

CPR

*Resuscitating the art
of Canadian poetry*

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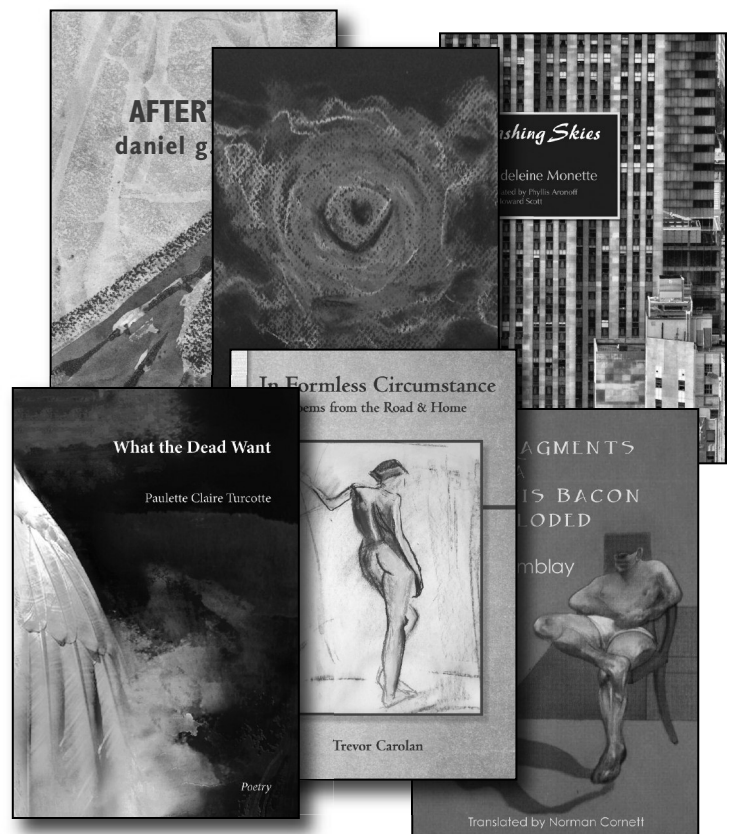
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art: Claire Turcotte



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from Aftertime

Daniel G. Scott

a scone of time

i don't know how all these days got rolled up
into dough that blossomed in my kitchen
baked in a brick oven blue flame hissing,
weeks swelling like bread and i don't know if
the days are from the past finished and milled
to dust or from the future caught out of time
to sit on the cooling rack golden brown speck-
led with cranberry blood drops, and orange
rind ground off the sun beside a cookbook
open to Mrs. McKim's Buttermilk Biscuits,
next to a few shards of calendar, the inner
workings of a wall clock scattered around a
stainless mixing bowl, spoons, spatulas and a
diary with all its pages missing but the lock
intact.

out of time

inside an hourglass
a grain of sand
pressed down
the neck
narrow
tight
i
can
see out
the glass
an elsewhere
outside of time

i escape the walls
fall out of
daily rhythm
boundaries elongate
stretch as if
that sand grain
cannot
pass through
the neck

i savor exodus
feet tingle
i dance a seashore
gazelle leaps
spinning in light
the horizon forever away

then sadness
in return
to quotidian pace
close quarters
falling
sand

a dis-ode to time

oh time demons
time slaves
hurry up please
it's time

time
have you got time?
what time is it?
wait a while
time to go
time to stay
on time
late
better late than never

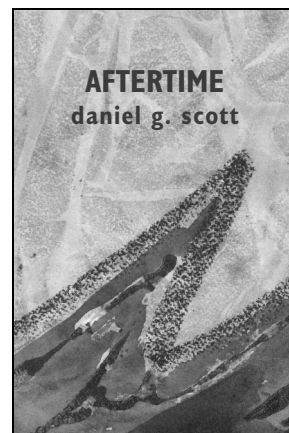
it's your time
hard times
hurry, hurry
no time
one times, two times
keep time
in step
hup one
two three
four bells
bells are tolling

tolling

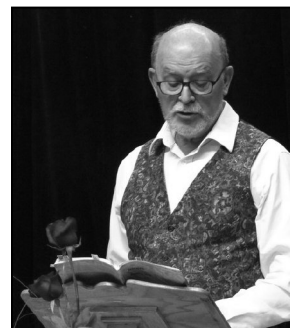
estimated time
of arrival
delayed, cancelled
on schedule
time's up
dead time
down time
skip time
time enough

tick tock
hickory dock
ding dong
time's gone
end of time
sleep time
no time at all.

Ekstasis Editions
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Poetry
80 Pages
6 x 9
\$23.95



Daniel G Scott is the current (5th) Artistic Director of the Planet Earth Poetry Reading Series. He has written in a variety of forms but poetry is his long-standing love. He has previously published gnarled love, terrains and Random Excess (with Ekstasis Editions), and black onion and two chapbooks: street signs and Interrupted (with Goldfinch Press). He won a one-act playwriting competition in New Brunswick in 1984. He is an Associate Professor Emeritus, University of Victoria, School of Child and Youth Care, father and grandfather.



In the myths of time

A clock made for me
by an engineer where
most of the numbers lie
in a pile at the bottom.
The hands spin,
point at empty space.
She sent it with a note:
*this is to assure you
time is not a real thing.*

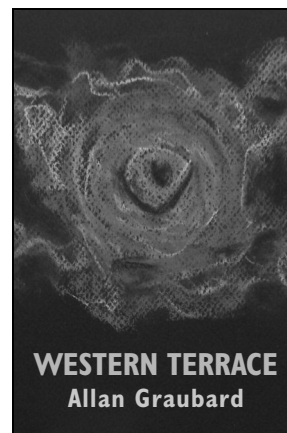
Not real yet branded
onto our minds, a matrix
to confirm, teach us
beginning, middle, end –
a straight line history
from alpha to omega
creation to apocalypse.

We forget every beginning
is already in the middle,
in a stream of middles,
no start, no end.

from Western Terrace

Allan Graubard

Ekstasis Editions
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Poetry
116 Pages
6 x 9
\$25.95



Allan Graubard's poems, fiction, literary criticism and theater works are published and performed in the U.S., Canada, Brazil, Chile, U.K., and the E.U., with translation into numerous languages. As reader, guest artist and speaker, he has appeared in the U.S. (New York, Washington D.C., New Orleans and Lafayette, Louisiana, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Boulder, Wesleyan); Canada (Toronto and Montreal); U.K. (London and Oxford); France (Paris); Portugal (Coimbra); Croatia (Dubrovnik and Hvar); and Bosnia Herzegovina (Sarajevo).

This is the flower of fire

The star that burns before dawn
In its blue glittering mouth
Where yellow petals curl and crumble
Minute Phoenix flutes
Construct in G#
A drawbridge

That we
Penitents and poltergeists
Cross

With our hearts in our hands

This is the dancer
Conjured by the wind
From molten scalps of bismuth

Whose feet distill vanity
And whose sex
Is an infant's face
In sleep

Torment here is banished
And peace but a fledgling bird of steam

When decades have ransacked ambition
When stupor and silence incarcerate time

This demigod, iridescent,
Effulgent

Will re-member us
Limb by limb

Before the sun flings its light
Through the sky

My page, your page

Once
When I was young
I dreamed
I was two
Girls with the same body
The same thoughts
Fears desires

Between us
A coiled
Vegetal rope
Pulsed with blood
And memory

Between us
The same air
Passed through
Our lungs

And we wavered
Over our shadows
As the sun rose
Through the heat mist
Left from the night

We sensed
There was no escape
No tribunal
No capacious reunion
Other than this
Excision
Into reflective fates

That was then

Now
We
Thrive
As we are
Two in one
One in two

Divisive indivisible
Chaotic perfectly nuanced

In the quick breath
Of the scrawl
On the page

My page, your page

We saw them

you and I
there, at the edge of sleep,
wavering
as if
they no longer lived
as we do –
eyes white scars of ancient hair
hands as thin and sleek as bone –

and when they saw us
did they wonder
who we were
and how
we rose with dawn
shimmering slivers of light
hands as weightless
as shadows?

Will there
ever come a time
when we will wonder
together

wandering
with those
we have yet to know?

...for Gerard de Nerval

When she dresses
She is naked
Her Creole flesh consumes me
Here eyes are suns
Born from vertigo
Her arms distill lianac dreams
Punctured by Georgian quills
I spin about the heart of recumbent aromas
And walk on clouds
My hair rains to earth

When she vanishes, she remains
Incumbent, lithe
The sexual presence of autumn wears a necklace
of laughter
Whose stones convulse
– miniature animations where leaves crumble

And I, awake
Wonder how

When naked
She is clothed
In memory –

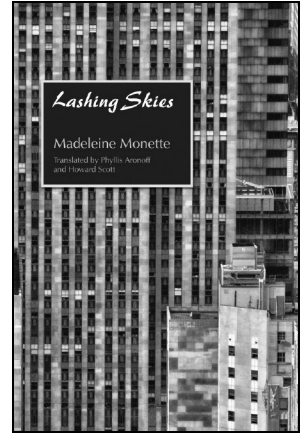
Not mine, hers...

from Lashing Skies

Madeleine Monette

translated by Phyllis Aronoff & Howard Scott

Ekstasis Editions
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Poetry
104 pages
6 x 9
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Vital Impulse

he gets up, says at the closed window: I can't stay here anymore, I've had enough of the TV, the attack replayed over and over, with its little images of what's happening nearby, huge devastating, twenty blocks down, let's go! the air is bad but inside too, nothing could be worse, want to come with me, walk over there? this frantic idleness is weighing me down, let's go out, I can't stand doing nothing, I'm thinking of the smouldering ashes, we are one with them

it's that very evening, earlier the sky screamed, steel turned to powder in two vertical avalanches, inverted atomic mushrooms filled the streets with lava cliffs tumbling down, thundering opaque clouds that left only mounds of embers glowing above deep crematoria, mass graves after the fire, the vertiginous drop hammers, infinitely compressed ossuaries, scraps of stories under the piles of debris, which will end up on a sorting conveyor belt, cooked blood immediately evaporated into beige dust, inorganic stench of pollution, burnt synthetic materials rather than tender flesh

they walk in a curfewed night that constricts eyes throat, a fog from bombings, where a few shaken pedestrians have ventured out, all in the same direction with no barriers to cross, the city has toppled, will always lay itself open, they're thinking, surprised to see open trucks

crammed with firefighters standing like deportees, white with cement, slow gaze of men at their lowest ebb, weary bodies, faces blank at the sight of reinforcements from far away, barely a pallid abortive sympathy for these fresh squads ready to breathe an early death, the debris of terror

faithfulness of tomorrows, she treads the strange snow from the skyscrapers, all is dirty matted along the river, from medians to guardrails, public benches to young trees, the towers as fleeting as clouds no longer block the blue of the day, dull flakes asleep in the sun, volcanoes have spat their throbbing craters, but the coffee cups, voices on the phone, open newspapers, are part of this mineral winter, squalls of white-collar workers, immigrants twice unlucky, lovers fresh out of bed have fallen onto sidewalks that she, a regular walker, can no longer see as familiar

half blinded she follows the torrent of the first stampede, in this avenue that reinvents water carriers, with supporters cheering the dejected rescuers as they pass, those captives of the ruins who search in vain, scouring caves and cathedrals of rubble, coming and going worn ragged, never giving up, alert for shadows of voices, buried moans, she closes the frenzied flight of survivors, on the heels of silhouettes of fog hunched over their wounds, livid mouths filled with the earth of cemeteries, the blood of slag, she's frightened senseless

A novelist, short-story writer and poet, **Madeleine Monette** was born in Montreal and lives in New York City where she wrote her first novel, *Le Double suspect* (1980, Robert-Cliche Award).

Monette's first book of poetry, *Ciel à outrances*, came out in 2013. Short-listed for literary awards such as the Marguerite Yourcenar Award (USA), the Prix France-Québec Philippe-Rossillon (France), the Prix Molson and Prix Ringuelet de l'Académie des Lettres du Québec, and the Prix Elle Québec (Canada), she was awarded the first grant from the Fonds Gabrielle-Roy in 1994. Many of her texts were broadcast on radio; others were published in collections of short stories and literary magazines in Québec, English Canada, the U.S., and France. Madeleine Monette is a member of the Académie des lettres du Québec.

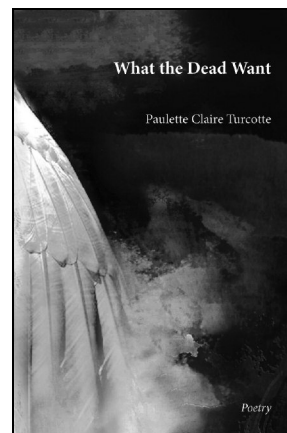
her eyes are burning, she has taken off her only shoe, this isn't her shoulder bag, her sour teeth crunch sand, she is guided by a stunned but calm crowd, teeming river flowing up an avenue, her feet don't touch bottom, she goes on in the silence of catastrophe, she is one with them too

her footsteps take her toward the slaughter every time, the same ravaged zone, she walks you'd think pointlessly as she writes, to meet new obsessions ahead, to throw herself into the arms of the dead or dream with them, she walks with the living

from What the Dead Want

Paulette Claire Turcotte

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I am slowing everything down so I don't miss anything. I walk along the edge of the sea that protrudes out past the rows of civilized houses. On this jut of earth, the rock rises to meet the waves and I am there just for split second in time. I hold this moment and rock back and forth letting their names rise-up from the sea to meet me.

When the waves smack the rock, there is a precise moment, just before the wave turns back on itself, that is like the moment of death. It is like the death between the inbreath and outbreath, that split second when there is no breath, where the breath is deciding whether it will stay or go. That is what humans feel and this is what gives them anguish. There is an ancient memory in humans that is connected to this ebbing and flowing. All life comes and goes here. This is why I love the sea. It gives and takes. It arrives, and leaves.

As lovers do.

There is a something within that is me, yet not me. It has its own pace and is at odds with the outer world. I wait in the darkness for some kind of link between the two selves. The difference is severe. Tangible. If I am not careful, I could split wide open. Go in two different directions. The one inside leading to the land of the ancestors, the one on the outside leading into the headwinds.

from the book of memories

1
remember me to mother

2
the black dog in my dreams
licks my face

3
watching in my dream
as baby is born
in the broken morning

4
I love morning glories,
they grow along the back shed
wall where grandpa
sits in the sun
smoking
his pipe

5
he has stones
for eyes
he says
he went blind
from staring at the sun

6
mother paints
her lips scarlet

7
I found a Macintosh apple
in my school desk drawer
it had been there for ages
the smell stays with me
even today

8
my mother stopped speaking
her red lips held back torrents

9
it is surely not true
that her words
died on her tongue
they were just holding
there until someone
listened

10
sometimes
in dreams
I am broken

*she did double time, memory taken,
exhumed spell
it out
the kids burst out from beneath her ribs*

things that do not happen

belief system starts to splinter at 4.
memories of shaming.
sometimes everything you love can be crammed
into a small hole,
I can't tell you how this sorrow affects me.
I don't remember the song neither the trees,
nor the first thing about horses.
who knows what love is,
or where it goes when it dies.
under the trees near the river teeming with

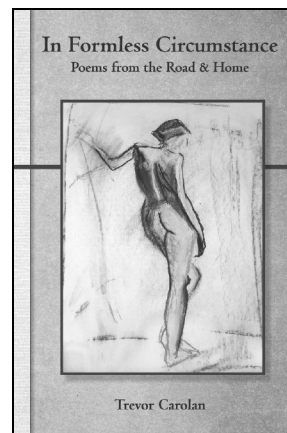
Known for her work with dreams and creativity, Paulette Claire Turcotte has worked 30 years in Jungian analysis and studies, and more than 40 years in the arts. She is an author, visionary and outsider poet and artist. Her work has been published in numerous presses in print and online. She is editor of Banned Poetry, cdri/ARTS Press, co-founder of Split Quotation Press, a founding member of the Pacific Festival of the Book, Curator of a ZINE- Alternative & Modern Arts and Review and an AVANT-GARDE poetry ZINE.

emptiness. at night
your dream body inherits the earth.
on writing your own funeral.
there is always something else to remember.
kids eat any old thing, rats, shoe leather. the
Maltese girls that peed in the field on the way
home from school, eat lard sandwiches.

bullying: I sold my brother when he was 3 months
old. does that count?
hardly anyone. though too terrible to admit. 5.
I was 5.
courage and clarity. to meet it everywhere. of my
devotion,
of my unsparing triumph. ready
to meet it everywhere?
murmur/sting. recedes.
crow. chanting. dust. alarm.
their names confess alarm numb without holes
irregular trace shattered
sunken eyes captivity salvage wake visitations 2
altars of the unborn
savage quake im/paled ghost
sing angel winged fish
fisherman temples shatter
silence. the sadness of things ending without
holes irregular
the archetype and Cinderella Man

from In Formless Circumstance Trevor Carolan

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At the Book of Kells

Here the word is made *visible*
on flesh of the lamb;
the word made visible
for peasants,
the rarely washed.
Its awesome beauty is born
on holydays, paraded
for benefit of an unlettered world, unable to
read but *see* this stupendous visitation.

For in the beginning was the word
the word was God,
This, the farmer and his wife, their children
saw
the Word was God.
This they saw in its unutterable beauty,
of lapis ground, turquoise, coral,
gold, garnets
the colours bold as Mother India's deep
Southern shrines

Fall on your knees
Sanctus Sanctus Sanctus.
the parchment Word turning darkness into light.
leaping to immortality, here
in the holy isle.

The Road On the Bog

Over the bog near Roundstone
Doc Nicolas picks wild spinach to go with
sea-beets from near the lake
where he swims in its soft water,
the terror of locals who know well
the burren's dark forces
no invader ever conquered.

Ben Cashel looms dead ahead
with its megalithic tombs.
Along the bogside we pass old turf-cuttings,
bare white houses, a last thatched roof amid
interminable *crannach*, stone
the wild heather, shaggy, paint-daubed sheep—
your
local identifiers,
murmur a prayer for the departed.

The Idea of Happiness

The idea of happiness
on the Farm in Cavan
is dry weather and
bringing in the silage.

Men from up the road
come, rake it in and cut the hedges.
With thirty cows in the field, you need it
Uncle says,

especially in late, wet winters. Buying feed-meal
takes cash
there's other jobs to spend that on:
fattening calves, long evenings in slow summer,

by a thin turf fire
small whiskeys
and the joy of thinking hay.

Patrick Kavanagh At Rest, Iniskeen

We drive over with the girls, sun behind us,
eventide above the drumlins, the grass
waving about his village up the road.
Birds cry among the walled headstones here,
where an ink-pot still rests on his marker,
the epitaph -

*...They said
That I was bounded by the whitethorn hedges
Of the little farm and did not know the world.
But I knew that love's doorway to life
Is the same doorway everywhere.*

Across the road, thrifty country style
folk paint his verses on the trees
where lovers walk,
children holler from the stream
up through the woody glen.
Kavanagh at rest, remembered.

Reading Derek Mahon's Elegy On MacNeice

En route to Carrowdore up North -
MacNeice's grave, another poet's
in the rain.
We mark note of the road from a petrol station
down the way.
You wouldn't have done this in
the Troubles, Jack says:
fear of ambush.
On the way to a poet's grave?

Trevor Carolan
has published
nineteen books of
poetry, non-
fiction,
translation,
fiction and
anthologies. He
has also produced
documentary
films and held
senior arts



positions with the Olympic Games and Banff
Centre. Co-editor of the award-winning edition
Cascadia: The Life and Breath of the World, and a
former elected Councillor in North Vancouver, he
holds a Ph.D. in International Relations and has
advocated on behalf of Conservation issues and
Indigenous land claims in B.C. He teaches at UFV
near Vancouver.

Leaving Collioure

for Jack Shadbolt

In morning breeze off the sea
we take breakfast on a terrace we've passed by for
days
then tow our cases through pastel streets,
abricot, turquoise washday blue.
At the station a grifter blows harmonica blues;
across the sleepy track a rumpled *écrivain*
scribbles in the shade.
Everything's okay along the Med.

The arrival horn beeps; the grifter barges past
to grab a better seat, ignores old-folk locals,
a coarse reminder even in this gentle place
the sunny south, where wars are started
that never seem to end by themselves.
Plus ça change...

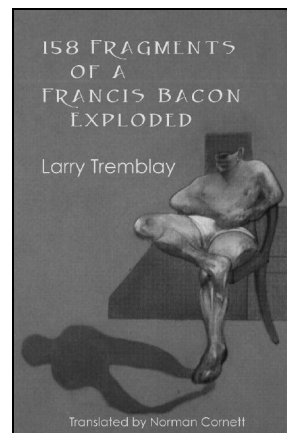
Roussillon's stony fields past Perpignan
divide themselves with lines of cypress,
you've seen them in Van Gogh
but the colours, the architecture are all Matisse.
After three thousand years of contact here by sea,
the arid *terre* absorbs it all
to rend rebuild replant
eternally offering back its dusky wine.

from 158 Fragments of a Francis Bacon Exploded

Larry Tremblay

translated by Norman Cornett

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Fragment 1

To leave

only two solitary eyes
detached from the brain
dazed satellites
spontaneous blobs
fantasy fish
in the studio's ambience

stops shapes singing

stops plants' perspective

stops space's movement
and eclipses memory

Fragment 2

Behind the painted thing
ravenous silence
lurks and listens

the world's image serves as its ear

nothing remains except time
masquerading as space

Fragment 4

Francis Bacon
buried alive
in his body

Fragment 5

The painting squeezes the eye

drips
blackish globules

chards of the sky
liquid taffetas

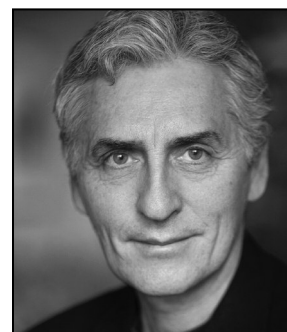
the eye
shadowboxes
everyday callousness

Fragment 3

The painter
stops the star needle

Larry Tremblay
has published

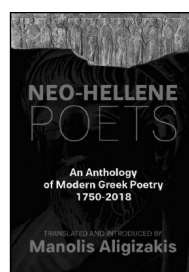
more than 30
books as a play-
wright, novelist,
poet and essayist.
Tremblay recent-
ly published three
highly acclaimed
novels, including
The Obese Christ
(2012), and The
Orange Grove, which in 2014 won the Quebec's
Bookseller Prize, the « Prix littéraire des col-
légiens » and 13 other prizes in Canada and
Europe. L'impureté (The Impurity), his last
novel, came out in 2016.



Fragment 6

The painting incites
its slashing

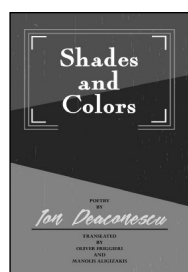
its erection
its ogling sex



Neo-Hellene Poets

translated by
Manolis

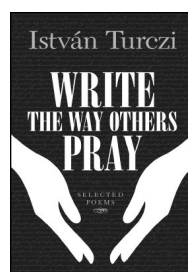
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Shades and Colors

poetry by
Ion Deaconescu

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Write the Way Others Pray

poetry by
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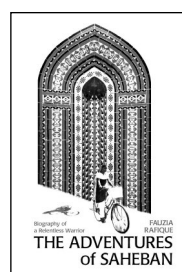
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poetry by
Karoly Fellingner

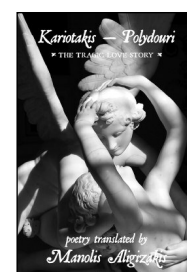
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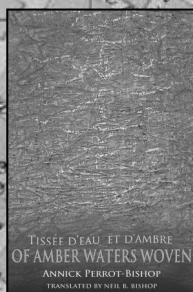
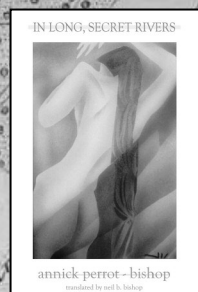
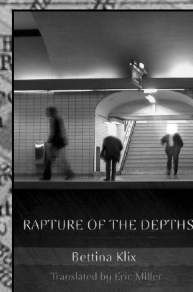
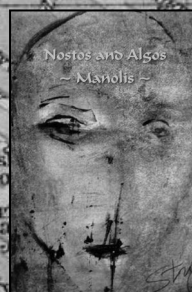
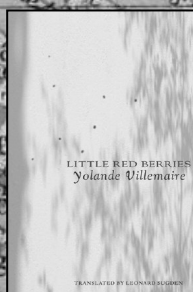
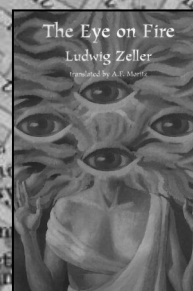
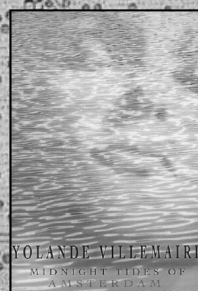
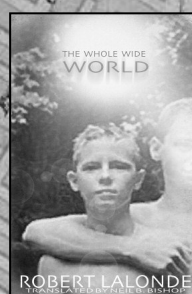
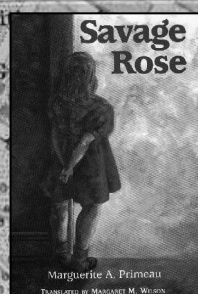
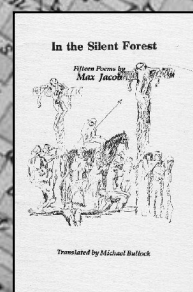
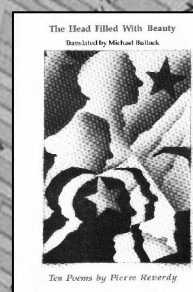
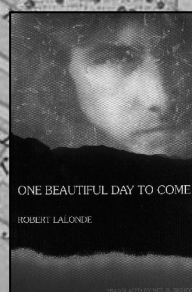
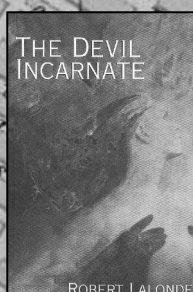
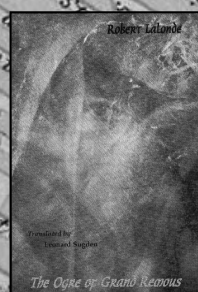
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