News from the Feminist Caucus, by Anne Burke

This month, an update on the Feminist Caucus National Archives accession, Growing Room: A Feminist Literary Festival, and Call for submissions April 1 by Girls Right the World; Margaret Atwood cited in "Stop the Attacks on Women, Misogyny must be eliminated"; news from Magie Dominc (Acker Award Recipient), Penn Kemp, Sarah de Leeuw; new members: SONIA COTTEN, LEANNE DUNIC, NORMA J. KERBY, SUSAN KIEZOPOLSKI, and MARGO WHEATON; reviews of second sister: the mastectomy poems by Beth Everest; Daughters of Men and Barren the Fury, both by Brenda Leifso.; and Blood Orange, by Heidi Garnett.

Girls Right the World: Call for Submissions a new literary journal inviting young female-identified writers and artists, ages 14+ to submit work for consideration for the first issue.

CONTESTS FOR YOUTH

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS: GIRLS RIGHT THE WORLD
Deadline: April 1

girlsrighttheworld@gmail.com.

Girls Right the World is a literary journal inviting young female-identified writers and artists, ages 14 and up, to submit their work for consideration for the first issue. We believe that girls’ voices can and do transform the world for the better. We want to help expand girls’ creative platforms so that female-identified people from all races, religions, and sexual orientations can express themselves freely. We currently seek poetry, prose, short-stories, and lyric essays of any style and theme. We like powerful, female driven writing and work inspired by beautiful things in life. Writers keep the rights to their pieces, but we ask to have the right to first publish your works in North America. After publication the rights would return to you. We publish annually. Send your best writing, in English or English translation, to girlsrighttheworld@gmail.com by April 1, 2017. Girls Right the World is an international literary journal advocating for young, female-identified writers. We believe in the power of young women, sisterhood, and creativity through writing. The editors of this journal are students in Massachusetts.
Hi Lorna -- Good to hear that you are moving forward with this project. I know there's always a great deal too much to do.

Yes, I remember the discussion with Catherine, contact with you, and discussion with the Fem Caucus. The Caucus was pleased that the Archive wanted the papers, and under the direction of Anne Burke made a significant effort to deliver whatever members had to the Archives -- resulting in the materials you mention. At that time, I believe we agreed that, since I live in Ottawa, I would handle further discussions as needed, and bring them back to the FC for information and approval where needed.

Certainly our records will show that the FC was in favour of this gift and project.

As for signing authority: Anne Burke has been our very able and dedicated Chair for a number of years, and I expect has the minutes of that 2008 or perhaps 2009 FC AGM. Based on the unanimous approval and decision of the FC meeting, it would seem either she, or I (as the designated representative of the FC to the LAC) could sign for the deed of gift. All the papers the LAC now has were delivered under the clear understanding by the owners that they were going to form part of the LAC fonds, and their donations give de facto permission for this to happen. I don't recall any restrictions on the material, e.g., anything that was supposed to be kept sealed from public use.

We have our next Feminist Caucus Annual General Meeting June 9-11 in Toronto this year, and could formally sign the deed of gift at that point. If you would like an earlier signature, I, as head of the Archives project, can do it (pending corroboration from Anne). Fyi, although the Caucus became a committee of the League of Canadian Poets in the last decade, it has retained its constitutional right to handle its own affairs and money, publish its own materials, and hold its own AGMs and elections, which are accepted as presented by the League AGM.

Well, a long-winded reply. Hope it helps. Basically, I or Anne can sign, and we are delighted to see the archiving going ahead. I'm copying Anne on this note.

all best,

Susan McMaster

On 20/02/2017 2:20 PM, Chisholm, Lorna (BAC/LAC) wrote:

Dear Ms. McMaster,

We were in touch very briefly back in September of 2015 (was it that long ago already?) regarding the League of Canadian Poets fonds. I am now starting to work on the next steps relating the LCP Feminist Caucus material that came into the archives between
2009 and 2011. I am hoping that you will be able to answer a couple of questions that I have regarding these records.

I am preparing a Deed of Gift for this material, and I am wondering who from the Feminist Caucus has the legal authority to sign for the transfer of these records. In looking through some of your correspondence with Catherine from 2008, I can see that this was an issue you were planning to discuss with the Caucus at your AGM that year. However, I do not seem to have a record of what decision, if any, was made. Do you recall if the discussion took place, and what the outcome was? If not, is there someone else I should be contacting? (I see Anne Burke, who was also referenced in the emails from 2008-09 is the current chair of the Caucus, would she have a record of those discussions?)

Any insight you could provide regarding this issue would be appreciated. Thank you in advance for your assistance.

Regards,

Lorna

Lorna Chisholm

Archiviste, Direction générale des archives privées
Bibliothèque et Archives Canada / Gouvernement du Canada
lorna.chisholm@canada.ca / Tél. : 613-404-5734

Archivist, Private Archives Branch
Library and Archives Canada / Government of Canada
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- Anne Burke
- Today at 2:38 PM

to: Susan McMaster  Chisholm, Lorna (BAC/LAC)

Message body
Here are the agm minutes with the appropriate motions for your request. Anne
from "LCP Poetry Festival and Conference The Battery Hotel – The Riverhead Room Sunday, June 22, 2008 9 a.m. – 12 p.m. AGM Business Meeting Minutes"

6. Feminist Caucus Report
Anne Burke adds the following discussions from the Feminist Caucus meeting.

Motion 1: Be it resolved that the Feminist Caucus supports the exploration of a celebration of Pat Lowther in 2010 in conjunction with the League of Canadian Poets Poetry Festival and Conference, and that Mary Ellen Csamer and Sonja Greckol will explore the possibilities and that the conference be in Toronto. Moved by Susan McMaster, seconded by Penn Kemp. All in favour.

Motion 2 a: Moved that the Feminist Caucus approves donating its papers, its historical archives to the National Library and Archives in Ottawa, by December 2009. Moved by Penn Kemp, seconded by Cathy Ford. All in favour.

Motion 2 b: The Feminist Caucus appoints Susan McMaster to carry this archives project forward. Moved by Mary Ellen, seconded by Penn Kemp. All in favour.

Invite the Chief Archivist to give a talk at the next AGM on how to establish rights protection.

Anne Burke was acclaimed as Chair of the Feminist Caucus. Anne Burke will be editing “Femin/Aged Inspiritors”, with texts by Magie Dominic, Penn Kemp and Susan McMaster, for launch at the 2009 AGM.

-Men are afraid that women will laugh at them. Women are afraid that men will kill them, Margaret Atwood. Cited in "Stop the Attacks on Women, Misogyny must be eliminated", by Sue Tommey, Chief Executive of YW Calgary.

Committing to public service is a sacrifice for anyone who takes it on. That sacrifice shouldn't be your personal safety, your self-esteem or your confidence...[It] shouldn't mean your weight, what you wear, or your family are up for critique.

We stop describing women as assertive bitches when their style and approach are confident. We stop describing what they wore—whether pearls or a pantsuit. We speak out against raping female politicians.

Regardless of gender, ethnicity, sexual orientation or religion, we all deserve to feel safe and be safe in any career we choose. The next generation of leaders are watching and forming ideas about how they want to contribute; we cannot let girls be scared silent.

Hi,

I received the Acker Award last nite! It's for avant-garde writers and artists in NY!

https://www.evensi.us/acker-awards-iv-awards-for-avant-guarde-artists-theater-80/198374418

All the years of art, and writing *The Queen of Peace Room* and *Street Angel* paid off.

Best always,

Magie

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The Ackers link is here, it's about the awards itself.

http://www.ackerawards.com/about-the-acker-award

But it was quite a vote of confidence to be honoured.

Magie

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**What We Need Now Is Avant Garde! Announcing The 2017 Acker Awards Event And Winners**

FREE AND OPEN TO THE PUBLIC,
Sunday, February 12, 2017, 7pm
Doors open 6pm
WHERE: Theater 80
80 St. Marks Place, New York, NY 10003
212-388-0388
4,5,6, to Astor Place, F to 2nd Avenue, L to 14th Street stations

The Acker Awards is a tribute given to members of the avant garde arts community who have made outstanding contributions in their discipline in defiance of convention, or else served their fellow writers and artists in outstanding ways. The award is named after novelist Kathy Acker. Creators of the Acker Awards are Alan Kaufman, San Francisco, and Clayton Patterson, New York City. This year's recipients will have the opportunity to both nominate and vote for future recipients of the Acker Awards.
WHO MC - Phoebe Legere  Presenter - Clayton Patterson
Music - Avram Fefer Candy
Darling Activism Award - Sur Rodney (Sur)
Political Notice - Countess Alex Zapak.
2016 Video Of Ceremony - Nancy Wolfe, Ethan Minsker
2016 Animation of ACKER Box – Ethan Minsker
Activist Playwright - Sarah Schulman
Art - Charles Mingus 3rd, Theresa Byrnes, Lucky Lawler, Leslie Lowe,
Victoria Alexander, Agathe Snow, Zen Browne, Jane Dickerson, Istvan Kantor
Art & Science of Boxing – Carlito Castillo
Cartoon Illustrator - Natania Nunubiznez
Community News – Lincoln Anderson Lucky Lawler
Community Support – Wendy Scripps
Composer Producer - Keith Patchel
Feminist Porn Genre - Candida Royalle
In Memory 2016- Cups by Antony Zito
In Memory 2017 - Carmen Pabon, Miguel Pinero, Gary, Antony Zito
Music - Felice Rosser, Cheryl Pyle, Eden Brower & John Heneghan
Performance Art Collective Organizer - Mary Campbell and Viv Vassar,
Photography - Toyo Tsuchiya, Jackie Ruden,
Science - Carter Emmart
Sexual Evolutionary - Veronica Vera
Tattooing - Friday Jones, Michelle Myles,
Theater Actor - Mari-Claire Charba, Marilyn Roberts, Barbara Kahn, Lois Kayan Mingus, Charles Schick, Regina Bartkoff
Trans Media Storyteller - Countess Alex Zapak
Video - Anne Hanavan, Joan Moossy
Writer - Jennifer Blowdryer, Shelley Marlow, Magie Dominic
MEDIA CONTACT Jennifer A. Maguire, Maguire Public Relations, Inc./
"CROSS GENDER FUN FOR ALL" BY DR. VERONICA VERA
(Greenery Press)
Growing Room: A Feminist Literary Festival is a celebration of diverse Canadian writers and artists presented by Room magazine. The festival runs March 8th - 12th, 2017 at various locations in Vancouver, BC.

The festival features 50 writers and artists in more than 20 events over 4 days. Among the line-up are acclaimed writers Amber Dawn, Evelyn Lau, Lorna Crozier, Audrey Thomas, Jen Sookfong Lee, Hiromi Goto, Betsy Warland, and Rachel Hartman, who’ll share the stage with a host of other established and up-and-coming names. Growing Room takes place on the unceded Coast Salish Territories of the Musqueam, Tsleil-Waututh, and Squamish people.

All events are free with the exception of low-cost writing workshops ($15-$30), and the Launch Party at the Fox Cabaret, which has a cover fee of $10.

Two events--'Perfect Pairings' and 'To My Family with Love'--do not require pre-registration, which is why you won't find them listed here.

Unfortunately, there are no waitlists for sold out events. However, a limited number of seats have been reserved for walk-ups (with priority given to elders and disabled people), plus, we do expect a number of no-shows at free events. If you wish to attend a sold out event but don't have a ticket, we recommend arriving 10-15 minutes early, and we'll do our best to get you in. However, without registering for the event, seating is not guaranteed.

Sorry, no refunds or exchanges on workshops or the launch party.

Important note: Daylight Savings takes place during the Festival Weekend. Please remember to turn your clocks forward one hour before going to sleep on Saturday, March 11th so you don't miss any events on Sunday!

VENUES: Creekside Community Centre, Multipurpose Rooms 1, 2, and 4 - 1 Athlete’s Way, Vancouver. The Boardroom and The Rooftop - 24 West 4th Avenue @ Ontario Street, Vancouver. Note: The Rooftop can only be accessed by a set of 38 stairs. Unfortunately, there is no elevator. The Fox Cabaret - 2321 Main Street, Vancouver.
You are invited to attend:

**Caitlin Press' 40th Anniversary Celebration (Vancouver)**

**Friday, March 10, 2017 7:00 PM until late**
All welcome. Admission is free. Please RSVP: [http://caitlin-press.com/40](http://caitlin-press.com/40)

**2017 marks forty years of proud publishing for Caitlin Press.** We're proud to share this birthday with our friends at *Room* magazine, and hope you will join us on **Friday, March 10th, from 7 PM onwards at Taste Lounge (560 Seymour Street)** to celebrate. Mingle with our publishing staff, *Room* magazine editors, and local authors. Browse our vast selection of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry, available for purchase. This would be an excellent time to get a copy of your book signed and meet the author. Any and all questions can be sent by replying to this email or emailing michaeld@caitlin-press.com.

All welcome. Admission is free. Please RSVP: [http://caitlin-press.com/40](http://caitlin-press.com/40)

As part of **Growing Room: A Feminist Literary Festival** is a celebration of diverse Canadian writers and artists presented by *Room magazine*. The festival runs March 8th - 12th, 2017 at various locations in Vancouver, BC.

Taste Lounge (560 Seymour St) is fully-accessible and located near Granville Skytrain Station and Waterfront Canada Line station. Pay parking is located nearby. Map below.

All welcome. Admission is free. Please RSVP: [http://caitlin-press.com/40](http://caitlin-press.com/40)
author photo from https://roommagazine.com/interview/interview-creative-non-fiction-writing-contest-judge-sarah-de-leeuw

Sarah de Leeuw,
PhD  |  Associate Professor,
Northern Medical Program
Career Investigator
Scholar  |  Michael Smith

Foundation for Health Research Co-Editor  |  ACME: An International Journal for Critical Geographies Research Associate  |  National Collaborating Centre for Aboriginal Health
New in 2017:


Focusing on the increasing use of narrative and storytelling in both disciplines, we argue that deployment of humanities-based frameworks and impulses must not be taken up without careful and critical analytical reflection. Finally, we ground our theoretical explorations with empirical examples from recent community-based work about the risks and benefits of storytelling and visual arts when looking at the health geographies of Indigenous and settler peoples in Northern British Columbia.

*Where it Hurts: Essays* ([https://newestpress.com/books/where-it-hurts](https://newestpress.com/books/where-it-hurts))

With staggering insight, Sarah de Leeuw reflects on missing geographies and people, including missing women, both those she has known and those whom she will never get to know. The writing is courageously focused, juxtaposing places and things that can be touched and known—emotionally, physically, psychologically—with what has become intangible, unnoticed, or actively ignored. Throughout these essays, de Leeuw's imagistic memories are layered with meaning, providing a survival guide for the present, including a survival that comes with the profound responsibility to bear witness.

University of Northern British Columbia 3333 University Way. Prince George, BC V2N 4Z9.
Teresa rides again!
https://teresaharrisdreamlife.wordpress.com/

I'm thrilled with this presentation promoting TERESA HARRIS.... Hope you will be as well:)!

Yours to share as you wish — whichever version(s) you like.

The first includes an interview with me. Teresa Harris is such an inspiration I think the play, THE DREAM LIFE OF TERESA HARRIS, with its cast of 14, should be brought into the schools! History comes to life. Here's my pitch: This version including interview segment and “get your tickets” share: https://youtu.be/-WYHHThGe-4 embed src="https://www.youtube.com/embed/-WYHHThGe-4"

Shorter version without interview segment:
Share:: https://youtu.be/Rqq1dJknTlw

In anticipation!
Penn (Kemp)

New Member Sonia Cotten

The poet Sonia Cotten distinguishes herself by her very organic relationship to the scene where her texts, inspired both by the Desjardins of her native Abitibi, the urbanity of Bashung, the injected feminism of Josée Yvon or the quiet strength of Hélène Monette, Take shape. Cotten has published a trilogy focusing on the territory and its drifts. She is also the author of a collection of youth poetry and a youthful poetry show. She was working on new texts that appeared in the spring of 2015 and was directed by actor Alexandre Castonguay.

http://www.soniacotten.com/

Cotten is a Quebec poet born in Rouyn-Noranda in 1974. In 2002, she published a first collection of poetry published by Les intouchables, (Poets de bousse collection), Changer le Bronx en or. After five years in Montreal, she has lived in Rouyn-Noranda since 2006. Her second collection, Nique à feu, was published by Éditions Poètes de brousse in November 2006. She was awarded the Relève Télébec scholarship at the Abitibi-Témiscamingue Arts and Culture Awards of Excellence in April 2007; Twice awarded a scholarship from the Abitibi-Témiscamingue Arts and Letters Fund, she occasionally
presents her work on the stages of Quebec, New Brunswick, and Europe thanks to the CALQ's travel grants.

Cotten published *Ovalta*, a collection that announces a new stage in the career of the author. She ends her trilogy published by Poets de Brousse. The texts are sometimes murmured, sometimes slammed, sometimes inspired by Desjardins for the force of evocation of images, sometimes by the urbanity of Bashung or by the tumult of a Josée Hivon or a Helene Monette. In solo or in the presence of musicians, the audience is seduced by the rhythm of the words sensually delivered on stage.

After a successful incursion into French poetry (*Mon chef c’est mon coeur*, Éditions Z’Ailées) in 2009, she has offered the first ever children’s poetry show (6 to 9 years) With visual and musical support. Entitled " *Si ce que j’invente est vrai ...*", it is offered to schools, libraries and small venues in Canada. For more details: www.facebook.com/spectable.sonia.cotten

http://poetesdebrusor.org/auteurs/sonia-cotten/


**New Member Leanne Dunic** is the Canadian born daughter of a Chinese mother and Croatian father. She has published fiction, poetry and non-fiction in magazines and anthologies in Asia, North America, and the UK, as well as chapbooks by Leaf Press, Onzieme, and Bitterzoet. She recently won the Alice Munro Short Story Contest and was shortlisted for the 2015 Asian-Canadian Emerging Writer Award. Leanne is a mentor at SFU’s Southbank Writing Program, and was the 2014 literary curator for Vancouver's Powell Street Festival, a Japanese-Canadian cultural celebration. A truly multi-disciplinary artist, she is the singer/guitarist for the band Luck Commander, where she finds another outlet for her writing skills. Her visual art has been displayed in galleries in Japan, Singapore, and Canada.

**Leanne Dunic** http://www.leannedunic.com/

Dunic is a multi-disciplinary artist and a writer of poetry, music, fiction and creative non-fiction. Being of mixed race (her mother is Chinese, her father is Croatian), much of Leanne’s work possesses hybrid-identity themes. Her work offers interpretations of the elements that comprise our environment, as well as the co-existence of tradition and modernity.
Dunic is the literary events curator for The Powell Street Festival, and she is greatly involved in the literary arts scene in Vancouver and in Asia. She is a graduate of The Writer's Studio (2011), where she was mentored by Jen Currin.

Leanne is the singer/guitarist of the band Luck Commander.

https://www.sfu.ca/continuing-studies/instructors/a-d/leanne-dunic.html

*To Love the Coming End* by Leanne Dunic

$18.00 [http://bookthug.ca/shop/books/to-love-the-coming-end-by-leanne-dunic](http://bookthug.ca/shop/books/to-love-the-coming-end-by-leanne-dunic)/In *To Love the Coming End*, a disillusioned author obsessed with natural disasters and ‘the curse of 11’ reflects on their own personal earthquake: the loss of a loved one. A lyric travelogue that moves between Singapore, Canada, and Japan, this debut from Leanne Dunic captures what it’s like to be united while simultaneously separated from the global experience of trauma, history, and loss that colour our everyday lives. *Review of To Love the Coming End, by Leanne Dunic* (Toronto: Book Thug, 2017) from page proofs.

The present book is described as poetic prose but the publisher call the work poems. The style at times sounds like aphorisms because the minimalist approach tends to the spare, even sparse, with words. This could be due to influence of writing lyrics and the fact that
the poet is also a singer/songwriter performing in a band The Deep Cove. She celebrates her multi-cultural experiences, embraces and ponders numerology (especially "elevens"), as well as horoscopes, and premonitions. The poems appear to be untitled but then I realized this work is perhaps intended to be one long poem. Given the work is in the proof stage, the text could change during editing, with a table of contents. There are very serious parts about the Second World War bombing of Japan, then the failed nuclear reactors, the onslaught of tsunamis, earthquakes, and other natural non-manmade disasters. She also writes well about hidden emotions, buried deep, expressed in the briefest of revelations or epiphanies. The book will be published simultaneously in Canada, Singapore, and the United States (in both print and Kindle).

The Trial by Franz Kafka sets the tone of "SIN" (an acronym for either a social insurance number or wrong-doing) set in a sterile airport at arrivals. There is a profusion of surrealist images, albeit without titles, although the poet's self image is construed to resemble a swelled porpoise.

The poet is multi-talented, since she is also a musician, song writer, performer, with an Alice Munro Award for fiction. She describes performance anxiety, “I see music in black and white”. In addition, “my tail twitches in your hand”. Here a found poem at the dentist or alternately this withdrawal in “tropical hibernation” hence the overeating (p. 12). She indicates my body and the lover left her alone and lonely. (p. 13) This could be a screenplay script (p. 14), composed as haiku (p. 15), with a careful selection of "elevens".

History is configured as World War II, the Ming Dynasty, its “elegance and brutality” (p. 18). Fujisan is near ready to blow (as a volcano); an earthquake serves to separate lovers. The ichthyic "Merlion" is a Singapore myth and symbol (p. 21). Other contemporary venues are: Seah Im Food Centre, Tokyo Family Mart sushi (p. 23). There are various theories of birth order, one who tries to catch up but never did (p. 24).

A Singaporean publisher wants sexy (p. 25). There are a myriad of "aircon" atmospheric details of smell, sight, sound, touch, temperature. Note how the earth axis shifts (p. 27); there are volcanoes (p. 28). A "rhizome" again about the pills and her lost love (p. 29) organically growing love like a plant. There should be flora care for the living, though without basic order (p. 33). She appears to seek isolation in the author's next book (p. 34), "hikikomori" and the parks board (p. 35).

The primary or prominent authorities are: King Crimson, Red Album and Mao Tse-Tung or Mao Zedong (December 26, 1893 – September 9, 1976), the rising sun (p. 37). There is dengue fever in voluntary restraint (p. 41), accompanied with fear of dreaming and not dreaming (p. 44).

"I ate at the Plaza" (p. 45), the ghost is a "she" (p. 46). There is this god, this guide to souls (p. 47), only a sliver of Buddha (p. 48). She ponders: what happens to an eleven (p. 49). Should she revive the samurai spirit (p. 50).

Certainly, there are mud slides (p. 51), a tsunami (p. 52), and love’s soul purpose (p. 53).
Dunic has published fiction, poetry, and non-fiction in various magazines and anthologies. She has chapbooks published by Leaf Press, Onzieme, and Bitterzoet. She was shortlisted for the Asian-Canadian Emerging Writer Award and won the Alice Munro Short Story Contest. Dunic is Artistic Director for an annual Japanese Canadian cultural celebration in Vancouver. She presented at the Word Festival in Vancouver, with ricepaper magazine, and lives in Vancouver.

The poet shares tsunami sand (p. 54) with the reader, as much as with her hearers, this musician believes number eleven is cursed (p. 55) and now the tsunami is coming! (p. 56) She indicates the nuclear exhalation as radioactive (p. 59), we have gone nuclear (p. 60). Through nuclear reactors (p. 61) we discover or uncover the "wave man", in addition to what lies /within (or below) (p. 62). This could come from memory (p. 63) in retrospect or prescient, in disasters by means of forecasters, or premonition (p. 64). She adds, my mind empties (p. 65), into or through "pinky probes" (p. 66). There is the venue where she overhears: "That author’s girlfriend is a nymphomania" (p. 67). Mao Zedong or Mao Tse-tung, also known as Chairman Mao, was a Chinese communist revolutionary and founding father of the People's Republic of China. Now Mao seems nowhere to be seen (p. 68); how did he escape? (p. 69)

Rather, insomnia induced by test taking (p. 70) is an Asian predisposition, or this is what it means to be Asian. (p. 70) Levi Strauss was an American businessman of German origin who founded the first company to manufacture blue jeans, hence the allusion refers to the jeans themselves, rather than the producer (p. 71). She remarks on the post-presentation & "Merlion" (p. 72), as in "I want more than manicured" (p. 73) and than reading horoscopes (p. 74).

In the Chinese zodiac (p. 75), a Leo; Japan, the Lunar "New" York (p. 76). Singapore the "New" Circle Line MRT (p. 77), a type of After life (p. 78). Ten Courts of Hell (p. 79), Reincarnation, and the Wheel of Forgetfulness. Perhaps, a school buried in mud (as breaking news, p. 80). A cloudburst (p. 81). "I place my tea" (p. 82) My next book: short stories? A script? Poetry? Rain passes (p. 83) Mao used to rest (p. 84), the moth (p. 85), but use a different lens (p. 86), thus, Japan has grace (p. 87), Energy (p. 88). Elsewhere, Shonanto (p. 89) means Singapore; bombings (p. 90). A number run of "11-11-11" (p. 91), and Loss (p. 92).

Here, amid aphorisms, are Flame of forest (p. 9), Mishma and emotion (p. 94), "3/11" numerology (p. 95). After the quake (p. 96), some seismic spasms, "Without you". The landscape (p. 97) an urge to vomit (p. 98) but minimalism. This is the 11th month (p. 99). The collection contains notes & acknowledgements: a first book the soundtrack (her first album); Asian Cha and Softblow magazines, Malcolm Gladwell's Outliers.

Another Levi-Strauss named "Claude" wrote: Anthropology Confronts the Problems of the Modern World. That Levi-Strauss argued that the "savage" mind had the same structures as the "civilized" mind and that human characteristics are the same everywhere. How fitting! Ken Tobias' Stay Awhile was performed by the Bells, in 1971.
Hi, Ann

Thank you so much. I have attached a WORD file of "when skies are clear". "Tapestry Woven in Water and Mud" is unpublished but I am checking with the Lelu Island Poetry Contest coordinators to ensure that they did not put it online somewhere. If this is not an issue, I have attached the PDF for it also.

Brief biography: Norma Kerby is a poet and writer based on the North Coast of British Columbia. Her poetry reflects the environment and people of this unique corner of Canada. She has been published in a number of literary journals and anthologies, and writes articles for the northern British Columbia magazine, NORTHWORD.

Thanks, Anne. I am so delighted to be an associate member of the League. What a privilege.

Norma

I sent the files for the two poems last night. I have been able to check with the people from the Lelu Island Poetry Contest, and the poem, "Tapestry Woven in Water and Mud" has not been published or put online in any form. As this poem is a visual poem, please let me know if there are any problems with the PDF. I used text boxes in order to paint the picture of the island and the estuary, so, sorry, I can not send the poem as a WORD file. What happens normally, is the formatting does not transfer across. I can try sending the WORD file if you want. Please let me know.

Thank you so much for your interest. Norma Kerby
TAPESTRY WOVEN IN WATER AND MUD

fog hangs low against the horizon
six seagulls fade they disappear
horizon line horizon line tide line tide line tide life life living line marine line river line sea line river line horizon line horizon line ripples and waves and tides and currents and water moving up river down river cross river brown water fighting to the salty sea in the estuary mud swirls by in lacy fingers clasping brackish water forests feeding the ocean feeding the sea here floats the fishermen a vanished species who will care when the fish are gone and giant ships and giant pipes are the fishermen for money it is always money which throws the tightest net into the waters until until

Lelu is estuary Lelu is estuary Lelu is estuary Lelu is estuary Lelu is estuary estuary
we are salmon we are swimming we are food
we are tradition we are life we are coming
we are forests we are swimming we are needed
up the river up the river we are fewer we are life we are coming we are coming
we are going we are smolts we go
we are going we go we are growing
it is safe here in the estuary safe to dream of bigger oceans and salty currents it is safe to dream and eat and grow
rich water filled with the sweat of our birth streams in the estuary by the island lelu lelu seagulls cry

is this island where eagles perch to watch the water for fish or even
dead deer washing ashore bent trees sculpted by outflow winter winds or drowned by bog moss dragging rain up slopes in sodden mats these are not big trees too bent by winds they cling to shorelines form trees tunnels for little birds their tough trucks shore beyond the stormline fall into the forest twisted moss water salmonberries salal salal salal into cracks moss rock water salal salal salal water pond beyond the stormline hummocks with orchids and club moss and laurel and water moss water moss moss hummocks moss moss moss water fallen log salamander in the end it is the river and the ocean and the sediment and the currents and the elgrass and the fish and the crustaceans under black rocks and the birds and the rain and the winds in the end it is a choice of what we value

shore shore shore tidal flats
I am the island I am a million stems of Sphagnum moss a thousand trees big toads and intertidal crabs I am I am the island ten thousand years since ice I am I am the bog I am the forest I am I am I am in the end it is the river and the ocean and the sediment and the currents and the elgrass and the fish and the crustaceans under black rocks and the birds and the rain and the winds in the end it is a choice of what we value
when skies are clear

when skies are clear which isn't often on the coast she races her bicycle to the spit where tidal currents twist gravel and stones into rows she searches for agates they glow in winter sun risen no higher than the horizon their translucent beauty strange amongst dull pebbles of granite and shale but she and a handful of others collect agates and send them to some buyer in California he packages their glow together with light as healing rocks for everything from arthritis to a broken heart

when skies are clear and northerly winds blow she stands and watches a rushing tide it buries the spit in meters of water but next low tide will bring more agates and sometimes even malachite as green as ocean water or rhodonite that hard pink rock of love some people give as gifts for Christmas or Valentine's Day or other tokens of capture of a young and easy heart

when skies are clear she settles heavy stones on to her back and does not return to the parking lot but starts to walk towards the mouth of the river kilometers away just her and her dog she found on the shoreline no-one knows whose dog he is he must have been left behind by a tourist but in winter no-one comes to the islands it is too wet and stormy so perfect for not thinking about the past or worrying about the future she can walk and walk and the dog trots along beside her and races ahead to chase seagulls or flocks of sandpipers as they wheel and turn she is only a wave washing up on the shore turning stones and when the light is just right a wave will wash up an agate glowing in the low winter light like a globe into which she can stare and see a clear and empty sky
Excerpt from an Interview with Ontario Poet Susan Ksieozopolski New Member

I recently had the wonderful opportunity of interviewing Susan Ksieozopolski, local poet who recently launched her first book of poetry "My Words" in the Toronto area.

SF Girl: When did you start writing poetry and why?

Susan: I can't really recall a time when I was NOT writing poetry. I started at a very young age and it stayed with me. Writing was a way for me to get the words out of my head and onto paper. It was almost like the words were jumping and screaming for attention to get out and if I didn't capture them on paper they just circled around and around in my head. As I got older writing poetry became a way of expressing my experience of life. I enjoyed the creative process. It was both comforting and rewarding to see the reflection of myself and the expressions of my life experiences in the words on the page. It's almost as if seeing the words in black and white confirmed and validated LIFE.

SF Girl: Who are your favorite authors and/or poets? Did you have a mentor or person who influenced you in your writing? What other events or places have influenced and continue to influence your writing?

Susan: I absolutely LOVE to read and I have an eclectic collection of favourite authors ranging from Charles Dickens (Tale of Two Cities), to Victor Frankl (Man's Search for Meaning) and to Carl Jung and his various writings on psychology. One of my new favourites is Nina Munteanu, writing about contemporary strong female characters of substance positioned in quality science fiction stories.

My favourite poets include Maya Angelou, Pablo Neruda and Edgar Alan Poe. Maya has a unique way to use words to create vivid imagery; her words paint a canvas that brings her poems and
stories to life. Pablo Neruda always fascinates me as to how his poems, even in translation, remain powerful and don’t lose their impact! I also enjoy reading Edgar Alan Poe's, my two favourites of his are Eureka and The Raven – timeless classics!

My high school English teacher, Ms. Margaret Howe, was a great mentor who tremendously influenced my writing. She created the Writers’ Circle at Bloor Collegiate Institute as an outlet for our creativity and she invited Marshall McLuhan to judge our poems in 1976. He picked one of my poems for Writer of the Year Award and this was a great motivator for me to keep writing.

SF Girl: Define poetry. Define a poet. Would you say that your poetry carries a “message”? What role does your poetry play in your own personal growth?

Susan: A poem is a song where the reader brings the music. A poet is a lyrical storyteller, using the power of words and their meaning, sound and rhythm to convey a story or emotion.

My poetry, like any poetry, initially starts out as a tool for documenting personal growth and insights. In coming back to the poems, my own personal growth is enhanced in re-reading and re-living the emotions behind them. Looking at my poems from a different point in time and through a different lens always generates more enlightenment on the human experience.

SF Girl: The extensive collection of poems over a four decade period suggests prolific writing. Was there ever a time that you didn’t or couldn’t write? If so, tell us about it.

Susan: Writing has always been a part of who I am and how I express myself. I have never had a time when I couldn’t write. There are periods of time when my writing flowed more easily but when I didn’t write it was largely due to being distracted with the “busy-ness” of life.

SF Girl: The proceeds of your book sales are going to United Way. Can you speak to us on this?

Susan: Volunteering and community involvement is something that I am very passionate about. The United Way programs touch many lives. Having been a volunteer and a Board member of the United Way of Halton Hills, I saw first hand the positive impact that the funded programs have on moving people out of poverty, helping children to succeed and building healthy strong communities. The call for action motivated me to donate all proceeds from my book to help fund much needed social programs. The $3,500 raised from My Words will benefit one in three Halton Hills residents.

Thanks, Susan!

Susan Ksiezopolski is a project management and change specialist. She is currently taking a break from 30 years of working in the public service and recently self-published My Words, a collection of her life’s poetry. In 1976 she was the recipient of the Bloor Collegiate Institute’s Writer’s Circle Writer of the Year honour, awarded to her by Marshall McLuhan. Susan was born in Italy and now lives and writes in the Toronto area of Ontario, Canada. Her website, where you can purchase her book, is: www.mywordsnow.com. You can find Susan on Facebook.
New Member Margo Wheaton was born in Moncton, New Brunswick and currently makes her home in Halifax where she completed a Master's degree in English at Dalhousie University. She works as a freelance writer and editor for government and non-profit organizations and has also worked as a university instructor, researcher, workshop facilitator, literacy worker, and book reviewer.

Her essays and reviews have appeared in a number of publications, including *The Fiddlehead, The Globe and Mail, The Toronto Star, the Guernica Series on Writers, Pottersfield Portfolio, The Antigonish Review and The Coast.*


Her first poetry collection *The Unlit Path Behind the House* was published by McGill-Queen’s University Press in 2016. Here are some comments about this collection:

"Wheaton's work is suffused with a remarkable compassion: subtle, hard-won and mature. It refuses to compete with literary fashion: it simply transcends it. This is a stunning debut -- a work of technical sophistication and great emotional integrity." - Jan Zwicky

"This is simply a brilliant collection of poems. Margo Wheaton is one of the finest poets to come out of the Maritimes in a generation." - David Adams Richards

**Publications**


**Awards**: Alfred G. Bailey Award, Winner.

Petra Kenney International Poetry Competition, High Commendation.

*Arc* Poem of the Year Contest, Shortlisted.

*Descant/Winston Collins* Award, Shortlisted.

*Prism International* Poetry Contest, Shortlisted.

Author photo and bibliography from [http://writers.ns.ca/members/profile/320](http://writers.ns.ca/members/profile/320)


This is a remarkable full length collection of eighty-nine poems, each of which traces the chronology and evolution of cancer, including the treatments such as surgery, chemotherapy, and radiation, after the initial biopsy. Among the other negatives are infection, blood clots, steroids, anti-nausea drugs, hair loss. The scope of her daily interactions is with the women’s health centre, in either wing of the hospital or the basement, her oncologists, the occupational therapist, visits from volunteers and her neighbours who bring flowers. The family sphere shrinks from husband to a mother and her child, her own aging mother and father.
There is an allusion to cancer growing like a nest, associated, sinisterly, with family caving, which concludes in an arch: “again, i am outside the Rat’s Nest”. The poet depicts the ironic setting, cum salad bowl, resisting an invasive sense of panic. She recreates the sit-com in conscious terms, with actual dialogue, conversational exchanges. At times, the yoga-induced breath pause appears clipped, cinched with a dread of failure, the ultrasound needle, because “it is all about the breast” (p. 20). Her decision making reduced to “whole breast/ or half”, first lump and second, reducing her husband to tears. The sense of emptiness is echoed by the mail box. Her childhood memories are induced to shame her. Recovery competes with a personified medical procedure at a soccer game; the math associated with cremation of severed breasts rather than a tumour donated. She senses the sound of cancer, the blow and suck mechanism, a drain so necessary to recovery becomes a grenade, in the rain. When she befriends another patient, the parallel structure is useful in storytelling. The waiting room is strangely quiet, then awakens with a mumble about amputation. An assortment of pins resemble poetry, “each word with its string, collected”. (p. 35) She is prepped for anaesthesia, this “is how it is in the movies”, and “before the cutting/ begins”.

A shadow raven is an omen, or totem, a companion of sorts. The new normal asserts itself like a gorging raven. She says she has no words for her own blessings. She recalls an elephant in Nepal, in the jungle, in order to assess the precision of the lines, with a reason to believe they are blurred. (p. 54) Siblings make for statistics, a family affair. The wig store, her head shaved, but it re-grows. Red-winged blackbirds betray her dreams and the river. Since pre-puberty, the lesson learned is to forgive and forget. The drug nomenclature mean nothing to her, but an inventory, a vocabulary of abbreviations, and acronyms. Her alter ego is light or sunshine, named “Anna”. A Catholic mass was delayed by a female grizzly. Her body has become that stranger, punctured, swollen, pierced, with the multiple hurt and side effects. She was "teletubby" in her dreams. A spider shuts out the light, in hallucinations, body hair absent, rain burning. Note the generic drug "docetaxel" used in chemo cancer treatment, the smell of medicine. A male raven calls to her from the other side of death, while hives, warts, and all are unpleasant.

Once there was boating with the family, an outing. There was a whiskey jack but more than a bird: “trickster, hero, shape/ shifter” (p. 82.) His wings seem to cover her eyes, death calls her, then a door-to-door salesman encounters her dog and tries to sell her lawn care. Discount clothing seems appropriate for her reshaped body, while advice abut time running out follows her, rather than a sense that there is no need for speed. She shares in triage, at the emergency room, with her failing father. Other venues are at the dog park, the growth of hair is now a fascination, the ordinary comments of strangers are juxtaposed with her emotions about the drugs to keep her well. Her body feels like a weather balloon. Note a cartoon of medical talk. She cries at her first haircut. There is an ode to “Anne W” who died. The poetry embeds breastcancer.org. a source of research for the ordinary, average person. She hears the tapping, of her red-breasted bird and the nest. She experiences re-growth after the loss of fingernails and toenails, “and then the infection”. (p. 109) The poet compares her body to undergoing hydraulic fracking, an intense seismic experience. She worries about her father’s heart disease, together they share “the unsteady rhythm” (p. 110) during her father’s emergency surgery. Her
mother’s flu, described as a general malaise, (p. 112) adds to how much she grieves. Her consciousness finds her when she returns to the outside world, the cave, where she is feeding wildlife.

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reviewed by Anne Burke


The epigraph “here is a voice that is not my voice” offers word play and appropriation of voice, directed at the “you” who lies, plants shade, replacing the persona of the poet. In “Prayer for Rain”, part i. is derived from the Book of Genesis, relying on the characters of Noah, his father Lamech, and the grandchildren Shem, Japheth, and Ham. Eve is never named, but Adam has a son Seth. Lamech appears to be a descendant of Seth, rather than a descendant of Cain (who killed his brother Abel). The extraordinary chronology and multi-year lives remain intact. This is heightened language. Part ii. refers to “unserpentined” and “rattlesnake’s hiss”. In art iii. “home” to which one returns is defined as “the place you leave” then “the place/ you want to arrive”, full circle. The “belly” of the landscape is transposed as emotion “in your belly”. Singing “Happy Birthday” brings relations together. Someone becomes the story she is told. However, history rivals memory and truth. The devil is in the details. The farm is the central proof, a car “crammed”, the truth coiled like “black bullsnake around
our necks”. Survival depends on “this sentence”. Indeed, the past is about “how to remember/ all that composes you.” The “me” altered by circumstances.

In “Documentary”, the CBC reports on girlhood in terms of birds and hunger. A girl’s been here: Sappho like a ravishing crow (“Poor Thing”). Devotion pertains to “the furious/ beating wings”. (“Rachel”) Childhood language was replaced by “her waiting tongue”. (“Wild Strawberries”)

An Afterword explains the conception of “The Theban Women”, a play in verse, with Dramatis Personae, a Prologue, Act I: "Ferment", Act II "Kindling", Act III: "Riving", with an Epilogue. According to the poet, her intention was to channel The Bacchae, a play by Euripides. Dionysus lures the Maenads, who subsequently turn brutal, Pentheus dressed like a woman is torn apart by his own mother Agave. The poet was absorbed in imagining whether or not Agave understood what she had done. Further, she created Sileneae, her own addition to the play, to explore what Greek society did with infanticide. A wild creature managed to survive.

In “Collect”, a “Second Psalm” or Psalm 2 teaches that people can defy God and perish or submit to Him and be blessed. The “response” addresses the male principle as “Father” but the speaker is unknown. A “Letter” pleads for understanding and acknowledges “It seems I can’t write a poem without lying”. The art of the epistolary is contrasted with the habit of journal keeping. “Eleventh Psalm” was traditionally thought to be authored by Kind David. The scorching wind is a trope which the poet employs throughout. “Heavenly Father” is a concrete or found poem, a variation on the ode. An inspired “What do you want” arises from one of the “Naked Poems”, by Phyllis Webb. The image is a thought based on “apple”, an indirect allusion to the tree of knowledge, and Eve’s “thought”. “Umbral” is defined as shade or shadow. “Bear” terror relies on music. She desires a home movie with sound. (“Letter to Dad”) She expresses her grief and gratitude (“Letter to Grandma”) while painting a sinister child molester in her “Elegy for Grandpa”. A Patrick Friesen poem “you pass into the open night” is deeply spiritual. The response begins with land, waking dreams, childhood fear, “when/ does lament become prayer.” The concluding poem is ironically entitled “Begin”.

This collection was her first book and shortlisted for the 2009 Lampman-Scott Award (for the best book of poetry in the National Capital Region), followed by Barren the Fury (St. John’s, Newfoundland: Pedlar Press, 2015), a compact edition of "Prologue", "The Beginning", "What’s Missing", "The Beginning", "Crawl", "They Threw Us Into the Sea", with "Notes" and "Acknowledgements". The topics, variety of forms, and subject matter are somewhat similar, with an everyman Noah, in two parts, who cautions "Don't mistake me for deliverance". No more rain, but then "I thought I was the last one left in the world." Yet, women are herded and are prowling. Unfortunately, the command he awaits is reduced to atheism, since "There was never a God to talk to". (Pope Francis has criticism of some members of his own church, suggesting it was better to be an atheist than one of many Catholics who he said lead a hypocritical double life). Jonah and his whale make a brief appearance.
A series of treatments for "Conception" comprise: I, a romance with consequences, II, night-time diving in sleep, III, the descent, catabasis or Katabasis (Ancient Greek: κατάβασις, from κατά "down" and βαίνω "go"), with meanings such as moving downhill, the sinking of the winds or sun, a military retreat, a trip to the underworld, or a trip from the interior of a country down to the coast. To conclude, IV is "Because/ statistics/ and poetry", and V a theme of deliverance. Another poem series is "Alternate Visions" based in a quasi-Biblical "On the seventh day" calibre of time, in I, the meeting in spite of Him and with Her; in II, a ravenous search for Her; and in III surrender. "Stillborn" occurs after "Six days and seven nights". In "Contagion" (based on "In Praise of Ironing", by Pablo Neruda) she observes a "steered" world.

In "What's Missing" shape shifters resemble strangers ("Suspects"), a "Summit" is called "On the eighth day". A child is reclaimed from the forest using bayonets. ("The Sky Darkens") Women can be consumed, until recalled by their mothers. Time remains "The mind's staccato".

The eco watchwords of "Sustainable Development" deal with those "coiling like snakes", in a section titled "crawl", time accounted for as "The eighth day", fourteen days of torture, then pursued by "angel men"; as well as "Survival of the Fittest" (Charles Darwin) in this instance, which means a run from captors, to live and survive by stealth. "crawl" is a pattern or picture poem. A woman's innocent blood and an adamant denial ("Raven-Eyed"). The concluding metaphor is "The Heart is a Chisel" which rates its own poem, after "Chisel, at the heart", whether or not "They Threw Us Into the Sea").

Brenda Leifso has an Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing, from the University of British Columbia, and was the executive editor of PRISM international. Her poetry has appeared in many journals, and has received the Bliss Carman Banff Centre Award for Poetry, as well as awards in the Vancouver International Writers’ Festival Writing Contest. She currently lives in Ottawa.

reviewed by Anne Burke

The "blood orange" is a variety of orange with crimson, almost blood-coloured flesh. This is an evocative and haunted collection of sixty-six poems. Garnett was born near Gdansk (Danzig) in Poland during the Second World War. With sandy beaches, a Maritime economy, she abandons her past but the events continue to haunt her; the “he” alludes to a black cat, fortune telling, and her father. The Stream is the name of a daily newspaper, an hourglass plays an important role, and there is an allusion to a girl, naked except for “a hymen” which she subsequently wraps around herself for protection from Russian troops, German military lines. The equuleus constellation, much like the shipping news, resembles horses trekking along a trail in the Porcupine Hills (at Fort Macleod) and up to the Northern Hemisphere.

Another skin is stretched over a drum, the tympanum (middle ear), which reveals another identity story of origins, Chief Mountain, the Oldman River, in the Black Creek Rangeland Rockies. A burial detail in a work camp conjures memories of a sorrel plant used for survival. Rain clouds cluster. (“Laundry Day 1”) In “Laundry Day 2” grief is folded “over a wire hanger” (p. 47); in “Laundry Day 3”, we learn of her mother’s death, a German pastor, a world always in need of ironing.” (p. 71) See “In Praise of Ironing”, an ode by Pablo Neruda. Chewed paper and tissue wings emerge. An aptly titled poem “Leitmotif” underscores a recurrent theme in a musical or literary composition. Innocence is lost and then regained. The past was rewritten (“A Visit to Gdansk”) preserved in archival writing and records, about the work camps, piled high with corpses before incineration, and redeemed in “A Jewish Prairie Cemetery”. Burial is related to how “we explain our lives by the stories we repeat” (“Stellar Jay”, p. 22). Time and place shift. (“Displacement”) The poet evokes “So many words, books on shelves, paper shoulders” (“Upstairs in the Study”, p. 24). In a sweeping, spiralling poem, The Vallee de Silencio, la Guerra, Franco, Madrid, and the Spanish Civil War are followed, in short order, by the suicide Ernest Hemingway and his Ketchum, Idaho (now a nature conservancy.) A pebble is like a small tooth which cracks the soul. "Dawn’s prayer bench" an epic simile. A key unlocks the body, on “life’s altar”. Any inheritance consists of stories. A ghost stallion meets with appaloosa mare, proceeding toward true north, but he met his fate at the Eastern Front. (“Obituary”). These poems precede an “Homage”.

In part II the poet adapts “The Poetics of Space” by Gaston Bachelard, a French philosopher who wrote about emanations of home, by applying the method of phenomenology to architecture. This is a longish poem which begins with dream building a house, her father’s brain tumour, the distance between life and death. Descartes’ “I think, therefore I am” is transposed as “I write because I must”. Her tools are metaphors, stones, inscriptions, life means suffering; overhearing and loss of truth inhibits flight.
Shapes abound, amid sheets, a rock discovers a hole in the sky (“Such Winters”). A hayfield inhabited by slaughter emits “sounds you can’t easily put words to” (p. 39). An abattoir looms (“Free Range”). A metaphysical poem charts “you/ the sun” and “I, the moon”, in celestial movement (“The Point of Disappearance”). The contest between Apollo and Marsyas, the satyr, displays the price a mortal paid for daring to compete with a god (“Mythology”). Swans unfold (“By the Lake”). Carriage horses are beasts of burden, in Poland’s Masurian Forest (“Animalia”). Some words are intended for tombstones (“Catalpa Trees”). Leaves lead to the heart, crumpled notes. Time is personified in Latin (“Past Perfect”). Germans pass as Swiss or Austrian citizens (“Crowsnest Blues”). Note starvation (“Spiderling”) and “Bomb Parables”, in which even the dead must surrender. A bomber navigates to Anne Frank, a body trapped in ptsd/post-traumatic stress disorder and in Latin (“Shellshock”), sweet surrender (“The Last Dance”). In “Love’s Archaeology”, an ancient pottery vase captures the horses’ manes; “siguiriyas” is a form of flamenco music. The persona of the poet: “I hang suspended in the amber light” (“The Beach Near Sopot”, p. 56). "Schliersee" is in Germany, a grotto in the Alps. The title poem is based in Sopot near Danzig. A piece of fruit is a gift just before the moment of death. The grave speaks Latin, a dead language (“Post Mortem”).

In part III, another Jewish Museum in Berlin is mapped for tourism. Note the Memory Void, a quartet of Nazi, American tourists, and Lady Gaga. Other allusions are Roma, Dom, Lom, and shoeless Joe. Heinrich Himmler (7 October 1900 – 23 May 1945) like Hitler lied. There is a fashion show at Brandenburg Gate. Black tulips symbolize old landmarks, a Family Chronicle, of those who died there. Her father never complained (“Silenced”). Fifty women were loaded into each truck (“By Way of the Assembly Camp”). Note “We women of Dorbeck” (p. 70) is a place with a very small population in the country of Poland which is located in the continent/region of Europe. “Sleeping Beauty” is contrasted with the Grimm’s Brothers Classic Fairy Tales. “Night Job” includes late night Radio KAVY. Another graveyard “knows nothing about life” (p. 74). A schedule for a dying patient (“Remembrance”) mingled with Malaga oranges (“In the Time of Roses”) or another effective symbol, such as “A thorn is an ear that can hear death approaching.” (p. 76) “Rorschach” appeals to poetic writings by Justinus Kerner, (1786-1862) a German poet and medical writer, who composed his poems within inkblots. A brass rubbing is an instance when God listens, as with Rainer Maria Rilke (4 December 1875 – 29 December 1926) a Bohemian Austrian poet (“Menthol Cigarettes”). The first words were spoken to Eve and are very powerful. (“A Taste For Words”). Hope is a sin in a world without life. A pet was lost but returns. "Aspen" escapes the conflagration. The last orchard in Oregon is burning like Fort McMurray. Note the cardboard beds. The Cascade Range and colourful names of lichen: "Devil’s Matchstick", "Ragbag", "Hooded Bone" (“Angle of Repose”). Love’s bane is broken (“Breath Sounds”).
The collection does offer a Glossary. Garnett graduated with an Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing, from University of British Columbia Okanagan, in 2010. Her Mennonite family was expelled from the Danziger Werder Delta in 1945-6, after farming there since the 1570s.

reviewed by Anne Burke

author photo and cover scan from https://www.frontenachouse.com/heidi-garnett-blood-orange/