

News from the Feminist Caucus, by Anne Burke

This month, poems by new members Carol Casey, Melanie Flores, Lisa Makarchuk, *Reviews of Frequent, small loads of laundry, poems*, by Rhonda Ganz; *Stray*, by Allison LaSorda, *Rose and Brine*, by Janice Colbert, *The Analyst: poems* and *the second blush* both by Molly Peacock

Hedge Witch*

Open up the buried treasure
unlock the healing from the earth
Draw nourishment amid the pleasures
hungry spirits help the birth
of the hedge witch's ancient knowledge
passed on by word and work-chafed hand
of leaf and flower and grass and foliage
the round green church where women stand
and know their place within creation
equal to bird, tree and stone
trusting wild imagination
power of the hearth and home.

Down the walkway of the garden
with green herbs and light becoming
with the Mother's heartbeat drumming
walk among the fairy traces
laughter from their airy places
feel the earth reach from Her depth
to cradle each returning step
warm to passion in the sun, and face
the light to dance the grace
hear the singing water falling
cleansing, clearing, softly calling
to the stricken, words of pardon
down the walkway of the garden

Cycles of the moon and sun
and the seasons, closely spun
fabric lengthening with care
till the time has come to wear
the woven threads on heart and bone
and face the elements alone.
Earth and fire and water and air
all will rise to meet you there
where a teardrop forms and falls
pure enough to break the walls
that surround the sacred place
and you look into Her face.

At times She sleeps beneath Her blanket
deep inside Her womb is still
darkness governs, cold and icy
life withdraws from winter's chill
Quiet rules beneath winds howling
casting spells upon the land
compelling all to pause in silence
dreams held tight within Her hand.
As the year's wheel vaults the apex
slow turning to return again
all our pride and machinations
must be subject to Her reign
and the hedge witch bows to water
earth and fire and air
holds this wisdom deep within her
when the world is stark and bare.

Carol Casey

*I plan to use "Hedge Witch" as a central theme in my first book of poetry. The rest are unpublished. Thanks again for this opportunity.

In the End

As if the weight of history, in the end, a press
extracted all moisture from her tired, human frame
she is shrunken, like an apple-doll, from the burden
of all that was once so light.
Life now has no softened blows
just relentless distillation to some essence.

There is light still, but it is deeper.
Often, she must use all that is left to excavate.
Sometimes it takes half a day to find it if
she is not interrupted too many times
by well-meaning strangers who wish
to apply their youth and energy to her wounds,
often too vigorously, mostly missing the mark.

Yet she sees herself in them and finds
that she can afford generosity better than anything.
She doles it out by the invisible armful.
Even the knowing that it will, almost all,
be tossed away, cannot stop the flow of it.
It is the one river that will bear her
and it is sweeping her past the pain
giving her the strength to smile
and leave a prayer for the world.

Carol Casey, 2015

That is All

I am the roots digging deep in the soil
the drinking of the roots
the drawing up and up
and the kiss of the sun.
I am the green that mixes and changes
the in-breath and out-breath of trees.

I am the wind that stirs the branches
and the leaf of paper, wind-gripped, aloft.
I am the words dancing on the page,
the idea that birthed the words
and the coin that bought them.
I am the impulse that minted the coin.

I am the grease that glides through
the overturning engine
the spark that lights, the release of molecules
the movement of metal, the ribbon of road
the pictures travelling invisible air roads
to be caught on screens
the fish travelling invisible currents
to be caught in nets
then caught again in dishes and teeth.
I am also that which is tossed away.

I am the blue of an eye
meeting the brown of an eye.
I am those hands touching.
I am the tentative light
at the dawn of understanding.
I am the prayer and the praying,
the touch of hand on fur, on bark,
the let fly of bullet, axe.
I am the present, the remembering
the looking forward.
I am the orchestra playing infinite notes
never heard completely.
And I am each note.

I am nothing special
yet I am all, and that is all.

Carol Casey, 2009

Metaphor

A large metaphor can be
the elephant in the room.
A small metaphor can be
the mouse that scatters the elephant.
And when this leads to
a house of cards falling down,
it is a mixed metaphor.

So when your elephant
meets your mouse
and knocks over your
house of cards
you can get all mixed up
about large and small.

So that when you trip on a mole-hill
on your way to the mountain
and come into intimate
and protracted contact with the
kaleidoscopic cacophony of carnival
that lies in between,
it takes a while to understand
that this is the trip.

Carol Casey, 2016

Bio: **Carol Casey** has been writing poetry most of her life. She is a long-standing member of the Huron Poetry Collective and has contributed to their two collections, *No Corners to Hide In* and *The Language of Dew and Sunsets*. Her work has also appeared in *Toward the Light*, *The Leaf* and *Tickled by Thunder*, as well as two anthologies about women and health care, *Women Who Care* and *Much Madness, Divinest Sense: Women's Stories of Mental Health and Health Care*. The book is raw, honest and includes multiple perspectives. It may interest those concerned with mental health and/or women's issues. She resides in Blyth, Ontario, where she works as a nurse and adult educator

Four Poems by Melanie Flores

I Remember Cherries

Plump and bursting with succulence
Round, crimson memories of summer

Of mom, sitting down with a bowl
In the sunroom
Viewing the fruits of her labour
Spitting out the stones

Dad coming in, after a double shift
Dirty with sweat and box dust

Four-year old me
Jolted from my reverie
Of playing at tea
With Bear and Francie
By the loud words,
Words I don't want to understand.

The powerful calloused hand swings
The bowl of crimson treasures topples
Sending rubies all around
The muffled punch of fist
Meeting plump cherry-filled cheek
The startled cry
From me, or from her?
And then another and another
Spitting out stones, or teeth,
Blood mixed with cherry juice
Seeping out in a slow trickle.

“STOP!” The command escapes my lips.

I remember cherries.

Melanie Flores

Labels

Fraudulent labels stuck to me,
Plastered haphazardly.
Like a well-travelled parcel
That's seen every crevice of the world.
Labels - to give purpose and identity,
To make me belong.
Descriptions that give people a
Picture of who I am...
(Not!?)

Mother, manager, writer,
Wife, sister-in-law, owner,
Member, volunteer, winner,
Loser, boss, sinner.

When did I become these -
Things I am not?
These things I don't -
Know how to be?
Was it when my eyes first met
Another's, acknowledging
That I was, and that I was **me**?
Or was it as I grew and
Tried to fit in?
Did I stick these labels on myself?
Am I the culpable victim?

Wrapped up in alternate states of being.
Comforted, yet smothered
By the labels.
By knowing that "inadequate"
And "lost" and "failure"
Are all just other labels -
Sorry excuses for not being me.

How do I remove these labels?
How do I cleanse myself and get back
To the person I was born?

How do I regain
The essence of me?
...If there was ever such a thing.

Melanie Flores

One Daughter's Mother

Soft sunlight and swirling dust
In a room filled with songs from a faraway land
Mother's voice is light yet robust
I lift a pudgy-fingered hand to my lips
"Sssssshhh!" I demand....
Just because I can

Maybe the cells were still healthy back then

Escape from brutality
To a flat filled with dreams, hope and apprehension
Mother's goal is totality
I shrug it all away, shielding my bruised soul
"Go!" she demands...
Just because she can

Maybe the cancer started to develop now

Hard work and lonely freedom
In a life of simple success and lurking danger
Mother's selections aren't random
I live and lust and go my own selfish way
"Me!" I demand....
Just because I am

It shows itself as an unrelenting lump

An operation takes place
The outlook is promising, the future looks bright
Mother's life continues apace
I take notice and vow to call once a week
"Die! It demands..."

Just because it can

The cancer spreads, first to the bones

The prognosis is dire
For a woman too young to die, too sick to live
Mother's strong spirit starts to tire
I visit more often to talk and bring food
"Help" she whimpers...
Just because she's sick

Next...to the liver

A darkened room, a rare breath
In the hospital where I was born, Mama dies
Mother's silenced forever by death
I wail in sorrow, lost love, and sad relief
"Help!" I scream...
Just because she can't

Goodbye, Ma.

Melanie Flores

Gastronomy in Three Acts

BREAKFAST

Succulent golden globe
Of juicy tang
Pulsed into a fresh,
Zesty eye-opener.

Brown pellets, aromatic and shiny

Cool, firm, smooth
Hollow stone
So instantly fragile,
Bleeding yellow.

Ground to mahogany sand

Smoky, malleable
Bit of blubber
Metamorphosing into a salty,
Crispy morsel.

Crackle, pop, drip – olfactory bliss

Toasty yet soft
Slathered in sunny warmth
Dripping with sweetness,
Tasting of home.

Dark, hot brew – good morning kiss

Melanie Flores

LUNCH

Citrus enrobed vegetation,
Verdant and vivacious.
Flecked with blue-veined
Curds of briny depth
And ruby pellet balloons
Primed for explosion
Upon a single bite.
Ebony specks of heat
Combine boldly and merrily for
Nourishing satisfaction.

Melanie Flores

DINNER

String upon string, upon string
Yet not a tangle to be seen
In the golden mess.

Scents frolic and interweave;
Once pungent, then blending,

In an echo of Florence.
A hint of piquancy, an aromatic melange
To tantalize nostrils and salivate mouths;
The whisper of readiness summons the mass of
Pale flaxen filament into the
Succulently intoxicating scarlet bath.

A finishing flourish of heady herbaceousness,
A generous onslaught of spirited grana
Complete the plat du jour,
The piece de resistance that beckons
The final curtain
And the end
To another
Day.

Melanie Flores

Bio: At 5-years of age poetry entered Melanie's life when a teacher selected her to recite poems, a common practice in the Canadian-Ukrainian Toronto community she grew up in. She remained the school's main reciter of poetry at festivals and concerts throughout her years in elementary school and, from that time, poetry has been her inconstant companion. After 20 years in business publishing, a company re-structuring ended Melanie's corporate life and allowed her to focus on her passion, creative writing. Since 2012 she has been devoted to writing children's stories, adult short fiction and her first love, poetry. Melanie has returned to poetry with a vengeance and an ever-growing body of work.

Melanie Flores: "One Daughter's Mother" was published in **Harvest: A Collection of New Canadian Poetry – 2012 Polar Expressions Publishing** - ISBN #978-1-926925-13-4

Melanie Flores: "I Remember Cherries" was published in **Waking Dawn: A New Collection of Canadian Poetry – 2015 Polar Expressions Publishing** – ISBN #978-1-926925-40-0

Poems by Lisa Makarchuk

Hope for the Future?

the ragged edge of dark
slices nightmares
into my dreams
its sharpness peels
off nurturing ideas
yearning to be freed
their sputtering sparks
in erratic darting
and unfurling
flashing into flights of fancy
enlightening;
some guarded, others
descend struggling
into forbidden truths
hovering
just above
eternal dark and fear

Lisa Makarchuk-November 14, 2016

QUOTES ABOUT "REGIME CHANGE" *The poem on "Regime Change" has lifted actual quotes as spoken by U.S. officials.

"Let's rain the terrors of earth" upon Cuba
we surely could force Fidel Castro to go
let's set our plans on state overthrow
Schlesinger ranted like this long ago

*we'll bring these people down to their knees
their island is there for us to seize.*

"Hunger and desperation in the population"
is our certain aim
blockading the island spearheads our game
in a memo exhorts Lestor Mallory
an advisor to President Kennedy
"Let's pinch their nuts more than we're doin',"
said President Johnson
Bay of Pigs' attack lying in ruin

we also heard, "Just give me the word
and I'll turn the whole fucking island
into a parking lot," yes, this we heard
later from General Haig

*we'll bring these people down to their knees
their island is there for us to seize*

But the people resisted
terror inflicted
at Playa Giron
shoulder to shoulder
refusing to hand over
their newly freed land
to foreign control
bedraggled a little, tattered and torn
but proudly erect as their victims they mourn
out of these battles
their independence was born

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TO THE ABYSS

frickin' fracking
shale gas tracking
leads to cracking
and eruption

nuclear weapons storing
or they're freighting
berserkers seen elating
academics expostulating
people remonstrating
others simply waiting
for societies' destruction

Copyright - Lisa Makarchuk

ON ALERT FOR DEMOCRACY

democracy

elusive in its concepts

Thomas Paine's "*Rights of Man*"

fertilizing its depths

reaching for new aspirations

greening from budding inspirations

but what is its meaning today?

optimism has withered

on futile hopes in midst of decay

a rudderless ship just barely floating

grounded on deep shoals of violence

division, despair

was it to mean police brutality

a flouting of lawful stability

a furthering gap between rich and poor

racial divides, a dying planet

inescapable hatred and unceasing wars?

soldiers stationed in faraway places

established on foreign soil

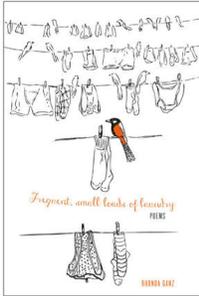
preserving democracy

but no Iraqi ever bombed my home
no Afghani tortured people I know
no Salvadoran exploited my toil
no Vietnamese poisoned my crops
no Libyan ever determined my fate
by turning my country
into a failed state

is it democracy where groups gain control
of a Congress that can be bought and sold?
lobbyists bestriding its halls
and elected officials by money cajoled
the planet's imperiled
by a system that's rotted
a new world is needed it seems
a yearning return
to Thomas Paine's dreams

Lisa Makarchuk

Love of poetry, doggerel, and rant began for Lisa Makarchuk in a rural school she attended in northern Saskatchewan. She co-coordinated the First International Festival of Poetry of Resistance and coordinated a third one. She has written radio copy, news articles and published a chapter in a collection of essays in *Cuba Solidarity in Canada*. Her issue-oriented poetry is found in anthologies and a book to be launched August 13th as one of four poets, two Canadian and two Cuban.



Review of *Frequent, small loads of laundry, poems*, by Rhonda Ganz (Salt Spring, B.C. Mother Tongue Publishing, 2017, 79 pp. paper.

The collection is organized according to the days of the week, running from Monday through Sunday, and the poetry offered is based on some “snazzy underwear”. The title poem depicts the crazy cat lady, who “would do everything differently”.

Housebound, she entertains many visitors, named “Cowboy”. Politically-correct bars prohibit smoking. Persephone, the queen of the underworld, insists the persona of the poet test above-ground internet dating. “Love Sentence” is a happily run-on sentence, “It starts with the bread” and concludes “it will not be the bread.” New Mexico maids kiss, “her lips, revising scripture.” (p. 7) A waiter and one of his female customers are surreptitiously observed (“Those Are Beautiful Flowers”).

Tempus fugit relates to “tantric sex”, playful swimming, in the service of an auditor, who “has wide open chakras” (p. 10) Cleopatra inspires a milky bath (“All-Night Grocery”). The poet celebrates a landscape of Mountain, Breast, and Shoulder. (p. 11) Adultery has its rewards (“Say Again”). An irrational fear of the dactylic foot in metre is composed of a phobia about fingers, “poking, poking”. (p. 13) She may have a fear of “single digits”, a ghost appears (“Bad Imaginings). “Fractious animals” opposed the poet, along with two mantras about a possible reconciliation. (p. 15) Penis envy (“Is That a Gun in Your Pocket?”) but “we hid the gun” (“Mother Forgot to Lock the Door”).

Note: “her husky singsong calling him” (“How a Story Changes with the Telling”) and the poet coins a compound “beyondexplanation.com”. (p. 21) The self-avowed agoraphobic, although intermittent and incremental, pairs a prayer with contemporary contexts. Setbacks are rare in Texas, especially for a common waitress, who seeks escape. An urban girl contemplates “This doorknob”, “This piece of plywood”, “This chair”, This piece of glass; “oh cut my heart out shard of glass”, an elegy or lamentation poem, “at the open mike read to me”. (p. 25) The onomatopoeia “That Whack-a-whack is Ma slapping me” (“The Run Up to the Republican Primaries”); however social media, such as Facebook, sexting, and the internet are palliative care. (p. 27) Lao Tzu offers a primer on regurgitation. Negotiation with aliens involves a man in his habitat (IKEA, circa 1983) (“Keepers”).

The persona of the poet reflects on illness, treatments, and absence. “Protection Suit” examines the placebo, “and make myself sick to be nursed by you.” (p. 33) The faculty of language diminishes (“Apocalimbo), Ophelia with Type O blood, or uses a pseudonym (“Early Morning System”). The prosecution and all that jazz (“Bail is Denied”). A small pair of shears (capable of use with one hand for pruning) or The Family Tree, figuratively speaking, could use some help, due to the inordinate number of suicides (“Pruning the Family Tree”). Hide and seek turns serious (“She Means no Disrespect”); Interrogation, lie-detection testing, a baby is at risk of a fall (“Falling for Real This Time”). Solstice inures burning, “send me a murder/ of indigo” (“This Point of Roughness”).

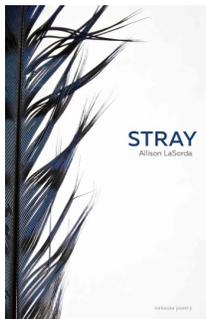
Time, a “Harbinger”, although “sex is not the problem” (p. 45), a parallel structure: as in “His need for disaster is greater than her need to avoid it.” a female fisher and the poet who takes her inventory, in the face of his absence. “The Dearly Departed” alludes to her husband, missing in action, but taking her

for granted. This amounts to a prayer, in six parts. The poor marriage of the Royals reflects these colonial traditions ("Garry Oak and Earl Grey"). A possible sighting ("Head Above Water"), bone china ("Keeping House"), a yard-sale rosary ("Secondhand Salvation"). A monster Christ promises "An ice age looms/ global warming" with extended hands ("Some Days I Regret").

Her parents were distant figures during her childhood ("Incommunicado"). This conceals a mnemonic to learn how the king piece moves in chess; exfoliates, blistering, though much is brewing; St. Margaret of Scotland A ("The New Latin"); animal sense cannot be replicated, although a cancerous tumour can be diagnosed by a dog. Skip a chapter of *Ulysses* during a cross-country rail journey.

Notice the bombed, burnt, combat language "until a last unbreakable word."; the mise en scène, a dying relationship "Was it me who always guessed wrong or was it you?" (p. 66) Poets keeping score of deaths ("Judging Sorrow"). "How do I convince you? Trust is as risky as faith." (p. 69) Consider "Why I Don't Have Children", lithium replaces bullets.

Ganz has poetry in anthologies *Rocksalt: An Anthology of Contemporary BC Poetry* (Mother Tongue Publishing), *Poems from Planet Earth* (Leaf Press); *Poet to Poet* (Guernica Press), and *Force Field: 77 Women Poets of B.C.* (Mother Tongue Publishing). She has several Leaf Press chapbooks, edited by Patrick Lane.



Review of *Stray*, by Allison LaSorda (Fredericton, N.B.: Goose Lane Editions, 2017) Icehouse Poetry, 64 pp. paper.

There are forty-one poems divided in three sections: "Fish", "Bird", and "Meat". The scene is surrealistic and involves guilt ("Backstroke"), adolescence temperament ("Hit the Beach"). "A reverse slash-gasp", then "Beach-bound", indeed "*Fetch*". Childhood photos blur "Disney is Wasaga is Cape Cod" ("The Smallest Island"). Imagination cartoons "I'm sorry for your loss" ("Dog Star"). She seeks out "the lick/ in the split...of your spit" ("Playdate"). "About" refers to place as well as the topic, "origin story". (p. 17) "I'm off the hook" ("Shark Year"). Memory tricks ("No One Knows I'm Gone"). "Big Sur" locates a state park, while "Walkyr" alludes to the doctrine of air and ground power. "Pollywogs" refers to amphibious swimmers ("Youthless"). Ancestors had skills, "elvers" are young eels. She cites smallest, largest, sinkhole, and flight, "you couldn't say, and everything you did." ("Fish & Bird", p. 22)

The "inborn chirps" transition to "Bird", "our meet-cute", but she reflects, "why bother?" (p. 25) "Barynya" is a Russian dance, combined with masks, tsar, Cossacks, in utero ("Out of the Chorus"). The female scent and body ("Weather"); the hunter is the hunted ("Deer Stand"); a pastoral account of "Flash to stark undress" ("Reply to the Shepherd").

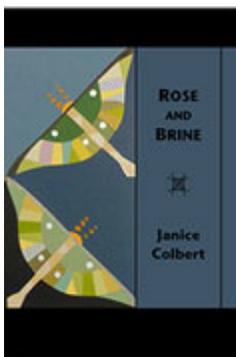
"Joelene your man" is from a country-western classic song ("Fluid Dynamics"). Daylight destroys an already crumbling castle ("Midsummer Signal". Birding is entwined with horoscope, "I didn't find their blue jay". (p. 32) Maximilian Kolbe was a Polish Franciscan friar, who asked to replace a stranger at

Auschwitz. His feast day is 14 August, the day he died ("Party Favours"). The historical is associated with popular culture references to Bruce Springsteen and "*Born in the U.S.A.*" ("Glory Days", p. 34) "Leaf peeping" is a coined term, "passerines" alludes to an order of Aves or bird ("Lime Kiln Ruins"). She considers loss a sign. "Our dreams do chores" ("The End of Grief"). The Fraterville Coal Mine is in Tennessee. The disaster was an explosion, on May 19, 1902. There were 216 miners who died as a result. The poet uses found lines from a letter written by a trapped miner to his wife, while he was suffocating, "Oh God for one more breath", *Letters of Note* (blog). The "Perseids" is a prolific meteor shower associated with the comet Swift-Tuttle. For the poet, "Today, my work is to transcribe". (p. 39) Aging maims, "My knees buckle". ("Ricochet", p. 41) Sylvia Plath, "a dead dad/ arts asking too much from their faker." ("Coven", p. 42)

A prose poem reflects on sleeping, "and I believed it all" ("More or Less at three Canal"). "Blank pages quickly filled with horses" ("Horses", p. 46) The departed, roadkill, at once dead. ("Race, Stock, Kin", p. 47) "My body is a joke". ("Home Team", p. 48) Evolution, the endemic, and funnel theory can be widely applied ("Natural Crime"). Insomnia intervenes. ("Summer Vacation"), "I think I'm starting to look like a clear-cut." ("Messages from Thunder Bay", p. 51) "No correspondence between words" ("Down with exhaustion").

I/You duality ("Buried Animals"). The Ringling Barnum and Bailey Circus is a reference point for Mason Jars, a "one-man show", and a deteriorating relationship. ("Ringling", p. 54) Insomnia and round tripping ("To a Point"), dry humping ("Homecoming"). The North of 30 refers to one-third of the way between the equator and the North Pole, crossing Africa, Asia, the Pacific Ocean. "Finding oneself is a chore." (p. 58) Childhood pets die ("We're at that age").

LaSorda has a Masters of Fine Arts from the University of Guelph. She received scholarships from the Banff Centre Writing Studio and the Vermont Studio Centre residencies. Her writing has appeared in *Brick: A Literary Journal*, *Riddle Fence*, *PRISM international*, *The Fiddlehead*, and other publications, such as *PANK Magazine*, the *Malahat Review*. This is her first full-length poetry collection.



Review of *Rose and Brine*, by Janice Colbert (Victoria, B.C.: Frog Hollow Press, 2017) 48 pp. paper.

This chapbook was published in a limited edition of 125 copies. "Women Ironing" by Edgar Degas reveals how he was interested in the repetitive, specialized gestures made by laundresses as they worked. However, "Emma Dobigny", his French model, was the subject of two of these paintings.

In "Rose" the long poem "Gradual Cooling" praises nature as "the old master", combining cancer with landscape images. Although she reflects "Don't keep coming back here" that appears nearly impossible. Specific roads clash with what "could be anywhere" (p. 13) The informing line is "Snow bruised rose and brine" (p. 14) In I "photograph 2005" a daughter is admired, in II "mother photographer to daughter" she reflects on a daughter now twenty-three.

Topography “leans toward columns/ of newsprint leaves of Helvetica.” (p. 16) “Angel Hold Still” was a collection of twelve poems published in a chapbook which won the Random House Award in Writing (2008). Compare the closing line, “Comeback angel—hold still” (p. 16)

“Elizabeth Bishop House” depicts “Elizabeth’s Room”, *New Yorker* magazines, a sepia photo of her at five- years- of- age. Genius loci or spirit of a place refers to a location’s atmosphere, closely associated with beliefs about the sacred character of places, although now secularized. This is evident with “a contrail of brilliance on a stone sky”, in addition to “A motherless star faces the multitude”. (p. 17-8) Ainsley (Aynsley) saucer is vintage bone china and beautiful blue (“Secrete” on an aloe plant). Another heirloom is a sea horse brooch which once belonged to her mother. Indeed, “a brooch for mother’s heart/ ocean’s life for her ears”. (p. 20) A Washington queen, Michelle Obama, is considered in terms of her fashions. Joyce Wieland (1930-1998) was a feminist experimental film-maker. She used crafts such as embroidery and quilting, in expressing the Canadian landscape and nationalism. There is a cottage industry for community-based crafts. “Barren Ground Caribou” was a 1997-8 fabric installation, commissioned at Spadina Subway, Toronto.

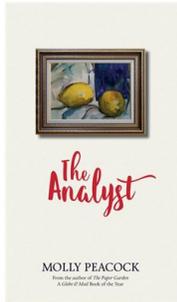
In “Brine” a response to “Millet’s Bird’s-Nesters” (1874) is based on the wild pigeons he observed and killed. He based his paintings on stories from his childhood and was known for his realistic portrayals of French peasants. Hunting birds at night was realistic.

It appears that a woman was murdered in a condo laundry room in the basement. In “Donna — I” the poet identifies with her. In “II” the poem is written from a first-person point of view, on how “I was murdered”, co-mingled with other elements. In “Her Home”, the poet observes “my mother had died”. In “Moving” the poet was inspired by Tanis MacDonald, for “Promise to the House”. Indeed, “We dressed you in Vermeer”. (p. 33) A gas leak results in a woman’s accidental death.

“On Lake Winnipeg” is dedicated to Vita Sackville-West (1892-1962) and won second place in the Banff Centre Bliss Carman Poetry Award. The poet and novelist wrote a gardening column in the *Observer*. There appear to be found lines embedded in the new poem.

Labour is associated with linen and sour milk, nature blooms; of Millet’s Barbizon, long hours standing in his studio. In “Shore Excursion”, “this sea eclipses everything”. (p. 41)

A section “Edmatter” offers “Notes” and “Acknowledgments”. Colbert is a Toronto poet and professional artist. Her experience in the visual arts informs her poetry. She completed a Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing from the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, in May 2016.



Review of *The Analyst: poems* by Molly Peacock (Windsor, ON: Biblioasis; NY: WW Norton & Company, 2017 101 pp. paper. In Part One “The Pottery Jar”, “Gusto” counterpoises the new appetite with a death wish. Words are under erasure, “*All Drawing Is Thought*” (“The Analyst Draws: in a New York hospital”). “Thoughts Are Things” is based on Hilda Doolittle’s “Tribute to Freud”; “your stroke and aphasia left a singed edge” (“Speaking of Painting and Bird Watching”). The juncture is “the first time since/ your brain haemorrhaged” (“Fret Not”).

A *paen* or hymn of thanksgiving is a song or lyric poem expressing triumph or thanksgiving; in classical antiquity, it was usually performed by a chorus, but some examples were intended for an individual voice. It comes from the Greek “song of triumph, any solemn song or chant.” “Paeon” or “Paeon” was also the name of a divine physician and an epithet of Apollo. In Homer, Paeon was the Greek physician of the gods. Hesiod identifies him as a separate health god or healer. The poet has shamanistic powers. (found online, May 19, 2017). So, Peacock’s collection playfully co-mingles both form and function throughout. Physician heal thyself (not).

A poem “in half syllables after your brain haemorrhage” is dedicated to “George Herbert’s “Glasse of Blessings”. “The Pottery Jar” offers thanksgiving, in reverse chronological order, “Chapter One: War” following “Chapter Two: Post War”. This long poem engulfs the poet; “rehearsing Sylvia Plath”, preoccupied by posture. Ironically, abortion will be the moral act. Another nuance is that wild hope “of a genetic link to Thomas Love Peacock” (1785-1866). What matters is a woman with her cane, the result of a stroke.

“Golden Shovel” is an attempt at a found poem, a poetic form invented by taking a line or lines from a poem; then use each word or lines as an end word or line in your poem. The end words are kept, more or less, in order. This form has been described as in the tradition of the *centro* and erasure, a creative use, such that it is still kind of abstract. (“Golden Shovel: Poetic Form”, found online May 20, 2017). According to Peacock, the opening words of another poet’s sonnet become the end words of each line in the first stanza of her new poem. This sequence of words reverses in the second stanza. Contemplation of a line by Gwendolyn Brooks, “Each body has its art, its precious prescribed Pose” becomes the backdrop for “Let Me Die”, the right to end one’s life as part of a living will. The body is mere “ragged material”, while the soul endures (“The Art of the Stroke”).

In Part Two: “The Hours” echoes a novel by Michael Cunningham, which reconsiders *Mrs. Dalloway* a Virginia Woolf novel. Peacock indicates “White Swan, Black Swan: Poetry in an Analytical Hour” is an essay source which inspired her. Another was “My Analyst of 40 Years Had a Stroke, Then Became an Artist”. Both pieces can be found online. However, an allusion in “Riddle, or The Therapy Hour”, reveals that the traditional answer to the riddle is the ship’s figurehead; the source a translation from the Anglo-Saxon riddle 72 (K-D 74). A second version is “Riddle: Moon & Sun” which appears in Part Three of the collection. There is a binary shape or pattern poem ostensibly culled from the Anglo-Saxon Riddle 27 (K-D 29). The poem can alternately be read from end to beginning or crisscrossed.

“Lucky Message” is about a note in a bottle, which “came with a destiny smell”. The beginning of words is fear (“Credo”) for a poet who says she only believes in poetry. “Mount Anger” uses “mount” as both a noun and a verb; while “anger” is personified, but indigestible. She re-houses a pet rabbit, only to learn later that it was eaten in a stew. (“The Canning Jar”) A pervasive self-conscious awareness, “We’ll leave me there” (“The Analyst’s Promise”)

The physical faculties are associated with “My resistance, your insistence”, from the client’s viewpoint. (“The Analyst’s Severe Arthritis”) A scheduled therapy day is symbolically seen (“Tuesday Tombstone”). “Paid Love” is ironically compared with “free” love, whether physical therapy post-operative or “it’s the pure unpaid love you mean.”

A found poem on “How to Say ‘Thank You’ in French” borrows lines on “Method 1: Basic Thanks”, Method 2: Adding Emphasis”, “Switch to ‘merci bien’”, and “Express extreme gratitude with ‘mille fois merci’”. This approach is elaborated by means of “Method 3: Full Sentence Format”, parts 1, 2, 3, and 4. The background uses repetition of the same words, and presumably stories, post-stroke.

In Part Three “Ruby Roses, Kiss Goodbye” the title poem uses a binary form of couplets. Earrings lost compare with descent into a nether world, or catabasis, although “The heaven...is not a hell”. The poet’s homage to Marianne Moore (“Dream Strawberry”) personifies the berry as “A tiny red fist strains”. “Hayfield Poetica” begins with 1. “Pauline’s Poem”, (an echo of the previous poem, “*Pauline plucked*”), which presumably resulted in a poem of one line, “The Timothy Chases Itself to the Fence”. The reply or response contains four lines, a quatrain, 2 “Molly’s Poem”.

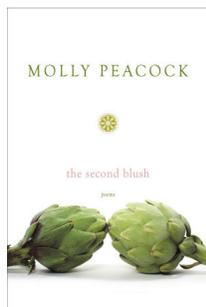
In “Authors” (1956) a series of seven allusions situates the poem in a Child’s Collage Illustration, based on Louisa May Alcott, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and others. The object is an old deck of cards, *Chatelaine*, *Ladies Home Journals*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Popular Mechanics*, all magazine covers; *The Buffalo Evenings News*, cut-outs from a *Fun with Dick and Jane* primary school phonetic reader. The result is a collage effect of words, images, scrap-booking elements, decoupage. “Pajama School” sets paper dolls with cut-out art to depict the distant land of convalescence and all its incipient charms. The Emergency Room at St. Michael’s Hospital, in Toronto, suffers a power outage, but not without the use of stirrups for an internal examination. “*You atrophy/ as you age*”. A dream of cancer was replaced by “*Take Aspirin*”.

Part Four: “Whisper of Liberty” reintroduces the therapist who is himself under treatment, after attempting escape from patients, “Like a runaway artist”. “A Face, A Cup” betrays a perfect symmetry, of sorts. An inveterate shadow or shade has its own purpose. (“Shadow”) A coat of many colours yields a Biblical purpose (“The Carcass Coat”) of “*bright decades*” and “*trapped decades*”, which she attempts to repair at Pearson Airport, Toronto. “The Message” eases “The tiny insults of the day”. In “Contemplating Your Progress” the setting is a sculpture observed at the New York Historical Society, by a post-stroke individual. A long absence is returned to nourishment (“Seeing is a Meal in Itself”). Dead logs in the woods are captured as “The Nurse Tree”.

The poet turns to Thomas Hardy, “The Voice”, in “Lesson 1: Drop, Lesson 2: Lucky, Lesson 3: Watch, Lesson 4: Joking Around”. The title is playful, “A Fall in the Fall”, as well as “Inside the word Fall

flourishes: ALL". The family tree comes apart, with our stub ("The Peephole"). "Whisper of Liberty" offers: "so the line recoils/ before it recalls". An ekphrastic poem is the penultimate one, "In Our Unexpected Future", based on the paintings of Anders Zorn, at the National Academy Museum. A sand painting symbolizes enduring shape, only after it's over ("Mandala In the Making: at the Asia Society).

Peacock authored six previous volumes of poetry, recently *The Second Blush* and *Cornucopia: New and Selected Poems*. She is the creator and Series Editor of the *Best Canadian Poetry in English* and a contributing editor to *The Literary Review of Canada*. She authored *The Paper Garden: Mrs. Delaney Begins Her Life's Work at 72*; *Paradise, Piece by Piece*; and *Alphabetique: 26 Characteristic Fiction*. Jason Guriel wrote *Molly Peacock: A Critical Introduction*.



Review of *the second blush*, by Molly Peacock (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 2009; NY: WW Norton & Co, 2008) 85 pp. paper.

The object of an ode is repeated as the last word of each of the fourteen lines ("Of Night") an inventory of food, a bet won, pun/plumb/plums ("The Happy Diary"); casualty rate ("The Silver Arrow"), language transposed and under erasure. The pair's forbidden city ("Our Xandu") China or Shangdu, the summer capitol of Kublai Khan's Yuan empire ("Kubla Khan", a poem by Coleridge). There are "killing words", death.

"far, far away" links with the title of the next poem "Faraway". The conditional tense conveys possibilities "so far", "no questing, no jesting either" ("Good Fortune"). Metaphors are "To say what it's like/ before you hit what it is" ("The Cliffs of Mistake"). Broken china ware prompts a memory ("The Cup". She coins "the dish-doer" whose scar does not fade ("Ferocity in a Dishpan"). In swan years, childhood recedes ("Picnic"), "its curve-return-curve" an epithet ("Pink Paperclip"), a poem of husband, detritus of wife ("Confession").

In part ii. for two married couples, a conversation's "seesawed" ("The Match"), movement from a Dublin flat to the street, as though "My dead parents twinned" ("Blasphemy & Blame"). She compares her "cold fury" with "my mild husband" ("In the Winter Dark") and of herself ("Small Fry"), child abuse ("The Blanket"), "dead bright cold" ("The End of the World"), fear and her kingdom ("The Throne"), loss "to a parallel universe inside grieving" ("Little Scar").

In part iii an ekphrastic poem after Pier Celestino Gilardi whose "Painting A Visit to the Gallery" (1877) depicts two women on a settee dressed in elegant 19th century attire, one holding a fan and the other a parasol; a third woman leans close beside them, a fourth with her back to the sculpture approaches the group. The poet imagines them in a tableau of words to replace the pictures, those housed at the University of Michigan Museum of Art. This reminds me of a T.S. Eliot poem "The Love Song of Alfred Prufrock", lines 13-4 "In the room the women come and go. Talking of Michelangelo". While a man may be "inserting his soul in a sculpture", her male muse asks, "What's next?" ("Drawing for Absolute Beginners").

A playful poem spells HER ROCKING CHAIR as the first letter in each of the lines. The *Sheela na Gigs* are figurative carvings of nude woman displaying exaggerated vulvas; they are described as architectural

grotesques found on churches, castles, and other buildings, particularly in Ireland and Great Britain. The poet associates one with self-love or masturbation ("Gargoyle").

There are two sexes of Sicilian pastry ("Artichoke Hearts"), a fair weather friend ("The Fly"), euthanasia ("Fellini the Cat"), and his "Widow". In her absence ("Ghost Cat"), the poet imagines herself as a cat ("The Rescuer"). She encounters "pearl-like flowers"; threatens "empearled" ("The Pearl Tear"); "making cursive/ loops as if written on paper" ("Old Friends"), a minor wound healing ("Vision in the Backseat of a Taxi"), an epiphany on the road to Damascus. Philip of Macedonia was assassinated. She asserts, "*it must be cups men fight for*" ("Teacup Manifesto"). The poem refers to John Morris's front-page photograph in the *New York Times*, January 18, 2007.

in part iv "Chance" is a poem which praises library science "to open a book to renew your touch". The unseen is invasive ("Intuition"), "valence"/ "Valiance" ("The Vow"); "the imaginary orchid" ("A Second Bud"), yoga ("Warrior Pose"), a metaphysical conceit ("Vita Poetica"). "The Waking", a poem by Theodore Roethke, becomes the substance of Peacock's poem "Our Waking", by writing a counterpoint, for example, "I wake to sleep and take my waking slow" becomes "I sleep to wake and take my waking fast". Further, "I feel my fate in what I cannot fear. I learn by going where I have to go" becomes: "I feel our fate in everything I fear./ I learn by knowing that we'll never last."

In "First Blush" "flushes, gushes, touches" conveys possibility. "Blood rising to a blush" ("Purr Riddle"). A figure "born for slaughter", in turn, escapes the abattoir ("Pedicure"); a mind probe ("The Garden Giraffes"), eros erupts ("Our Minor Art"), he blessed her ("Quick Kiss"), loss extends to giving ("The Silver It Always Is"), social interactions and reactions ("Marriage"), a hand-made pattern ("The Flaw").

Peacock wrote and acts in a one-woman show in poems, *The Shimmering Verge*. She is co-editor of *Poetry in Motion: 100 Poems from the Subways and Buses* and editor of *The Private I: Privacy in a Public World*. Peacock is a poet, biographer, essayist, and short fiction writer whose multi-genre literary life has taken her from New York City to Toronto, from poetry to prose, from words to words-and-pictures, and from lyric self-examination to curiosity about the lives of others. Her newest book is *The Analyst: poems*.