

# CPR

*Resuscitating the art  
of Canadian poetry*

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

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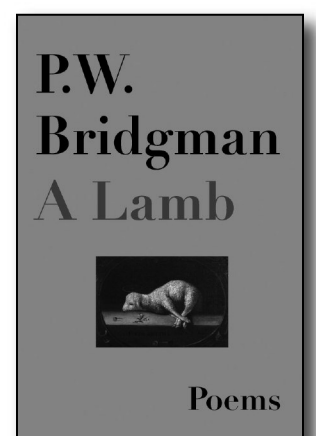
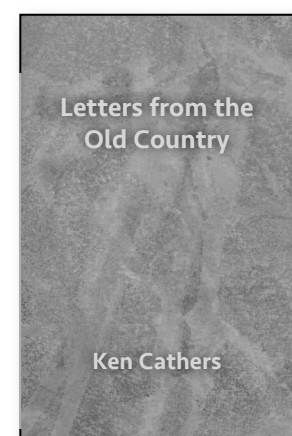
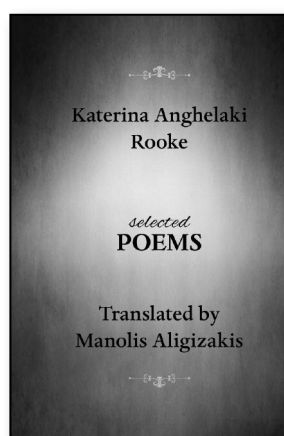
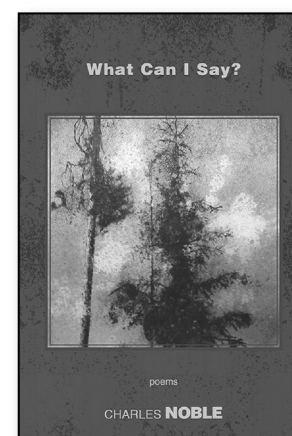
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Published by CPR: The Canadian Poetry Review Ltd.  
Publisher/Editor: Richard Olafson  
Editors: Candice James & Stephen Bett  
Circulation manager: Bernard Gastel

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

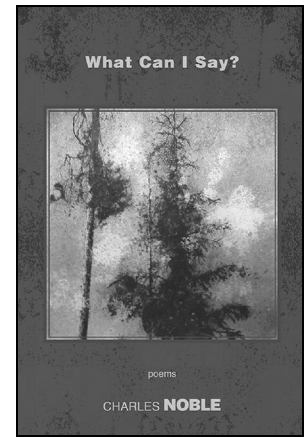
back and back  
and back  
the one-armed antinomy  
disappears around  
the curved space  
causing a stir

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

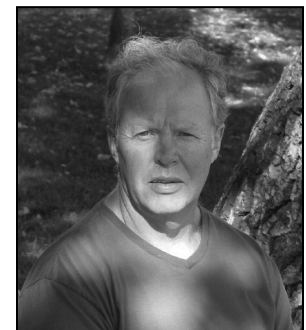
the god who causes  
himself

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 former 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

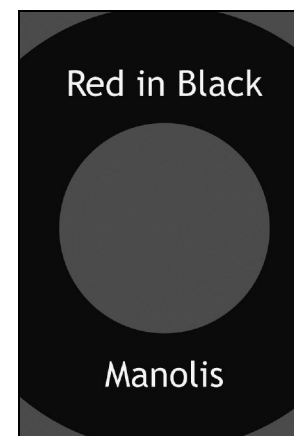
You raised your glass  
looked my way

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  
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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

*selected*  
POEMS

Translated by  
Manolis Aligizakis

**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, Mayakovsky, 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 zine<sup>1</sup>  
evol cover’d<sup>2</sup> from St Ein to Franz Kline*

<sup>1</sup> Kenward Elmslie’s *Z Press & Z Magazine*

<sup>2</sup> 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 Pool<sup>1</sup>*

*[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 barcode<sup>2</sup>*

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

<sup>2</sup> 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 Bruns<sup>1</sup>)*

*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 / rubbish<sup>2</sup>  
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’mis  
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/Miss<sup>3</sup>  
meets Gordon Lish meets Lewis Black, well done old so*

<sup>1</sup> See Gerald Bruns’ essay on Prynne’s *Kazoo Dreamboats*, in Bruns, *Interruptions: The Fragmentary Aesthetic in Modern Literature*

<sup>2</sup> Complete (untitled) poem in Prynne’s *Down where changed*

<sup>3</sup> 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](http://www.stephenbett.com). He lives in Victoria.



### Raymond Queneau: Fa’dér 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 way<sup>1</sup>  
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*

<sup>1</sup> Oulipo law: “A text written according to a constraint describes the constraint.”

# from Letters from the Old Country

## Ken Cathers

### 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

### 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

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

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

Letters from the  
Old Country

Ken Cathers

*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

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

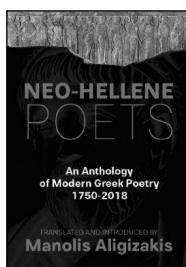
### A Lamb



Poems



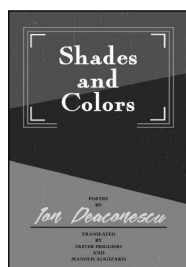
*P.W. Bridgman writes from Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. Bridgman's writing has appeared in anthologies published in Canada, Ireland, England and Scotland, and his first book—a selection of short stories entitled Standing at an Angle to My Age—was published in 2013.*



### Neo-Hellene Poets

translated by  
Manolis

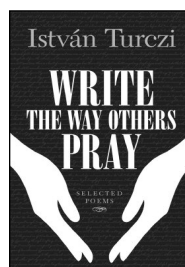
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### Write the Way Others Pray

poetry by  
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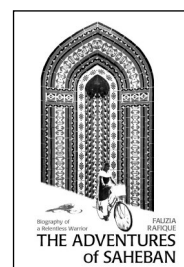
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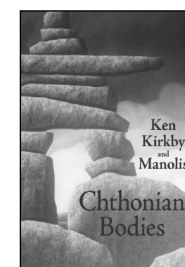
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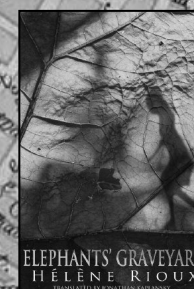
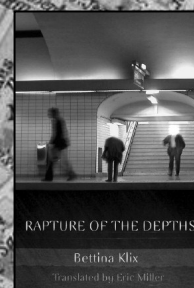
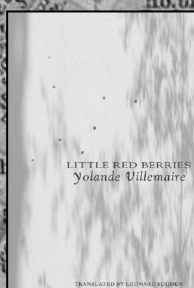
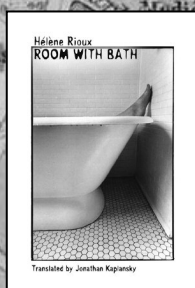
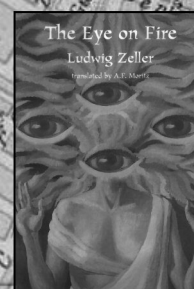
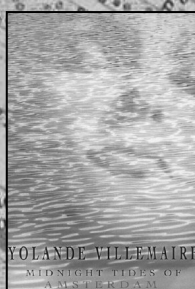
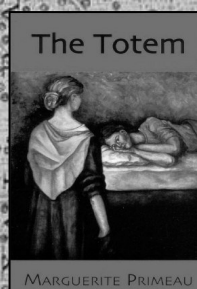
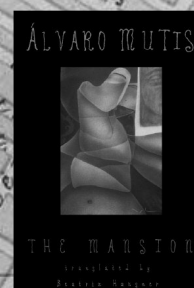
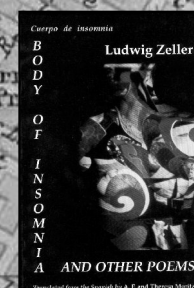
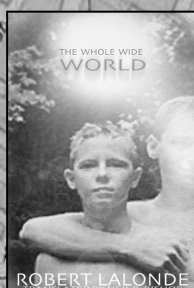
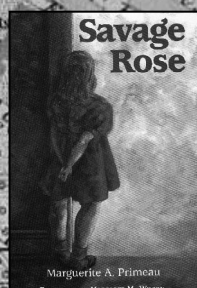
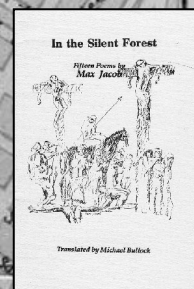
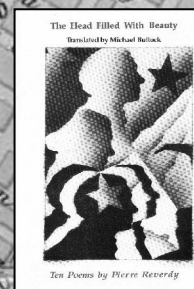
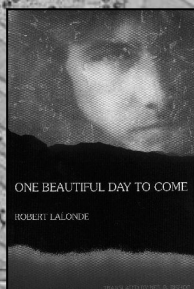
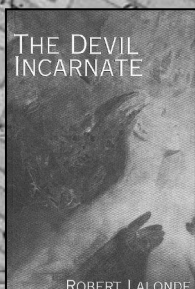
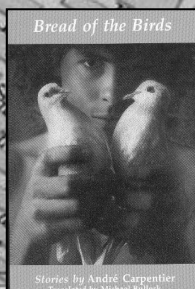




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