

# CPR

*Resuscitating the art  
of Canadian poetry*

---

CANADIAN POETRY REVIEW    ISSN 1923-3019    JULY 2018    VOL 8 ISSUE 4    \$3.95

---

## Contents

### Joanne Morency

- from *A Thousand Pieces* page 2
- |           |                        |
|-----------|------------------------|
| Fragments | The Noise of the World |
| Shedding  | On Tiptoes             |
| Recycling |                        |

### Walter Hildebrandt

- from *Rupture: North-West 1885* page 3

### Iouliita Iliopoulos

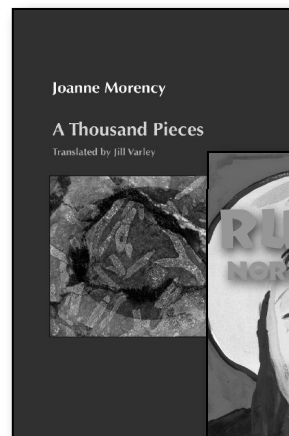
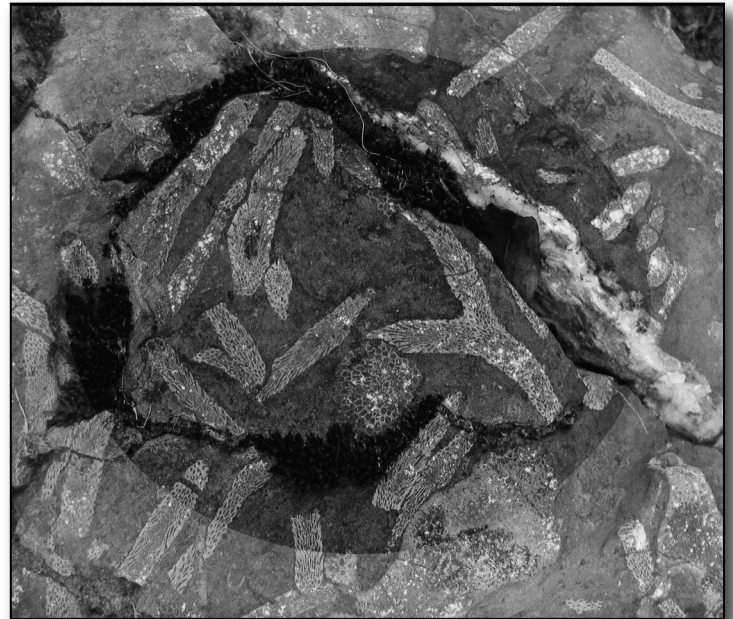
- from *Neo-Hellene Poets* page 4
- |                           |           |               |
|---------------------------|-----------|---------------|
| I                         | II        | City of Music |
| Porta Remounta Good Night |           |               |
| Long Bed                  | Gathering |               |

### Leonidas Kakaroglou

- from *Neo-Hellene Poets* page 5
- |          |                     |
|----------|---------------------|
| Evening  | Square of the Dead  |
| Rain     | House               |
| Necklace | The Smell of Time   |
| Evenings | Morning in New York |

## Reviews

- To Be With a Woman* by James Deale page 6  
& *Unbroken Lines* by James Deale  
Review by Linda Rogers
- The Red School Bus* by d.n. simmers page 7  
Review by H.W. Bryce



---

Published by CPR: The Canadian Poetry Review Ltd.  
Publisher/Editor: Richard Olafson  
Editors: Candice James & Stephen Bett  
Circulation manager: Bernard Gastel

Legal deposit at the National Library of Canada, 2014.  
CPR welcomes manuscripts and letters, but we take no responsibility for their safe return. If you would like your work back, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Do not send original artwork. All texts will be edited for clarity and length, and authorship checked; please include all contact information.

The CPR is published six times a year. Back issues are available at \$4.00. A one-year subscription is \$20.00. Please send a cheque payable to the PRRB.

*CPR mailing address for all inquiries:*  
Box 8474 Main Postal Outlet, Victoria, B.C.  
Canada V8W 3S1  
phone & fax: (250) 385-3378

Copyright 2018 the Canadian Poetry Review for the contributors

# from A Thousand Pieces

Joanne Morency

translated by Jill Varley

Ekstasis Editions  
ISBN 978-1-77171-326-9  
Poetry  
110 Pages  
5.5 x 8.5  
\$23.95

Joanne Morency

A Thousand Pieces

Translated by Jill Varley



## Fragments

When one of my hands goes missing, I do not notice.

I walk along the shoreline, absorbed by each step. One finger falls, another, then an entire hand. I get lighter without noticing. I pick them up again on the way back: "Look at that, a right hand!"

Often, I forget my feet beneath my desk. They might be lying about all morning. Sometimes, I misplace a forest, if not an entire continent.

It is a rare day when my whole body is with me. Most of the time, my pieces are widely scattered. A hand that writes, absent knees, an invisible back.

Yet air continues pumping through my lungs, clothes rub at my skin, my skull oscillates on its spine. A weight binds me to the ground...I could be crushed.

But I hardly play a part in this presence. I barely breathe. The heart does its work without me. I direct next to nothing or from so far away.

I live by force of habit. Custom makes me take these breaths. I eat out of idleness.

I laugh. This is my greatest contribution.

At times, I leave on long bike rides. And every day, as I walk the length of the bay, I am travelling much further on the inside. I move within my mind. I speak constantly between my two ears.

When I try to be silent, boredom brings about sleep in an instant. I slip out of myself until morning.

I do not know what brings me back into my skin. I awaken, wrapped within it once more. So I rise yet again, get back up on my pins... And begin melting, all day long, until night falls.

## The Noise of the World

I do not know what to do about the ants and their tiny world, running everywhere, agitating all day long.

What should I do with the grass that grows beneath my feet? And what about the ocean's omnipresent sound, the interminable blue rolling before my eyes, this wind that scatters me, and these pebbles that scramble on my path?

I forget my point of view in the sky. I do not know how to be entirely here, without losing myself along the way.

It gets hot beneath the cat's coat. I long to stretch out under my own shadow.

I do not know how to silence the noise of wars. Or how to pluck the corpses from my soup.

I brush up against people with the edge of words. I love in silence. I hear voices. Sometimes my own. Sometimes, everything, everywhere, when it is spoken softly.

How do I stay alive and not become buried beneath the rabble?

## Shedding

I have chosen to seal off myself within this plastic shroud. Air-tight, skin-tight and translucent. Nothing shows. It sticks silently to my skin.

I am protected from rocky outcrops, internal burns, room pressure, and the moods of others. It keeps me in one piece.

Somewhat stifled under the surface, at least I am not constantly crumbling into a thousand pieces.

The cat licks at the plastic folds. The wrap becomes worn at the elbows. The fingertips break through the barrier.

I am again at risk in spite of my efforts. My shoulders rise to retaliate. Then they face the facts: I have survived.

No villain in the vicinity, no fatal virus, no nuclear threat, no amorous upheaval in sight. No more overflowing heart or solitary drought at low tide.

I remove my peel in one piece, and expose the soul's flesh to the open air.

## On Tiptoes

I live in fear of offending...

I dry my feet before I walk on the beach. I remove my sandals to splash in the water. I walk between the rocks, avoiding the wind. Here and there, I pick up abandoned bottles.

*Joanne Morency lives on the Gaspé Peninsula in eastern Quebec. She has published five poetry collections with Montréal's Éditions Triptyque and two books of haibun (poetic prose and haiku) with Ottawa's Éditions David. She has received several awards including the 2015 CBC poetry prize and the 2010 award for a first collection in Paris.*



Even my house hides between branches. The neighbour skirts my daisies with his lawnmower. I water the weeds, feed the ants.

My only vice? I pile up these little papers. While others make hay around me, I am harvesting the long summer nights.

## Recycling

I salvage plastic bags. I salvage milk cartons. I salvage gift wrapping, strawberry baskets, and small slippery shards of soap.

I salvage sunsets after they have sunk, strands of straying seaweed, and recollections of vacations washed ashore; the love that leaks out when eyes meet, and the wind as it leaves the tree.

The stillness shuffles behind the cat.

Scraps of silence at the end of the night, and shreds of pleasure that have slipped to the foot of the bed, I salvage these as well. What is left floating when children leave the seashore, and what remains of the earth's song in my vegetable stew.

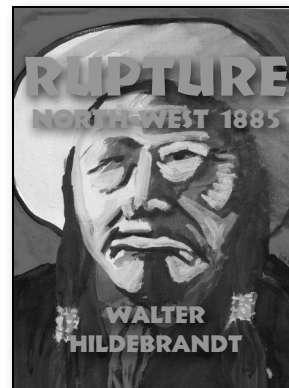
Clouds' shadows on the ground.

I collect. Constantly.

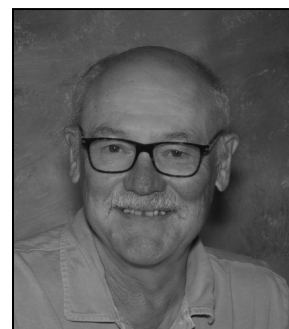
I will not leave anything behind. I catch each second in flight before it crashes to the earth.

# from Rupture: North-West 1885 Walter Hildebrandt

Ekstasis Editions  
ISBN 978-1-77171-328-3  
Poetry  
160 Pages  
6 x 9  
\$23.95



*Historian and poet Walter Hildebrandt was born in Brooks, Alberta and now lives in Edmonton. He was the Director of University of Calgary Press and Athabasca University Press. His long poem Sightings was nominated for the McNally-Robinson Book of the Year in Manitoba in 1992. Another volume of poetry, Where the Land Gets Broken, received the Stephan G. Stephanson for best poetry book in Alberta in 2005.*



to preserve  
one's own  
language  
a language  
grown  
from this place  
in this place  
Michif  
an autochthonous language  
words made  
to fit  
this place  
standing at this abyss  
already so much lost  
leaving  
so much land  
given up  
through  
swindles  
swindlers  
missionaries  
government agents  
wanting their own  
deceptions  
for this moment now  
this now time  
this chance  
recognized as a chance  
to rupture the course  
of history  
to take it  
change it

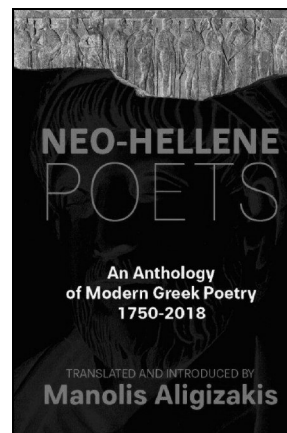
grab it  
for all its worth  
for some new way  
one's own creation  
to throw open this past  
this immediate past  
for a new past  
for a new present  
a chance to fight  
for those who left so much  
this way of life  
this language  
this new moment  
new history  
beginning  
these unexpected moments  
the right moment  
Kairos

# from Neo-Hellene Poets

## Ioulita Iliopoulos

translated by Manolis Aligizakis

Ekstasis Editions /  
Libros Libertad  
ISBN 978-1-77171-301-6  
Poetry  
817 Pages, 6 x 9  
\$55.95



**Ioulita Iliopoulos** studied Byzantine and Neohellenic Philology at the Philosophy Faculty of the Athens University and Drama at the Drama School of the Music

Conservatory of Athens. She has published seven poetry collections and a number of fairy tales. For thirteen years she has collaborated with the Orchestra of the Colors and with the Melina Mercury Institute for the creation of programs for oration and music and she continues presenting poetry and fairy tales on stage.

I

We have been living in fairy tales as discordant as  
the weeds in our garden. Alone.  
And we uproot our love each afternoon before  
you water.

Whoever left his mark here, a tread engraved on  
porous stone, knows me. Many  
centuries in the same four-lettered word which  
when erased it re-writes itself and  
its alphabet is destiny.

Flesh of my flesh my brother and my man, listen  
to me.

II

A difficult word to pronounce you, *love*

Your hand points to silence. Your hand gropes the  
sky in a single breath  
and it spreads the shout among the little civil wars.

Your hand is a mouth, your hand a kick, that  
bloodies my knife. Deep sleepless  
sleep, your hand on my flesh wears me, sleeps on  
me.

Darkness laments and strikes, your hand a baby, a  
beast. Your strong hand  
for which I become a hand.  
The love of your hand, my love.

### CITY OF MUSIC

Small, multicolored musical squares  
cobblestoned, where you step and  
new sounds break up in the air

one night wearing a petticoat  
and with a green dome on its hair  
the night that turned into dawn  
a band of light you passed over me  
and closing my eyes as if feathers  
a yellow night that turns into salinity  
the river drop by drop

persistently persistent little lights like kisses  
in her tiny hands as if of a marionette  
a crypt, a fan, a voice  
climbing slowly up in the air  
and the elongated verdure on the ground  
caresses as if silence, in a huge café where  
the sounds go around in circles.  
Trays with small glasses and sweets, gold signs

—which truth do the clocks count? —  
music, you say.

A pink hydrangea and through the open window  
a big heater made of porcelain and in very small  
letters  
*Salzburg* of the nineteen hundred forever

### PORTA REMOUNTA

The green caress of the water  
that has remained on the walls for years  
and now it moves suspiciously  
slowly  
under the foundations of houses  
slowly under the inside room  
ravaging  
the legs of the bed  
the crib of the unborn baby  
the closed piano  
of the house — we imagined —  
the nailed door shutters.

### GOOD NIGHT

Who plays good night with the stars  
in a landscape that never rests  
as the sea still brings down  
the stone of the dead  
with letters, straight lines, full stops?  
Who plays with the breath  
that was never said  
only in our kisses, once  
whispers of a lost tongue?  
Who plays?  
Suddenly the arms of the night  
encircle me, closer, the footsteps closer  
however no one will come  
however no one will come.

I'm afraid.

### LONG BED

A line of baby cribs. Large windows properly shut.  
Dim light. Neither *my baby* nor lullaby.  
Only some older people whisper under the blan-  
kets  
*there was a ship, there was a ship that never trav-*  
*elled*  
under the mattress and in the place of a talisman  
the yearning of a mother who, may still come.  
To bring the hug. To bring the true home in his  
embrace.

### GATHERING

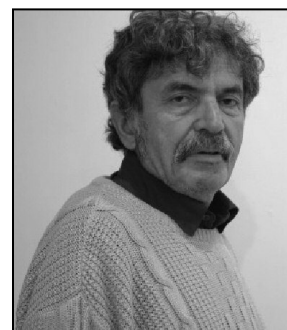
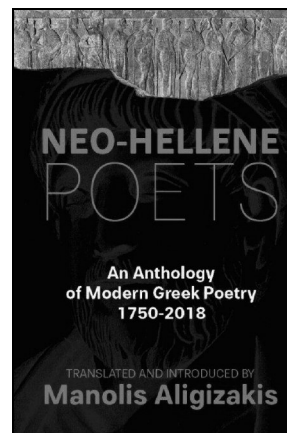
She gathers something. Insignificant. A glass, a  
knitted blouse  
*put on the coffee pot, put on the coffee pot* her  
mother yells  
and taking the pot she hides in it a cloth broken  
doll  
into four pieces and the made of bone cross of her  
grandmother.  
Then she folds the blanket, her house. Whole.  
And they start their three day march to the sea.  
Passing  
the barb wire during the night the blanket got tan-  
gled.  
The house remained behind for good. Now, she  
embarks  
along with the others, having with her only her  
Fate: unknown.

# from Neo-Hellene Poets

## Leonidas Kakaroglou

translated by Manolis Aligizakis

Ekstasis Editions /  
Libros Libertad  
ISBN 978-1-77171-301-6  
Poetry  
817 Pages, 6 x 9  
\$55.95



**Leonidas Kakaroglou** was born in 1952 in Chania. He has published nine poetry collections and a novel, *Life and Everything Else*, ESTIA Publishing, 2011. Many of his poems have been set in music by Greek composers. His last collection, *Almost Complete Memory*, ESTIA Publishing, 2014, was nominated for the State Poetry Prize. He has dealt with cinema by organizing screenings, seminars, lectures.

### EVENING

One evening  
after you finish your supper  
and took the plates away  
while you smoke another cigarette

one evening  
while the television would be presenting  
a summer music festival  
you'll put on your best smile  
you'll give me a kiss  
a gesture of respect  
of an anchorite  
and I'll stand in front of the door  
to gaze the empty road

### SQUARE OF THE DEAD

Late in the afternoon  
the dead get together  
in the square  
to make a phone call  
to their relatives  
they hold the phone card tightly  
and wait on the line  
outside the phone booth.

The passersby see them and think:  
*where have you come again,  
the city got full of immigrants  
and the dead answer them:  
we aren't immigrants  
we're departed  
departed we are.*

### RAIN

Another autumn  
and I didn't open  
the big gate to the garden  
leaves no one has stepped on  
in the pathways of the garden  
I haven't forgotten the season of illusions  
yet, time  
passed slowly  
like light rain  
that ravaged the yard  
just before daybreak

### HOUSE

I don't like to go home late at night  
not because no one waits for me anymore  
but because when I unlock the door  
and try to find the switch to turn on the lights  
I'm afraid that in the dark  
I might feel my hands  
that trace the walls since afternoon  
to discover how time has passed

and no touch consoles  
the dirty stucco  
the faded colors  
the house that is vacant of its people

### NECKLACE

I go to inspect your house  
darkness everywhere  
you must be gone  
I unlock to smell a bit of you  
but the house is empty  
there are no furniture  
no curtains  
no smell  
everything is gone, you too

what can I do with the key now  
should I hide it in my wallet  
like an old coin passed among  
the hands of many men  
or should I make a necklace with it  
to hang around my neck  
just to understand why I choke  
when I think of you

### THE SMELL OF TIME

I took my old coat from the closet  
the one with the rip under the arm  
it smelled of mothballs  
but it would look as new  
with some darning

as I put it on before the mirror  
and I see my reflection in the window pane  
I think of the days  
that passed through the hole of my life  
that had no patch

no darning  
nothing makes them look good  
nor any mothballs  
can cover the smell of time

### EVENINGS

The steps creak  
I wake up and think  
that you returned and climb  
the wooden stairs  
I get up to greet you  
but no one is there  
the steps creak of their own  
they've got used to  
the weight of absence

### MORNING IN NEW YORK

It must be morning in New York now  
the north wind probably blows and it is snowing  
the timid light must be shining  
no one would be waiting for you  
the taxi driver would be changing the radio stations  
until you decide

I smell your perfume in my hands  
and discover a thread from your coat  
I'll keep it and first chance I'll send it to you  
I hope you'll write to me  
so I can keep your address

otherwise I'll keep the thread  
a pledge of small life  
that the sleet covered

# JAMES DEAH

Linda Rogers

The collection of poems *To Be With a Woman*, a title as seamless as James Deahl's transition from poem to poem woman to woman, the loves of his life, marriages without impediment, closes with the lines that explain how woman as muse/ matrix is one with his ultimate relationship with the body and the world he is inhabiting for the duration and beyond.

I ask, expecting no answer,  
But merely to express wonder  
At this inexplicable life.

Wonder is the key to Deahl's relationship with nature, the women in his life, politics and religion, all of which are cosmically circumscribed in the joke about the Dalai Lama answering a request about what he would have in a hot dog, "Make me one with everything."

Old friend we share one eternity:  
one single evolving present.

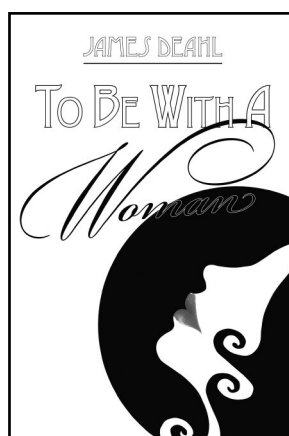
That dialectic subtly informs poems growing out of the concrete slowly covering Avalon, where no man is an island forever.

Deahl, knight in a strange new wood, comes from hotdog culture, immigrant Americans who struggled in coal mines, wheat fields and automobile factories, what used to be called the silent majority and is now the heartland of dissonance, a culture threatened by oligarchs and climate change, divorce from the seasonal progressions that stubbornly inform the life and art of James Deahl. Given the context his palette is surprisingly non-confrontational, a refusal to clash by night but rather to send messengers under the ground, the self-propagating runners of civilisation and civil dialogue. These poems teach by example, demonstrating the ways in which harmony is created.

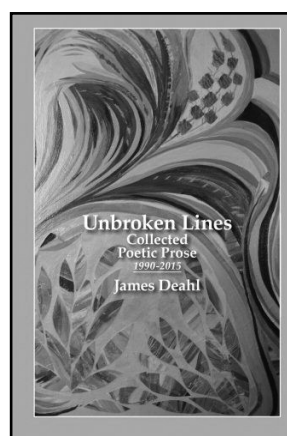


Deahl is above all a painter of interior and exterior landscape, his brush his signature beard, its gaps revealing stars and sparks in the New Jerusalem, forests and fields of grass where he lays down with the beloved in the pastures of peaceful co-existence. Nature uninterrupted is the desideratum, all bees serving the hive, the core of social activism that is under-painting inferred, never strident, never shrill.

This is the wonder, sometimes a bubble, air with fragile skin. The trauma that has transformed Deahl's life in art was the untimely death of Gilda Mekler, his muse and co-worker in the fields of creativity. Before this



*To Be With a Woman*  
poetry by James Deahl  
Lummo Press, 2017



*Unbroken Lines*  
poetic prose by James  
Deahl  
Lummo Press, 2015

book came the stunning silence that followed the interruption of a perfect union. But silence is a nother gap in the beard, where reflection perfects grief. And now there are new poems of celebration as the artist discovers his muse is mutable. Surprised by his new love, Norma West Linder, "the angel that emerges from that brilliant dark," he submits to a new perfumed tent in poems as mysterious as the oblique angles of passion.

These are the psalms of a mature poet, informed by history and religion, songs of redemption, courage and most of all love. Just as the poet is one with his love, *eros/agape*, so are they determined to inhabit a natural world where grace comes from balance and respect, ultimately from the refusal to mourn, turning grief into the compost of future gardens.

*The Unbroken Lines*, collected poetic prose from 1990-2015 is a philosophical platform for the poems that appeared this year. This is the gestalt of a celestial navigator who follows the locus of divinity, the one life of a natural world that refuses to submit to the terrible accidents of free will and artificial intelligence. Just as the factories he left behind in industrial America forge metal into useful shapes, so does the cosmos shape the lover. Life is the force that energizes the dialectic that returns what is sacred to its proper status, and the force is in the details defining beauty as we "enter the night of solid rock in search of other stars."

*The Unbroken Lines* is igneous rock, its disparate elements, metal and religion, the music of the seven spheres, a wildflower, a singular intelligence, lava formed in fire as the world was long ago, before the first human woke up in the first garden and began to test its endurance, enduring love.

There was a yellow magnolia in a yard on Ashford. When the fog lifted, it cupped sunlight almost too bright to look at. Laid-off men were cutting grass, preparing gardens for new plantings. Paid always in cash, under the table, that season without hope.

But then there is the new season and joy in the morning, when life, "locked so long in its fortress of ice," returns, and the man who hears the music of Brahms as "human longing in decline," discovers that,

Whenever he was the solitary man in a world devoid of anything save sea and land and sky, he could directly enter into the things of God. Here lay his freedom, here and only here on the wild edge of home, he found the spark to ignite his creativity.

Amen to that.

Linda Rogers revels in the freshness and diversity of Canadian weather and Canadian poetry.

## *The Red School Bus* by d.n. simmers

Review by H. W. Bryce

dn simmers' writing is short, punchy, even staccato, which reminds one of Hemingway's style. Indeed, the shadows theme in *Red School Bus*, in many ways, is picked up from simmers' previous book: *Food Truck Elements of Shadowed Lights*.

He writes thoughts in short snippets collected to freeze time in friezes of memories, collages of sorts.

Together they recreate life's paintings into word pictures to honour, in effect, Canada's Group of Seven painters, impressionistic yet touch-your-heart realistic.

In the title poem, "Red School Bus"

Red bus down the lane  
has not been running awile....  
...Now, getting dark, the road nearby,  
has a small stream beside it and new  
shapes  
are shadows in a moving mist.

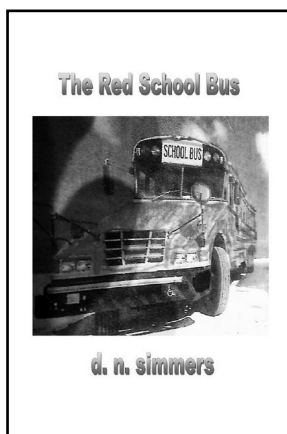
Word pictures. Shades and shadows repeated in the Dinty Poems that end this marvelous collection. "Red School Bus" continues:

These shadows begin to stir, as if ghosts of children  
from the past now free,  
have come out to play.

And there is the essence of this little book. The poet is now free, too, to roam through his mental photo album and pay tribute to them, to give some closure to the past without abandoning it, or the people in it.

Although a number of these poems have been previously published, gathered together to form a sort of memoir, they pack quite a whollop.

The theme of shadows carries through. For example, the little series of poem series, such as the Life Commentaries. It begins:



*The Red School Bus*  
d.m. simmers  
Silver Bow Publishing  
80 pages

Too many gone. Comments about a few.  
Too little is left and they have become shadowed ghosts.  
Too much has passed between.

Or, The Bridges group:

I walked across when I was young.  
Following the other side of the sun.

"The other side of the sun." Such neat turns of phrase keep showing up in this little gem of a book.

The Dinty poems are a biography, a memoir, first- and second-hand, by the loving grandson, told sparsely yet fully in poetic flow, forming a picture of a great little man loving life and being an ordinary hero in heroic times and bad.

Whether rowing a boat by Stanley Park, digging coal in a mine or digging tunnels for the Army under the bombardments of the First World War, Dinty comes alive in simmers' descriptive (prosy) verse. And you, the reader, feel the sensations of the man, of the poet, of the times; the writing is just that good.

And goddamn this poet, his goodbye to Dinty just made me almost cry. Damn him.

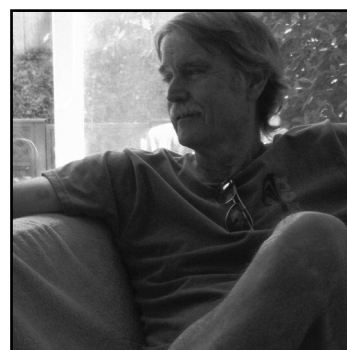
For simmers even makes snowflakes speak:

Snow kept falling, falling.  
It fell throughout the night  
and into first light.

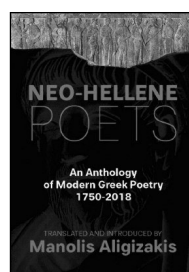
Speaks volumes as well as piling up in volumes.

A very fine volume, this collection of poems. You should read it.

H. W. Bryce is a former journalist, editor, book editor, teacher, courier, and robbery and kidnap victim while travelling the Middle East and North Africa. He survived near clinical depression by writing poetry. He is the author of a family book *Ann, A Tribute*, and of *Chasing a Butterfly: A journey in poems of love and loss to acceptance*.



d.n. simmers



### Neo-Hellene Poets

translated by  
Manolis

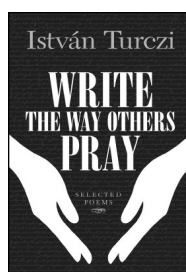
paperback  
6 x 9 in 817 pp  
978-1-77171-301-6  
\$55.95



### Shades and Colors

poetry by  
Ion Deaconescu

paperback  
6 x 9 in 102 pp  
978-1-926763-42-2  
\$20.00



### Write the Way Others Pray

poetry by  
István Turczi

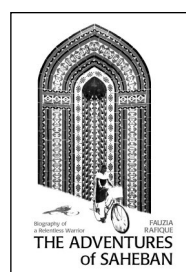
paperback  
6.0 x 9.0 in 67 pp  
978-1-926763-43-9  
\$20.00



### ΦΩΣ ΣΤΙΣ ΠΕΥΚΟΒΕΛΟΝΕΣ

poetry by  
Karoly Fellingner

paperback  
6 x 9 in 94 pp  
978-1-926763-48-4  
\$20.00



### The Adventures of Saheban

a novel by  
Fauzia Rafique

paperback  
6 x 6 in 212 pp  
978-1-926763-44-6  
\$20.00



### Kariotakis - Polydouri: the tragic love story

poetry translated by  
Manolis Aligizakis

paperback  
6 x 9 in 122 pp  
978-1-926763-45-3  
\$20.00

## libros libertad

Libros Libertad Publishing Ltd • 2244 154A Street • Surrey, BC • V4A 5S9 • Canada  
• infolibroslibertad@shaw.ca • www.libroslibertad.com

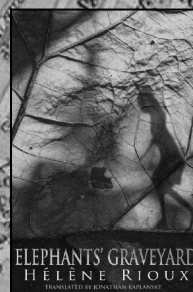
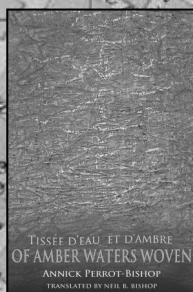
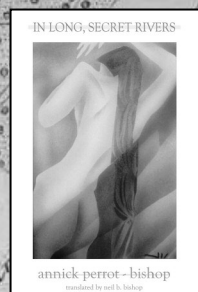
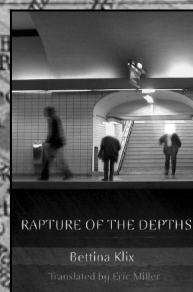
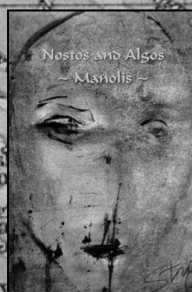
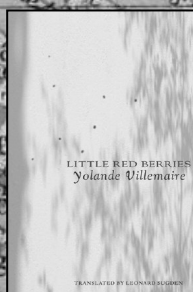
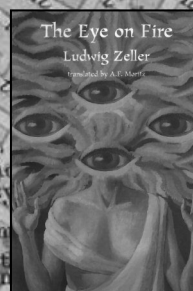
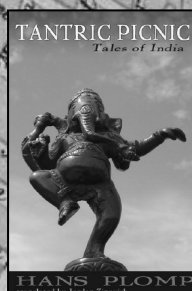
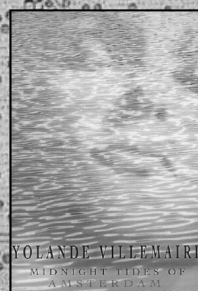
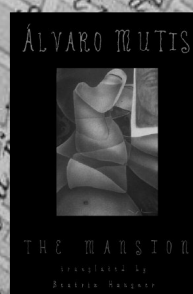
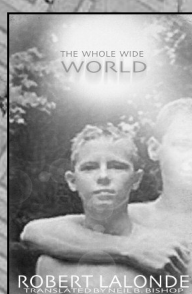
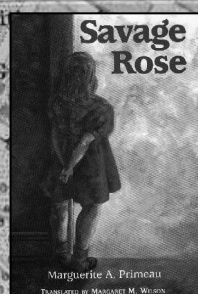
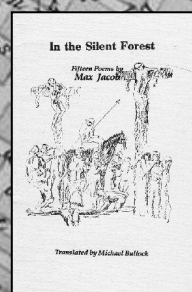
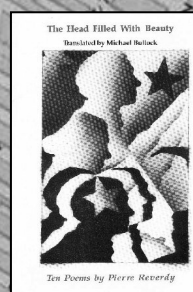
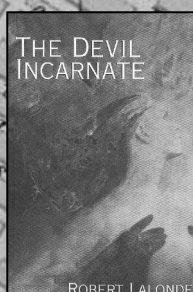
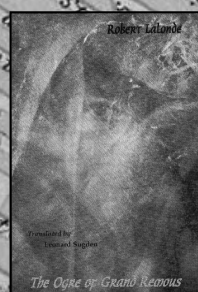




# Ekstasis Editions

*Celebrating more than 30 years  
of quality literary publishing*

*literary translation is a passport to the imagination*



*ekstasis editions will take you  
across the borders of the imagiNation*

Ekstasis Editions  
ekstasis@islandnet.com  
www.ekstasiseditions.com