

News from the Feminist Caucus, by Anne Burke, Chair

This month, news from Bernice Lever, poetry from new members Eva Kolacz and Emily Sanford; reviews of books by new members: *The Dance Floor Tilts*, by Susan Alexander and *Fragments, Desire*, by Onjana Yawngwe.

News from the Fem Caucus Action Committee Chair Vanessa Shields: Nicole, Charlie Petch and I can take on what's left to do - which is connect with you for your input on the pdf/cover. Then hand-off to Nicole and team for printing. Nicole has expressed that she'd *love* to hand-stitch these chapbooks - which we think is a beautiful idea!

Feminism:

Revisit, Revise, Revolutionize

A Two-Part Harmony

Introduction

Charlie C. Petch and Vanessa Shields

Preface

She/Her, by Janice Jo Lee

Feminism – In Living Colour, by Paulina O’Kieffe

Embodying Resistance/Riding the Wave, by Andrea Thompson

Contributor Bios

Based on the 2017 Feminist Caucus panel hosted at the League of Canadian Poets Annual Poetry Conference in Toronto, co-chaired by Vanessa Shields and Charlie C. Petch and moderated by Susan G. Cole

And - here is some great news from LCP:

We were really fortunate to receive an increase from the Canada Council this year (go Lesley & her grant skills!!), so we would be able to take some of the load off of all you guys already working so hard to put this chapbook together. We are able to take on the printing/production from the office, and save everyone the hassle of shipping/reimbursement/etc.

Bernice Lever — News! Readings & Publications: **Oct.28, 2017 - April 15, 2018** —

Last Oct. 28, I read poems for the Bellingham, WA, World Peace Poets which will be produced as their annual Peace Poems book — the 5th one to include myself.

Late fall, I had 2 poems in “**World Poetry Almanac**” — **2017**, with 100 poets from 70 countries, Editor-in-Chief, Hadaa Sendoo of Ulaanbaatar, Mongolia. All were translated to English.

Nov. 12, 2017, I was given a “Nehru Humanitarian Award” by The Goel Family Charitable Foundation of Vancouver as a member of the Writers International Network of Vancouver, which hosts poetry events for writers and musicians.

Dec. 2017, I had a Judge’s choice poem in **The Ultra Short Verse** - 2017 chapbook of The Ontario Poetry Society . Mine was a Haiku, “Solace”.

Dec. 2017, my personal essay, “Canada, My Second Mother” was included in “**CANADA 150, Far & Wide**”, a multicultural and multi-genre writing with 150 international writers and artists, editor Sophia Zhang of Richmond, BC.

Feb. 14, I & Jude Neale, & Carla Evans read at “Rippling Sonnets” at Lynne Valley Library, North Vancouver, for a new monthly series.

Feb.18, I completed my 3 years as V.P. of the Vancouver Tagore Society, and I was honoured by the Board with a Life Member status.

March. 15, 2018 — I am interviewed & share poems on **World Poetry Cafe**, Vancouver Coop Radio, {100.5 FM} at 1:00—2:00 pm by president Ariadne Sawyer. Then each show is accessible on their website for **6 months** so their international fans can hear each show.

March 15, 7 pm, I & others read poems written as reactions to the current show of Ava Lee Millman Fisher in the Zack’s Gallery at Oak and 42nd. in Vancouver. This is in a series by the Pandora’s Collective, led by president Bonny Nish.

March 23, I am the 1:30 pm poet reader at New Horizons Activity Centre in downtown Victoria, with Emcee Shelia Martindale. Both readings have LCP’s support.

March, 23, I am the poet reader at “Poetry Planet Earth” in Victoria, BC with Emcee Daniel Scott. This is a 7:30 pm reading at Hillside Coffee and Tea shop near U. Vic.

March 24, I and other Peace Poets will read for the UNESCO annual “World Poetry Day”, at the Moberly Community Centre in S. Vancouver, and hosted by Ashok Bhargava, president of Writers International Network.

April 14, at 10 - 11:3 am, I and 2 others are the opening Panel of the annual North Shore Writers’ “Spring Festival-2018”, held at West Vancouver Library on Marine Drive. This free event continues with a community lunch and other events until the 5pm announcement of annual contest winners!

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NOW , “World Poetry Almanac-2018” have accepted **3 new poems** from me!

That’s all I recall! Use what you can --- Thank you .

Now I get many e-mails of thanks from around the world as I send my English textbook as a PDF === FREE to anyone who wants to learn by my examples with Canadian content. Yes, I have had praise from Asia, Africa and even UK teachers!

cheers from Bernice — busy writing my own poems OR editing & encouraging others!

BIO: Eva Kolacz is a poet and painter whose works are inspired by the multifaceted nature of both the interior and exterior world. In her native Poland she debuted as a young poet in local magazines and became a member of a writers’ association. Wislawa Szymborska said that her work was “original” and “refreshing.”

After immigrating to Canada in 1981, she continued to write and publish poems in Polish magazines like *Variety: Rozmaitosci, Gazetta, High Park* and in an anthology with the Polish-American Poets Academy based in New Jersey. In English she has published in *Verse-Afire, Rapsodia* and she was the feature artist in the inaugural issue of *The Artis*, a new Canadian arts and literary magazine and in an online magazine *Culture Avenue*.

After graduating from the Fine Arts Department of the Ontario College of Art and Design in Toronto, she participated in numerous exhibitions in Canada, the United States and Europe. Her works have become part of the permanent collections of the Ontario government and major museums of Poland. She lives and works in Oakville with her husband the poet, Laurence Hutchman.

She is a member of The Ontario Poetry Society and the Polish American Poets Academy, an associate member of the League of Canadian Poets, and as a painter, an elected member of the Ontario Society of Artists.

Here are some of her poems:

Solving Algebra Equations

*Carry on, then, if only for a moment
that it takes a tiny galaxy to blink!*

Wisława Szymborska

I prefer not to comfort the moonless night
gazing at me
with my own mortality, consciously
rather to ignore her pretentious smile
which tries to win me over
by changing my way of thinking.
And remind myself
that this night & I share nothing except morning
morning morning let me sing foolishly
to see how it fires up a new day.

This night & I share nothing except the need
to pursue goals from the ego's viewpoint,
forgetting that everything
is endless an repetition of what
is already known.
And life, please, don't make us hungry
for this self-inflicted importance
unless solving algebra equations is your thing.

All These Moments of Difficult Truth

It appears to satisfy our hunger to know.
It clings to events and eloquently explains
what has happened.

It engages us face to face with conversation
we were trying to avoid in the past
using words still hidden in each other's shadow.

When approaching the harsh nature
of conclusion we are brought to the emotional
edge facing the ground,

savoured like an acidic stone crack,
blinding eyes of the thunderstorm,
in the room with no exit sign. For the moment.

My acts – they're everybody's
and being bound perpetually to them
we sometimes hear the song of a bird

or the roar of enraged lion
but this depends on our will to listen
which gives us a chance to walk a straight line.

Change needs to know me

Burning like a drop of sunray
on bare skin
the wave of past
comes with the shock
I had never imagined
or I didn't want to.
But things worked differently,
sometimes, I guess it's not easy
to swallow pain
when your mind is made of flesh
rough as a fresh cut of meat,
and wide open to catch the breath.

Can you say that everything
can change for better
when the air weighs?

This very moment
lusting like noonday moon
is holding me in his glance
when I try to take myself
out from all of this
and start to walk the road
leading toward a distant horizon.

Maybe the mountain will open its door
maybe the sky will walk in.

Rain in the Room with the Mountain

A few drops of rain were tapping the window
and in a minute they were gone.

There is seldom rain in this town,
you can't hear the river anymore.

Now the mountain covered by sunset
exploded with firestorm,
breaking the walls and fences into pieces,

the air becomes smoky glass
burning,
chained to the window frame.
But in spite of this
the evening brought rain
again.

Water will to penetrate the air, then soil,
and return to the clouds
as the life circle no one can attain.

*I'm lying now inside of the rain,
my gown green as grass
becoming meadow,
the sky is a brook
spiralling water around rocks of time.*

This delightful close-up of spirit and flesh
is not a permanent state,
soon like an illusion
(which lives only for its own moment)
it will evaporate.

Exhibiting bold facts

*Then practice losing farther, losing faster:
places, and names, and where it was you meant
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.*

Elizabeth Bishop

Our differences in attitude
can be blamed on each other's confusion.
The past is already piled on us many volumes of memories,
even to surface from beneath such a depth
is for many a monumental challenge.

The past sometimes appears as a dreamer,
and touches our sensitive nerves
to make us to drift between then and now
(its idea of progress)
when we try to rebel against it
and bargaining anything for a way out.

How far we need to go to reach
the unwanted facts
with images like parasites
(giving more reason to detest it)
exhibiting the bold reality
that they happened anyway
and this reality works in the present time
like a merry-go-round time machine
we want to deconstruct.

That seems like a calculated assault
but is sky-bellied, for victorious,
for the losers it will be a sobering lesson
proved to be just a tryout.

Walking among the Birds

*As each thing says its secret name
it makes a wilderness a mind.*

Don McKay

The air drums a discordant sound boom boom
the night fades away boom boom boom
as we flow into the immortal song of the lake

we used to sing in the early daylight
if you could only see me walking
among the birds
in the exuberance of fields
now this pathway grows at my feet
as a road to nothing

like a whisper for the soul
the dreams still carry us lost travellers
over the crossing from night to day
constantly romanticizing the hard facts
as a way of our survival.

Hear the rocks chant, they walk slowly
across the land wrapped in greens
their mirrored images rise in water
and mingle with the lake
with all elements of nature
for a moment equal.

Crossing the Border into Manitoba

*One day you finally know
what you had to do...*

Mary Oliver
"The Journey"

A wave of wind
is hitting the white forehead of a winter day,
the trees are disappearing
one by one.

On this journey through a snowstorm
I'm like a blind man walking
with hope, and humming in my blood.
Say the word

which will move the mountains
and open up a new valley,
stop the river flow
with one word. Are you willing to listen?

When the sky has a face of cold stone,
when fatigue
is leaving tracks of twisted footprints
across the fields racing with a solitary moon.

2

I had to leave my village.
Do you know how it feels
to watch your family vanish under rubble
of the house struck by military planes,
when the smoke has an appetite
which devours all breathing air.

Now surrounded by night
I'm trying to grab an hour,
then more time.
The fear of the cold
keeps my feet alive
and the knowledge that every moment
under icy sky can easily betray me
with no sound.

Romancing the Painting

Only when we open ourselves
to exercise wonder
the painting emerges from canvas
like a wooden tower of treasure,
we have never known,
the architecture of magic
reaching for us with an open hand
or as a field of blooming colours
born through scorched lids of imagination
at the poet's expense.

I cross this land many times,
I float in space,
roll over the touch of the sky,
blue drops of rain,
and I walk through the colours
with ultimate purpose
to turn them into forms
filled with lighting.

And I taste a painting.
Like a music – a visionary kind
with virtue
luminous and alive
when confronted with the shapeless air.
Art does not reproduce the visible
Klee said *rather, it makes visible.*

Moving with the Current

All we can do now is turn our backs on the past,
the years still burning inside of us

and move with the current of time
running down the bare plains of everyday,
which sometimes argues against our conception of reason.

Your tongue is destined to be harp-like
performing poems in the place

where minds and sounds converge
to find what is meant to be found.

*Before it will be long gone toward the mountain of sorrow
beyond the timberline of thought
let's drink smell of air rising its engines of full moon
on site of hills of falling suns.*

Tell me who moved this perpetual landscape
through matrix and while we waited for the miracle
vanished .

Now the midnight has to invent itself
with the music provoking us
to pick up its speed and move on.

Inquiry into Pastoral Life

*Nobody can bring you peace but yourself.
Ralph Waldo Emerson*

I

Let's have dreams
blooming, ripen with fruit which will not be
the subject of a future re-call.
Met me ex-urbanite who left smog & traffic of Toronto
for pastoral life (no, not exactly—farm animals
are hardly seen here)
only their shadows dance, jump & shine with ease.
Change becomes us—someone said.
The beginning leaves time behind.
This is what poet & mystic can define
effortlessly.
Behind the tree on the rooftop
crows sampling air under their wings
& swearing in harsh tones
at my unfamiliar face.

II

Mad mad heat put month of August on grill,
fields of corn are exploding with fire,
sky is dry & exhausted
making days wanted to shrink and disappear.
Last night I cut photographs.
Departing has the taste of sadness
the thread is a broken connection lost a piece of ash.

A few of memories will try to reappear again
in our sleep by using camouflage to hide apparent meaning
& wake you up.
Some will turn their faces away from you
and on some you will turn your back on.

Bio: **Emily Sanford** was born in Nova Scotia and holds an MA in Literature and Performance from the University of Guelph. She is the winner of the 2016 Eden Mills Writers' Festival Literary Award for Poetry, shortlisted for the Janice Colbert Poetry Award, and won third place in the 2017 Blodwyn Prize for Fiction. Her work appears in *Canthius*, *Grain Magazine*, *Minola Review*, *newpoetry.ca*, and *Plenitude Magazine*. Emily is the Creative Writing Program Administrator at the University of Toronto School of Continuing Studies, and volunteers for the Brockton Writers Series.

II

Cure is the end of medical condition—
a hallowed substance,
 procedure, or
 resultant change in condition
of the well-healed.

Holy difference between cured
 and not dead
that is, survival of the non-cured—
a sacred invitation
 to spontaneous regression.

Thou shalt
 never endeavour to break a fever—
a quell of symptoms may prevent
 breakthrough cure,
 shorten time to get the job done.

When calling upon God
let nothing be set in stone,
if sickness lies riddling within—
some segments
 must be sacrificed,
 and opposing portions
 preserved, as if with salt.

*Cure is equal to
survival of the non-cured,
asymptomatic.*

III

Vicious evil unfolds
 just above the knee
on days of stockingless
skirts before the delicious
 sight of summer flesh
 is custom—

Pinpointing
where resistance lies,
whether it is site-specific
 or within grains of tempted fortitude
bounded by habit
 known or performed,
 embodied: him in Me—

Sin is sin, beauty,
 is in the eye of the beholden.
Hazard is the thread
 that unravels as rule-followers
 (in moments of ill-will)
 succumb
to uninspired vanities—

Where is Help then, oh redeemer of rewards?
Faults lie along perimeters
 and in living flesh heavenly fodder.

Rapture is such
 divine conceit—

*What's it like to be
with your soulmate, he hissed in
semiconscious ears.*

This poem first appeared in *Minola Review*, Issue 9, January 2017.

Pilot Light

In Cabbagetown, that flickering
gas lamp burning anachronistically

across the street
underlined your

absence and my failure to assemble
required ingredients even for soup—

the simplest
daily duties

unmanageable when life was at stake. Quiet
was toxic exhaust then—but this evening

amid the mess and
necessary bustle

of family life, the dinner is made between
the lines and all there's room to want

is the happiness
of our others.

This poem was published in *Cont'd*, as a shortlisted poem for the 2017 Janice Colbert Award for Poetry.

cake | fish counter

(I was looking at cake, if that matters, which it does (they were working the local grocer's fish counter (if you could call it working: they were getting zero things done while leaning on panes and gawking) evaluating the proportions and appearance of meat) because I wouldn't dare interact with them till then)

(they had been hmmm-ing and nodding over my way (I usually ignore parasitic taunts but with the news (a rapist had just gotten off; my soul went from zero to furious in a flash once I parsed that I was meat) they chuckled, the front's nice too, man take a look) I turned with my front not nice and dropped the cake.)

This poem first appeared at *newpoetry.ca* in November 2016, and was listed as one of the 10 Best Poems of 2016 by Vancouver Poetry House.



Review of *The Dance Floor Tilts*, poems, by Susan Alexander (Saskatoon, SK: ThistleDown Press, 2017) 94 pp. paper

This full-length collection is divided into four sections. In "What Are You Made Of" the timeline begins with a gothic bedtime story "he was more shadow/ than father", while the persona of the poet muses, "I wore our play like an ache, raw". The probing questions are cumulative, "*How much do you love me?*", "*How much? How much? How Much?*", and "*What are you made of?*" At a fast food restaurant, she recalls "My father's holler", her own burn scars, almost gone./ So is my father." A clock shatters "at my father's feet." Further, "His mouth fills/ with bitterness." Her grandmother ("Nabeita") was "hoodwinked" by her own brother. Another venue was a drugstore with magazine images, "I hid in subcutaneous layers." Jazz evokes equivalent language gestures. Among these, a layoff at work in a factory, an alternate series of events, adulterous liaisons commingle with nostalgia, a fake brick wall, sepia, skateboard, Verdi's Masked Ball. ("Monet's Bridge") *Cappadocia* and Konya are in a historical region, in Turkey (compare her Scandinavian grandmother). The poet is impacted by stories of electroshock therapy ("The Psychiatric Nurse").

In "Her Own Late Self", "Echo 1" and "2" dementia is his Xanadu. "Echo 3" she shadows him, a practice by which both are diminished. Skin grafts after fire damage, the time and place are reviewed in reverse. ("Muskoka Fall") There is a shift from drive-in movie screen to FaceTimes" ("Scales"), with David Blackwood etchings. ("Artery") In "Echo 4", "Selkies" are from mythological folklore capable of therianthropy (which is the mythological ability of human beings to metamorphose into other animals by means of shapeshifting). Selkies are said to live as seals in the sea but shed their skin to become human on land. Other allusions are to fog, Orion, and Mars. ("All is Lost") A human relationship ends, while she ironically experiences fury about her pet's freedom from her. ("Dog Gone") Below the current, her emotions are buried, until they surface. ("Grief") A family heirloom ("Lost Earring"), her own self, "no longer him" ("Time"), "lachrymatory" refers to "relating to, tending to cause, or containing tears". There was a vial of a kind found in ancient Roman tombs and thought to be a lachrymal vase (or more vessels of grief). Amid a child's "mewl", singsong, she realizes she is not indispensable and can be replaced. ("What is Necessary") A stain remains. ("Before") A neglected pet escapes. ("Dog Days") Whiteout accompanied by the loss of power ("After Their Retreat"); phrases stain the bed sheets, words "lie facedown" ("Romance"), with a coined "word-seep. And she weeps." Physical therapy feels sensuous. ("Session") "Subtitles" is about a stranger's encounter with her mother. A marriage ended because it does not fit.

In "How the Light Changes", "Howe Sound", a roughly triangular sound, or, more precisely, a network of fjords, is situated immediately northwest of Vancouver. The pulp mill generates a false dawn. ("Awake") Tattoos appear. ("CRASH" and "SAIL AWAY") A palliative care unit ("Cancer Ward") and the island's spine. ("Passage") "Aubade" is poem or piece of music appropriate to the dawn or early morning. Sepia appears on the Kingsway. ("The Townhouse") At Seven West, a patient escapes, erased. ("Restless") Burial is ironically uplifting. ("The Committal")

In "Ministers of Grace", a nursing mother metaphorically falls. ("The Pearl") The poetry uses onomatopoeia ("Flicker"), bird-like or angelic images. ("Green Sea") There are spring in the snow ("Prayer") and a wasp. ("Home") There is an allusion to Anne-Marie Turza and riffs on Two Poems. *DEAR GOD —AND WHEN I SAY GOD, I MEAN THE GOD*, published in *Lemon Houn*. ("Refus") Note a shallow pine tree, "Arbutus" functions as a visual, shape, pattern, or concrete poem. The Kunlun Mountains are one of the longest mountain chains in Asia. ("Peaches") A "mandorla" is a pointed oval figure, used as an architectural feature. An aureole is a circle of light or brightness surrounding something, especially as depicted in art around the head or body of a person represented as holy. The enclosing figures are such as Jesus Christ or the Virgin Mary, in medieval art. In these multilayered poems, prayers resemble bumblebees, their drone, and awkward to the human cortex, cerebrum's "grey folds". ("Grace") There are Biblical visitations. ("Pentecost") *Glenelg* is a beach-side suburb of the South Australian capital of Adelaide. Some of the images are the Aeolian harp, celestial spheres, peacock sans peahen ("Reprise") after a patriarchal household. Hydrogen lies within the composition of water. ("Hydrogeny") Thus, a tree "scrapes", hops "climb", the poet is hummingbird, her words crushed. ("At Home") The sounds of her lover ("Bumblebee"), as the pool swells. ("Libation") The Mathews Range is a chain of mountains which runs from Samburu, in Central Kenya, for around 200km into the wild lands of the Northern Kenya. This is the dramatic site of a blood Orange Eclipse. There are domestic violence ("Hindsight"), more angels or at least angelic presences ("Advent"), based on Psalm 17: verse eight. The final poems plunges to "When I become...I will" ("When").

Susan Alexander is the winner of the 2016 Short *Grain* poetry prize and the 2015 Vancouver Writers' Festival Contest. Her poems have appeared in *SubTerrain*, *Arc*, *CV2*, *Grain*, *Room*, *The Antigone Review*, and *PRISM international*. For inspiration, Alexander writes from eclectic experiences — as a chambermaid, CBC Radio journalist, stay-at-home mother, waitress, lay preacher, and associate at a

boutique investment firm, as well as from her family history and passions. She is a member of the League of Canadian Poets and lives on Bowen Island, BC.



Review of *Fragments, Desire. poems*, by Onjana Yawnghe (Fernie, BC: Oolichan Books, 2017) 104 pp. paper.

This full-length collection resembles Sappho (630 BC–570 BC) - "Poems and Fragments", in form, if not in content. The words formulate a visual and linguistic mosaic. The sense of being "Engulfed" is expressed as dissolution, "You tug at me", "wash...I wish". See also: "We dissolve in tautology and semaphore". The orchestra plays "emptiness", she occupies "empty rooms". Love's evolution earned broken words. The Book of the City is edged with glass skylines. The Flemish Mystic is unnamed. Affirmation is a single word of flame. The poet catalogues the lover's gestures. St. Augustine wrote in longhand. Still life, our geography (of waiting) results in zeros; silence challenges language. A room is the microcosm of a glass world. Synaesthesia is effectively used, "a smell of gravity in the wind". So, too, personification, "The sun rubs high against the sky". The sculptural shape of interlocking bodies, the emblem of the heart for passion, "to the never" evokes possibilities, framed. The semiotics of mute communication. The urban landscape. She ponders "Words: the problem of love", as well as "Love: a problem of language". Her dreams adorn the day into night. So many intricate gestures, held just so, "to hold on to-". The lovers are as twin acolytes. Phillip II the "clockwork King", whose beloved son was injured, introduced a mechanical monk. This compares with the lightning which animates the dead (Dr. Frankenstein), the electrical impulses.

Pink "bursts", this pinkish notion, time is relative for the "Library of sighs, a dictionary of signs", or "Zoo of signs". The binary of "I, cartographer of skin" is compared with "I, scientist" a poem which reads up and down, as well as across, like a hieroglyph. Language "rides", letters "rub", inside/outside. "I empty myself", here and not here. Desire is vibrant, expressed in the "pharmacopoeia" of language. the invisible, imaginary, summoning beasts. Orange "slashes". Note the spending/expending, microcosms (boxes, miniatures); the particular and the ultimate/all, in and slightly off-kilter, out of the frame.

There is ekphrasis (in the artist Klee's "St. Germain beach"). Memory is slumbering rebirth but silent on the phoenix the mythic bird which came back from

death. See, for example, "I observe the urn of the English poet", Keats: *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. Of his theory of negative capability, he once wrote: "I mean 'Negative Capability', that is when man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason."

The poet endures exile from the beloved, which resembles being in a foreign country; "desire swells and burns"; the jealous affection resents rivals, ghost, mirage, "ever-fading". The panoply extends to Freud, innocence lost; pain is evil; self/heart in conflict; fortune is at fault. There are hyperbole, movie/ cinema screen, the projectionist. Rimbaud, the French symbolist poet, is invoked, putting aside, or abandoning to Africa. Blue "licking its fur" is personified. There is the paradoxical "we see *what is spoken* but never speak".

The Gradiva, the woman who walks, has become a modern 20th century mythological figure, from the novella *Gradiva* by the German writer Wilhelm Jensen, as she has sprung out of the imagination of a fictional character she may be considered unreal twice over." (retrieved online February 28, 2018).

The poet laments the lack of metaphors, magic, faith, in various narratives "I've read it a million times." Anne Carson is a philosopher of heartbreak." --*The Nation*. The poems explore ancestry, words that are unused or too often used: artifact, "sculptural hills". The act of identification, muse-making, may consist of open/closed, beginnings/endings, hardness/softness. "Spring is the cruelest season" (T.S. Eliot); "smell rain" the eternal return, spawning.

"Feelings turn algebraic", the persona of the poet mourns for his missing wife, her hair. Further, letting go, the mystery, colours, lights, chemical reaction. Desire is like grasping water, pictographs and tautologies; photographs, "I have seen the ocean and it has spoken of you." The water is "waving", a pun. The ekphrastic is a strong element of the poetry, with The Impressionists, Picasso, Matisse, Odalisque women. "I love you" is under erasure. As in "the human machine" (see clockwork), the phrase punctuated by long dashes, breathless, in gasps. There are the physiology, trading spaces, of how the universe is made. Thus, a captain of his ship, while semaphore fails. Then, printed images used in Medieval medicine, First World War maps; "Body made museum", an extended metaphor. "The Sky shrugs", The brightness astounds". There are fairy tales, footprints, mementos, in those brushstrokes. Galway, tarot, Sentimental? The love unrequited, "Oh, yes, I have loved you from the very first moment I saw you", genesis. "The lover a pinprick". Pervasive geographies, geometric impulses of desire. The God particle is the particle believed to give mass to matter. The label, GOD particle was derived

from the novel, *The God Particle: If Universe is the answer, What is the Question?* by Leon M. Lederman.

The poetry deals with the ancient, the medieval, as well as with the TV, headphones, electric wires. She compares them with deciphering hieroglyphics, photograph and memory, thus the fossilized temporal elision. "Elision" means the omission of a sound that would normally be pronounced in speaking a word. The combination of two syllables into one for the purposes of poetic scansion. The act or an instance of omission. an omission of a passage in a book, speech, or film. the process of joining together or merging things, especially abstract ideas. (retrieved online March 2, 2018)

The poet adopts a nano particle, saints' pictures which can cure, the miraculous faith healing, as themes or tropes. Elsewhere, the collective noun "doldrums of elephants". The personified "day blinks", "love's exhaustion", "dialogue parallels". There are associations with syntax, an end to handwriting, unacknowledged common language; tokens of a fountain pen, pen and paper. "My heart like bells", Pavlovian conditioning, electricity (sexual passion) fails us, along with time, distance, suicide. "Some dark algebra of the brain", "Acolyte of distillation" linking apprenticeship with silence; lessons learned and unlearned; doppelgangers. In tautology, "we put words together to see if they clang". "Look to language's horizon", Aristophanes, mismatched pairs, amid renunciation and the funereal,

Truly, the poet as artist and scientist can declare: "I have created a man/ kissed his clay lips and round eyes/breathed my breath into his mouth".

Roland Barthes (1915-1980) was a French literary critic, philosopher, and semiotician, whose ideas influenced the development of structuralism. Barthes explored diverse cultural spheres as semiotic systems and studied the relationship between language and authority. His seminal early works include *Writing Degree Zero* (1953), *Mythologies* (1957), *The Fashion System* (1967), and *S/Z* (1970).

A Lover's Discourse: Fragments (Fragments d'un discours amoureux) is a 1977 book by Roland Barthes. It contains a list of "fragments", some of which come from literature and others from his own philosophical thought, of a lover's point of view. Barthes calls them "figures"—gestures of the lover at work. Barthes' story finds inspiration and source material in Goethe's *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, the works of Plato, Nietzsche, Freud, Sade, Sartre, and many other authors. <https://garagemca.org/en/publishing/roland-barthes-a-lover-s-discourse-fragments>.

Barthes' text offers a unique analysis of a lover's inner monologue. *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, originally written in 1774 by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, is a novel about a young man caught in a love triangle. *The Sorrows of Young Werther* by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe is one of the literary texts interwoven in Mary Shelley's novel *Frankenstein*. ... When Lotte marries the older man, Werther commits suicide because of rejection. The creature in *Frankenstein* finds this book and teaches himself to read from it. <https://www.bartleby.com/.../Frankenstein-and-the-Sorrows-of-Young-Werther-F37XX>.

This poetry collection and artwork were inspired by Roland Barthes's *A Lover's Discourse*, which was prompted by Goethe's *The Sorrows of Young Werther*. According to the poet, "In a world in which I felt misunderstood, the book seemed to be the only thing that understood me." She later used the organizational framework of the bilingual alphabetical lover's terms.

There are also the images of the 1880s Odilon Redon "surreal" noir charcoal drawings as factors in the creation of the book, with paintings by her brother Sawan Yawnghe, using Japanese ink stone on watercolour paper.

Onjana Yawnghe was born in Thailand but is a part of the Shan people from Burma. She grew up in Vancouver, and received a MA in English literature. Her poems have been featured in numerous anthologies and journals, including *The Best Canadian Poetry in English 2011*, *4 Poets*, *CV2*, *Room*, and *The New Quarterly*. She was also awarded Vancouver Mayor's Arts Award for Emerging Literary Artist in 2012. Onjana produced a hand-made chapbook with JackPine Press called *The Imaginary Lives of Buster Keaton*. She was a co-founder of Fish Magic Press, a micro press specializing in limited-run, hand-made chapbooks, and was a co-editor of *Xerography*, a little literary journal. Her first poetry book, *Fragments, Desire*, was published by Oolichan Books in 2017.

Onjana has taught English as a second language, and worked in office administration at non-profits for many years. She currently works as a nurse in mental health. Aside from writing, Onjana also hosts a podcast and blog called "The Alaskan Riviera" about the 1990's television show *Northern Exposure*. She lives in Vancouver, BC, and has recently completed a book-length biography-in-poems about Buster Keaton, entitled *The Book of Buster*.

<http://www.onjana.com/about/>