

# Swimming

*Rojan Zét*

At my bank you stand, one toe dipping in, examining the surface without regard to who shares this beach, this harbour, this respite from the daily grind of noise, dirt, and smother. You drop your bag, the hat falls, and pieces of clothing slide over your head revealing armpits that close again to let your abandon enter my darkness, submerging quickly, effortlessly, leaving the old world behind. The first cold is a threshold to obscurity and seclusion, but peace inspiring your lungs propels you forward, washing, cleansing, stripping away the stress of thought harnessed by eight days. You swim, molded to my body, moving within me, around me, below me, above me, tickling me, suspending in the weight of this form, my substance, current and tide, held by your faith in me, carried by your trust, by our times together. Under the surface you are safe and when this time ends, you are free to go again, to come again, to emerge dripping, and sit at my side, warmed.

# The Phenomenal Choir

*Margitta Ben-Oliel*

Waiting by the quiet pond

I hear a croak

Then a myriad of croaks

Erupt from beneath the obscure water

And soar up into the darkened sky

A baritone, soprano, bass and a tenor

High pitched and low

A cadence of song

Flows across the dark pond

Rippling the water

Singing builds to a crescendo

Louder and louder

Filling the air

Then...

Suddenly it's over

Quietly...I walk away in awe

Such is the mystic beauty

Of nature.

# Lovespoon

*Margaret Cox*

This wooden spoon is not the kind  
you stir your porridge with  
its bowl so smooth, its handle carved  
with signs of courtly love

A Celtic seventeenth century spoon  
a lovespoon made in Wales  
proclaimed the carver's passion  
for the lady of his choice

The lover carved it skillfully  
of a single piece of wood  
presented it to his lady  
symbolic of his love

A Celtic custom seemingly  
of spooning close together  
fitting into each others' lives  
like spoons fitting each other

My love so gave me such a spoon  
with fifty years of marriage  
together in the hills of Wales  
we found again our golden age.

# Ship of Dreams

*Paul Manuel*

Staring off across the sea, waiting, for my ship of dreams,  
That will bring good things to me,  
My ship of Dreams, My ship of Dreams.

Always waiting for peace of mind, leaving sorrow far behind,  
Never living here and now, but in my ship of dreams,  
Ever, in my ship of dreams.

But my ship will come, at least I pray,  
Come and take me far away,  
Bring me peace, Oh Happy Day,  
My ship of Dreams, My ship of Dreams.

Just beyond my minds horizon,  
My ship of Dreams is rising, rising,  
Always just beyond my grasp,  
My ship of Dreams, My ship of Dreams.

Time my master marches on,  
Taking all, leaving none,  
The carrot dangles ever near,  
My ship of Dreams, My ship of Dreams.

Never living in the now, always living in the other,  
In memories of dreams soft lies,  
Or what will come by and by,  
My ship of Dreams, My ship of Dreams.

I tire of waiting, the cost too great,  
My ship is coming, Too late! Too late!  
My ship of Dreams, My ship of Dreams.

I've lost my time, In what might have been.

# Tsolum River

*Karen Severson*

Green deep slow river  
Summer river, shaded, still.  
Old cottonwood. Lint falling,  
Dusting water, swirling, sullen  
Circling, memories:  
Olive work pants, verdigris  
Vegetable trucks, oil on water,  
Dank green. Old things  
Furred with algae, soft-mossed,  
River of youth, flowing by,  
Slipping in shadows. Cottonwood dust.

# Dream on the Birth of a Granddaughter

*Wendy Robison*

Isabelle Isabelle, danced to Spain  
in a golden shower of rain,  
Isabelle Isabelle plucked an orange  
kissed the sun  
spilled the stars down their fiery run.

Isabelle Isabelle, you'll be a queen  
whispering leaves in a gown of green,  
catch the wind in a silver bean,  
Isabelle Isabelle, when you are queen.

Isabelle Isabelle, your're my heart  
carry the moon in a glimmering cart  
hung with rainbows and fairy lawn,  
bumblebees and coral spawn,  
pulled by fishes and prancing fawns,  
Isabelle Isabelle breathes my heart.

Isabelle Isabelle, plant your bean  
tossed in a green and fragrant beam,  
blossom your soul in a willow dream,  
Isabelle Isabelle, Love's bright seam:

Isabelle Isabelle  
Love's delight.

# Seeing...Me

*June Maffin*

looking into a mirror

what do I see

who do I see...

really

can I see

the precious child of the universe

the much-loved child of the creator

if not

why not

may each mirror

become a way

for me to see

truly see

see myself as others see me

see myself as the creator of the universe sees me

see myself as someone with gifts to share

beauty to reflect

intelligence to use

wisdom to impart

and

much yet to learn

# flyng games at cherry point

*Kate Sutherland*

swallows swoop and skim the beach  
winging and singing beyond the speed of sound

a gull, shellfish in beak  
circling the beach  
seeks a breaking point  
hard, hard luck

again and again the patient bird  
lets fall its load  
finding no stone to oblige  
one last attempt, the shell breaks  
a waiting youngster runs to devour  
leaving the benefactor  
disconsolate

five black crows watch a sixth  
as it circles the stony beach  
mirroring the gull, the crow drops its treasure  
the rest watch  
bored

swallows swoop, crows follow in a black cloud  
unable to sing in swallow tune  
the hungry gull takes to the waiting air  
picks up the shellfish before the incoming tide  
covers all

# Cold Mountain

*Jane Waterman*

Alone, but not alone  
trapped in contradictions  
I return in thought  
to that temple of the mind –  
a Buddhist monastery –  
to sit alone  
Bare feet  
under saffron robes  
turn blue as the wind rushes  
over cold mountain.

But this is not my truth  
Solitude makes my feet ache  
my mind numb  
Loneliness freezes my heart  
while the demands of society  
suffocate and burn –  
encroaching on my soul  
Alone in sanity  
crowded – lost  
My voice falls silent

Feeling plummet over the abyss  
Caught in the rope –  
Suspended in the chasm  
Only I, alone, can choose  
to fly, to fall –

I cling above the fire

# The Empty Ballroom

*Pat Salmon*

If poems no longer dance here, be that so.

'Twas here Head danced with Heart once long ago.

And taught her all he thought she ought to know.

“Dip, sway, step lightly, off we go!

Twirl, whirl around the hall; make this our show!”

Dance done, they faced each other bowing low.

Head whispered soft “Goodbye”, yet couldn't know

'Tis always Heart who braves the first “Hello.”