

DESI DI NARDO

Sprinting Clean

bounding forth with potbellied apron
legs wide at the girth, shoeless but happy

when green was just green
not yellow or brown, smeared like snot on a sleeve

but green as in green
sinks full of soapsuds wobbling with gleam

or dust that settles and builds to be seen
through a haze that engulfs lightly shut lashes in dreams

green that is darker
than vines that conceal

those varicose veins
surging like small dirty streams

bounding forth, shoeless but happy
legs wide at the girth

toes rippling through sand
your faint traces on earth

Desi Di Nardo's poetry appears earlier in this volume.

KRISTY MCKAY

Your Voice

Your
voice
scrapes
like
warm
cat
tongue
along
the
caramel
plain
of
my
heart

Kristy McKay is the editor of a collection of 13 new Ottawa poets entitled Abecedarian, and one chapbook of her own work.

A. MARY MURPHY

"Ashes to the Wind"

She took us by surprise and died right in the middle of harvest and the World Series. Her casket is decorated with red and yellow roses and heavy-headed wheat we gather from a swath. Six beautiful broad-shouldered boys straighten their backs and life their grandma out into the sun. It is the proudest moment of her life. We must let two full seasons pass before we gather ourselves to offer her up to the elements. It is July now. She is nothing but powder and fragments of bone scattered onto a piece of unbroken prairie at the bottom of the pasture by the dam. Where my brother always picked the first fresh yellow buffalo beans of spring and took them to her. My hand can't resist the urge to touch her one more time. She is dust against my fingertips. Grainy and dry. Maybe my body absorbs some of this grit. Ashes to the wind my mother goes as she rattles her way out of the jar.

A. Mary Murphy is an Alberta poet currently at work on her doctoral dissertation. Her poems appear in a variety of journals, including Planet: the Welsh Internationalist, Canadian Literature, and Other Voices.