

News from the Feminist Caucus, by Anne Burke

This month introductions to new members and their poems: Canisia Lubrin and Susan Olding; reviews of *Small Acts*, by Bernice Lever, *Dopamine Blunder*, *Poems*, by Lori Cayer, *Tourist*, by Lara Bozabalain, and *Table Manners* by Catriona Wright; with news about planning our 2017 Fem Caucus Panel. So, mark your calendars now and plan to join us!

FEMINISM AT THE 2017 LEAGUE CONFERENCE: Re-Visiting Feminism:

Thank you to Vanessa Shields and Cathy Charlie Petch with their call for submissions for our panel during the League agm on June 9, 10, 11 in Toronto. The theme of the 2017 Feminist Caucus Panel is "Revisiting Feminism", with a proposal to review and revise our Mission Statement. We ask with fervour: "What is feminism today? How do we as members of the literary and performance world honour *intersectionality* in our aims and philosophies?"

noun: *intersectionality*; plural noun: *intersectionalities*

1. the interconnected nature of social categorizations such as race, class, and gender as they apply to a given individual or group, regarded as creating overlapping and interdependent systems of discrimination or disadvantage.

"through an awareness of intersectionality, we can better acknowledge and ground the differences among us"

Source: www.google.ca

The mission statement of the Feminist Caucus of the League of Canadian Poets as revised in 1991 reads:

In agreement with the LCP Constitution, the Feminist Caucus declares its abhorrence of all forms of discrimination, intolerance, and inequity, and hereby expresses its intention to take action against any manifestation of sexism, racism, anti-Semitism, lesbophobia, ageism, and ableism within our own organization and in the larger community.

The League mandate reads, in part, "AND WHEREAS in doing so, the League declares its support for freedom of expression and for all human rights and its abhorrence of racial, economic, sexual, religious, and other prejudicial forms of discrimination."

Canisia Lubrin was born in St. Lucia and studied Creative Writing and Professional Writing at York University before completing her MFA at Guelph-Humber. A long-time arts administrator, she serves on the editorial board of the *Humber Literary Review* and on the advisory board of the Ontario Book Publishers Organization. Her writing has been published in *Arc*, *The Puritan*, *THIS Magazine*, *Room*, *CV2*, and in other journals and anthologies. She teaches writing at Humber College and writes in Whitby, Ontario. Lubrin's debut poetry collection—*Voodoo Hypothesis*—will be released, in the fall of 2017, by Buckridger Books/Wolsak & Wynn.

Poems by Canisia Lubrin

The Mongrel

Still, our knowledge of the Mongrel is only fragmentary...

—Anon

There was no name for us in our mother's oratory

—Perse

√

Still unraveling from ghosting stars,
she moves us, light-formed, cue,
of Mongrel, also a corpse, but of steel,
curved, down earth's scrubbed sands,
on a single gust of wind,
& her body through a doorway
 she shrinks hundred-fold,
to size of earth: moments ago, forgotten,
was dreamt Mongrel: a fur city, no more
archival than ancient than still warm &
she'd done nothing except bawl *the lost*,
are enough! The science, inexact like birth
lets Mother Mongrel live in the street-chained light—

≅

If from above, the Mongrel's Creole maps
Mathless, a late-life scar that carts its wounded
head on the surface of a jaundiced stream, she—feral
with her amnesia, her black-rock heart hides
pressure-cooked islands, stormed space where
Einstein's quadrature bones scurry to mount
 Slave-hand revolts at the green mouth of Hades:
how Mongrel rites wrap fur against a Native
is address to Caliban, the animal that knew it had been
brutalized by men. But fine. By now, the seas are vague,
& even the exploded Karenina spares us, wanderlust
& her relative, light-spiced falloff—

≠

There is blood, seldom ache, where the available light reaches down past levels of dog, cow's grass, tribe, pitch and burn, the wild brutality loves us this side of the name, & only misted, our ears will hear Mongrel air landing, broken, invented again as history
in the rusted coils of coffee shops, inked Mongrel skins: whose only escape is one cosmic blue carbuncle. What is the right way to sway the black bruising self, elegant as a question mark can curve into harp and vein and matter, dark with blows like from God, cannibal & castoff

≥

The Mongrel was still breaking, offing, in a pale blue nutshell of monk's milk & tar when life exposed the carapace of her skull. Bit, where ancestors drew their roots up those walls of knotted blood. On a throne of a million years entering an illusion
of singed bamboo, the ships come & night comes and stays & soon—
These generations miss their gills, scales & talons, still dug into old valleys, still lulled by disappearing suns, by broke hours of bone branding flesh, held dark through immortal dark, a gleam of that riverine name—

≤

Inside the wounded name, she drives down the corduroy route, the Mongrel heart in her hand—once part of a waist-high Earth, then life upward, started with the trees & untroubled by the termites, still one hundred million years off & withered on the brow of chance together, they disappear to plot with the cliffs
from which will protrude pavement & aperture, time: a Mongrel's walk to the place of these pines. Collapse, then, into leather boot & this smoked hunger & re-enter the story: that Nova Scotia beach aglow with Mongrel flame

∞

If she knew to sit, downed by the blunt breath

of doubt, would she have troubled the Mongrel
with music, and milk and names and trenches
& miles so deep. What else reveals us, a species
of amnesiacs, cut off from the trembling that tore—
our continents apart & with so much unknowing
like this view, like rising smoke reveals the Eden
Continent, preserved in the blind spot of a pictured
confession: this grief, a story with swords & bite, sun
whose silence holds the invisible pulls of distant worlds, wars
unhinged from the shoulder blades of Gods. The Mongrel's
orienting grace is still its tail, a sweep asunder, where its head is
caught, first-born galactic—in light of some coiling reign

Children of the Archipelago

For us in the archipelago the tribal memory is salted with the bitter memory of migration.
—“The Muse of History”, Derek Walcott

Nursed out of so many miracles & half-sunken fables
In a house that schools the uneven mercy
Offers of cunning & we find: envy, the state
of hatred the morning after the unflawed acoustics of the tomb
have been silenced.

You would think we'd all gathered here
for the chasing of childhood friends, to learn again the primal
dance
of our bodies on pomme d'amou trees & relearn the souring lessons of staying
meek
Or at least to sample the business of such prophecies
Rumoured melted rhizome of sun streaked on horizon

The dreams we walked down school hallways
The music we shackled to the streets en mas
The costumes now wary between us
& the wrecked bacchanal
The familiar ornament of silversmiths' work around
our necks, something slipped by current from the Nile
welcomes us back, our foreign dollars, the tongue—Mongrelian
a twisted road to re-walk mizi-maladi—
For sale, this world—maybe as we suspect—was always for sale

All collapsed in a room bound up in grey matter. The magic would be to sell
Nothing in another life and still hold the glass in our spine & the bread in our
mouth

Transubstances of all our doubt inviting the universe's

Things we'd mount with sapien-luck
Into which we can spell the might of the Sahara
Or the seaward inchoate in our iris' dents

With all the thirst or grief or figment that is ours to keep
Failure, deliberate desire & the meek's
green lot: not a thing but turns of run-down praise

So we return to bury or burn what is left of our departed
Whose last great epitaphs keep no evidence of skin
And what's in a name but the pirated exhausts of our departure

Such will, darlin' archipelago. What cage, our own
small frames gather in the vast burden of mortality
Be poised then, however our shadows play
Our address still rests on the vivarium slipped disks of everywhere:
On the market-frail urgency of street bulb, canoe & fire,
Tempest & privilege in the work of lightning—epiphanic
These savage hymns of thunder could console any blessing to dust

These hurricanes out there, crazed Caribbean
Centuries old can hold our salute
For a plaintive four hundred years
Swallow things many times the size of our earth
Where we are still a grief at ease—at least there is beauty
Masters of such tools of survival—ours, if anyone's

Remember when we'd fret: where to go to feed the haunt-bound
Hoards of cotton in that sun-strip cunt
Bruises of mecca looping dwòl tongues

On a seabed trail of islands—unbrittle homes ransacked in cannibal froths of
sea

We, game—the hour before children
Rote and oxidized believers—the hour after

Pilgrim Dream: A Family Portrait

Pilgrim, dream: I

Will not handprint the raconteur

In the mud here whose vision edges the teeth—

While in our stories the drowned in look-back at Columbus's bended knee
weep still one-third buried, our heads in the virgin woods:

Of water—mothers demand I speak though I cannot speak, children

Whole as my favour of animals, roads, ragdolls

A walk for five days in flicker of lamps to sample them

The Stations of the Cross. Stories like lit lesions in the table

We arrive late into upright man. Still we are midnight, first light
& everything I gleam is decimated man.

My hand fears its own speech of lines

They fault with every backward swing through time

A boundless love for the ghosted
cutlass my mother has dug into
the patron earth to keep our meals far from
the lonely atrophy of a watered bowl &

Why prolong my ruined arm, pilgrim?

Mother the tan path forgives the blows
father downs even from miles out. Sisters invited and
vanished Sages bearing the extinction of some degraded
arrival

Hear all & nothing but the lout of this place

The rivers, streams that hold our unknowable gone
still ghoulish in the geography of our cleft cups. At our table
We do not care for the Old World's plea for innocence
But never mind what we eat, what portraits the naked
bowl with more-thirds our lives
we memory this life—anon

Susan Olding is the author of *Pathologies: A Life in Essays*, chosen by 49th Shelf and Amazon.ca "as one of 100 Canadian books to read in a lifetime." Her writing has appeared in *Event*, *Prairie Fire*, the *LA Review of Books*, *Maisonneuve*, the *Malahat*

Review, TNQ, and the Utne Reader, and has been honoured by the National Magazine Awards Foundation. Poems from her manuscript-in-progress appear in A Crystal Through Which Love Passes: Glosas for P.K. Page and In Fine Form, 2nd Edition.

Poems by Susan Olding

On Leaving a Newborn at the Hospital Entrance

Hangzhou, November 4, 1999

(after Mei Yaochen)

For one long hour, the gatekeeper's
caged bird kept up an awful squall.
I could not see its feathers, but
their bilious green left a tang
of bitterness in my mouth. The thin
November weeds made a rude
and pitiful cradle. Your wail,
when I laid you within it,
tore from my breasts tears of milk.

Poem for Ashraf Fayadh

Once, I killed a weed.
I thought it was a weed.
I thought I killed it.
Yet in spring
its roots dislodged a nearby paving stone.
So green, its leaves!
Its fragrance, indelible.

Try to Praise the Mutilated World

— after Adam Zagajewski

*Remember June's long days
And wild strawberries, drops of rosé wine,
The nettles that methodically overgrow
The abandoned homesteads of exiles.*

Yes, it's gone mad. We shoot each other

in the streets and in the schools, the airports
detonate, people disappear from bookshops,
lose their lives at ordinary offices and cafés,
while leaders preach hatred, platitudes, and lies,
hiding beneath orange comb-overs and iron toupees.
But for now, you must put this aside.
Try to praise the mutilated world.
Remember the blue of a northern lake.
Remember June's long days.

You must praise the mutilated world.
The peals of children playing at a water park,
The sun-warmed rocks. The scent of pine.
Dappled leaves. Birds taking flight.
Nodding lilies. Murmuring bees.
The roses' musk and rich incarnadine.
Spread a towel or blanket near the twisted trunk
of a flowering catalpa tree. Praise fresh cheese,
baguette, sweet butter, peas plucked from the vine,
and wild strawberries, drops of rosé wine.

You should praise the mutilated world.
Its thawing permafrost, its shrinking ice,
Its droughts, its hurricanes, its floods,
its eroded coastlines, its endangered bears,
bleached corals, damaged wetlands,
its rising oceans and their undertow.
Poor mutilated world, that tries to swallow
and digest the worst we do, that tries to compensate:
that offers blueberries in wake of wildfire's glow,
and nettles that methodically overgrow.

Praise the mutilated world.
It has to be celebrated.
It has to be made bright, the skin of this planet
Till it shines in the sun like gold leaf.
This spinning one-mooned marvel,
all two hundred million square miles—
Birthplace of fools and knaves—
but also, music. And poetry.
Do not forsake, oh, do not revile
this abandoned homestead of exiles.



Review of *Small Acts*, by Bernice Lever (Markham, Ontario: Black Moss Press, 2016) 68 pp. paper.

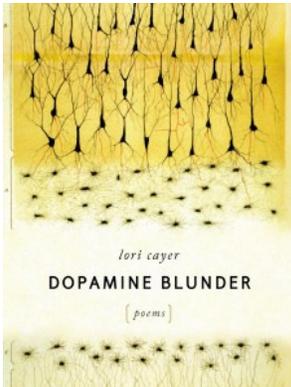
Lever was the editor of *WAVES* a literary magazine for many years, so in this new full-length poetry collection (her tenth) she calls on images of water wisdom personified, with an ode and apostrophe to “Great Mother Ocean”; reflects on the earth as spanning ocean; and embraces the patterns water makes in “waves of words”. Indeed, this poetic has served her readers well. Our bodies composed of water revert to “moderately moist” (“Puzzle Me”) as we age, while she counts out “our many blessings of being alive. (“Say Thank you”)

A second theme is peace, each poem a rallying cry (“Peace Seedlings”) a well-tended garden (“Peace Garden”) to which soldiers can return. (“Silence War/Sing Peace”) In our own lives, “Be an anger soother,/Be a comfort giver”. (“Be Peace Icons”) This goal is didactic or instructional, as in “Growing Peace: = 12 ways to Sow Peace”, one, by one, by one. The title poem depicts “one Bowen Island artist/sharing with another”.

In the second part “Love and Gambles”, a refrain unites lovers, their unquenched passion, “as we feast on each other”. (“Intoxicated Again!”) The tin man of Dorothy’s The Wizard of Oz is transmuted as a carpenter who crafts the poet “this ringed hole in my softwood/heart”. (“Wooden Man”) She a forth daughter regrets her “acid words”. (“Mom’s Glow”) Spring is fevered with song and daily “pro creation”. (“Vancouver Spring — 2016) The alternative forest fires awaiting “Heaven’s tears”. (“Just Wait and See:”) A love addiction, while play led to “pay, pay, pay” (“Lottery Addict”) the spirit not yet broken (“Beyond Broke”); anticipation without intersection (“Out to Lunch”), language falters (“Cussed”), wax plates once used in printing (“Criminal Erasures”), we suffer losses, reader casualties.

In the third section “Poets and Fakes”, her persona in “Poet as Stamp” ensures collectibility. The “Non-Sonnet” presents “Endless Raving Rant”, a tour de force and satire. Shapes are cloud-like, until “they rain on you.” Paper competes with iPod for attention. (“Recycled”) Teen clouds later mature. (“Clouds Evolve”) Most poets can see .

("There's Smoke") Female poets can stare down any man. ("Carla Shafer Visits") His twin hearts are better than one! A female voice coach leads breathing exercises, a male blushes. His anger infused. ("Kettle Drum Mouth") A real rich man appreciates, "My darling Wealthia". ("My Gold Pillow") "Gag Google" is no gag, rather odourless, expanding, investigatory. Faceless Facebook (a.k.a. FB) cannot deliver actual friends. This endless mob rule. "FAKE Book". Human hearts are crushed. The final prose poem reproduces "Too Many Proposals" and indecision. ("Faceless")



Review of *Dopamine Blunder, Poems*, by Lori Cayer (Toronto: Tightrope Books, 2016)
80 pp. paper.

One of the tropes of this collection is "If you want to be happy, be" from Leo Tolstoy. The notion of happiness and, by implication unhappiness, is derived from a Human Development Index, a "Happy Planet Index", "The World Happiness Report"; "Happiness Economics", "Happiness=", and, of course, "Gross National Happiness".

The other component depends on a sense of well-being, as in birth order, "Where=to=Be=Born Index", on a graded measurement or scale, "Positive and Negative Affect Schedule (PANAS)"; "Momentary Subjective Well-Being", "Eight Domains of the Canadian Index of Wellbeing". The socio-economic factors are evident in a "Human Poverty Index", while the opposite of actual wellbeing is a lack of safety, "The Popsicle Index", which predicts some of the dangers.

The poet puns on "linear" and the "logarithmic" ("Page Not Found"), the risk in page-turning. Hamlet's soliloquy on "slings and arrows" betrays his (our) stoicism, punctuating with indicators or semaphores, for less or greater effect, while "a)" through "f)" ostensibly delineates a muse through "start or end". ("Heresy of Invisible Things") The persona depends on "call", "naming", as well as "no paper" but "print as needed".

Pinpoints spark hunger, hypoxia, and other altered human states, without words. States of wellness, on a scale, the ratio, a dialectic ("Hierarchy of Needs") "more than are

dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio." The missives come in many forms, or story shapes. Synonyms are "same-shaped", eye of tulip, lost poem, city of dogs, Cuban socialism, ironically " For Sale".

Compositions move from last line to first; "your one book", arises from the vision within. Consider "figs or fucking", in your "affective state", episodic, semantics, critical findings "will ruin everything": celebrity death a cognate, grammatical, endures in headlines.

Compare "Telegrams from the Interior" with those "from the Exterior" which begin and end with a template of "please advise" and "stop", the familiar anachronism of telegrams. Cosmology and constellations reverberate. "As written by Cat" is a funhouse of images. Hitchhiking involves faking. An abstract discourse begins with a taboo, with recognizable formats of introduction, methods, results, discussion, and only then concluding remarks. The poet is subversive throughout: home is dystopian not nostalgic memories, in a self-portrait comprised of geological core sample, long strata. Gender embraces flow and red, emerges from a wet dream. The persona relishes a paradox of dirt, disappointment, possessions and self-possession, a desire for more (art and words), a totem owlish and snowy white cat.

The act of "Erasing" reintroduces the "greater or lesser than" semiotic, interpolated insertions, a veritable confetti of colour, sound, and motion. "Wiki-sexual" is replete with "send" into cyberspace, or cosmic outer spaces, marked by language and the rhythmic breath pause. ("Refusal Conversion") Freeze frame or screen grab ("On Fire at the Wedding") unfurls an anecdote worthy of note. In "Eve Song", there is a marital, metaphysical conceit of "he turns me/on my axis like a red orb". The inclination to the potential or conditional hinges on "if". ("Flash Reduction")

Domains are defined in eighths as "small, nearly caught", the greater or lesser than signalling, and grammatical declensions (puzzle makers if ever there was one?) are afforded by the parenthetical, too. Family ghosts, lost parents, confrontations. Indeed, "wreckage" of her world. Anagrams, "them: mantic and animate", variances, parallels. In "Set-Point Theory", she moves us to an antidote to/for death. The number five a cipher: "hold still, they write/this shouldn't hurt". ("Touch Like Blindness") "Close" operates as an adjective "close" and a verb "close", a homonym associated with "Throat", which was surgically "sutured", "stitched", in various "operations". The result is silence, in the absence of voice. Words were coming (arrival, sexual consummation) in "Midst". The analogy of "dirt" reappears as a clinical diagnosis and an homage to assisted suicide (of a single day).

Cayer previously published *Stealing Mercury* and *Attenuations of Force*. She was a co-editor of *Contemporary Verse 2*, a co-founder of the Lansdowne Prize for Poetry, Manitoba rep for Manitoba, and is now secretary for the League of Canadian Poets.



Tourist LARA BOZABALIAN



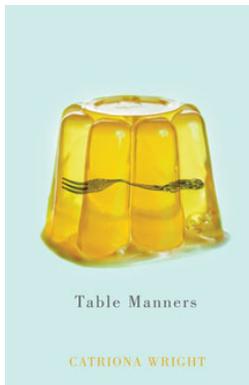
Review of *Tourist*, by Lara Bozabalian (Toronto: Tightrope Books, 2016) 72 pp. paper.

In I, Bombay is personified as a naked body, Dharavi a new empire, channelling Escher the artist/architect and his intricate alleyways. (“Bombay Aubade”) Underwater clothing is useless, as are both the past and the future. (“Depths”) The patterning replete with fish and flesh (“The Hunter”), an abusive childhood (“English Childhood”), seeds (“Sunflower”), childhood labour. (“Baba”) Language expresses hidden emotions about spider/comma, twig/conversation. (“A Life”) “Cordelia” demands her King Lear, the fathering inadequate and awkward.

In II, “this animal and I”, a voice is like a map, a recurring image (“unfolded like maps”), arc and story an axis or ironically drinking in sobriety. She feels like a foreigner (“Sanctuary”) in this marriage. An aria, an ode, an opera are poetical forms, tinged by the Great Lakes; personified groceries as “cantankerous”, in cottage country, a certain sense of drowning. This “pointillism” imbued with “fluency, a language all its own”. (“Fluency”) Riots in India, apiary pollinators, “shucked of language”. (“Waiting to Be Culled”) Pixilated, or “eyes lamped in the forest of skull” (“Architecture”), she discards glossy advertising, a passport, (“Adoption”), a miracle on the mount. (“Fish & Loaves”) Rather, aberrant reflections (“Rearview”), by means of a kaleidoscope, she explores the problem of grief, never having practiced it, in this life or another.

In III, a woman, her daughter, (“Hotel Lullaby”) learns concealment (“Feline”), economic ruin. (“First Bankruptcy”) Compare this with Unionville and Flint, Michigan, or the appeal of dirt floors, at a “Prairie Wedding”; a hierarchy. (“Pecking Order”) Dante’s “Inferno” was revisited in an episodic mock epic (“Flea in a Teacup”), in the mood for telling stories of the Old Country (Dublin, Tynagh, Ireland), while “Beethoven Walks” (Vienna, Austria).

Bozabalian previously published *The Cartographer’s Skin* and was named Toronto’s Best Poet in the NOW Magazine “Best of Toronto Poll”.



Review of *Table Manners* by Catriona Wright (Vehicule Press, 2017) Signal Editions, 88 pp. paper, reviewed from the proofs.

This full-length poetry collection reminds me of Julia Child, a co-author of *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*; as well as the blog and subsequent Hollywood film "Julie and Julia". Since the poems display culinary skill, as well as piquant olfactory or taste-based images, the cover image of an aspic (or Jello mold) alone screams Martha Stewart.

The opening poem associates culinary gastro-fastidiousness with the adventurousness of an astronaut, coined with a passion for cannibals; the garnish arranged centre stage. There are the unusual cravings, for non-food items, my childhood friend was known for devouring paste-based newspapers. "Groceries" brings on shifts akin to orgasms. In "RibFest" the male is a self-described phallic "serpent", embracing the murderous, "the sickest" flesh (a positive meaning). Observations of a gluttoness ("Mukbang") becomes a spectator sport, involves a "primal thrill", and "a monsoon of Coke". A film in ambient lights emanates food decadence or food porn. ("Job Satisfaction") Taste-testing compensates, for social media "feeds", but results in bloating. Menus yield up menace, self-flagellation (flatulence, burps), the spectre of a feeding tube.

Part One, inspired by *A Guide to Avant-Garde Table Manners*, presents a bogus "Xanadu" rather a Sun King (Louis XIV), who otherwise was devoted to bliss and satisfaction through gastro delights, such as a RibFest, BBQ. There is the use of personification, of guests and their vagaries, with groceries, configured by a diet, and the omnipresent dumpster. Shopping takes place with everything "rotten", inversely divine, whether hot or freezer burns, all reduced to or liberated from expiration dates; a confessional tone in competitive eating, while hosting or hostessing events.

Part Two heralds the caveman, cunnilingus, the mammoth, while transgenering was still not acknowledged. A howl "after Delmore Schwartz, mock epic, of an insatiable hunger. This theme is further developed with occasions, such as date nights, by questioning "what meaning is left?", (when the plate is covered by an organ). Note tea: "ruthless ant[aunt] matriarchs" a shorthand for lesbian sex, "BFF" a girl-romance, the "ephemeralization of my personality", and other parties; a selection of haikus, she brought low, yet pledging allegiance, galas and Gossip Girl, in the service of Zeus. The

“fallow” is swaddled, weddings (hence bridesmaids trapped in adolescence), of “female to female drag”, “Florist”, with carnal desire or blushing blooms; a daughter reared to be strong, Mother’s Day, “aspartame” and “a one-night stand with the Easter Bunny”. One’s origin relies on instinct and betrays lineage. “Faith” resembles Hopkins’ sprung rhythm, “Sunstroked, starstunned, moonstruck” from the opening line.

The auk in its Arctic habitat prompts good fortune for the bride and groom. A sin eater, born again, organic by 2075, deep-fried demons, calorie counting, the females who bleed monthly and then precipitously don’t (“I stop writing. My period vanishes, a double entendre.) In Part Three, even the monster Hitler, an avowed vegetarian, employed the proverbial taste testers like caged lab rabbits to forestall poisoning. More confessions, this time from a Cake Boss (in care of cable programming). The Celebrity Chef, “he eats his way out”, the rust belt of mid-American casseroles. The occult “grows”, similar to how Instagram figuratively “feeds” . Note the half- rhyming “Yelp” “Help” (“Yelp” being an online guide of sorts) is in search of macho chefs, or marry him! The persona of the poet, as both home and body, the negative loss of self, of letting go, perhaps was based on what the Father Talk reveals. He “rations” with low-fat diets, a sutured heart, while she cannot relate, but alludes to Sylvia Plath, e.e. cummings. The inevitable “Crone”, aging and now well, amid the relatives; a Dream Wife, primping and plumping, the succubi; and ironic “Lullaby”, based on the thread counts of sheets.

The Notes are interesting asides with evidence of webcasts, Tumblr, a litter of rabbits, the BBC, podcast, and *Moby Dick*.

Wright is a writer, editor, and teacher. Her poems have appeared in *Prism International*, *Prairie Fire*, *Rusty Toque*, *Lemon Hound*, *The Best Canadian Poetry, 2015*, and elsewhere. She has been a finalist for *The Walrus* Poetry Prize, *Arc’s* Poems of the Year Contest, and a National Magazine Award. In 2014, she won *Matrix Magazine’s* “LitPop Award”. She is the poetry editor for *The Puritan* and a co-founder of Desert Pets Press, a chapbook press. Her debut collection is forthcoming, in spring 2017, from Véhicule Press.