

**POEM  
IN YOUR  
POCKET  
DAY**

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APRIL 27 | NATIONAL POETRY MONTH 2023

poets.ca  
League of Canadian Poets

# Poem in Your Pocket Day

In 2016, the League of Canadian Poets was thrilled to become a part of Poem in Your Pocket Day, a celebration held during National Poetry Month each year and organized by the Academy of American Poets. This booklet features the 15 Canadian poets selected to participate in this year's Poem in Your Pocket Day celebration! Bring this booklet to your office, your classroom, or your neighbourhood coffee shop to spread poetry on April 29, 2022!

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It's easy to carry a poem, share a poem, or start your own Poem in Your Pocket Day event. Here are some ideas of how you might get involved:

- Start a "poems for pockets" giveaway in your school or workplace
  - Urge local businesses to offer discounts for those carrying poems
  - Post pocket-sized verses in public places
  - Memorize a poem
  - Start a street team to pass out poems in your community
  - Distribute bookmarks with your favorite lines of poetry
  - Add a poem to your email footer
  - Post lines from your favorite poem on your Facebook, Instagram, Twitter, or Tumblr
  - Send a poem to a friend
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Visit [poets.ca/pocketpoem](https://poets.ca/pocketpoem)  
for all Canadian Poem in Your Pocket poems and information!

For a longer booklet of 30+ contemporary and public domain poems, including many Canadian selections visit [poets.org/national-poetry-month/poem-your-pocket-day](https://poets.org/national-poetry-month/poem-your-pocket-day)

# BOSRA, SYRIA 2009

George Amabile

for A and E

1

We're standing in a light breeze,  
in a field of poppies, white and red,  
their heads nodding and tossing  
beside the collapsed walls, broken  
columns with lengthening shadows  
behind them, and the wide road, paved  
with stones, that steered ancient wheels  
and hobnailed sandals back to Rome.

2

Today we've climbed to the top row  
of the Roman Amphitheatre. From here  
you can see most of the town, the ruins  
of the Roman baths, and the square, slender  
minaret of the Al-Omari mosque. Hushed  
voices draw our attention down  
to the stage, where students on a field trip  
are whispering urgently to a girl  
with long black hair. She shakes her head,  
backs away. But when they continue  
to plead, she relents, and begins to sing,  
in Latin: Ave maria, gratia plena...  
and as her pure, full voice rises, carried  
by the flawless acoustics of tiered stone,  
we hear another voice behind us,  
a muezzin's intense tenor chanting  
the mid-afternoon call to prayer.

# Skywater

Manahil Bandukwala

I am you in your jewel-domed reading room,  
I am you in your kayak skimming.  
— Phyllis Webb

The sky was inverted. I called you in the bare yellow night.

I am you against the river of clouds,  
I am you in an energy current shaking down the kitchen  
walls,

you in the contrapuntal stream of two trees  
racing vertically away from the earth.

The sea was inverted. The sun inverted. The boulders,  
electrons, all organic matter.  
I called you from the land that is now the sea.

There is no becoming; I always was.

Now all events are kisses, a softness  
in the morning before clarity settles in.

You in the exhalations that clear out the day's old dust,  
you, large enough to hold the sun.

The vapour of knowing might be lost, the dream  
we never woke from. You,

I am floating in saltwater in our sea that was once land.

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Originally published as "I love you, kiss me," Plenitude, 2022

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# Your Trowel

Rae Crossman

I'm using your brick trowel today  
to prepare the soil  
for planting begonias  
along the base of your headstone

my hand on the handle  
you held

the steel blade  
cutting through the earth  
you lie under

just as you cut  
slices of mortar  
from the mound on the board

then spread the mud  
with a flourish  
along the top course of bricks

ran a light furrow  
along the centre

laid your philosophy down the row

walls always plumb  
stories always on the level  
corners as square as your pride

I'm using your brick trowel today

I don't have your wrist action  
or your arm's rhythmic swing

but I have your eye for straight

spacing the begonias evenly  
tapping them down  
with the handle's hard end

firmly into the ready bed of loam

# Stanza

Jannie Edwards

from Italian meaning room, stopping place

Room through seasons. Room asleep. Room that's shaken from the deep. Room that coughs and coughs and coughs. Room with plenty of enough. Room with maps and gears and traction. Room left stranded at the station. Room with extra bowls and bread. Room that argues with the dead. Room that's lost its mother tongue. Room that keeps becoming young. Room with tides of debt and rumour. Room with tools to measure sorrow. Wired room. Haunted. Borrowed. Room of air. Room that hunkers in despair. Ruined room awash in moonlight. Secret room to harvest midnight. Room of mirrors. Room that simmers in between. Room that takes the shape of dreams. Room that sings through nerves of green. Room ablaze with itch and fire. Room that learns its own desire.

# When Lucy clambered into the wardrobe

Y S Lee

I didn't know what a wardrobe was, but I suddenly knew what a wardrobe was for. And for wardrobe, say also flame-flickered cave, attic-ladder, red ignition button. Say Soyuz rocket, solid propellant, antique compass, handheld zip line, over-wintered kindling, seven-league boots, Wright Brothers' brainchild, a faultless Houdini. Say a Ming dynasty treasure ship laden with fireworks, lion's roar, wind-carved water, zeal of zebras, faithful pilot light, whisper of blade on wild ice, tulip buds trembling for tomorrow, twelve-dog dogsled from Anchorage to Nome, heartbeat beacon winking at the end of the world, cloud-somersault of one hundred and eight thousand li, the line your cartwheeling heel draws upon the sky. Through cloaks and minks, I leapt again for the rapture of the fall.

# The Red Light Reflected atop Roblin Lake

D.A. Lockhart

At night the peepers come on strong  
and the red light above Roblin reflects  
as if a fresh blood drop on sheer water.  
Groans from behind the distant tree  
line follows the patrol of military transports.  
This night rests upon this sweet water  
playback of a Drizzy track pushed quietly  
over a Koreatown side street. Calm.  
Low love vibrations. Conceive of the right  
bars to hum, drop your lines upon silence.  
Whisper a percolating thanks into the night,  
loft them up to all thirteen heavens, pray  
that they rain down neon rays of stars  
we cannot yet decipher from background noise.

Al, did you too peer into the sky and dream  
of the places you've been and have never  
wanted to let go of? How this life is a matter  
of adventure rather than pleasing others.  
Consider the scent of a lifetime of books,  
the weight of dust from Gibson Road  
settling upon mowed lawns, dying ash trees,  
sprouted tulips. Let us walk out to the mailbox,  
the wail of bagpipes behind us, toothpick clenched  
between grinding bicuspid. Against a lake  
that I serenade with Ovo tracks. Hold on, hold on.  
How two very different men can come to find  
solace, medicine in a hilltop lake and a single  
red light burning rather shimmering into night.



# Fiddleheads

Anthony Purdy

Beyond the willows, twilight stills the fields.  
Deer sink from view to lie on flattened beds  
of crabgrass, while we settle by candlelight  
to fiddleheads steamed over rust-red water  
and scallops simmered in an iron pan.

You lift the ferns clear of their peaty juice,  
tip them in to join the scallops, finish  
quickly with a knob of butter, then, with  
shaking wrists, place the cast iron skillet  
there between us on a blacksmith's trivet.

We don't need plates, you say, just bread and forks,  
as you brandish yours in time to unheard  
music, bowing wildly. I swing round, laughing,  
to make it real on Spotify, then catch  
myself – of course, we have no signal here.

The scroll, it's true, is purely decorative  
– it makes no sound – but when we listen to  
the violin, some part of what we hear  
is what we see; and when we eat the fern,  
its tight-sprung fronds are music on our tongues.

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Originally published in *Fresh Voices*, 2022

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# Triolet for When My Children Ask if I Believe in the Hindu Pantheon

Sneha Madhavan-Reese

What can I say about belief?  
What comes forth when myth meets history?  
A logical mind like mine might come to grief.  
What can I say about belief?  
Entering a temple, I feel such deep relief,  
comfort, belonging—it's no mystery.  
What can I say about belief?  
What comes forth when myth meets history?

# Ischemic Stroke

Richard-Yves Sitoski

I have come to love  
your beautiful confusions.  
So tumble,

unroll yourself as a blanket on the grass.  
Let meadow dew make sense  
of imprecise precision.

And when you can't talk, sing: imprint  
your words on the twinkling leaves  
and let them fall in the yellow of your gentleness.

I'll rake them into lyrical piles,  
then sew them to your nightdress  
to rustle as you breathe,

to sound the stumbling darkness  
and guide me,  
sure-footed only in my sleep.

# Metaphor

Michael V. Smith

the cupped palm  
of my grandfather

in the garden  
teaching me

to curl my own  
beneath the raspberry

and make my hand  
a bowl

# Taiga

Eleonore Schönmaier

After the evacuation  
orders ended, you returned  
home to discover the  
forest reduced to black

ash. This wasn't surprising:  
insurmountable flames  
had reached hot and high.  
The fire crept to the very edge of

all your memories. Unexpected  
were the green-gentle shoots  
that grew so soon after:

the forest already, slowly  
starting to rise up, feeding  
from the ash.

# Toulouse's uncharacteristic heat

Kevin Andrew Heslop

brings seventy grandmothers' begonias from the house to the balcony out of season.

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Winner of the 2022 Very Small Verse Contest

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# birdbrained

Briana Lu

am i the red tint window pane or am i the bird that hit it? this summer, featuring awakened glare in the synthetic typewriter and feelings of awful electronity. i think she was dead before she even made contact but all i knew was the windshield crack when she struck gold. maybe she practiced radical self love. maybe she aimed for sunfire. body and environment is an extension of the mind and maybe that was fucking ominous. i've got her in my hands, gloved and all as if afraid to melt into a synthesis of prophetic carnage. it's a symptom of psychosis, really— not knowing how to wield the transhumanal ice pick despite having been raised by it. she's weeping. maybe she doesn't know either. cosmic infinitesimal feeling placebo in pianist hands, tickling ivories demanding to be freed. my skin is porcelain, cold to the touch and she is liminal warmth, heart beating out of chest and i'm wondering if her blood might just soar. it's all wingless enormity in childhood shoebox crafts and prayers in secular mouthwash— encores in sewers and i think i'm going to be sick. crisis hotline sings "My Heart Will Go On". i wash my hands and go back inside. this summer, featuring awakened glare in the synthetic typewriter and feelings of awful electronity. i think i looked up and felt her heart stop.

# Asian Girl

Kyo Lee

Inspired by Jamaica Kincaid's "Girl"

read more korean books; read more english books; memorise one hundred english words every-day; don't bleed out your mother tongue unless you want to be some white-washed gyopo; here's how to sculpt rice flour into crescent moons; here's how to fold rice flour into bird eggs; always get better grades than your friends; always get better grades than my friends' children; always get better grades because we don't pay \$20,000 for you to go to school here so you can be average; greet your elders by bowing your head; get double eye-lid surgery; don't wear eyeliner, you're going to look even chinkier; here's how to whiten your skin with a cushion; here's how to look the same as everybody else; when you see something in the street, avoid eye contact and walk faster; remember, we don't have the privilege of helping others; here's how to cook rice in the steam pot; here's how to cook rice in the microwave; here's how to cook rice in the rice cooker; here's how to cook rice with a kettle; here's how to cook the perfect rice; here's how to make a sandwich for school so the white kids don't think you're too asian; sprout like a lotus blossom: beautiful and exotic and on the verge of drowning; don't hold your chopstick like that; here's how to make kimchi; here's how to make kimchi for white people; here are all the different kimchis to make in each season: summer for tender yeolmu leaves, the winter for snow-white radishes; always tap on the watermelon before you buy it; memorise the names of bts members so white people accept that you're a korean; but what should the watermelon sound like?; don't talk back to your elders; here's how to stay quiet; here, store all your anger in this moon-hangari and swallow it over and over again; here's how to complain about your husband to asian ladies; never speak well of your own life, people don't want to hear about the good things; learn to give thanks to the bones of the turkey, we don't get chuseok off as a holiday; here's how to say annyeonghaseyo to someone you don't like; here's how to say annyeonghaseyo to your elders; here's how to teach a white person how to say annyeonghaseyo; here's how to be a model minority; stop complaining, would you rather be dark-skinned?; here's how to carry the weight of your country on your shoulders; laugh politely when white people ask if you eat dogs; laugh politely when white people ask if you have coronavirus; laugh politely if white people ask if you're related to kim jeong un; laugh politely when white people; always behave as if you're representing all koreans; you don't want white people to think koreans act asian; never use a dishwasher; never buy things unless they're on sale; here's how to be more white; here's how to be more asian; sometimes be asian, sometimes be white; but which one am i supposed to be when?; you'll know.

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1st Place - Junior Category 2022 Jessamy Stursberg Poetry Prize

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# About the Authors

George Amabile has published twelve books and has had work in over a hundred national and international venues, including *The New Yorker*, *Poetry* (Chicago), *American Poetry Review*, *Botteghe Oscure*, *The Globe and Mail*, *The Penguin Book of Canadian Verse*, *Saturday Night*, *Poetry Australia*, *Sur* (Buenos Aires), *Poetry Canada Review*, and *Canadian Literature*. His most recent publications are a long poem, *Dancing, with Mirrors* (Porcupine's Quill, 2011), *Small Change* (Fiction, Libros Libertad, 2011) and *Martial Music* (poetry, Signature Editions, 2016) all of which have won the prestigious Bressani Award, and an International Crime novel, *Operation Stealth Seed* (Signature Editions, 2019) which won the Michael von Rooy Award for Genre Fiction.

Manahil Bandukwala is a writer and visual artist originally from Pakistan and now settled in Canada. In 2021, she was shortlisted for the bpNichol Chapbook Award. She works as Coordinating Editor for *Arc Poetry Magazine*, and is Digital Content Editor for *Canthius*. She is a member of Ottawa-based collaborative writing group VII. Her project *Reth aur Reghistan* is a multidisciplinary exploration of folklore from Pakistan interpreted through poetry and sculpture. She holds an MA in English from the University of Waterloo. Her debut poetry collection is *MONUMENT* (Brick Books). See her work at [manahilbandukwala.com](http://manahilbandukwala.com).

Living on the Haldimand Tract in Kitchener, Ontario, Rae Crossman writes poetry both for the page and for oral performance. He has published poems in literary magazines and dramatized them on theatre stages, in classrooms, and around campfires on canoe trips. Working with dancers, musicians, and visual artists, he is particularly interested in the collaborative process of creativity. Joint projects include storytelling, choral compositions, and theatrical pieces set in natural environments.

Jannie Edwards is a writer, editor and teacher who lives in Amiskwacîwâskahikan/Edmonton on Treaty 6 / Métis Region #4 lands. Her most recent collaboration is the chapbook *Learning Their Names: Letters from the Home Place* (Collusion Books) with visual artist Sydney Lancaster.

Kevin Andrew Heslop is. Debut: *the correct fury of your why is a mountain* (Gordon Hill Press, Fall 2021). Lately: *six feet | between us* (McIntosh Gallery, Winter 2022); *Revelations: Gathie Falk* (Centred Magazine, Winter 2023). Forthcoming: *in medias res* (Westland Gallery, Spring 2023); *mo(u)vements*. (Astoria Pictures,

# About the Authors

Summer 2023); you are not required to complete the task; neither are you free to desist from it (Rose Garden Press, Spring 2024). Supported in part by the London Arts Council, Ontario Arts Council, and Canada Council for the Arts.

Y.S. Lee is the 2022 winner of CV2's Foster Poetry Prize. Her work appears/is forthcoming in *EVENT*, *The Malahat Review*, *Arc Poetry Magazine*, *The Literary Review of Canada*, and other journals. A lyric essay, "Tek tek", was shortlisted for the 2022 CBC Nonfiction Prize, and her fiction includes the award-winning YA mystery series *The Agency* (Candlewick Press). She lives in a place we're learning to call Katarokwi.

D.A. Lockhart is the author of multiple collections of poetry and short fiction. His work has been shortlisted for the Raymond Souster Award, the Indiana Author's Award for Fiction, Relit Awards, and First Nations Communities READ Award. He is a graduate of the Indiana University – Bloomington MFA in Creative Writing program where he held a Neal-Marshall Graduate Fellowship in Creative Writing. He is pūkuwànkōamimēns (Turtle Clan) of the Moravian of the Thames First Nation. Lockhart currently resides at Waawiyaaatanong and Pelee Island where he is the publisher at Urban Farmhouse Press.

Sneha Madhavan-Reese is the author of the poetry collections *Observing the Moon* (Hagios Press, 2015) and *Elementary Particles* (forthcoming from Brick Books, Fall 2023). Her writing has appeared in publications around the world, including *The Best Canadian Poetry in English 2016*. She lives with her family in Ottawa.

Eleonore Schönmaier's newest collection is *Field Guide to the Lost Flower of Crete* (McGill-Queen's University Press, 2021). *Wavelengths of Your Song* (MQUP) was published in German translation as *Wellenlängen deines Liedes* (parasitenpresse, 2020). *Dust Blown Side of the Journey* (MQUP) was a finalist for the *Eyelands Book Awards 2020* (Greece). Her poetry has been widely anthologized in the United States and Canada including in *Best Canadian Poetry*. Multiple international composers have set her poems to music. Born and raised in a northern wilderness settlement she witnessed multiple forest fires, and once her community was airlifted to safety. She's a former northern nurse. [eleonoreschonmaier.com](http://eleonoreschonmaier.com)

# About the Authors

Richard-Yves Sitoski (he/him) is a songwriter, performance poet and the 2019-2023 Poet Laureate of Owen Sound, on the territory of the Saugeen Ojibway Nation. His work has appeared, or is forthcoming, in *Arc*, *Prairie Fire*, *Train*, *The Fiddlehead*, *Bywords.ca*, and elsewhere. 2021 John Newlove Award winner, 2022 Don Gutteridge Award winner (2nd place). His most recent works are *No Sleep 'til Eden* (Ginger Press, 2020), an augmented reality collection of poems on the environment, and the chapbook *How to Be Human* (*Bywords.ca*, 2022). He is co-editor, with Penn Kemp, of *Poems in Response to Peril: An Anthology in Support of Ukraine* (Pendas Productions/Laughing Raven Press, 2021).

Michael V. Smith is writer, performer, and filmmaker living in Kelowna, BC. His most recent work is the feature film, *The Floating Man*, currently touring festivals around the world. Watch for his new poetry collection, *Queers Like Me*, out with *Book\*hug Press* in Fall 2023. Michael teaches at UBC Okanagan.

Pujita Verma is an Indo-Canadian Poet & Illustrator. She was Mississauga's Youth Poet Laureate (2018-2020), a Poetry In Voice National Finalist, and was recently longlisted for *Palette Poetry's Love & Eros Prize*. Her work embraces themes of resilience and silence, culture and connection, memory, and matters of the heart. Pujita recently completed her BA in Political Science at Western University and works for the humanitarian organization War Child Canada.

Briana Lu is the winner of the 2022 Jessamy Stursberg Poetry Prize for young poets, in the senior category for grades 10, 11, and 12.

Kyo Lee is the winner of the 2022 Jessamy Stursberg Poetry Prize for young poets, in the junior category for grades 7, 8, and 9.

# Poetry activities for educators and young readers

## Poetry-palooza

Organize a poetry-palooza for a group of young readers to engage them with the many sides to poetry. Participants can read a poem aloud — original or not — to the others, or they could distribute their favourite written poem—again, original or not. But there's more to poetry than the poems! Encourage young readers to write fanmail to their favourite poets, or take the fun even farther away from poetry and hide poems around the room, or have other poetry game stations for participants to engage with.

## Poetry Play Stations

Poetry play stations use different techniques to encourage young readers to craft poems. Here are some great stations to include:

### [Erasure poetry](#)

Using a page of existing text, use a black marker to completely cross out sections of the text — the words or phrases that remain can be strung together to form an original poem! Part of the beauty of erasure poem is how the entire page looks when completed, blacked-out sections and all.

### [Found poetry](#)

Found poetry is very similar to erasure poetry — well, erasure poetry is a kind of found poetry — but with a little more freedom. Again using an existing text, participants select words or phrases from the text that they think will make a great poem: using the found words and phrases, they can play with line breaks, stanzas, and other ways of construction an original poem from the found text!

### [Book spine poetry](#)

This is a great poetic experiment that takes over Twitter every April — using as few as three or as many as...well, as many as you can stack, create a poem using the titles of books as they appear on the spines. These make excellent photos and are great for sharing on social media!

## Poetry Play Stations Continued

### [Magnet poetry](#)

A classic! Choosing words from a pile of individual words to string together an original poem. This could be from a [magnetic poetry set](#), but you could also simply [prepare an assortment of words](#) for participants to choose from.

### Dear Poet

[Dear Poet](#) is a multimedia education project from the Academy of American Poets that invites young people in grades five through twelve to write letters in response to poems written and read by some of the award-winning poets who serve on the Academy of American Poets Board of Chancellors. They prepared [a specialized lesson plan](#) to help teachers implement this program into their curriculum—which is free to use—but the program can also be adopted to include Canadian poets. If you would like to write to Canadian poets, we recommend any of the poets featured previously published [Poem in Your Pocket Day](#) booklets! Letters can be sent to the League office or emailed to [info@poets.ca](mailto:info@poets.ca).

### Poetry as response

One of the most exciting things about poetry is how it can engage with other art forms: other texts, yes, but also art in completely a completely different medium. For students who are already interested in writing, encourage them to write a response poem to a scene from a movie or play, or to a painting or photograph; students for whom writing doesn't come naturally may be interested in doing the opposite, crafting a response in another medium to a pre-selected poem.

### Recitation

Reading poetry aloud can be a groundbreaking moment for engaging with a poem; similarly, hearing a poem out loud can also shine a different light on the words. It can be terrifying to read original poetry in front of others, but there are other ways to share! Students can read classic poems, or their favourite contemporary poems, or even try reading song lyrics out loud with no musical backup. Poetry in Voice is a charitable organization that encourages Canadian students to fall in love with poetry through reading, writing, and recitation, with an [online anthology](#) of

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classic and contemporary poems and [comprehensive teaching materials](#) on their website, all free of cost. They also run a nation-wide [student recitation competition](#), which awards over \$75,000 in travel and prizes annually.

## Finding the right poems

Of course, the hardest part is not usually finding fun ways to teach young readers — all you teachers and librarians are already experts in that field. The question is, what poems do you choose? The annual [Poem in Your Pocket Day booklet](#) is a great place to start, with age appropriate poems from a variety of poets across Canada and the US. Some of our favourite poetry meant for young readers include [Alligator Pie](#) by Dennis Lee (yes, that Dennis Lee!), Dr. Seuss, Louis Carroll's [Jabberwocky](#) (or, for that matter, [any of the songs and poems from the Alice books](#)), and Shel Silverstein's [Where the Sidewalk Ends](#). For 2017, the Academy of American Poets prepared a great [online anthology](#) of poems suitable for young readers as well — delightfully, it includes more than one poem about cake.

## More resources

[Classroom tips from the Academy of American Poets](#)

[Poetry class learning resources from the Poetry Society \(UK\)](#)

[League of Canadian Poets Teachers' Lounge](#)

# 10 Ways to support your favourite poets

## Buy their books!

This is number one on the list because it's also the most obvious, straight-forward way to support your favourite poet. BUT, did you consider that where you buy books from makes an impact? By buying directly from the publisher – especially if the publisher is a small or independent press – you also help support future publishing opportunities for poets. All Lit Up is an amazing retailer of independently published poetry, and a great resource for readers living in remote areas that may not have a wide selection of booksellers. As an added bonus, shopping through All Lit Up supports the Literary Press Group of Canada, which in turn supports and advocates for independent Canadian literary publishers!

## Borrow poetry from your local library!

High circulation numbers help alert librarians to what's popular in their community. If your library doesn't carry your favourite poet's work, recommend it! Let the library staff know what you'd like to see on the shelves, and prove it by borrowing the book if they follow your recommendation.

## Find and follow your favourite poets on their public social media accounts.

Some poets have Twitter, Facebook, and/or Instagram, some don't. But if they do, follow them and share their content that excites you. Whether they have social media or not, you can always post about their poetry on your platform of choice. Make public recommendations, write about 2019 PIYP day booklet – supplementary material how you've connected to their work and what it means to you, post about their readings (even the ones you'll sadly have to miss because they're taking place out of town).



## Talk about their books.

We may be in the age of social media, but word of mouth is still an extremely powerful tool! Tell friends and family about their books, recommend them to your co-workers, read your favourite poet's books in public places (we all know bookworms love to see what other bookworms are reading).

## Review their books.

When your favourite poet releases a new book, write a review. There are so many avenues through which to do this and each avenue offers a different approach or expectation for the reviewer. A review on Amazon, Indigo, or GoodReads could simply be a rating out of five stars or a few sentences on what you enjoyed about the book. Some literary websites have open calls for longer, more formal reviews.

## Tell your MPs and MPPs how important the arts are!

Funding bodies like Canada Council for the Arts/Ontario Arts Council/Toronto Arts Council are government agencies. Many poets rely on grants and funding as part of their livelihood. A large portion of the League's funding comes from these bodies, too. Social media makes it easier than ever to contact your local politicians. They likely have a Twitter account, or at least have an email address through which you can contact them. Here's an example of a quick message of support you could send:

Happy National Poetry Month! I am writing to let you know that poetry is important to me – as are all the arts! Poetry connects us and provides a vital outlet for self-expression. I urge you to continue to support initiatives like (insert provincial funding program) so that the arts can continue to flourish in our community.

## Promote your favourite poet!

Feature your favourite poet on your blog, podcast, zine, or other publication! Reach out for an interview – it never hurts to ask!

## Suggest them for your book club!

Maybe your book club doesn't usually read poetry, but it's good to change things up once in a while! If your book club needs some convincing, suggest a collection that is also autobiographical, political, or deals with pop culture. Spin it to get it on your list!

## If you're a poet yourself, check out their editing services.

Lots of poets and writers also work as freelance editors and will read your manuscript and provide super valuable feedback. Support them through paying their fees and they'll support you with help tidying up your manuscript! A real win-win.

## Go to a reading!

If you know of a local spot that hosts poetry readings, suggest your favourite poet. Bring a book of theirs and show off your favourite poem.