

CPR

*Resuscitating the art
of Canadian poetry*

CANADIAN POETRY REVIEW ISSN 1923-3019 JAN 2018 VOL 8 ISSUE 1 \$3.95

Contents

Randy Kohan

from *Hive* page 2

Stone and feather
Dream
A natural inclination
A long press
Long silences

Joanne Morency

from *Song of the Open Sea* page 3

The Sound of Disappearing

Blaine Greenwood

from *The False Mirror* page 4

Prisoner of St. Quentin
Brush with Heaven
Black Magic, 1934

Célyne Fortin

from *Wabakin* page 5

First Window

Hugues Corriveau

from *Words for the Traveler* page 6

Rome (excerpt)

Surjeet Kalsey

from *Reflections on Water* page 7

Poetry Walks in My Dream
My First Autumn in Canada



from *Wabakin* by Célyne Fortin



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

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

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

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

Copyright 2018 the Canadian Poetry Review for the contributors

from Hive

Randy Kohan

Ekstasis Editions
ISBN 978-1-77171-257-6
Poetry
60 Pages
6 x 9
\$23.95



Stone and feather

Caught, then held in the rounding
wake of this Great Constancy,
a persistent communion
leans on the back of my vision.

What path are you clearing?
What sights shall I see?
And why does certain phenomena
shudder the walls of the chest?

*

A white dove appears
on the road
travelling in my direction.

O, my, look,
another and a third
cloaked in darker feathers.

There's a measure of madness
in all that we do, held in a cold
stone of boldness, stone of measured calm.

The following day
the white dove returned
shedding a feather to earth.

I picked it up
and brushed the softness
white across my lips.

Dream

You're a musician, right? she said
smiling, older, wiser than I.
We were sitting at the foot of a rise
a ridge and valley below.

No, I said in reply.
A writer, then! she said.
We'll write a play for the Queen.

Next thing I knew I was reviewing
pastries, treats and drinks
at a small University food stand
deciding what to buy

for when my father came...

And then we were sitting
together on the ground
my young son, you and I
playing some game with cookies like cards.

You were youthful
your hair was black and straight
stylishly cut...
perhaps, I thought, you're French?

And I said to myself, yes
yes, she's the one.

You came in a dream
a youthful
Queen of joie de vivre

and with a young boy near us
to you I answered yes.

A natural inclination

Perhaps the manner exhibited
by those who've lost
is the grace I admire most.

There are beings at either
end of the threads of life
keeping them supple, taut.

Its said that Clotho
with her sisters
hold the precious flax.

I feel it
trembling, now and again,
how Dante loved Beatrice

how a winter
mist loves open fields
how birds are drawn to branches

how rain and leaves
are called to earth
how light is moved to travel

how distances reach
out to be near
how the hum of love
pulls at loss
buried in the chest

and how these verses burst
forth like grey-rain clouds
calling down
to rain already fallen

come back...

A long press

This tenderness
pressing from within...
as if she wore sun-drenched hair
scented by the sea.

Here, she says, let's lay our blanket down.

Hive is **Randy Kohan's** third collection of lyric poetry with Ekstasis Editions. His previous works are *Rain of Naughts* (2015) and *Hammers & Bells* (2013). Two of his poems, "Trains" and "Northern Monks," can be viewed as poetry videos on YouTube. He lives in Edmonton with his wife and their two sons.

And open to the sun we'll shower tears long-held
dissolve the granite walls
sink them in the sand.

Press. Warm. Close. She says
collide your days, your nights with mine.
Like chimes in wind, we'll bind the broken chords
and leave the songs to chance.

Long silences

As if in consolation, like stakes suspended
in the well of my eyes
I have a pair of weathervane
tips for pupils
that turn at the sight of puddled fields
when they glare like pools of molten sapphire
up at April skies.

Love can be a gaping
deep December wound
that eventually
heals;
silence, in the passing shadow of brushing clouds
in the weathervane's sleepless whirl
hers
finally
told me so.

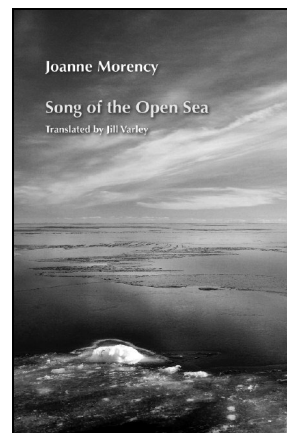
As if in consolation, someone touched
the lids of these eyes
commanded:
here, make something
of silence.

from Song of the Open Sea

Joanne Morency

translated by Jill Varley

Ekstasis Editions
ISBN 978-1-77171-261-3
Poetry
98 Pages
5.5 x 8.5
\$23.95



The Sound of Disappearing

A piece of driftwood carried into the water. This sound of disappearing...

A dying landscape. The glint in the eye soon snuffed out. We lose our mother only once. Childhood is ripped from the flesh. A world without oxygen.

Earth tremors. This knack for shifting in an instant from laughter to tears, from celebration to disaster. North Pole, South Pole. A love song after the news on the radio. The task of living. The rage of running.

Fine rain that glances off the face. A membrane over the skin. One mask over another.

Memory is a slow, low hanging sky.

The day fades. Too soon. Before anyone has finished with the light.

We would have to play three roles at once. Mend each ending. Instead we get back on the road, as if we could invent time. Condemned to die again and again, with each hello and each goodbye.

I swallow fruit that tastes like winter and shadow. I turn to a friend, then to another, back to square one where we start a new game of building scenery, tireless in our pleasure. Our parcels of human land.

The sea runs alongside our lives. We suppose that if we left her shores for good, we would be reborn elsewhere, bereft of air.

Pinned to the bedside of the unfinished story, we paint portraits of the living. They will smile until the end of time. We will cover our walls with immortality in little wooden frames. We will try to repeat the right gestures. Nothing but love in the eyes.

Will we be strong enough to capture all the colours before us? Or will we hold back and mourn that they will soon be lost?

Here we are, all worn out. Worn down by the earth. By the impossible waves. By the sun, like a war drawing near.

We lengthen the horizon in a perfect falsehood. The blue of the world runs ever farther away. And with the shell we break down words. We take each smile as absolute proof. Dumbfounded, like a very old cat who must change his ways.

Springtime is mute, but we hear it. A crocus carpet under the snow, the cadence of a new glow. Closer than ever, the sky-blue of a laughing voice, hands filled with small berries brought back from the darkness.

This light in the palm, when we had given up hope. These colours expanding without fading. All things, suddenly, seem to recognize one another.

A white goose on a white backdrop...And we relive our first heartbeat. The glass is gone between self and world. A continent we had thought so distant is moving through us.

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

Drifting ice. Rushing water. We must undo all the divisions carved in the palm of our hands.

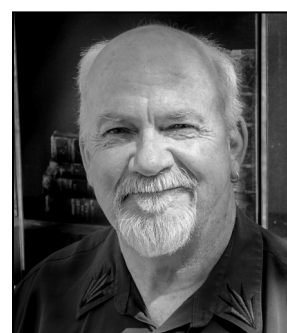
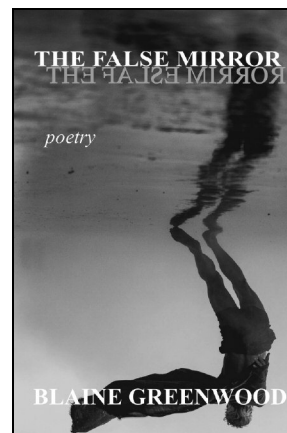
I look around me for new keepsakes. Dream that I have many bodies. I no longer know where to put them in such a vast dwelling place.

We find a passage between joy and sorrow. A country under the whiteness. No need for a sun. The warmth will be forever. We will reunite the day with his night.

from The False Mirror

Blaine Greenwood

Ekstasis Editions
ISBN 978-1-77171-251-4
Poetry
94 pages
6 x 9
\$23.95



Blaine Greenwood, born in Viking Alberta 1951, is an educator by profession, with a career spanning from classroom teacher to museum educator and event planner. It is from this foundation that Blaine's poetry has come to reflect his interest in psychology, history and spirituality. He is currently one of the artistic directors of Lotos Land spoken word / poetry venue at Fort Macleod Alberta's South Country Fair and DJ for CKXU's *Not Your Mother's Poetry*.

Prisoner of St. Quentin

"An artist must never be a prisoner.
Prisoner? An artist should never be a
prisoner of himself, prisoner of style,
prisoner of reputation, prisoner of
success."

~ Henri Matisse

Country boy from Bohain in Picardy,
you are now the law clerk of St. Quentin.
Quite the gentlemanly intellectual,
your papa would be proud of you
and yet, you callow youth,
you abandon all of this to play in paint.

You sketch open door of office, cross the
threshold,
irises growing on the edges of those legal appeals,
"copied in triplicate".
Even here the beast, the fauve within,
Is already roaming the dark woods, looking for a
way out.

And on the field of Mars
your parents come to know you –
The man who paints in underpants,
painted yet another open door
in Brittany, that door of cobalt blue,
thus letting light in.

You see color flicker, flame across the Breton
mill,
olive trees catch fire in your color's blaze,
branches and leaves incandescent in intensity.

Lying awake you listen –
scratches at the door –
rustles, flaps, drags, departs,
at dawn you discover your midnight
monster –
Heavy oiled butcher paper
stuck and slapping at the door.

While within you, another monster stirs,
a raging storm about to break –
You become the passionate beast,
mad and epileptic in your moves,
pin brilliant butterflies to canvas
by intuition and instinct.

You use spiky brush strokes –
probe, prod,
aggressive and direct,
take it or leave it brush strokes,
that the eye can hear –
Red, green, blue – pure, radiant, bright –
squeezed straight from tube
onto the hungry canvas.

You, Henri, paint

to feed that Russian
mad Shchukin's ravenous appetite.

You paint in stages,
paint men, women with no history
paint Eden
before the fall.

Brush with Heaven

You saw yourself dying
as an invalid stuck in a metal corset
Yet here you surround yourself
with your flower books.

First dying of appendicitis,
your mother gave you paints
and you found life.
Then nearly drowning in the Garonne,
you learned to swim in color.

Dying of cancer
cursing that sleep that would not come
you find your scissors, paper,
the syncopation of jazz.

You suffer a heart attack in Nice
while the world begins to die
as a hydrogen bomb explodes in Bikini
Atoll,
and yet we look –
we find no trace of dying in your work.

We ask — Where can happiness be found now?
and then we see you yet again
with brush on a fishing pole,
painting the walls of hospital room
and wonder about the vault of Heaven
when your brush reaches to touch it.

Black Magic, 1934

"If the dream is a translation of
working life, waking life is also a
translation of the dream."
~ Rene Magritte

She stands there
by open window

Becomes so pure
she surrenders

To cotton ball filled
sky

earth to sky

Becomes blue
of red breast's egg

Pink surrounding
her delta fur

Pink goes to hand

Touching solid plinth
of stone

She fades
from moving earth

Into
endless sky.

possibilities

she turns

from

us

to

see

the

she

the link

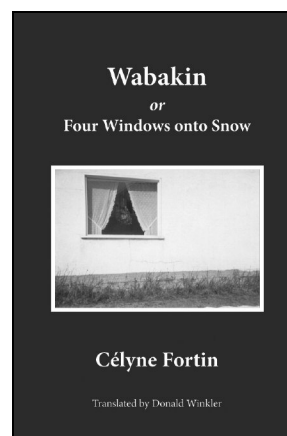
from

from Wabakin

Célyne Fortin

translated by Donald Winkler

Ekstasis Editions
ISBN 978-1-77171-259-0
Poetry
138 Pages
6 x 9
\$23.95



First Window

I have come to set my papers in order
and my thoughts
and what I plan to read.
And my feelings as well.
To set them all in order before the great clean
sweep
the grand disruption
here in Abitibi.
In this place where I've so often set down words.

*

In La Sarre, where the streets are broad as hope.
There where the river the "Amikitik" or *white*
fish
runs its ever darker waters
higher still towards the North
to where the waters divide
in that land the Amerindians named Abitibi.

La Sarre-Wabakin.
Where "there are mountains of hard wood."
Where I could not grow.
But where I return to write.
La Sarre that saw me born.
Land of my childhood.

Wabakin.
The chipping sparrow's tiny there and soft
with a large white feather in its beak.
Like me, is it trying to rebuild a nest for itself
in this village lost in sleep?

*

When the Abitibi sky is blue
it is deep
and luminous.
Is it to free our minds
from the blizzards and the long winters'
hard cold?

A strange winter here.
There are no birds.
Not even a crow.
Is it the Arctic cold
or have I arrived too soon?
It's the beginning of February.

*

In planting his spruce trees
did Monsieur Dubuc suspect
I'd be admiring them still
sixty years on?
One now has two crowns
and they rise
majestic
before this imposing dwelling
with its New England allure.
Painted green and white since forever
it's made its way down the decades
and still parades its Sunday best.
In recent years
it's become a safe harbour
for many poor people
who go there often
to fill their shopping bags
and stay alive.

*

Does this feeling of fullness
derive from the landscape's serenity alone
or from me looking upon the landscape?
Does the serenity stem from my presence
cast over the image being observed
or is it heightened by the prospect
presented to my gaze?

In my glasses the colour
alters
when darkness drops over my eyes.

Born in La Sarre in Abitibi in 1943, Célyne Fortin co-founded and co-directed the Éditions du Noroit from 1971 to 1991, along with René Bonenfant. There she published collections of poetry and art books. She also published the tales and narratives Jours d'été, 1998, with Éditions de la Pleine Lune, published in English by Ekstasis Editions as Summer Days.

*

Coming out of school.
You whirl your full-to-bursting bag.
You shift it from shoulder to shoulder
from hand to hand.
A child wheels on himself
whips at an icicle
or a hard hunk of snow
with a branch.
Shouts from afar.
Cries to urge on the straggler.
The littlest drags his feet
his big bag in tow.

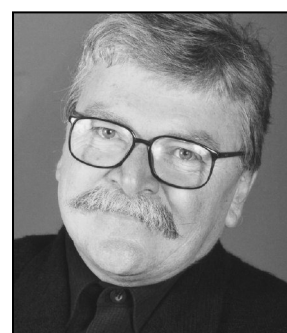
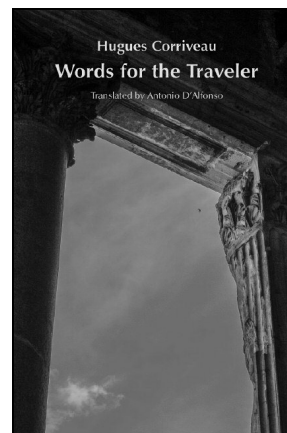
It's been many many years
since my friends and I
took the same street home from school
our delight renewed each day
by a girlfriend's larks.

from Words for the Traveler

Hugues Corriveau

translated by Antonio D'Alfonso

Ekstasis Editions
ISBN 978-1-77171-289-7
Poetry
76 Pages
5 x 8
\$21.95



Rome (excerpt)

I
I would like to write of a suite of words so precise that they would seem self-sufficient, organs swollen with sensuality, herbal sugar we sip through leaves when it is morning. Common sense, however, says no. We can't press an entire vocabulary into a single poem ready to talk about the beauty found in a single hour of tranquility. No! My teeth crush sand as if it were salt, erasing the birth of the world in the tiniest of syllables! The gale's dry cough.

II
We wish for words to name distant cities, hearts and bodies. This is a week of happiness. Very much needed. If I want to survive the anxiety of clocks, the so unexpected cracking of worn-out bones. Age is slippery. In the heart of self, there is cold-blooded music that is languishing. I need to breathe in noisy cities, sleepless, and lonely movements welcome people's luck. I yearn for the body that becomes hard, straight, facing guns and hostility.

III
I have neither eyes nor tongue. Beating snare drum, irrigation of blood revives. With words found, we have this duty to speak. My mouth is filled with marbles, bubbles of ink as screams. On my wrist, my name in plastic to identify my skin smooth in the hospital. I wander through the street since forever, noting, be it for an instant, the footsteps of others under my own.

IV
Struck head on the dancing steps of a person much too beautiful, *Viale dei Quattro Ventri*, I lose my breath! With the dice of luck in my hands the stranger's intimate world imposes itself. I am steeped in fear in the heart of a child's dreams. I then hear the familiar noise of tram wheels on their steel rails. Let's not forget these unimportant resounding offenses banging inside my mind like Christmas tinsel or fresh fruit on my tongue.

V
With the toss of the hand, we send our children up to the stars before they fall asleep. So it is, we confess to the intuition of surrendering to the movement of crowds. Then there is the image of a sky-blue burqa as beautiful as a veil on a concrete madonna, as sinister as a cope of lead.

Blue watering the Roman sky, while I daydream about the apathy of my neighbor across the hall.

VI
An age-old doubt flashes through my mind whenever oracles rise before me, like childhood lingering in the voice forecasting a storm. The misery of empty bones if we hear during sleep the body tossed about by a nightmare. I wander around, *Piazza Cinque Lune*, sluggishness of night when its round eyes opened onto a room filled with holes that lead to the underside of the world. During this hour of names, from one spot to another, we might mistaken an alley for a street, the task of a geographer with that of a geometer.

VII
I go back to a younger-than-me who finds beautiful, *Piazza Campo dei fiori* the flowers in bloom before the palace's façade. A hand holds them out confirming the permanence of the hour that the campanile clocks chime. But be careful! A sickly young woman is coming towards me, her eyes sunken since dawn, pushing a disabled woman all the way to a miracle! No one believes in the incredible anymore. Cobblestones uneven under my feet are the only reminder of the accuracy of history.

VIII
The landscape underscored by the morning glow: this entanglement of electric wires guides trams from one street to the other. On *Viale di Trastevere*, a train waits under palm-trees, strayed, stuck in history all the way to astonishment. I'm sitting there while the traffic desperately tries to break the hours into fragments of loud noise. I can't breathe except what emanates from thoughts fleeting into improbable dwellings I don't have the key to step into. Life goes on. Life, there, at the hour when noise appears, passes by. I suffocate.

IX
I'm hurting because I'm unable to multiply myself for every person that walks back home to supper, each acquainted to the intimate fragrance of children. I would enjoy tasting lentils, pasta, snails, couscous, or pita bread... I should myself be against anxiety, against certitude being outside this world. I'll have to hang onto real noise in this country with its crazy vowels, so rapidly turning into dragonflies. I too would scream to stop the racket, the misery, the erosion of the

Poet, fiction and non-fiction writer

Hugues

Corriveau is a five-time finalist for the Governor General Award. He has written over thirty books since 1978. He has won the *Alfred-Desrochers Award* twice and the *Grand Prix du livre de Sherbrooke*. In 1999 he was offered the *Alain-Grandbois Award* for *Le livre du frère* (*Book for a Brother*). His latest novel, *La fêlure de Thomas*, was published in 2018. Hugues Corriveau lives in Montreal.

stucco. We would hear the strange accent of the *Gitane Bleue's* voice.

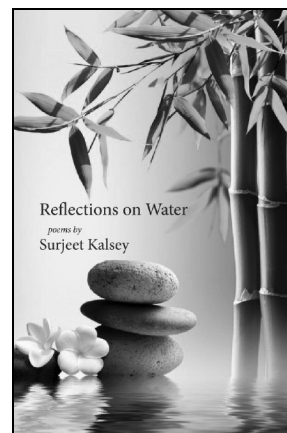
X
The river carries green plastic bottles and corks that get tossed with the city garbage. The unrest of the drowned who hang onto branches heavy with needles and syringes. In the wagons rolling behind, I hear gypsies playing accordions and untuned violins. Then, there, right at the end of *Isola Tiberina*, the island of the sickly, sitting at the foot of the *Ospedale Fatebenefratelli*, a couple kiss. Angst takes root because beauty tears lucidity apart.

XI
There is a spot in the middle of the body for anxiety, where the mother's forgotten kiss given after a bath is remembered, where lips on my chest heave with bells of laughter. We all have, broken as we are, large walls of naked skin, because a hammer strikes coldly on for months and years. When school starts I can hear life burst with its familiar sound that lets off for a fraction of a second, as illusion, as misunderstanding. Work, more than games, is a thief that profits from a smidgen of misery. During a trip, we are rarely wanderers crazy with joy.

from Reflections on Water

Surjeet Kalsey

Ekstasis Editions
ISBN 978-1-77171-285-9
Poetry
101 Pages
6 x 9
\$23.95



Poetry Walks In My Dream

In a reoccurring dream
my feet walk on the same road
that goes on and on winding
and rapping around and around
the buff mountains
and sinks into that velvety valley.
My foot-steps end right there
at the cliff on the edge
jolts my heart in the dream
still the dream never ends
it goes on and it takes me
to the unending realms of
the unknown hidden path.

Right at that moment
I feel that poetry walks
towards my inner core
it listens to my heart beat
and put words and voice
in my unspoken words.
When poetry opens its eyes
the sun shines everywhere
and my eyes fill with dew-drops
and my heart with gratitude.

Poetry travels through my senses
from a moonless night to
a spectrum of the seven colours.
Words are sacred and tell me:
don't lament on what is lost.
Stay eager for your want
live every moment in full.
Breathe in the essence of
each and every moment
let go of the bad dream
and embrace yourself
write words for your voice.

Poetry stands by me
Look up in the mirror of the sky
and my reflection in the sea
it holds all the colours of the rainbow.
Nothing is lost, it rejuvenates me.

Memories go a long way that
make us to pick those pieces
long forgotten and left somewhere
in the pages of history.
Memories knit words in my dreams
while the process of poetry takes me
to never ending path every night.

My First Autumn in Canada

When I set my foot in this land
I saw a colourful autumn
it was just blooming.

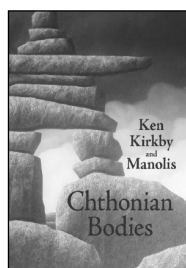
After crossing the green black waters
and after those tiresome long hours
up in the sky – nowhere to go
finally landed in a strange land:
Tall mountains stood majestic
and vast land dotted with
maple and oak trees surrounded
with the waters of the ocean

The leaves of the trees
were falling slowly and gently
sprinkling colours in the air.
As I set my eyes on this
strange multicolored grace
of the falling leaves –
I gazed through my window
they were turning pale yellow
yellow to orange to red and brown
leaving their boughs empty
Leaves falling quietly and gently.

Within a few days all trees
had fallen leaves flat on the ground
they gazed at the cold blue sky,
the trees stood bare and black
as apparitions at night.
The bare boughs without leaves
hold within them a dream of verdure.

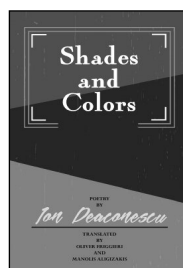
Surjeet Kalsey is an outstanding South Asian Canadian writer, who came to Canada in 1974 with a background in broadcasting, as a News Anchor of "Pradeshik Samachar"

Regional News for All India Radio Chandigarh. Surjeet writes both in Punjabi and English and is the author of 19 books of poetry, short stories, drama, and translations. She has also edited several books.



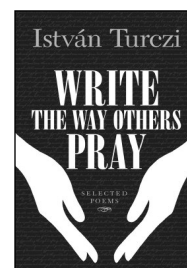
Cthonian Bodies
art & poetry by
Ken Kirkby
& Manolis

paperback
8.5 x 10.0 in 102 pp
978-1-926763-42-2
\$48.00



Shades and Colors
poetry by
Ion Deaconescu

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



Write the Way Others Pray
poetry by
István Turczi

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



ΦΩΣ ΣΤΙΣ ΠΕΥΚΟΒΕΛΟΝΕΣ
poetry by
Karoly Fellinger

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

libros libertad

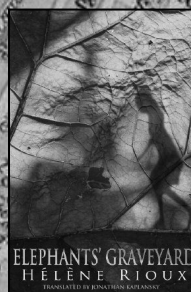
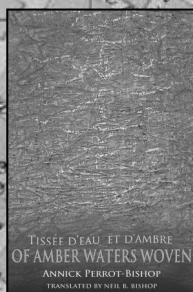
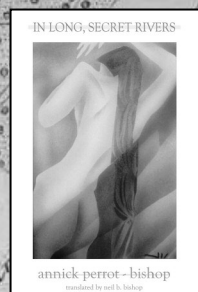
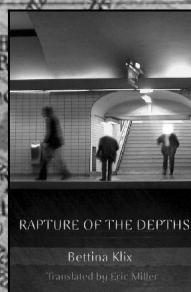
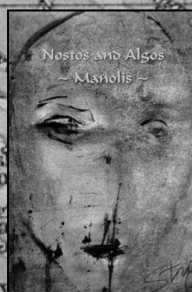
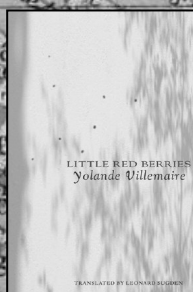
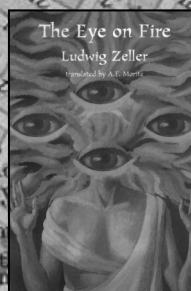
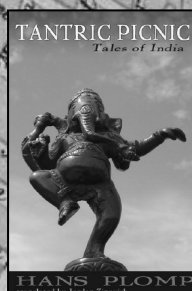
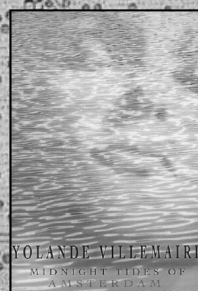
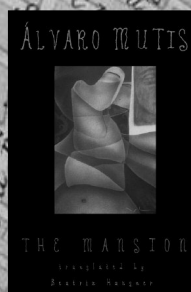
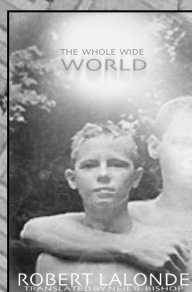
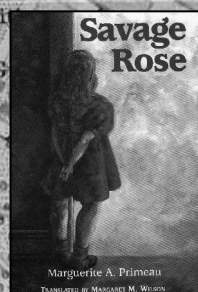
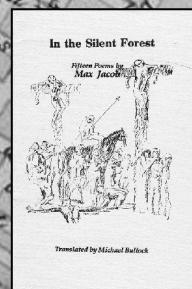
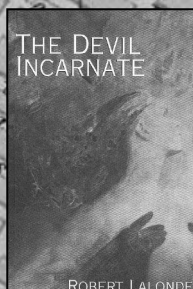
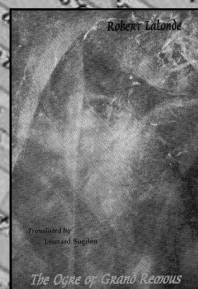
Libros Libertad Publishing Ltd • 2244 154A Street • Surrey, BC • V4A 5S9 • Canada
• infolibroslibertad@shaw.ca • www.libroslibertad.com



Ekstasis Editions

*Celebrating more than 30 years
of quality literary publishing*

literary translation is a passport to the imagination



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

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