POEM IN YOUR POCKET DAY

APRIL 18 | NATIONAL POETRY MONTH 2019
Poem in Your Pocket Day

In 2016, the League of Canadian Poets was thrilled to become a part of Poem in Your Pocket Day, a celebration held during National Poetry Month each year and organized by the Academy of American Poets. This booklet features the 15 Canadian poets selected to participate in this year’s Poem in Your Pocket Day celebration! Bring this booklet to your office, your classroom, or your neighbourhood coffee shop to spread poetry on April 18, 2019!

It’s easy to carry a poem, share a poem, or start your own Poem in Your Pocket Day event. Here are some ideas of how you might get involved:

• Start a “poems for pockets” giveaway in your school or workplace
• Urge local businesses to offer discounts for those carrying poems
• Post pocket-sized verses in public places
• Memorize a poem
• Start a street team to pass out poems in your community
• Distribute bookmarks with your favorite lines of poetry
• Add a poem to your email footer
• Post lines from your favorite poem on your Facebook, Instagram, Twitter, or Tumblr
• Send a poem to a friend

Visit poets.ca/pocketpoem for all Canadian Poem in Your Pocket poems and information!

For a longer booklet of 30+ contemporary and public domain poems, including this year’s Canadian selections visit poets.org/national-poetry-month/poem-your-pocket-day
Spotted Owl as Desire

Yvonne Blomer

After Robert Bateman’s
Mossy Branches, Spotted Owl

Barking owl. Whistling. Hooted notes fall from mossed trees.
Nothing human here except me.
Old strix. What are you making me into?

From Ravine, Mouse, A Bird’s Beak (Nose in Book Publishing, 2018)
While he studies the stars outdoors, model airplanes spin on fine webs in his room. Already he is lifting into the air, wings on his heels, a small Hermes signaling to the Great Bear. He reaches the outermost planets, he passes the edges of travel, and I can no longer steer him homeward.

Still, they say a womb is like a lochan on a hill, made of rills and rain and tears, and I can watch him from there when I am water as I was before

Brother

Marilyn Bowering

Forthcoming in *What is Long Past Occurs in Full Light* (MotherTongue Publishing, Summer 2019)
Speaking of good parenting
I asked her how to be a natural mother. Or she asked me.
It was blowing up a storm and we all knew a south wind brings rain.
At least in that area. You couldn’t drink the lake water.
One father added chlorine to a pail of it. The speaker said boiling would have worked. But it was all after the fact.

No one succeeded at farming and every story was terrible.
I wanted to make pine-needle pin cushions to sell. Child’s play but I didn’t know how or when to be the mother.
The area was granite rock covered with roots. I was searching for earth though most girls wanted saddle shoes.

But, and here’s where it gets confusing, someone yelled
Listen to this:
I am a rigid angry thing trying to be a mother.
I am a wild shaking thing trying to be a mother.
Don’t you know a mother can be a thing of arrogance and narrow mind?

I was leaning on my elbows and staring off.

They said the mother went back into the house-on-fire.
They said the father went too.
They said the parents didn’t know the baby was already out and safe.
It grew up as best it could.

From Could Be (Brick Books, 2009)
Crushed

Lorne Daniel

The bad news this week relentless, rolling
past my glazed face. Addictions,
elections, deaths of the wrong
people, hypnotic grief. Dazed
at the roadside today I breathe hot exhaust. Blurred
tires hiss, rut and groove the grey
just a step away. Over, over.
On the shoulder, waiting for a break,
me and this sleek crow, its cape
tucked and trim. Light disappears
or plays, iridescent, depending
on the moment, the angles between us.
What impresses me as a semi blows by,
buffeting, is — yes— that unruffled coat
but too the shining
absence of concern. Unblinking.
Legs spring-loaded, ready
to jump to some small grain,
fresh-crushed and nourishing.

O Sea of Troubles We Did Not Take Arms Against

Adebe DeRango-Adem

for many moons we were complete                 like a single river
how beautiful we drifted & how delirious
were the times we pretended not to bear
of a hollow earth
as such perhaps we were
not a river but a collection of
rapids & yet those pangs
a clever mix of love & fear of the real
a longing
soon to transform
into a longing to disappear somehow into the familiar
softening, from the dusts of the world
skylines—do you remember
looking out to the Atlantic
in mangled ways
how we slept
being in our element
but no I will not spend my life
wading
the answer is that
I have arrived with scars
to haunt or to be haunted
is the question

From The Unmooring (Mansfield Press, 2018)
Ode to Chopsticks

Fiona Tinwei Lam

Grandfather sets the bowl full of marbles before me. I pick up the chopsticks and hover, then picture my hand as a heron with a long, long beak plunging down to pluck each orb, lift it through air and held breath in a tremulous trip toward the saucer.

Five thousand years of evolution in hand: branches honed to stir ancient cauldrons become sleek batons of ivory, gold or jade adorning an aristocrat’s table. With their deft dance and dip, more adroit than a fork. Twin acrobats poised to hoist choice morsels—crisp shard of duck skin, noodle strands, fish cheeks, single green pea.

Let your elders lead, he tells me, Never point your chopsticks at a guest. Never spear your food like a fisherman. Don’t tap the side of your bowl like a beggar. Keep them by the plate when you rest or across the bowl at meal’s end. But never upright like incense burning in an urn for the dead.

While he watches, stiff bamboo grows nimble. One by one each small glassy planet arcs up then lands with a clink! The bowl gleams, empty. He nods.

Previously published in The New Quarterly (Fall 2017), winner of the Nick Blatchford Occasional Verse Contest 2017, and forthcoming in Odes & Laments (Caitlin Press, Fall 2019)
Beekeeping

Allison LaSorda

We don white hats and veils to check on your hive—
push toward each other’s newness, curtailed by safety devices.
A sting’s purple welt glares on your left calf. From the box,
you pull bee-crowded sleeves: workers’ movement steady

but erratic, sun strobes their effort. Pointing to hexagons,
you explain some house larvae, others reflect light
in honey, still others plastered over with wax. I pretend
to notice the distinctions, drifting into a future self

who readies ice and tends to your stung skin. A tin smoker
calms, masks alarm pheromones, & simulates forest fire,
during which bees will gorge on honey to save their bounty
and escape. It’s not panic, exactly, it’s instinct. Still, I relate

to the threat of an ending—the impulse to make meaning by holding
everything inside yourself at once, as much as you can carry.
Water

Kathryn Mockler

If you are feeling hopeless, then give up hope. I won’t tell anyone. I won’t tell you to put on a brave face or feel better about yourself. I won’t tell you to wash your hair or pick up the dirty clothes. You don’t know where to begin. I don’t know where to end. We are water. We slosh this way and that. Sometimes we splash up against a boat, a dock, the shore. Fish swim through us. Rocks sink. There are pebbles and little pieces of glass and there are sticks and there are shells and there are fragments of bone. The garbage floats—a plastic cup, a beer can. Sometimes the sand beneath us gets stirred up. Sometimes it sits perfectly still.

Previously published in The Puritan (Issue 41, Spring 2018)
Jazz
(A Variation)

Lorie Miseck

A minor key swings open the blue door of the heart. Brassed and unhinged sound unwinds. Sunset slides down the day’s spine. Slides down to the hour of smoke and wine, to artless sway of belonging. To the one, to the lonely, to the only to each of us held in evening’s aching arms. Listen to the division of chord and time. And time again. Listen. Listen, we take our night with one part wisdom and five parts song.

And the darkness goes on for miles.
A Haiku

kjmunro

low winter sun
the mist
from a mandarin

Winner of the 2019 Very Small Verse contest from the League of Canadian Poets
Eggshells

Jim Nason

When Rooster flew the Co-op
to explore the world on stilts, no one talked
about the state of the nest he abandoned, the deathly
smell of broken, featherless hens, the eggshells
of prisoner grief that littered the floor-sod, rat pee
and half eaten worms, the cold wind blowing
through chicken wire. The morning he left there was
a prophetic quiet among the usually chatty stars
as they faded, distress and silence co-pillowed the hens.
The stilts he made of broken shells, straw and hay,
molded together with dust and the yolk of conquered hens
allowed him to navigate the snow that had fallen all night.
The crisp air was an affirmation. The yard was still
except for a restrained wind that filled the puncture marks
of his crossing. What if there is no better life?
Staring down the length of his new legs, Rooster
had never been naïve and could already feel the biting
cold of his freedom, his feet freezing like mice
nibbling the claw tips of his toes. Emptiness
was the steepled house he carried on his wings,
the enormous waking in his chest, sun rising
in silence, his bent over shadow tilted
against the glittery field.

From *Rooster, Dog, Crow* (Frontenac House, 2018)
Glom Glom Sunraises

Charlie Petch

Dawn was especially noisy today,  
as the three suns sprouted from horizon,  
as the lamprey loons sung whale songs,  
as your tentacle slipped from my gilled side.

I opened one eyeball,  
to see the shine of us.  
Watched feathered spider flies  
steal the dust of our skin.

Having no other eyeball to open,  
I slip from our volcano dome,  
to scavenge hopplepops for our breakfast,  
follow their giggles to find them.

Your 7 limbs seem heavy for you today.  
So we turn off the magnets  
and float instead,  
tango in mid air.

You push branches from my cheek,  
ask if I want to go see our egg sack.  
I spin around your head three times,  
because this is how we spell love.
Still be still be still be

Harry Posner

Still be still be still be
Calm or calm or calm or
Pla cid oh pla cid oh pla cid oh
Re lax re lax re lax re
Ding for pleasure
Ding for dinner
Ring for treasure
The pleasure of your
Company your tympani
Your thrum drum not
Hum drum you’re some fun
You are we are when we are
To gather our each our sweet
Peach the reach of fresh flesh
Enmeshed arms legs held
Melded melted to gather
in the cool pool so still
be still be still be still
my beat ing heart
“it didn’t happen here”

Eleonore Schönmaier

i’m in the bus which is really just an old car and it’s night and pouring rain and i’m thirteen and the car is jammed with bodies and we’re about to head down the long dirt road out to my settlement and the driver shouts, don’t let the drunk indian in, shouts to close the door and i slam the door shut and blood runs down the window and a man is out there alone in the night with a smashed hand but we all drive off into the dark and i slammed the door shut on a man’s hand and we drove off into the night and you tell me how you held a little girl’s hand and you tell me how she was your first indigenous friend and i’m not saying it’s not true but if this was the only truth we would not have the stories we have where the drunk man-next-door has a smashed hand (and i too would have a bottle in my pocket if i lived in steady fear) blood running down the window and there is a man alone in the night left to walk to the places he needs to go when walking is too far for any man to have to go in all that cold

Winner of the League of Canadian Poets’ 2019 National Broadsheet Contest
I saw my father yesterday,
sitting on the wall of his mausoleum.
He held my hand and told me he forgave me
and I asked, for what?

He smelled of apples, an autumn of leaves
for skin. I remember you like this, I said,
a harvest — an orchard of a man.

He opened his shirt, plucked a plum
from his lungs and held it out to me.
Everything, he said, is a way of remembering.

Visit

Sarah Yi-Mei Tsiang

Previously published in Arc Poetry Magazine (2012), Best Canadian Poetry 2013,
About the Authors


Marilyn Bowering is a poet and novelist who lives on Vancouver Island.

Heather Cadsby is the author of five books of poetry. Her most recent book is *Standing in the Flock of Connections* (Brick Books, 2018).

Lorne Daniel recently returned to poetry after many years away. He has published three books of poetry and his work has been included in anthologies and periodicals across Canada, the U.S. and the U.K.. He lives in Victoria, BC. Find Lorne on Instagram at [lorne_daniel](https://www.instagram.com/lorne_daniel/).

Adebe DeRango-Adem is a writer and former attendee of the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics (Naropa University), where she mentored with poets Anne Waldman and Amiri Baraka. She is the author of three full-length poetry collections: *Ex Nihilo* (Frontenac House, 2010), which became a finalist for the Dylan Thomas Prize, *Terra Incognita* (Inanna Publications, 2015), which was nominated for the Pat Lowther Memorial Award, and *The Unmooring*, published in 2018 by Mansfield Press.

About the Authors

Fiona Tinwei Lam has authored two poetry books and a children’s book. She edited *The Bright Well: Canadian Poems on Facing Cancer*, and co-edited *Love Me True: Writers on the Ins, Outs, Ups & Downs of Marriage*. She has won *The New Quarterly*’s Nick Blatchford prize and was a finalist for the City of Vancouver Book Award. Her work appears in over thirty anthologies, including *The Best of the Best Canadian Poetry: 10th Anniversary Edition* and *Forcefield: 77 Women Poets of BC*. Her poetry videos have screened at festivals locally and internationally. Her new collection of poems is forthcoming with Caitlin Press in 2019. [fionalam.net](http://fionalam.net)

Allison LaSorda’s work has appeared in *The Fiddlehead, North American Review, Shenandoah*, and *Hazlitt*. She was nominated for the 2018 National Magazine Award for Personal Journalism.

Lorie Miseck is a poet and photographer. She lives in Edmonton, Alberta.

Kathryn Mockler is the author of four books of poetry and six short films. She is the Canada Editor of *Joyland: a hub for short fiction*, the Publisher of *The Rusty Toque*, and she teaches creative writing at Western University.

Jim Nason’s sixth poetry collection, *Rooster, Dog, Crow* was recently released with Frontenac House. He has also published a short story collection *The Girl on the Escalator* and his third novel, *Spirit of a Hundred Thousand Dead Animals*, was recently published by Signature Editions. Jim is a Finalist for the 2018 ReLit Poetry Award.

Charlie Petch is an award winning spoken word artist, playwright, haiku deathmaster and musical saw player. They have been published in *Matrix, Descant, Toronto Quarterly* and other journals. They are a member of the League of Canadian Poets and are the creative director and founder of “Hot Damn It's A Queer Slam”. Find out more about them at [charliecpetch.com](http://charliecpetch.com)
About the Authors

Harry Posner is the author of six books, including poetry, novels and short stories, and he has produced several spoken word CDs. He is a member of Words Aloud poetry collective, the Headwaters Writers Guild, Writers Ink Alton, and an Associate Member of the League of Canadian Poets. Posner is currently Dufferin County’s first Poet Laureate.

Eleonore Schönmaier’s most recent poetry book is Dust Blown Side of the Journey from McGill-Queen’s University Press. Her other collections are the critically acclaimed Wavelengths of Your Song (2013) and Treading Fast Rivers (1999). Her poetry has won the Alfred G. Bailey Prize, the Earle Birney Prize, and is widely anthologized including publication in Best Canadian Poetry.

Sarah Yi-Mei Tsiang is the author of 10 books, including picture books, poetry, and fiction. Her award winning work has been internationally sold and translated. She is currently an adjunct professor of Creative Writing at the University of British Columbia.
12 Canadian Nature Poetry Books

Recommended by Terrence Abrahams from the League of Canadian Poets National Poetry Month Blog

Canada’s relationship with nature poetry has, historically, been an uncomfortable one. Early settler poets took their settler-colonial romanticism to the extreme, writing of this land as if it were wild and unknown, rather than familiar and home to long-standing indigenous communities. Though the damage done by these early poets cannot be undone, nature poetry in Canada has thankfully started to shift.

Poetry featuring images of the Canadian wilderness are now rooted less in European romanticism. Instead, they take a more personal turn by focusing on field studies, environmentalism, anti-colonial efforts in activism, and, of course, genuine love and appreciation people have for natural world. There are, perhaps, more love poems here in the following books than in any anthology of romantic poetry out there.

1. **Plainwater** by Anne Carson | Vintage Canada, 2000

Though familiar natural imagery is scattered throughout this collection, the latter half of Carson’s Plainwater reads as a fictional travelogue. Geography colludes and collides with the intensely human to create a sometimes uncomfortable catalogue of the ways people relate to surroundings and, by extension, each other.

2. **Small Arguments** by Souvankham Thammavongsa | Pedlar Press, 2003

This small book featuring smaller poems touches on the familiar aspects of nature: insects and fruits we see in our homes, crawling or ripening on our kitchen counters, awakening a new (or perhaps old but overlooked) appreciation for such little lives.

3. **As Long as Trees Last** by Hoa Nguyen | Wave Books, 2012

Nguyen’s writing, as always, is full of movement, despite the stillness and presumed peacefulness of many of her subjects – trees and suburban streets wake up and become less a part of an urban environment and more of a reminder that even cities are full of stirring, shifting green things.
4 *Light Light* by Julie Joosten | Book*hug, 2013

Joosten’s book artfully looks at the way light affects us all, and what we would (and wouldn’t be) without it. Observation and emotion fuse with scientific fact to delight and delightfully unsettle.

5 *Field Notes for the Alpine Tundra* by Elena Johnson | Gaspereau Press, 2015

Johnson lived as the writer-in-residence at a remote ecology research station in the Yukon’s Ruby Range in 2008. These poems, exploring both the scientific and emotional side of northern field studies, are both moving and satisfying. You might learn a new fact or two.

6 *Cephalopography* by Rasiqra Revulva | words (on) pages, 2016

Lyrical, emotional, visceral – like the tentacled things she features in her poetic work, Revulva’s poetic efforts are as graceful and strange as they are fascinating.

7 *Certain Details* by Nelson Ball | Wilfrid Laurier University Press, 2017

Ball’s short, observational poems are the cumulative effort of over sixty some-odd years spent walking, watching, waiting. Nothing about nature seems to be missed by Ball’s careful eye.

8 *Faunics* by Jack Davis | Pedlar Press, 2017

Davis’ work asks us to reconsider how we understand animals in relation to ourselves, to redefine animalism, and to ultimately look for a harmony within the human animal.

9 *Weed Apologue* by Sarah-Jean Krahn | words (on) pages, 2017

Drawing on a critical response to Robert Kroestch’s Seed Catalogue, Krahn’s poetry condemns Canadian colonialism and its impact on indigenous women and the environment while weaving language in a way that cannot be anything but like a so-called weed: insistent, seemingly effortless, hardy, and, ultimately, beautiful.
10 Better Nature by Fenn Stewart | Book*hug, 2017

Though she works directly from a diary Walt Whitman kept while travelling through Canada, Stewart never gets sentimental. Her poetry focuses on how people interact with the world, from settler appropriation of the land, environmental activism, individual efforts to “go green,” and a tongue-in-cheek touch upon how we can better our natures to better nature itself.

11 Spellbook for an Attic Gardener by Laura K. Watson | self-published, 2017

Complete with stunning illustrations, Watson’s Spellbook is a comforting (though sometimes emotionally charged) look at how easy it is to bring the outside in.

12 Blackbird Song by Randy Lundy | University of Regina Press, 2018

This book, though not yet released [at the time this article was written], closes this list due to the anticipatory excitement I feel for it. Lundy’s previous work has been nothing but beautiful, his attention to detail making it easy to get lost in the portions of the natural world he recreates on a page.

Terrence Abrahams lives and writes quietly in Toronto. His first chapbook, a wish, was published with Penrose Press in 2018. He is @trabrahams on Twitter.
Poetry activities for educators and young readers

Poetry-palooza

Organize a poetry-palooza for a group of young readers to engage them with the many sides to poetry. Participants can read a poem aloud — original or not — to the others, or they could distribute their favourite written poem—again, original or not. But there’s more to poetry than the poems! Encourage young readers to write fanmail to their favourite poets, or take the fun even farther away from poetry and hide poems around the room, or have other poetry game stations for participants to engage with.

Poetry Play Stations

Poetry play stations use different techniques to encourage young readers to craft poems. Here are some great stations to include:

**Erasure poetry**
Using a page of existing text, use a black marker to complete cross out sections of the text — the words or phrases that remain can be strung together to form an original poem! Part of the beauty of erasure poem is how the entire page looks when completed, blacked-out sections and all.

**Found poetry**
Found poetry is very similar to erasure poetry — well, erasure poetry is a kind of found poetry — but with a little more freedom. Again using an existing text, participants select words or phrases from the text that they think will make a great poem: using the found words and phrases, they can play with line breaks, stanzas, and other ways of construction an original poem from the found text!

**Book spine poetry**
This is a great poetic experiment that takes over Twitter every April — using as few as three or as many as…well, as many as you can stack, create a poem using the titles of books as they appear on the spines. These make excellent photos and are great for sharing on social media!
Poetry Play Stations Continued

**Magnet poetry**

A classic! Choosing words from a pile of individual words to string together an original poem. This could be from a *magnetic poetry set*, but you could also simply *prepare an assortment of words* for participants to choose from.

**Dear Poet**

*Dear Poet* is a multimedia education project from the Academy of American Poets that invites young people in grades five through twelve to write letters in response to poems written and read by some of the award-winning poets who serve on the Academy of American Poets Board of Chancellors. They prepared *a specialized lesson plan* to help teachers implement this program into their curriculum—which is free to use—but the program can also be adopted to include Canadian poets. If you would like to write to Canadian poets, we recommend any of the poets featured in the 2016 or 2017 *Poem in Your Pocket Day* booklets! Letters can be sent to the League office or emailed to info@poets.ca.

**Poetry as response**

One of the most exciting things about poetry is how it can engage with other art forms: other texts, yes, but also art in completely a completely different medium. For students who are already interested in writing, encourage them to write a response poem to a scene from a movie or play, or to a painting or photograph; students for whom writing doesn’t come naturally may be interested in doing the opposite, crafting a response in another medium to a pre-selected poem.

**Recitation**

Reading poetry aloud can be a groundbreaking moment for engaging with a poem; similarly, hearing a poem out loud can also shine a different light on the words. It can be terrifying to read original poetry in front of others, but there are other ways to share! Students can read classic poems, or their favourite contemporary poems, or even try reading song lyrics out loud with no musical backup. Poetry in Voice is a charitable organization that encourages Canadian students to fall in love with poetry through reading, writing, and recitation, with an [online anthology](#) of continued on next page ➤
classic and contemporary poems and comprehensive teaching materials on their website, all free of cost. They also run a nation-wide student recitation competition, which awards over $75,000 in travel and prizes annually.

Finding the right poems

Of course, the hardest part is not usually finding fun ways to teach young readers — all you teachers and librarians are already experts in that field. The questions is, what poems do you choose? The annual Poem in Your Pocket Day booklet is a great place to start, with age appropriate poems from a variety of poets across Canada and the US. Some of our favourite poetry meant for young readers include Alligator Pie by Dennis Lee (yes, that Dennis Lee!), Dr. Seuss, Louis Carroll’s Jabberwocky (or, for that matter, any of the songs and poems from the Alice books), and Shel Silverstein’s Where the Sidewalk Ends. For 2017, the Academy of American Poets prepared a great online anthology of poems suitable for young readers as well — delightfully, it includes more than one poem about cake.

More resources

Classroom tips from the Academy of American Poets

Poetryclass learning resources from the Poetry Society (UK)

League of Canadian Poets Teachers’ Lounge
10 Ways to support your favourite poets

1 Buy their books!

This is number one on the list because it’s also the most obvious, straightforward way to support your favourite poet. BUT, did you consider that where you buy books from makes an impact? By buying directly from the publisher – especially if the publisher is a small or independent press – you also help support future publishing opportunities for poets. All Lit Up is an amazing retailer of independently published poetry, and a great resource for readers living in remote areas that may not have a wide selection of booksellers. As an added bonus, shopping through All Lit Up supports the Literary Press Group of Canada, which in turn supports and advocates for independent Canadian literary publishers!

2 Borrow poetry from your local library!

High circulation numbers help alert librarians to what’s popular in their community. If your library doesn’t carry your favourite poet’s work, recommend it! Let the library staff know what you’d like to see on the shelves, and prove it by borrowing the book if they follow your recommendation.

3 Find and follow your favourite poets on their public social media accounts.

Some poets have Twitter, Facebook, and/or Instagram, some don’t. But if they do, follow them and share their content that excites you. Whether they have social media or not, you can always post about their poetry on your platform of choice. Make public recommendations, write about 2019 PIYP day booklet – supplementary material how you’ve connected to their work and what it means to you, post about their readings (even the ones you’ll sadly have to miss because they’re taking place out of town).
1 Talk about their books.

We may be in the age of social media, but word of mouth is still an extremely powerful tool! Tell friends and family about their books, recommend them to your co-workers, read your favourite poet's books in public places (we all know bookworms love to see what other bookworms are reading).

2 Review their books.

When your favourite poet releases a new book, write a review. There are so many avenues through which to do this and each avenue offers a different approach or expectation for the reviewer. A review on Amazon, Indigo, or GoodReads could simply be a rating out of five stars or a few sentences on what you enjoyed about the book. Some literary websites have open calls for longer, more formal reviews.

3 Tell your MPs and MPPs how important the arts are!

Funding bodies like Canada Council for the Arts/Ontario Arts Council/Toronto Arts Council are government agencies. Many poets rely on grants and funding as part of their livelihood. A large portion of the League’s funding comes from these bodies, too. Social media makes it easier than ever to contact your local politicians. They likely have a Twitter account, or at least have an email address through which you can contact them. Here’s an example of a quick message of support you could send:

Happy National Poetry Month! I am writing to let you know that poetry is important to me – as are all the arts! Poetry connects us and provides a vital outlet for self-expression. I urge you to continue to support initiatives like (insert provincial funding program) so that the arts can continue to flourish in our community.

4 Promote your favourite poet!

Feature your favourite poet on your blog, podcast, zine, or other publication! Reach out for an interview – it never hurts to ask!
① Suggest them for your book club!

Maybe your book club doesn’t usually read poetry, but it’s good to change things up once in a while! If your book club needs some convincing, suggest a collection that is also autobiographical, political, or deals with pop culture. Spin it to get it on your list!

① If you’re a poet yourself, check out their editing services.

Lots of poets and writers also work as freelance editors and will read your manuscript and provide super valuable feedback. Support them through paying their fees and they’ll support you with help tidying up your manuscript! A real win-win.

① Go to a reading!

If you know of a local spot that hosts poetry readings, suggest your favourite poet. Bring a book of theirs and show off your favourite poem.