

# CPR

FALL 2014

*Resuscitating the art  
of Canadian poetry*

CANADIAN POETRY REVIEW

ISSN 1923-3019

ISSUE FIVE

\$3.95

## Contents

### Martine Audet

from *The Body Vagabond* page 2

### Normand de Bellefeuille

from *The Terror Chronicles* page 3

### Yolande Villemaire

from *Silence is a Healing Cave* page 4

### Attila F. Balázs

from *Blue Kék* page 4  
Blue You Forgot to Cry

### Annick Perrot-Bishop

from *Of Amber Waters Woven* page 5  
Your Wings, Bare-voiced (excerpt)

### Patrick White

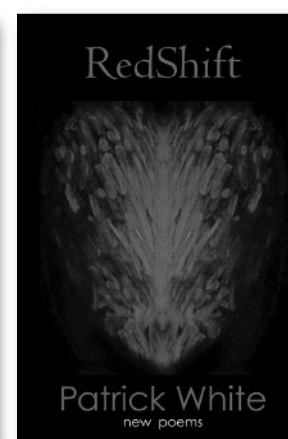
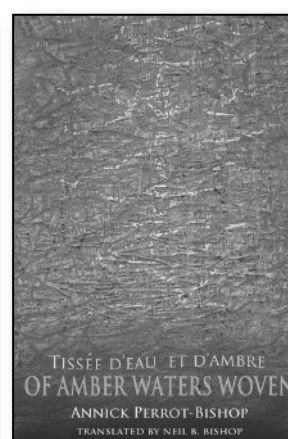
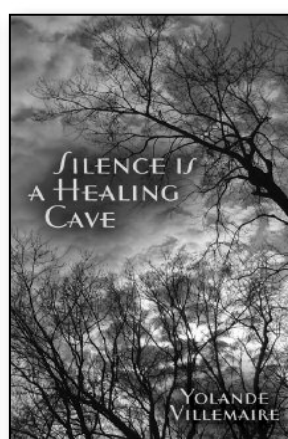
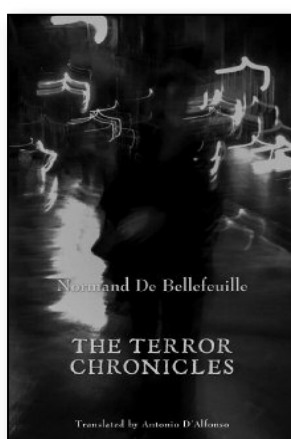
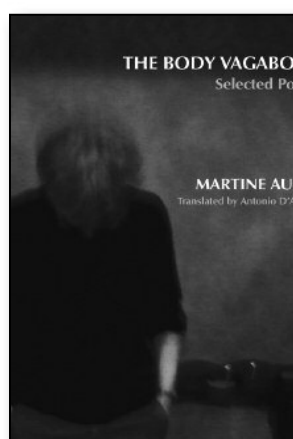
from *RedShift* page 6  
Tenderly the evening descends into a dark bliss

### Manolis

from *Autumn Leaves* page 7  
ΣΩΣΙΑΣ Double



photo: Antonio D'Alfonso



Published by CPR: The Canadian Poetry Review Ltd.  
Publisher/Editor: Richard Olafson  
Managing Editor: Carol Ann Sokoloff  
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 four 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 2012-2014 the Canadian Poetry Review for the contributors

*from* The Body Vagabond  
Martine Audet  
translated by Antonio D'Alfonso

*from* Orbits

every night stars hammer emptiness  
like rain falling from an impossible question

where do things that end  
the moment they begin  
escape to

what is a chair

I write something down  
and understand that the chair will not leave me

necessity blinks and self-destructs  
struck down like the universe

the chair asks nothing from me

a chair  
is the beginning  
my eyes

every night  
is the end  
of the chair

\* \* \*

our thoughts hide  
beneath tight overcoats

a brand new sun rises  
too thin  
to be feared

the dispassionate goodness of a corpse

I can still breathe  
when drowning in tears

\* \* \*

when faced with threats  
we can't keep walking for long

I swallow ropes and hoops  
and a day's efforts turn invisible

I'm ignorant of many things  
and so are you  
frightened stiff

I tear my hands to shreds  
like old clothes

\* \* \*

in our earth linen and dreadfully content  
fragrances of open roses  
and leaves fainting  
this is what we can account for  
this is what is lacking

oh for all that is slow  
dancing and dancing  
my hand overwhelmed

I have lost many of my faces  
my stone  
is in the garment of this sky

\* \* \*

the water tide turns over pebbles  
and you dream  
as I dream  
of the dead softly ringing

how to speak of that which tosses everything away

would our hearts  
still have meaning  
if they took the form of nothing  
I move forward

towards the sea  
broken trails running still

on the shore  
we wipe our feet on grass

\* \* \*

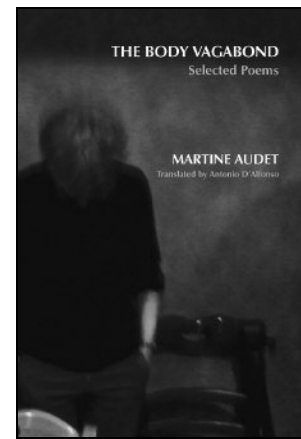
on the table  
a new word finds its new day  
and replaces the previous day

I am sitting  
(not as easy as it seems)  
at times a word comes in a familiar colour  
its home fragile  
in need of dedication

\* \* \*

should we speak only of the blueness  
of the sky-  
grip  
of the blueness of the sky

Ekstasis Editions  
ISBN 978-1-77171-039-8  
Poetry  
100 pages  
5 x 8  
\$23.95  
Now Available



*Born in 1961, Martine Audet is the author of seven books of poetry. Her work has been published in the most important anthologies of French-language poetry in Canada. Her poetry has garnered illustrious awards, including the Prix Estuaires des Terrasses St. Sulpice and the Prix Alain-Grandbois. She has been a finalist for the Governor General Award of Canada three times. Audet also co-wrote a book of poems for children with Michel Van Schendel. She is presently on the editorial board of the poetry magazine, Estuaire.*

*Antonio D'Alfonso is an award-winning writer and filmmaker. He was also a publisher for thirty-three years. He lives in Montreal and Toronto. His latest collection of poems, The Irrelevant Man, appeared in 2014.*

be it faded and private  
or dirty and torn

we speak passionately  
the body of love  
quenches our restlessness

\* \* \*

on the river drunk on the sky  
the sun multiplies  
and divides itself in circles

(the river reminds me of the underside  
of your voice  
my hands  
their bones  
about to blaze up)

I raise my fingers to the breeze

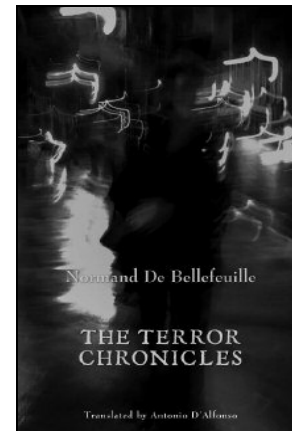
how are we to stand on the rim of the day  
and lift love  
this light  
to our ear

# *from* The Terror Chronicles

## Normand de Bellefeuille

translated by Antonio D'Alfonso

Ekstasis Editions  
ISBN 978-1-897430-51-0  
Poetry  
250 pages  
5 x 8  
\$25.95  
Now Available



### CHAPTER I

The there where it all begins  
because it is true it begins like this:  
me and my circumstance, there  
in a villa  
somewhere in Tuscany  
somewhere under the sun  
or was it somewhere in the rain  
in Edinborough easting haggis  
or was it on another day  
with me and my circumstance

exactly: the chapters of our autobiographies, that is me  
and I, are subject to barely noticeable chances,  
atmospheric, climatic, altitudinal; my circumstance and  
I prefer a geometry of ambiguity, yet an undisputable fact  
remains:

it began like this  
for me and my circumstance  
an awareness about reproduction  
an awareness about the indisputable idiocy of truth  
and of the no less distressing conceit  
awareness of fate weaned on inaccuracies  
and adaptations in foreign languages  
in colours unheard of  
with incalculable planetary figures

and already in a villa  
somewhere in Tuscany  
or was it in the rain  
in Edinborough eating haggis  
we were no longer sure to  
whom my circumstance and I  
owed our unquestionable coexistence  
collusion my circumstance and I  
agreed upon

exactly: who was it the Spanish Ortega y Gasset or the  
German Richard Avenarius who, on a sunny day or was  
it a rainy day, could have come up with this fascinating  
synchronicity between the world and the I? Facts weigh  
heavily on the German writer, and an undisputable fact  
remains:

it began like this  
for my circumstance and me:  
a dreadful consciousness of Time the Great  
and the usual farewells in every house  
visited in every village with their stone throwers  
and every river forded  
on the dead bodies of cicadas  
on every road without Austria  
every road without Manitoba  
desperately left in a state of neglect  
my circumstance and me

exactly: she is a twin, a singleton, a pagan, a fugitive; she is  
without a people; she is Slavic, Sloven, half-Arab; she is at  
once alone and all the possible circumstances in the  
world; yet an undisputable fact remains:

it all began like this, there  
on May afternoon  
when you found  
yourself alone  
as a unique circumstance

### CHAPTER II

The anchovy sauce in Collioure  
I will not say a thing  
I will not say a thing anymore  
that will not be in the nature of light  
I will not say a thing on pain  
confusion, the lying on that July morning  
the lying on that September morning  
not a word that will not be in the nature of light  
nothing, not a word about the disillusionment nor the  
words used for disillusionment  
not a word about the white surrendering  
not a word about the exact term used for powdery  
white surrendering  
I will not say a thing  
expect perhaps on the tone used for Catalan confidence  
in front of the anchovy sauce in Callioure  
not a word that is not in the nature of the sea  
the herring, the quail and the première sauce  
not a word about the accidents of the sea  
nor about endangered species  
nor about cetaceans such as literary genres  
without method  
I will not say a thing  
that does not deal with you, you and your breasts  
without theory

not a word about what does not interest security guards  
of the city library  
not a word about the rushes of the soul  
nor about the sixteenth sign of the Zodiac  
not a word about the roe deer and its constellation  
not a word about what is not energy or the experience of  
energy  
or the light and the experience of light  
not a word about the grace of writing  
yet I will mention the dancing of the mind  
before saying a thing about stupid imagination  
but not a word about the healing powers of poetry  
not a word about healing or the opposite of healing  
not a word if it is not about poetry

*Normand de Bellefeuille's first book appeared in 1973 and DeBellefeuille has never stopped writing important books since. He is the author of essays and novels, but it is his poetry that has brought him fame. In 2000 he won the Governor General's Award for Poetry. He has been a literary critic, a professor, and an editor. He is presently the Editor in Chief at the Éditions Druide.*



*Antonio D'Alfonso is an award-winning writer and filmmaker. He was also a publisher for thirty-three years. He lives in Montreal and Toronto. His latest collection of poems, The Irrelevant Man, appeared in 2014.*

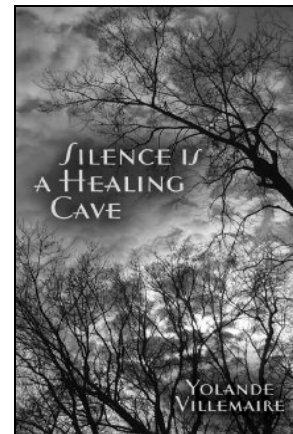
such as the moment of its application  
and the opposite of this application  
death visited  
all the way to its extreme blinding limit  
not a word about what is not true to me  
the dive into the dark vanity of my solitude  
I will not say a thing  
except perhaps on the tone used for Catalan confidence  
in front of the anchovy sauce  
in Callioure

I will not say a thing  
so do not insist,  
my love!

# from Silence is a Healing Cave

## Yolande Villemaire

Ekstasis Editions  
ISBN 978-1-77171-006-0  
Poetry  
104 Pages  
5 x 8  
\$23.95  
Now Available



20. Deep indigo night  
Flowing into sweet silence  
In droplets of peace
21. Sharing the silence  
Feeding a peace egregore  
Music of our souls
22. A subtle dancer  
Hieratic priest moving space  
In the public place
23. Traffic noise and rain  
Day folding into stillness  
Cat dreaming cat's dream
24. The peal of church bells  
Downloading a new software  
Looking at the sky
25. A cat with gold eyes  
Golden channel on water  
Day of gold dust sparks
26. Poets & healers  
Matrix of soul families  
In lilac-rose ray
27. A red haired mermaid  
Telling her mermaid story  
Silence in green eyes

*Yolande Villemaire is one of Quebec's most prolific writers, proficient in both poetry and prose. She has given poetry readings and performances around the world. Her novel La vie en prose won an award from the Journal de Montreal in 1980 and her poems, L'armoure received a Radio-Canada award in 2002. She also received a Quebec-Mexico poetry prize in 2008 and the Career Award from Quebec's Council of Arts and Letters in 2009. She has published more than twenty-five books, four of which are available in English translation from Ekstasis Editions: Midnight Tides of Amsterdam, Poets & Centaurs, India, India and Little Red Berries. Yolande Villemaire lives in Montreal and is the director of TOTEMPOÉSIE.*



# from Blue Kék

## Attila F. Balázs translated by Elizabeth Csicery-Rónay

Libros Libertad  
ISBN 978-1-926763-33-0  
Poetry  
104 Pages  
5 x 8.5  
\$18.00  
Now Available



Blue

Is blue the colour of patience?  
Is this why the sea and the sky  
turn grey  
when harmony  
and patience  
and the sensuality of emotions  
are spent?

Isn't the sea, ever angry,  
that moved into your eyes?

Can you only swing on its waves?

Sweep my fear  
far away  
like the carcass of an octopus

BLUE!

You Forgot to Cry

you no longer wonder  
at dolphin leaps, great thoughts  
orgy of love behind walls  
the light touch of love  
as it dissolves  
into stiff forms

tear that has collected in the corner of your eye  
dissolves into the century's dust  
that has nestled in your pores  
lo, your eyes are brighter  
your features softer  
the light streams into the room  
discreetly

you forgot to cry

*Attila F. Balázs, Hungarian writer, poet, literary translator and publisher, was born in Transylvania in 1954. In 1994 he established the publishing house AB-ART, where he is the company director. He is the editor of the literary magazine Poesis International and the general editor of the literary journal Szörös Kő. He has received several literary awards, including the literary translator award of the Romanian Writers' Association, and Lucian Blaga award in 2011. He is member of Slovakian, Hungarian and Romanian writers' organisations.*

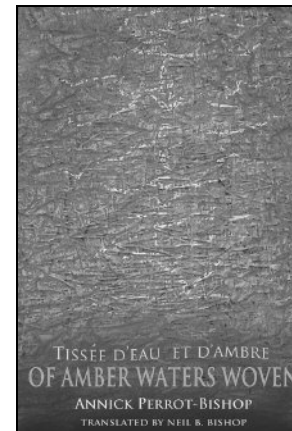


# from Of Amber Waters Woven

## Annick Perrot-Bishop

translated by Neil B. Bishop

Ekstasis Editions  
ISBN 978-1-897430-79-8  
Poetry  
262 Pages  
\$25.95  
6 x 9  
Now Available



### In Long, Secret Rivers

#### Your Wings, Bare-voiced/ Tes ailes, à voix nue

Tu es venu au monde dans un délire de pluies. Frissons obscurs, halètements. Paisible frayeur. Attente au creux de l'infime où tout existe déjà. Oiseaux, mers entières, se ruent dans ton cœur. T'appartiennent comme le temps. Ce silence en dérive où s'immisce l'angoisse.

You came into this world amidst frenzied rain. Obscure shivers, pantings. Calm fear. Long waiting deep within the infinitesimal, where everything already exists. Birds and whole oceans flood your heart. Belong to you like time itself: that drifting silence, gradually pervaded with dread.

Tes ailes, à voix nue. Dans un crèvement d'eaux. Ton souffle ample, prêt à avaler la vie. La mémoire te revient comme une forêt de cris. L'été enflammé d'ambre s'étale sur ta peau. Saison aux désirs fougueux.

Your wings, bare-voiced. In the breaking birthwaters. Your ample breathing, eager to feast on life. Memories flood you like a forest of cries. Amber-flamed summer spreads over your skin. Season of fiery desires.

Ton corps se défait, se mêle à mon corps. Comme une terre rouge, une mer lisse. Une senteur d'algue et de limon. Derrière nous, la pesanteur des chagrins et des ressentiments. Ta légèreté sera la mienne aux limites de la raison. En moi, tes ailes se glissent, poussées par cent soleils.

Your body dissolves, mingling with mine. Like red earth, or a calm sea. Like scents of algae and silt. Behind us, the weight of sorrows and resentments. Your lightness shall be mine, on the frontier of sanity. Within me, your wings glide, thrust by a hundred suns.

Toi, comme une saison. Un champ où je m'allonge en quête de chaleur. Le battement de ton sang m'emporte vers un passé lointain. Un avenir, à la croisée des routes. Cette longue marche ensemble, malgré les cailloux et la boue. À la rencontre de ce qui nous effraie. Présence invisible dans la sépulture de nos pas.

You, like a season. A field where I lie down, thirsting for warmth. Your throbbing blood carries me off towards a distant past. A future, at a crossroads. This long march together, despite the stones and mud. To meet what we fear. That invisible presence in the tomb of our footsteps.

Nos mains, en chuchotis. Rivières de sable. Caresses qui coulent tout au long du jour. Un feu me tisse et ma joie s'allume, mouillée d'attentes. Ton monde creuse ses reflets dans le labyrinthe de ma chair. Et tu t'émerveilles de sa tiédeur profonde.

Our hands, whispering. Rivers of sand. Caresses flowing the whole day long. Fire weaves through me and my glee kindles fierce, moist with desires. Your world casts its radiance within the labyrinth of my flesh. And you revel in my warm depths.

Je retourne aux racines de ton corps. Dans ces minuscules planètes qui se figent un instant, avant de reprendre leur course folle. Ta chair lactée, criant au sortir de la nuit. Cette naissance prolongée qui fait mal. Te griffe jusqu'à l'âme.

I return to the roots of your body. To these minuscule planets that stop for a second, then zoom off on their frantic course. Your milky flesh, crying out as it leaves the night. This drawn-out birthing, so painful. Clawing you to the soul.

*Annick Perrot-Bishop is a Francophone Canadian author of multicultural background (Vietnamese, Indian and French). A resident of St. John's, Newfoundland, she has published some sixty short stories and translations in literary journals and anthologies as well as five books. Her highly-acclaimed poetry collection Femme au profil d'arbre (Éditions David) was published by Ekstasis Editions in Neil Bishop's English translation as Woman Arborescent (2005). In Long, Secret Rivers is Neil Bishop's translation of Annick Perrot-Bishop's En longues rivières cachées (Eds. David), a translation for which he won First Prize in the prestigious John Dryden Translation Competition (2008), organized by the British Comparative Literature Association and the British Centre for Literary Translation.*



À la frange des cils, un instant volé à l'angoisse. Une rumeur nue qui se mêle aux craquements de la nuit. À la soif lente des ombres. Au loin, un froissement contre le ciel gris. Mon désir de toi se recroqueville. Comme une fin d'été.

On the fringe of my eyelashes, a moment stolen from dread. A fragile murmur mingling with the crackling night-sounds. With the slow thirst of shadows. Far off, a rustling against the gray sky. My desire for you shrivels. Like a dying summer.

Mon âme se fripe de sommeil, s'engourdit de siècles. Au fond, un soleil craque, se fissure. S'épanche. Un murmure de chaleur crève l'ennui. Une tache d'or s'étale dans l'obscurité sanguine.

My soul is rumpled with sleep, the numbness of centuries. Deep within, a sun fissures, cracks open. Stretches out. A murmur of heat breaks the languor. Golden spot spreading forth within dark blood.

# from RedShift

## Patrick White

### Tenderly the evening descends into a dark bliss

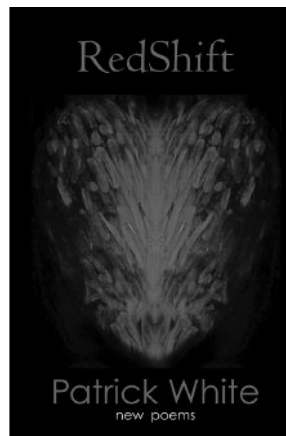
Tenderly the evening descends into a dark bliss  
and lays its poultice like a cool leaf against my forehead  
and draws the fever of the day out of the night.  
I ease back on my elbows like an easel down by the river.  
When I'm burnt, I make a blister  
and cushion myself with water,  
a more useful approach to tears.  
The mosquitoes swarm like insistent circumstances  
that thin my blood, but a soft wind  
is blowing them away from Pearl Harbour.  
The long blue grass yields as easily to a man as a deer.  
I want the stars near enough to overhear what they're whispering.  
Still amazing to me I can embrace all of them with a thought  
as if they were my idea in the first place  
and feel humbled and exalted at the same time  
by the sublimity of their radiance and the strangeness of my own.  
The river sustains its clarity by wandering.

Single male in the autumn of life, I've let go of so much  
the only thing left to let go of is the letting go itself.  
I've forgone the commotion of inducing myself into creation.  
Things will fall out by themselves. Playfulness  
return to surrealist perversion  
to explain the shape of the universe  
and fools like me counter-intuit the crazy wisdom  
of squandering their lives on voices in the distance  
leading them on deeper into the subtleties of a poetic narcosis  
that haunts them like the face  
of a beautiful woman they once knew.

Don't we all belong to a nobility of longing, even though  
we don't live up to it, and start to grasp and scratch  
like dead branches screeching across  
an intransigent windowpane on a stormy night  
that let's us look at the fire, but doesn't let us in?

Where do you go with your serious spirit  
when you've been rejected by your solitude?  
Do you know the secret art of being enhanced  
by the qualities of anything you're not attached to,  
without killing off the desire for what you're missing?  
Live with gratitude for the abyss in your heart  
it's impossible to fill like a grave  
that took more out of you than it put back in.

You can be adorned by your failures.  
You can be humiliated by your victories.  
Coming and going, your path can be strewn  
with roses or thorns. You could be walking on stars.  
You could be lying down beside a river at night like I am  
savouring a sorrow you like the poetic taste of,  
because it includes everything within it  
like the skin of the dew and the moon as the source of life.



Ekstasis Editions  
ISBN 978-1-77171-027-5  
Poetry  
186 Pages  
6 x 9  
\$24.95  
Now Available

**Patrick White** is the former poet laureate of Ottawa. He has published eight books of poetry and his work has been translated into five languages and appears in hundreds of national and international periodicals and anthologies. Winner of the Archibald Lampman Award, Canadian Literature Award, Benny Nicholas Award for Creative Writing, he was also a runner-up for the Milton Acorn People's Poet Award. He is founding editor and publisher of Anthos, a Journal of the Arts, Anthos Books, and producer-host of Radio Anthos, a popular literary radio show.

Even sweeter than a rainbow body of light  
or an atmosphere with ocean to match,  
this last touch of clinging before you evaporate  
into the mystery of everything you're leaving behind.

No more than you can pour water out of the universe  
through a black hole, can your mindstream be poured by time  
into the uncomprehending darkness of the black mirror  
you're looking for an image in tonight  
in the eyes of all these stars shining down upon us,  
knowing our starmud is just as old as their light  
and we're not wandering orphans lost in their shadows.

We're firewalking on water like stars in the shapes  
of self-immolating swans, two parts flammable  
from the start, and one of oxygen like a toxin  
we depend upon for life like an alien export we adapted to.  
Same with death. Until you include it in the nucleus,  
inviting your enemy in to feast behind the gates  
that laboured like water to keep life in the seas,  
you're vulnerable to the delusion of your own exclusion  
like the face of an exile in your mirroring awareness.  
Don't underestimate the creative potential  
of the dark genius of death to come up  
with new paradigms of seeing and being  
that make us feel we lived our whole lives  
confined and blind in the coffin of a seed  
that stored a harvest of what we've reaped in a silo.

Out of the dead ore of the moon  
pours the white gold of wheat  
like metal from a stone in a starfield  
that yields more life than can be lost  
in the living of it. Without a sword. Without a ploughshare.  
Isn't it in the nature of our evanescence to move  
like light and water and wind from urn to urn  
of one sky burial to the next at sea and then the earth  
like a water clock that runs so urgently  
from full to an emptiness that has to keep expanding  
like the human heart just to contain it  
so when the cup's broken like a skull  
you can drink the whole of the sea and the sky  
in every single drop of your mindstream  
and the stars will still be climbing your roots  
up to the flowers within that bloom every year  
like a deepening insight at zenith into  
the dark generosity of becoming something  
even beyond the scope of death to imagine extinct?



# from Autumn Leaves

## Manolis

Ekstasis Editions  
ISBN 978-1-77171-033-6  
Poetry  
188 Pages  
6 x 9  
\$23.95  
Now Available



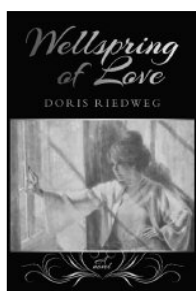
### ΣΩΣΙΑΣ

Σίγουρα δεν ήμουν εγώ  
που έτρεχα χθες βράδυ στο προάστιο  
με το πουκάμισο ολάνοιχτο  
σαν ξεχασμένη ευσπλαχνία  
με την καρδιά περιφραγμένη  
στο γαλανό του αιθέρα λιόγεμα  
σαν όνειρο που ξέχασε από πού ήρθε  
δεν ήμουν εγώ αλλά ο σωσίας μου  
μες το σακκίδιο που έκρυβε  
παλιά φωτογραφία δυο αστεριών  
που κολυμπούσαν στο λιμνάκι  
δίδυμα πρόσωπα ματιά μες στον καθρέφτη  
κι εκεί μια στάλα παραπέρα  
στεκόσουν εσύ και με παρώτρυνες  
στην αγκαλιά σου να λουφάξω  
το κόπο μου να ξεκουράσω  
μα `γώ κρατούσα πάνω μου σφιχτά  
εκείνο το μικρό το αντικλείδι  
έτοιμος να το βάλω στην οπή  
ν' ανοίξω σαν τραντάφυλλο τον κόσμο

### DOUBLE

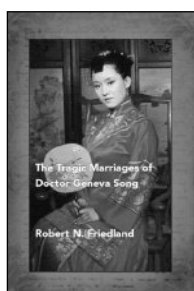
Certainly it wasn't I who  
last night jogged amid  
the suburb houses  
with my shirt unbuttoned  
like forgotten piety  
with my heart encompassed  
by the auspices  
of the orange dusk  
a dream forgetful of its origin  
it wasn't I but my double  
who in his bag had hidden  
old picture of two stars  
swimming in a crystal pond  
twin faces, one mirror's glance  
and further on: a single drop  
you stood coaching me  
to hide in your arms  
my tiredness to release though  
I tightly held the little master key  
ready to place it in the hole and  
open the world like a bloomed rose

*Manolis is a Greek-Canadian poet. His translation George Seferis: Collected Poems was shortlisted for the Greek National Literary Awards, the highest literary recognition of Greece. He was recently appointed an honorary instructor and fellow of the International Arts Academy, and awarded a Master's for the Arts in Literature. Born in the village of Kolibari on the island of Crete in 1947, he emigrated to Vancouver in 1973 where he worked as an iron worker, train labourer, taxi driver, and stock broker, and studied English Literature at Simon Fraser University.. He now lives in White Rock, where he heads Libros Libertad, an unorthodox and independent publishing company.*



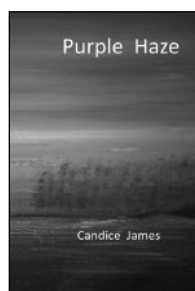
**Wellspring of Love**  
a novel by  
Doris Riedweg

paperback  
6 x 9 in 200 pp  
978-1-926763-32-3  
\$20.00



**The Tragic Marriages of Doctor Geneva Song**  
a novel by  
Robert N. Friedland

paperback  
6 x 9 in 200 pp  
ISBN:  
978-1-926763-30-9  
\$20.00



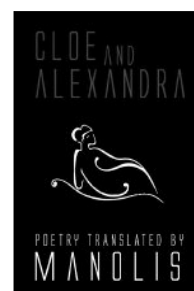
**Purple Haze**  
poetry by  
Candice James

paperback  
ISBN:  
6 x 9 in 106 pp  
978-1-926763-31-6  
\$18.00



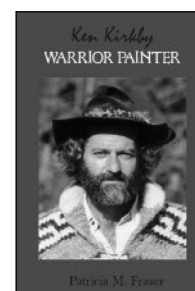
**Humility**  
poetry by  
Károly Fellinger

paperback  
5.5 x 8.5 in 98 pp  
ISBN:  
978-1-926763-29-3  
\$20.00



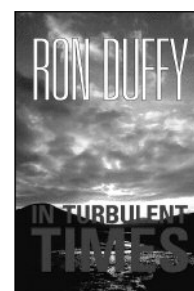
**Cloe and Alexandra**  
translated by  
Manolis

paperback  
6 x 9 in 200 pp  
978-1-926763-26-2  
\$20.00



**Ken Kirkby: Warrior Painter**  
a biography by  
Patricia M. Fraser

paperback  
5.5 x 8.5 in 214 pp  
ISBN:  
978-1-926763-28-6  
\$20.00



**In Turbulent Times**  
a novel by  
Ron Duffy

paperback  
ISBN:  
5.5 x 8.5 in 328 pp  
978-1-926763-27-9  
\$23.00

# libros libertad

Canada's Truly Independent Publisher

Libros Libertad Publishing Ltd • 2091 140th Street • Surrey, BC • V4A 9V9 • Canada • info@libroslibertad.ca • www.libroslibertad.ca





# 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