

CPR

*Resuscitating the art
of Canadian poetry*

CANADIAN POETRY REVIEW ISSN 1923-3019 AUG-SEPT 2019 VOL 9 ISSUE 4 \$3.95

Contents

Charles Noble

from *What Can I Say?* page 2

Manolis

from *Red in Black* page 3

Silence
Separation
Anchor
Calculation
Glass
Link

Katerina Anghelaki Rooke

from *Selected Poems* page 4

What Poetry Gives, What It Takes
The Moon Vanishes Too
Simple Bed
Unexpected Development
Alienation of Attraction

Stephen Bett

Glosa page 5

Ken Cathers

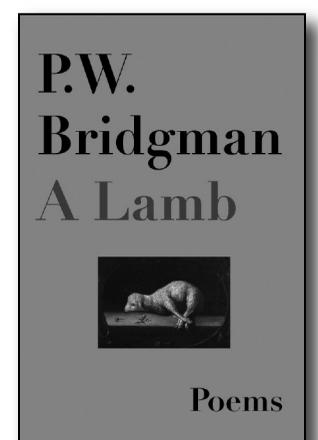
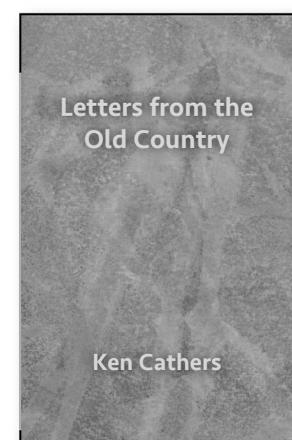
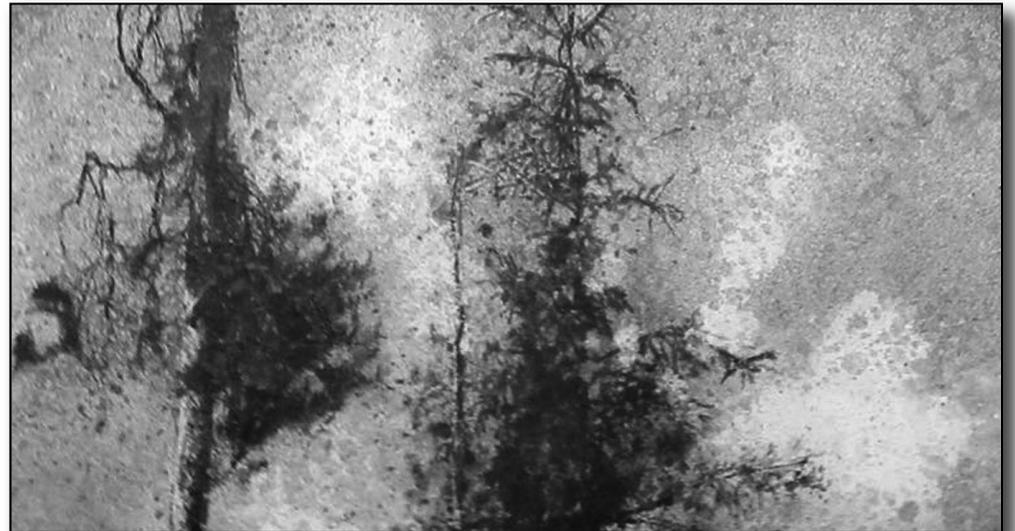
from *Letters from the Old Country* page 6

Zocalo Diaries
pearl
death & the garden

P.W. Bridgman

from *A Lamb* page 7

Not the Way a Bullet Leaves a Gun
Mr. Low-Hanging Fruit Makes His Will



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.
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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

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from What Can I Say?

Charles Noble

He hadn't seen her
for some time

some time
to come
back on itself
through itself
to breed the unknown

give me bread
I say
I wanted to run
into her
not horn born
but calling
the communicative zone

so I could
ignore her
pretty much
good time in
deed
dead to the core

washboard abs
scrubbing all the way
to dink think
below even
heart sink.

*

In the newspaper
the rubber sheet

dips deep
in the gravity field

LBJ the Prez
is given a dunking

all the better
to upspring Trump

winging right
the paper lands
its strip
its unconscious
comedians
think straight

good ole
Nat Post Black
addresses
the earth

after the lives
that matter

points out
the US southern slaves

were given the chance
to play out
their due
being
he says
they were such
good harvesters

good ole
Nat Post Black
addresses
the moved

aside
Indigenous people
their grievances
knowings
kairos be damned
that simply
can't arise

"they didn't even have
the wheel"
he says

and the peanut retorts
"now we have
too many,
no?"

and Andy
Suknaski says
the ghosts
call you poor.

*

And Immanuel
the Can't

back and back
and back
the one-armed antinomy
disappears around
the curved space
causing a stir

and the hippy
back and back
at the joint
can't either
get his head around

the god who causes
himself

leaving us
beside our self
ourselves now squared
exponents
of necessity losing its bearings
bearing gee whiz kids.

ISBN 978-1-77171-324-5
Poetry
272 Pages
6 x 9
\$23.95



Award-winning writer
Charles Noble divides his
time between Banff and
Nobleford, inhabiting the for-
mer for almost fifty years and
inhabited by the latter (the
strong farm background) for
even longer. His world is the
world as folded-unfolded, a
world riddled with positions
and dispositions, of uncanny
books both of escape and double-edged capture.



*

The older kid
jacked-off
the merciful dog
the silly now
black dog

I didn't agree
wanted a wagger
not a wanker

I was young
for my age
the seven-year dog itch
as we say
a proper fool
flooded
fooled.

*

from Red in Black

Manolis

SILENCE

Invincible silence in side streets
abandoned, unprofitable factories
complacency that prepares
the nation for war

force of universal good

the leader said they represented
blonde hair shone in the gleam
of sundown, purple dusk
vein severed from logic

undoubtable silence of mass media
isolated incidents of violence reported

anchor concentrated on the divorce
of famous cinema power couple
nation preparing for another war
its rightful right, being

the force of universal good

SEPARATION

With teary eyes I stared
at the woman
dressed in black with
her well-made hair
silver pin holding it up

surprise of the day
my sigh in the air
when she came near me
with open arms
as if to embrace
the whole world

that imperceptible laughter
on her lips burnt me
when she leaned
to kiss me
for the last time

ANCHOR

Old ravaged hull
leaning on its side
all your life
anchored in the swamp
your static phenomenon
with thoughts of long voyages
that you never took

though today you decide to sever
your ties with the bog
and silently you lead
your arthritic joints uphill
step by step
moment by moment
to achieve the unachievable

when you reach the edge
of the abysmal precipice
you let yourself fall in the void
your last act of freedom
a bird that you weren't
suddenly you become
in the anonymity of death

CALCULATION

Indifferent to reward
or rebuke

your effort hides
behind your eyelids and
deep in your heart

you stand knowing
you had one chance

to show him your love
before he left

yet your fear
made the best of you

GLASS

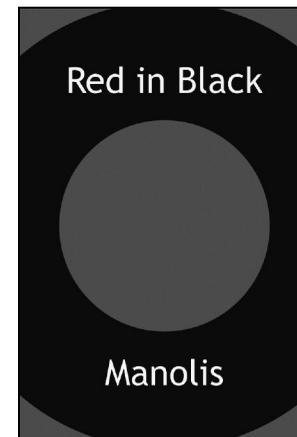
You raised your glass
looked my way

I discerned your lips
through the blonde wine

I blew a kiss your way
diaphanous image
that touched you and

for an answer you sipped
your wine
in such an erotic way
that my skin turned fiery
in its anticipation

ISBN 978-1-77171-320-7
Poetry
184 Pages
6 x 9
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Manolis (Emmanuel Aligizakis) is a Greek-Canadian poet and author. He's the most prolific writer-poet of the Greek diaspora. He was recently appointed an honorary instructor and fellow of the International Arts Academy, and awarded a Master's for the Arts in Literature. His articles, poems



and short stories in both Greek and English have appeared in various magazines and newspapers in Canada, the United States and around the world. His poetry has been translated into Spanish, Romanian, Swedish, German, Hungarian, Arabic, Turkish, Serbian and Russian. He now lives in White Rock, where he spends his time writing, gardening, traveling, and heading Libros Libertad, an unorthodox and independent publishing company which he founded in 2006 with the mission of publishing literary books. His translation *George Seferis: Collected Poems* was shortlisted for the Greek National Literary Awards, the highest literary recognition of Greece.

LINK

Undoubted link between
the national good and the death
of thousands in faraway lands

unavoidable suffering of many
for the well-being of the few

the general said

was the equilibrium
one had to always seek

our happiness interlinked
with the death of others

the general insisted

our joy and lives depended
on the suffering of others

the general said

that was a god given equilibrium

from Selected Poems

Katerina Anghelaki Rooke

translated by Manolis Aligizakis

What Poetry Gives, What It Takes

What does poetry give and what does it take?
When under the weight of a cloud
all your viscera leans sideways
when one glance scratches old wounds
when a new handicap opens new wounds
when the sky's lanterns shine
at a close distance to your future
and when the pieces of life you've saved aren't enough
when a sorrow that hasn't yet come tyrannizes you
when pain has neither name nor color
then poetry touches your forehead like a soft hand
and convinces you of your special purpose
that your verse won't end with your life
that poetry is the accountability of your soul.
Then you take the pen
and you think of being one
with beauty and immortality.
But what sacrifice is poetry asking of you?
What does it want in return?
Only one thing:
don't demand anything
of the soil you walk on
don't expect reality to reward you
nor to enrich you
with infinite ties nor to become
the way you wish it to be.
You better crave for one thing:
that reality will remain around you and that
you'll love it being there
even if it is frowning, even if it is grumpy.

The Moon Vanishes Too

The moon, the moon
so attached to my breast,
to my belly; I don't look at it anymore
as I don't look in the mirror.
The foggy moon
lights faintly and only
reminds me of other moments
when along with its crescent
the full moon passion grew stronger
and you, wet on the pebbles
you thought you had captured
the meaning of creation;
you dreamed of a totally
metaphysical season
when the impressive sun
wouldn't stop the poem — moon
since the silvery light
is always more erotic
than the golden light of day.

You, foolish girl, thought
that you would wane
in the lascivious moon forever;
yet the moon also passes,
it too vanishes.

Simple Bed

How the movements leading to
a simple bed
can still inspire?
Bed without companion
without sweat
without impressions
an empty stretched bed-sheet
a screen without film
and movements meaning
only the end of day.
It seems I signed a peace
agreement without any battle
with no victors nor defeated.
Peace is only the sleep
that comes wrapped in
the hope of a dream.
Yet, quite unexpectedly
sweetness is spread over
the ravaged flesh.
This night is also over.
One more part of time
that I didn't betray
I didn't swear at the hour
nor at the moment.
The day was good
I didn't feel any new wound
nor did any of the old ones go septic.
A simple bed
with four legs
and summery bed-sheets
brutally white.

Unexpected Development

From which sky
does this poison drip
and moistens my life
drop by drop?
Where is that light
which flooded my life
when my glance fell on
his body, that was vaguely
discerned under the manly attire?
It was when words overflowed
images flew like wild birds
that refused to feed on words
even if they were hungry for them.
The night wasn't frightening

ISBN 978-1-77171-340-5
Poetry
136 Pages,
6 x 9
\$23.95



Katerina Anghelaki-Rooke was born in Athens, February 1939. Her work has been translated into more than ten languages and is included in numerous anthologies. She won the 1985 Greek National Poetry Award for the Greek version of *Beings and Things on Their Own*. She has translated from English and French as well as from Russian the works of Shakespeare, Mayakovski, and Pushkin. She's the recipient of the first poetry award *Prix Hensch of the City of Geneva*, the *National Literary Award of Greece*, the *Kostas Ouranis poetry Award* and in 2014 she was awarded the *National Poetry Award for the whole of her literary accomplishment*.

silent as it was, it narrated tales
it promised a dawn.
People weren't the tedious
opposite to loneliness
but wells that hid fresh and
consoling secrets in their depths.
I say: am I perhaps the reason
or darkness that opposes life
and comes steadily near me?

Alienation of Attraction

The flesh became page
the skin paper
the caress a vague concept
the body a new theory of the in-existent.
Truly, how can I describe nature
when it has abandoned me
and only in the premiere of autumn
it remembers to invite me sometimes?
I hope to find the courage
to express my last wish:
to see a naked male body
to remind myself and to carry
as my last image, the male body
that isn't flesh, but a future
substance beyond the flesh.
Because that is the meaning of lust:
to touch the perishable
and push death aside.

Glosa

Stephen Bett

Ron Padgett: Adventures of a Sleight'd Hand

*Beautiful / an O fell from
your mouth into the
letters L V and E
spelling out LVEO*

*The Adventures of Mr and Mrs Jim [Dine] and Ron
[Padgett]—Ron Padgett (with plenty nods to*

these earlier glosas)

*Beautiful / an O fell from
the sleight'd hand of Mr Jim Dine
Oh it's been such a lone song time
oh ahh that long held hero of mine*

*your mouth into the
juicy grape-load on dat blackberry vine
4' ever beyon' description stuck in brine
hangin tough, this last piece of twine*

*letters L V and E
thud up an aveolar lateral sign
isolate, u labiodental fricative swine
silent E's... love's adenoidal whine*

*spelling out LVEO
a 1 & ah' 2 tapinosis, his poet ore-fill'd mine
tap to hip gnosis thru an old Z zine¹
evol cover'd² from St Ein to Franz Kline*

¹ Kenward Elmslie's *Z Press & Z Magazine*

² bpNichol's concrete/visual poem "evol": full front cover image, love: a book of remembrances

Tom Pickard: Oop norf, fook sake

*bulimia oblivia
I
[h] ate
it*

*bulimia oblivia—Tom Pickard (w/ nods to Basil Bunting,
the Newcastle poets, Liverpool "beat" poets, George
Harrison, bp Nichol*

*bulimia oblivia
don't woof yr cookies (Newcastle Brown Ale)
purge yourself, sunflower
say somebody's lil' bunting*

*I
here's I me mine in yr eye
oop norf, fook sake, you bet
Yorks Bete beat the Pool¹*

*[h] ate
not to get all cocky
h'8 no 'aitch 4 bp concrete
viz, getting all visual*

*it
ate me ('arf-time) so don't be
telling porkies, pie-head
magpie caught in a barcode²*

¹ *Piers Plowman*, first "lit" (up) instance of the family name Bete/Bett/Betts, with all its variant early spellings

² Newcastle United Football Club nicknames: Magpies, Barcodes

Jeremy Prynne: Paratactic Procedures

*Here I saw... telescopic to the field inside the mouth
where speech parts of separation had been swallowed
in foreground... fricative was the advice and
to palate by adhesion said to be forward*

*Kazoo Dreamboats—Jeremy Prynne (with a nod to
Gerald Bruns¹)*

*Here I saw... telescopic to the field inside the mouth
chokeberries on the line rotten beyond description
chomp by field ate down to baby letter shivers, bottle
our mal du doute upchuck trick, there's a good chap*

*where speech parts of separation had been swallowed
by black holes, do not interrupt his moment of discon-
nect
at all / anyway / whatever / even so / rubbish²
goes down whoosh it's got some teeth in it*

*in foreground... fricative was the advice and
couple disjunct blimeys in a row pick & prune a'miss
near scurvy them ballsy labiodental f'n fearsome
feckful avant swine, dey do dis da joint*

*to palate by adhesion said to be forward
by outward tastes like collage glued on the tongue
you can only "be" in the moment, just out Near/Miss³
meets Gordon Lish meets Lewis Black, well done old so*

¹ See Gerald Bruns' essay on Prynne's *Kazoo Dreamboats*, in Bruns, *Interruptions: The Fragmentary Aesthetic in Modern Literature*

² Complete (untitled) poem in Prynne's *Down where changed*

³ Charles Bernstein's *Near/Miss*

Stephen Bett has had more than twenty books of poetry published, as well as a memoir, *So Got Schooled*. (Ekstasis Editions). His work has also appeared in well over 100 literary journals in Canada, the U.S., England, Australia, New Zealand, and Finland, as well as in three anthologies, and on radio. His "personal papers" have been purchased by the Simon Fraser University Library, and are, on an ongoing basis, being archived in their "Contemporary Literature Collection" for current and future scholarly interest. Reviews of his books can be found at www.stephenbett.com. He lives in Victoria.



Raymond Queneau: Fa'der of Oulipo

*brownwaters, blackwaters, wonderwaters
seawaters, oceanwaters, flashingwaters
brighten the night, nighten the day
songs Sunday to Saturday
Les Ziaux—Raymond Queneau (with a nod & a wink &
thx to P. Simon, for the chops)*

*brownwaters, blackwaters, wonderwaters
wanderlust of an unrestrained M. Oulipo
pataphysical swat team walling off imaginary
solutions, constrain-eyed zone-outs*

*seawaters, oceanwaters, flashingwaters
lightning over troubled waters ('friend' indeed)
sail on silver girl, syrup strained & stained
oh it's double trouble now sunshine, capital Ds & Ts*

*brighten the night, nighten the day
lighten up all the bars on Oulipan way¹
oh when darkness comes (runnin' around)
put a glose spell on you— Restraint!*

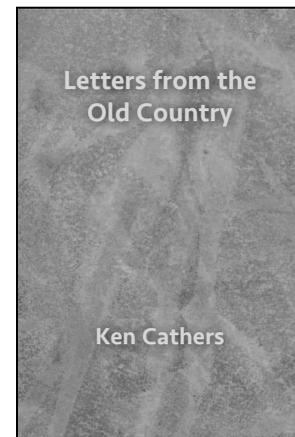
*songs Sunday to Saturday
bridge to lay me down, so rough
when time chops weary sea thru sea, too tough
you will be unconstrained, that gap in the fence*

¹ Oulipo law: "A text written according to a constraint describes the constraint."

from Letters from the Old Country

Ken Cathers

ISBN 978-1-77171-344-3
Poetry
80 Pages
6 x 9
\$23.95



Zocalo diaries

1

I dream of
the cenote
in Valladolid

the coolness
rising up
from an underworld
of caves & rivers.

here the roots
hang exposed,
become the shadow
of lost faces.

at the inside
of things

the light
filters down

indiscernible magic

as you disappear
into this perfect
reflection

this shadow
that has been waiting
to hold you

pearl

how beauty begins
with the scar. grit
worried into pearl

splinter of sun
off broken glass

behind us our
shadows touch
discreetly

as you walk away

Ken Cathers is married with two sons and lives with his family in the town where he was born, Ladysmith, B.C. He has worked at Harmac Pacific Pulp Mill in Nanaimo for thirty-two years. He has a B.A. from University of Victoria and an M.A. from York University in Toronto. His earlier books include World of Strangers, Blues for the Grauballeman and Missing Pieces (Ekstasis Editions). He has published six previous books of poetry.



2

half way down
I see the boys
from the village

dive, arms wide,
into the darkness

their shadows
disappearing

into the echo
of water
below

3

leaning forward
into the moment
almost weightless

before the fall
begins, does one
believe

wings will sprout
from flesh
to carry you down

do you wait
for your mouth
to fill with feathers

death & the garden

1

it is in the precise
description of flowers
she excels

the understated parallel
between her life
& these delicate
green offerings.

this is the covenant
she keeps with
spring. from her

these flowers will
want for nothing
feed on sun
unshadowed.

freed from parasites
& blight they will
grow into her
anticipation

become prayer
opening to
the frenzied hum

of bees, while she
has somehow
pollinated herself
with language.

2

it is the season
of passion
reconfirmed, she writes

possessed by this
acquired form of
ecstasy, compost

of unlived minutes
days spent
seeding, weeding

her hands clenched
on the root pulse
of some god
imagined.

solstice.
she dreams herself
naked:

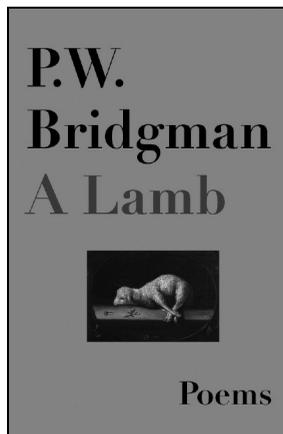
part of the green
ganglia, swollen
pre-bloom

arms raised
waiting for rain.

from A Lamb

P.W. Bridgman

ISBN 978-1-77171-273-6
Poetry
120 Pages
\$23.95
6 x 9



Not the Way a Bullet Leaves a Gun

Ruth leaves Jim the way a hand leaves a glove,
with five gentle thumb-and-forefinger tugs from right to left.
Each of the fingers comes partly free,
then the thumb:
each tug a little more confident,
each causing the gentle, leathern grip of wedlock
to relax a touch more until, at last,
it comes full away
with a sound
like a sigh.

She leaves him the way a ferry leaves a dock:
with four short soundings of the ship's whistle,
spaced months apart
(their import unmistakable to anyone but him),
followed by a long one
(the one that signals imminent departure).
Her hull begins to shudder,
engines churn inside it,
water boils up in the widening
space between them,
between loading ramp and dock.
Going nowhere and everywhere, she waves.
He waves back.

She does not leave him the way he had always feared,
the way a bullet leaves a gun (all trajectory and target,
with a bang and a puff of smoke,
gone in a trice and forever buried,
deep in another's heart).
At least not that.

At least not that.

Mr. Low-Hanging Fruit Makes His Will

I've just sent them up in gales at the fish shop.
Asked for a codpiece. The sales girls erupted in absolute fits.
Can't think why that's so funny. They couldn't, or wouldn't, stop,
so I chose to laugh along while admiring their bouncy bits.

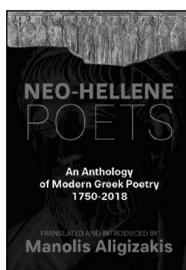
I suppose I shouldn't say that. In my day we were less coy.
I've a fog in my head sometimes. But sometimes my mind's clear.
I gave a \$50 bill to a beggar yesterday: nice lad, just a slip of a boy.
No regrets, but why must I keep being told McDonald's doesn't serve beer?

I like to put my shopping in a little trundle thingy.
Makes me look an old woman, I know.
Couldn't care less. Since the stroke my brain's been a bit wingy,
since the stroke I've come a bit daft, a bit slow.

Yesterday, my care aide praised my "sound and disposing mind."
I so appreciated the compliment. The papers all got signed.



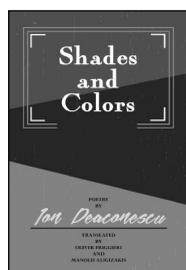
P.W. Bridgman writes from Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. Bridgman's writing has appeared in anthologies published in Canada, Ireland, England and Scotland, and his first book—a selection of short stories entitled Standing at an Angle to My Age—was published in 2013.



Neo-Hellene Poets

translated by
Manolis

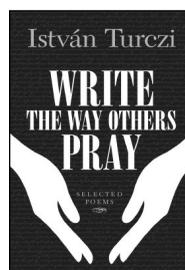
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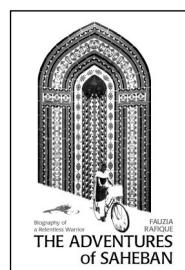
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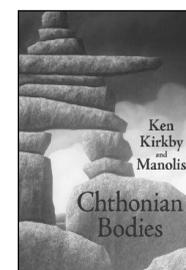
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