuts cued.
I intervene
by plugging in
code, tapping
Babylonian routes. My cuneiform.

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wintr

by bill bissett

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narrativ enigma/rumours uv hurricane
by bill bissett
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cum 2 me
iul see yu soon
we can love in th time
warmth is held ovr a bit
we dont know how long
we dont know how long
yet we ride 2gethr
yet we ride 2gethr

its not alwayze
warm

aneemor

sumtimez its a bit cold yu know

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Epitaph for Diane

for Diane Jarvis Hunter

by Elise Partridge

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Fielder's Choice by Elise Partridge,
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She thrust herself at life, a honeybee
thorax-deep in each quivering corolla;
flew pollen-spangled each day back to the hive.

She was willing, too, to go with what might happen
like seeds of roadside grass on Fortune's scarf —
borne off to be sown elsewhere, and grow new.

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Contemplation

by Susan McCaslin

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At the Mercy Seat by Susan McCaslin,
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Accustomed to distraction
somehow I fell into a sacred space,
template awaiting its musical score
(myself devoid of music).

A robin in the rain
could have told me
in the streaked gray
all was silent.

Water splashed in a pond
like words around their hush.

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from
Hannah's Prayer

by K. Louise Vincent

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Hannah and the Holy Fire
by K. Louise Vincent,
© 2003, Oolichan Books

When there is rest
let my mind be taken by trees
until it is no longer I
who thinks.

Let me climb into the boat of myself and wait
for songs, for birds who no longer sing,
whose nests disappeared when the green
hearts of trees were broken.

Green leaf, blue feather;
they are close. When they sleep
the trees relax and become
a bed of water.

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from
I Hear Them Singing All the Time

by Marusya Bociurkiw

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Halfway to the East by Marusya Bociurkiw,
© 1999, Lazara Press

What difference then
the length of a room the span of two centuries
the Caucasus mountains
the pale site of privilege for which my people
were willing to cross so many borders
swallow back so many songs and words

and that other border
the ungraceful power of it
and my great-grandmother's song
like a heartbeat
in my ear.

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from
Court Green

by Crystal Hurdle

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After Ted & Sylvia by Crystal Hurdle,
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hours in the garden
dandelions, lilacs
the sheaves of daffodils
the fallacy of the seasons:
Easter harvest

our little girl eclipsing the sun
with her arms full of yellow

and best
our crimson bedroom
the heart's shivered core

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