

P O E T R Y

Narcissus

They peered into microscopes
Become telescopes on inner space
And called back,
Echo reverberating still now.

And
 what
 they
 saw
 reflected
 in
 the
 Fun
 House
 mirrors

 endlessly
 Out
 into
 Space and Time
 was

Ourselves.

Gail Martin

Vancouver, British Columbia

Snow Walk

That night
We slipped through
Pristine whiteness
Breathed in
Snowflake silence
Watched
The gauze-fringed houselights
Glow like aliens
Touchstones back
To pale reality.

Two interlopers
Bound by silken threads
Of trespassed time
We left our shadow selves behind
And for a moment
Danced like gods
On pebble stars.

Linda Manning

Cobourg, Ontario

Moon Gazing

Slim slit, silver sickle in the night sky
Hooking, cutting, sewing up
My womb with magic. Dreams
Trailing threadlike through
The tiny lacerations, patterning
The formed and forming.
Torn and mended parts
Are left behind the needle, knife and
Moon. Finely, cleanly curved
In that blackness, go!

Judith Rutledge

Toronto, Ontario

Another love is gone,
earlier, much earlier
than I expected,
leaving on a train
of impotent hurt
sadness,
leaving me here
watching
bewildered at first
then exhilarated
my luggage
beside me
a ticket
in my hand
for a train bound
elsewhere.

Annamaria Giuffrida

Italy

On My Birthday

He gave me a locket.
I bowed my head under the chain.
(A vessel with a rope around its neck
Meant "sacrificial victim" to the
Mochica.)

His heart, my sweetheart
Bound round my throat
With a silver cord.

Anne Miles

Vancouver, British Columbia