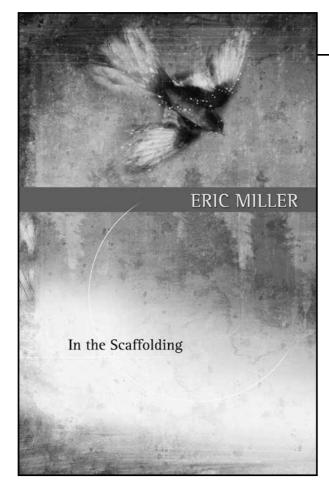


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RAIN AFTER CLEAR

We hated the winter rain but with its intermission and its resumption knowledge of its alliance with us brims a reservoir: we taste with mollusc adhesiveness the cold footsole against linoleum, we sense how the air is more supportive of our love for indolence and enclosure and this saturation seems deliberately to make a show, not quite convincing, of impassability, discouraging us exactly according to our wish —

an exhortation to sloth, to take for our sloppy clock the vague heavy drip from the drainpipe, a full splattering accompaniment to the monosyllabic chirp of the damp sparrow and the beat, hardly regarded, of the interminably saturated heart.

And then how passively fat the first stalks of plants ooze from the loam dissenting out of a bulkier laziness from seclusion in earth, as though growth were a superior disregard, indolence the slovenly avenue to virtue.

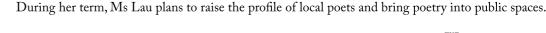
— Eric Miller

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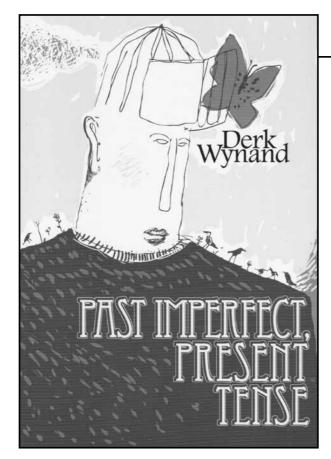








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from MUSICIANS ON A BUS

What trick of light has turned everyone's hair suddenly gray? Is this Blitzkrieg or siege?

Here and there a handkerchief appears, not in surrender, but only to wipe sweat from a brow, blow a nose, provide a diversion for the eyes.

The palm trees go by. The houses go by. Cars go by in both directions. On the planet's other side the light of dead stars must be firing up the imagination of insomniacs.

In the jungle passing outside monkeys must be howling, parrots making a better music.

Inside, the musician's fierce glare tracks his own silence above the vast space of his outstretched hand.

— Derk Wynand

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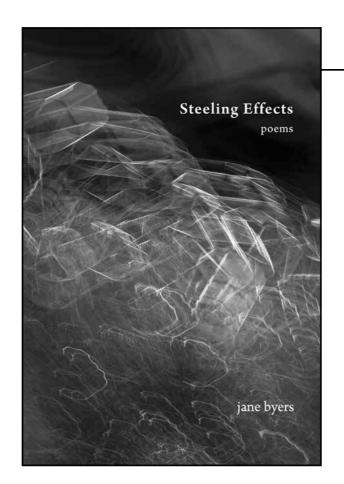








Continue the conversation: #PoetryinTransit @janedbyers



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COMING OUT

They made me fire-hall pasta with ground beef and spicy sausages, more meat per square inch than a slaughterhouse. Four a.m. stomach revolt: the meat, or adrenaline coursing at the chirpy alarms, burning holes in my sleep as I studied their job demands on the nightshift.

The firemen are polite, as if cadet training includes how to treat the ladies. When "woman in the hall" is blared over the PA, they're all chivalry and smiles, business as usual donning their bunker suits for an incident.

As I cut jicama and tempeh into matchsticks for a salad, I wonder what the boys at the hall would think. I have to hope that some of them would like it. On shift, I never came out as a vegetarian.

—Jane Byers

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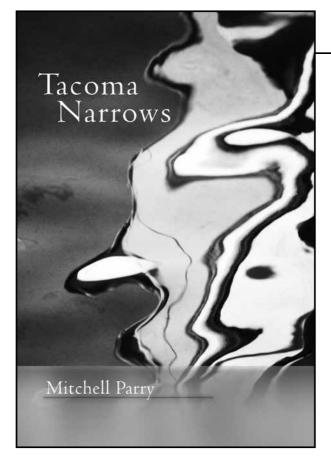








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AFTER THE QUAKE

I dropped to my knees & laughed as the doorframe rocked above us: our hearts

flexing in aftershock. I guess I should put on some pants, you said. As though nakedness

were barred from the Big One. I had expected deep shifting, thunder, waves, a boatswain's roll

& sway — not muscled pounding like Babe the Blue Ox humping the outside wall.

The animal earth trying to break in, the cyst already pouched in your breast, my stammering

pulse — and the earth keeps shaking, shifting. The weight of our arrival

sets the plates in motion. Some days it shudders to remind us. False alarms

are the hardest gift, yanking from us what we will only need once. The neighbours

gathered in the street, their faces glowing torches against the unavoidable sun. How

their teeth rattled in their laughter: I thought I was a goner. The Lord walked through town

this morning. Next time. Next time we could hide our hands in that fur, ride

the lunges of its spine to Juan de Fuca & up to our necks in ocean. What else can we do

but run into the living room, join hands, dance a circle on the swaying floor, heel-toe, heel-toe.

— Mitchell Parry

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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.





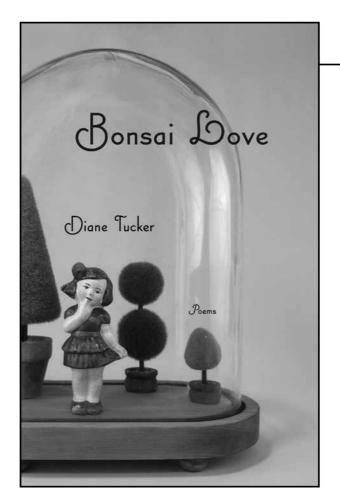








Continue the conversation: #PoetryinTransit @Harbour_Publish



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WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE BUS?

You don't want to touch anyone, press too close. The seats, you assert, are too small.

Does your small-boned body feel the shudder of strange sorrows, strangers' ambivalent breath snaking into your own lungs?

May I urge you to sample this particular propinquity?

Sit quietly beside the old Ethiopian lady. Feel her heavy round side against your own. Don't break gaze with the toddler in the stroller, his quizzing eyes. Fill your lungs with all the fetid communal air; new flesh freshens it.

It is benefit and blessing, bearing with broken others, the weight and heft of every other rider toward the sinking west.

When you arrive home I will gather your small bones against me. I will shake you free of every lurching hesitation, free of every rush and rattle.

And in the cloud of having touched, we will lie flat and motionless against each other's silent bodies, hallowed and transported.

— Diane Tucker

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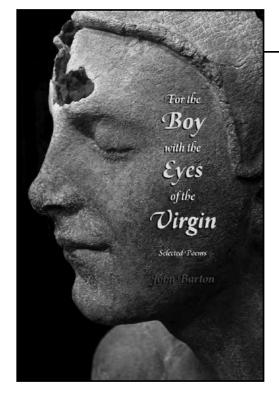






BC poets published in Canada

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THE LIVING ROOM

Their rubbish alone was left. He was a vacant lot, he had become an exemption. The squares of his mind were empty.

—P. K. Page, "In Memoriam"

At the drop-in clinic near the centre of town, I namelessly drop off cotton shirts wrinkled as grey skin to be slung on hangers and rifled through by men whose flesh thins under the shaking force of their scapulae, the deft articulation of fingers a memory as they thumb through gaunt fabric the colours so bereft their rubbish alone was left.

Even as I drive away, a man buttons wash-worn cotton about his body as it vanishes, ribs rising through jaundiced skin like stains as he breathes haltingly, or so I think, driving away with my fears intact, overwrought about whatever might or might not be deadly in my own blood, haunted by my one parting thought: He was a vacant lot.

Against my will, I slip inside his flesh. Its slim vitality sits amply on my shoulders as I drive uptown every remaining bit of pleasure to be had from it an undiscovered country lying within reach, vague satisfaction of desires unable to die with him, the body a cairn, fog lifting as I pause at an intersection. He had become an exemption.

His world opens up: his death is my death his love my love, the men he kissed and held are men like us who've passed through the ordinary arms of several others dates in loose cotton shirts who drove us home after the movies, each entreaty to love made on nights when warmth was wanted. Guys who made us feel safe not cautious. One foolhardy night he fleetingly felt free. The squares of his mind were empty.

— John Barton

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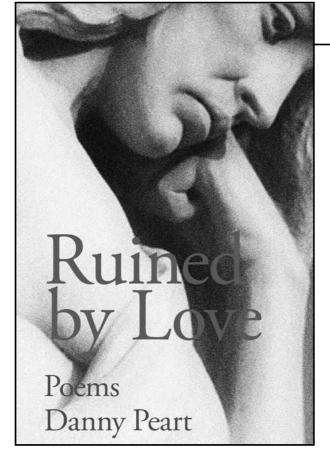








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ELDER RAVEN

I saw him once, Bill Reid, at a fundraiser in the Commodore Ballroom. He was in a wheelchair by then, the artist's spirit, betrayed by his body.

There was a silent auction. Al Purdy and I were bidding for the same item. I knew Al's work, but just couldn't tell him. He left with Bill Reid's book.

Years later I found a copy of it, The Black Canoe. I had to buy it and take it home, though the out-of-print price just about killed me.

I learned about the sculpture of Bill Reid, his place in the Haida tradition. Traveled north to see Haida Gwaii. Placed my hand on the Bill Reid totem in Skidegate.

I saw those huge black ravens jump and fly. Hard to tell if they were young or old. Didn't seem to matter. One raven stood apart. Watching, aware of all, his place secure.

— Danny Peart

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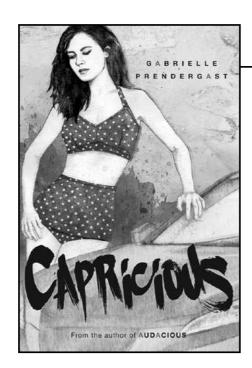








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from NINA'S SON

I remember Neglected dolls Hard, cold plastic

Their chemical smell Like funeral homes Or janitors' closets.

So unlike

The baby's soft, fat foot Cupped in my hand Warm and smooth

His glossy head Black and sleek As an otter.

— Gabrielle Prendergast

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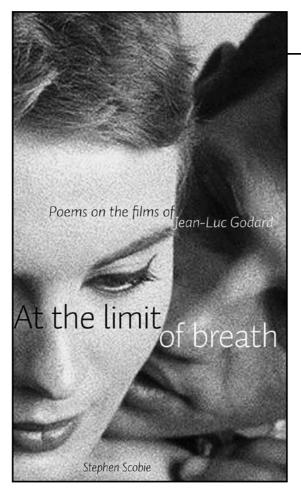








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Masculin féminin Masculine Feminine 1966

We often went to the movies, Madeleine and I. When the screen lit up, we felt a thrill.

But we were often disappointed, Madeleine and I. The images seemed dated, they staggered and jumped

right out of the frame. Marilyn Monroe was showing her age, terribly. We felt sad, Madeleine and I. Once again it wasn't

the movie of our dreams, that total movie we carried inside ourselves, that movie we would have loved to make

or, more secretly no doubt, that movie we would have loved to live, Madeleine and I.

— Stephen Scobie

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GREENSPEAK: THE ECO-HANDBOOK FOR KIDS

Reduce your foot-Walk, bike, scooter, print bus, carpool even if it's raining and you've lost your other boot and you're late and you've got too much to carry; pogo-stick, meander, hike, jog, puddle-jump, sing, pickup-litter-as-you-go, skip, read-as-you-walk, hopscotch, leap, rollerblade even if you ate too much for breakfast and it's snowing and you forgot your homework; smell the tar, smell the cut grass, the witch hazel tree, blue hyacinths and the fresh, wet earth you're saving step by little step.

— Barbara Nickel

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