

(043) 1490 BUK

1600267241A

UNIVERSITAT DE LLEIDA  
FACULTAT DE LLETRES  
DEPARTAMENT DE FILOLOGIA  
SECCIÓ D'ANGLÈS

THE CANADIAN LANDSCAPE THROUGH POETRY

VOLUM I



TESI DOCTORAL DIRIGIDA PER LA DOCTORA SUSAN BALLYN.  
UNIVERSITAT DE BARCELONA

N E L A    B U R E U    i    R A M O S

2793-54460

0222-84160

**B — SOCIAL AND HISTORICAL BACKGROUND**

BERCUSON, D., GRANATSTEIN, J.L. The Collins Dictionary of Canadian History 1867 to the Present. Toronto: Collins, 1988.

BERGER, Carl. The Writing of Canadian History. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, (1986), 1988.

FRANCIS, D., JONES, R., SMITH, D. Origins, Canadian History to Confederation. Toronto: Holt, Rinehart and Winston of Canada, 1988.

FRANCIS, D., JONES, R., SMITH, D. Destinies, Canadian History since Confederation. Toronto: Holt, Rinehart and Winston of Canada, 1988.

PETRONE, Penny (ed.). First People First Voices. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, (1983), 1989.

PURICH, Donald. The Métis. Toronto: James Lorimer, 1988.

TRIGGER, Bruce, G. The Children of Aataentsic. A History of the Huron People to 1600. Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, (1976), 1987.

WARDHAUGH, Ronald. Language and Nationhood. Vancouver: New Star Books, 1983.

YOUNG, Brian, DICKINSON, John. A Short History of Quebec: A Socio-Economic Perspective. Toronto: Copp Clark Pitman, 1988.

**C — SELECTED CRITICISM**

**ON EARLE BIRNEY**

AICHINGER, Peter. Earle Birney. Toronto: Twas, 1979.

DAVEY, Frank. Earle Birney. Toronto: Copp Clark, 1971.

McLEOD, Les. "Irony and Affirmation in the Poetry of Earle Birney". Perspectives on Earle Birney. Downsview, Ontario: Essays on Canadian Writing Press, 1980, pp.130-155.

PACEY, Desmond. "Earle Birney". Ten Canadian Poets. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1958, pp.293-326.

ROBILLARD, Richard. Earle Birney. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1971.

SCOTT, Peter. "A Canadian Chronicle". Poetry, n.115, Spring 1970, pp.353-364.

WEST, PAUL. "Earle Birney and the Compound Ghost". Canadian Literature, n.13, Summer 1962, pp.5-14.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

WOODCOCK, George. "The Wanderer: Notes on Earle Birney". Perspectives on Earle Birney. Downsview, Ontario: Essays on Canadian Writing Press, 1980, pp.85-103.

ON ELIZABETH BREWSTER.

COGSWELL, Fred. "Sometimes I Think of Moving". The Fiddlehead, n.115, Fall 1977, pp.142-145.

GIBBS, Robert. "Necessary Fictions: The Poems and Stories of Elizabeth Brewster". Essays on Canadian Writing, n.10, Spring 1978, pp.122-125.

GREENE, Elizabeth. "Elizabeth Brewster, Sometimes I Think of Moving". Quarry, vol.27, n.1, Winter 1978, pp.82-84.

HILLIS, Doris. "Interview with Elizabeth Brewster". Plainspeaking. Regina, Saskatchewan: coteau books, 1988, pp.175-192.

PACEY, Desmond. "The Poetry of Elizabeth Brewster". Ariel, vol.4, n.3, July 1973, pp.58-69.

PRECOSKY, Don. "Brewster's Solid Accomplishments". The Fiddlehead, n.160, Summer 1989, pp.116-117.

TANASZI, Marg. "Elizabeth Brewster, Sunrise North". Quarry, vol.21, n.3, Summer 1972, pp.55-61.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

TUDOR, Kay. "Things That Last". The Fiddlehead, n.158, Winter 1988, pp.102-106.

ON WILFRED CAMPBELL

KLINCK, Carl. Wilfred Campbell. Ottawa: The Tecumseh Press, 1977.

ROSS ROY, G. "Bliss Carman et Wilfred Campbell". Le Sentiment de la Nature Dans la Poésie Canadienne Anglaise. Paris: Nizet, 1961, pp 99-131.

ON BLISS CARMAN

CAPPON, James. Bliss Carman. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1930.

PACEY, Desmond. Ten Canadian Poets. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1958, pp.60-113.

ROSS ROY, G. "Bliss Carman et Wilfred Campbell". Le Sentiment de la Nature Dans la Poésie Canadienne Anglaise. Paris: Nizet, 1961, pp.99-131.

SORFLEET, J.R. "Transcendentalist, Mystic, Evolutionary Idealist: Bliss Carman". Colony and Confederation, George

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Woodcock (ed.). Vancouver: University of British Columbia Press, 1974, pp.189-209.

STEPHENS, Donald. Bliss Carman. New York: Twayne, 1966.

STEPHENS, Donald. "Carman and Tradition". Colony and Confederation, George Woodcock (ed.). Vancouver: University of British Columbia Press, 1974, pp.178-189.

ON ROBERT KROETSCH

KROETSCH, Robert. "The Grammar of Silence". Canadian Literature, n.106, Fall 1985, pp.65-74.

LECKER, Robert. "Robert Kroetsch's Poetry". Open Letter, 3d Series, n.8, Spring 1978, pp.72-88.

NEUMAN, Shirley. "Figuring the Reader, Figuring the Self in *Field Notes*: 'Double or noting'". Open Letter, 5th Series, ns.8/9, Summer/Fall 1984, pp.176-193.

THOMAS, Peter. Robert Kroetsch. Vancouver: Douglas & McIntyre, 1980.

THOMAS, Peter. "Robert Kroetsch and Silence". Essays on Canadian Writing, ns.18/19, Summer/Fall 1980, pp.33-53.

ON ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

BENTLEY, D.M.R. "A Romantic Lampman". Canadian Poetry, n.22, Spring/Summer 1988, pp.89-94.

BROWN, E.K. "Archibald Lampman". On Canadian Poetry. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, (1943), 1944, pp.88-118.

LECKER, Robert (ed.). Archibald Lampman. Boston: Twas, 1986.

McMULLEN, Lorraine (ed.). The Lampman Symposium. Ottawa: University of Ottawa Press, 1976.

PACEY, Desmond. "Archibald Lampman". Ten Canadian Poets. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1958, pp.114-140.

ROSS ROY, G. "Archibald Lampman". Le Sentiment de La Nature Dans la Poésie Canadienne Anglaise. Paris: Nizet, 1961, pp.51-71.

ON PATRICK LANE

BRIAN, Michael. "Lost and Found". The Fiddlehead, n.119, Fall 1978, pp.112-116.

DRAGLAND, Stan. "Poems New and Selected". The Fiddlehead, n.122, Summer 1979, pp.124-129.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

GASPARINI, Len. "One Plus Three". Canadian Literature, n.63, Winter 1975, pp.92-95.

MAHANTI, J.C. "The Daemon of the Mind: The Verse of Patrick Lane". Journal of Canadian Poetry, vol.2, n.1, Winter 1979, pp.57-67.

SULLIVAN, Rosemary. "Staying Power". Canadian Forum, vol.LVIII, n.687, March 1979, p.34.

ON IRVING LAYTON

BAKER, Howard. "Jewish Themes in the Works of Irving Layton". Essays on Canadian Writing, n.10, Spring 1978, pp.43-54.

CAMERON, Elspeth. Irving Layton. A Portrait. Toronto: Stoddart, 1985.

DOYLE, Mike. "The Occasions of Irving Layton". Canadian Literature, n.54, Autumn 1972, pp.70-83.

FRANCIS, Wynne. "Layton and Nietzsche". Canadian Literature, n.67, Winter 1976, pp.39-52.

FRANCIS, Wynne. "Irving Layton". The Journal of Commonwealth Literature, n.3, July 1976, pp.34-48.



BIBLIOGRAPHY

FRANCIS, Wynne. "Irving Layton (1912-)". Canadian Writers and Their Works, vol.5, Poetry Series. Robert Lecker, Jack David, Ellen Quigley (eds.). Downsview, Ontario: Essays on Canadian Writing Press, 1985, pp.143-207.

GIBBS, Robert. "Presiding Voices: Purdy, Layton and Gustafson". Dalhousie Review, vol.56, Winter 1976/77, pp.357-365.

HUNT, Peter. "Irving Layton, Pseudo-Prophet- A Reappraisal". Canadian Poetry, n.1, Fall/Winter, 1977, pp.1-23.

KEENEY, Patricia. "Irving Layton and the Theme of Death". Canadian Literature, n.48, Spring 1971, pp.6-15.

KERTES, Joseph. "Brief Are the Days of Beauty". Canadian Literature, n.105, Summer 1985, pp.32-42.

MAYNE, Seymour (ed.). Irving Layton. Toronto: McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 1978.

RIZZARDI, Alfredo. Italian Critics on Irving Layton. Abano Terme: Piovan, 1988.

SHERMAN, Kenneth. "An Interview with Irving Layton". Essays on Canadian Writing, n.10, Spring 1978, pp.7-18.

VAN WILT, Kurt. "Layton, Nietzsche and Overcoming". Essays on Canadian Writing, n.10, Spring 1978, pp.19-41.

ON ELI MANDEL

COOLEY, Dennis. "Double or Nothing: Eli Mandel's *Out of Place and Another Time*". Essays on Canadian Writing, n.10, Spring 1978, pp.73-78.

DUDEK, Louis. "Two Canadian Poets: Ralph Gustafson and Eli Mandel". Culture, vol.XXII, 1961, pp.144-151.

SHERMAN, Kenneth. "Naming or Locating?". Essays on Canadian Writing, n.10, Spring 1978, pp.79-81.

ON JOHN NEWLOVE

BARBOUR, Douglas. "The Search For Roots: A Meditative Sermon of Sorts". The Literary Half Yearly, vol.XIII, n.2, July 1972, pp.1-14.

BOWERING, George. "Where Does the Truth Lie". Open Letter, 2nd Series, n.4, Spring 1973, pp.71-74.

FERNS, John. "A Desolate Country". The Far Point, n.2, Spring/Summer 1969, pp.68-75.

ON EDWIN JOHN PRATT

- BROWN, E.K. "E.J. Pratt". On Canadian Poetry. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, (1943), 1944, pp.143-167.
- DJWA, Sandra. E.J. Pratt. Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1974.
- DYWA, Sandra. "Nature's Enigma: *Clay*". E.J. Pratt. The Evolutionary Vision. Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1974, pp.12-23.
- FRYE, Northrop. "Silence in the Sea". The Pratt Lecture. St. John, Newfoundland: Memorial University, 1969, pp.3-15.
- GINGELL, Susan. "The Newfoundland Context of the Poetry of E.J. Pratt". The Atlantic Anthology. Critical Essays, vol.3, Terry Whalen (ed.). Downsview, Ontario: Essays on Canadian Writing Press, 1985, pp.93-105.
- LECKER, R., DAVID, J., QUIGLEY, E. (eds.). Canadian Writers and Their Works, vol.3. Downsview, Ontario: Essays on Canadian Writing Press, 1983.
- MARSHALL, Tom. "The Major Canadian Poets. E.J. Pratt". Canadian Forum, vol.LVII, n.675, October 1977, pp.19-23.
- SUTHERLAND, John. The Poetry of E.J. Pratt. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1956.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

TREHEARNE, Brian. "A Source for Pratt's Truant?". Canadian Poetry, n.7, Fall/Winter 1980, pp.73-79.

ON ALFRED PURDY

BOWERING, George. "Purdy: Man and Poet". Canadian Literature, n.43, Winter 1970, pp.24-35.

DONOVAN, Rita. "A Train's Violent Anapest: Al Purdy and Others". The Fiddlehead, n.157, Autumn 1988, pp.102-108.

DOYLE, Mike. "Proteus At Roblin Lake". Canadian Literature n.54, Summer 1974, pp.7-23.

REIGO, Ants. "The Purdy Poem". Canadian Literature, n.79, Winter 1978, pp.127-131.

STEVENS, Peter. "In the Raw. The Poetry of Al Purdy". Canadian Literature, n.28, Spring 1966, pp.22-30.

STEVENS, Peter. "The Beowulf Poet is Alive and Well". Canadian Literature, n.55, Winter 1973, pp.99-102.

WOODCOCK, George. "On the Poetry of Al Purdy". The World of Canadian Writing. Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1980, pp.261-276.

ON CHARLES G.D. ROBERTS

CLEVER, Glenn (ed.). The Sir Charles G.D. Roberts Symposium.  
Ottawa: University of Ottawa Press, 1984.

COGSWELL, Fred. "Charles G.D. Roberts". Canadian Writers and  
Their Works, Poetry Series, Lecker, R., David, J., Quigley, E.  
(eds.). Downsview, Ontario: Essays on Canadian Writing  
Press, 1983, pp.187-225.

KEITH, W.J. Charles G.D. Roberts. Toronto: Copp Clark, 1969.

KEITH, W.J. "A Choice of Worlds. God, Man and Nature in  
Charles G.D. Roberts". Colony and Confederation, George  
Woodcock (ed.). Vancouver: University of British Columbia,  
1974, pp.87-101.

MacLAREN, I.S. "Review Article. The Roberts Symposium".  
Dalhousie Review, vol.67, n.1, Spring 1987, pp.109-115.

PACEY, Desmond, "Sir Charles G.D. Roberts". Ten Canadian  
Poets. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1958, pp.34-59.

ROSS ROY, G. Le Sentiment de la Nature Dans la Poésie  
Canadienne Anglaise. Paris: Nizet, 1961, pp.39-49.

ON DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

BROWN, E.K. "Duncan Campbell Scott". On Canadian Poetry. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, (1943), 1944, pp.118-143.

FARMILOE, Dorothy. "D.C.Scott's *At Gull Lake: August, 1810*". Canadian Literature, n.81, Spring 1979, pp.142-147.

KELLY, Catherine. "In the Listening World: The Poetry of Duncan Campbell Scott". Studies in Canadian Literature, n.4, Winter 1979, pp.71-94.

PACEY, Desmond. "Duncan Campbell Scott". Ten Canadian Poets. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1958, pp.141-164.

ROSS ROY, G. "Duncan Campbell Scott". Le Sentiment de la Nature Dans la Poésie Canadienne Anglaise. Paris: Nizet, 1961, pp.73-98.

SLONIM, Leon. "D.C. Scott's 'At Gull Lake'". Canadian Literature, n.81, Summer 1979, pp.142-143.

STICH, K.P. (ed.). The Duncan Campbell Scott Symposium. Ottawa: University of Ottawa Press, 1980.

WARE, Tracy. "D.C. Scott's *The Height of Land & The Greater Romantic Lyric*". Canadian Literature, n.111, Winter 1986, pp.10-23.

ON A. J. M. SMITH

BIRNEY, Earle. "A.J.M. Smith". Canadian Literature, n.15, Winter 1963, pp. 4-6.

COMPTON, Anne. "'After the ebb-flow': A.J.M. Smith's Nature Poetry". Studies in Canadian Literature, vol.14, n.1, Winter 1989, pp.54-72.

DANIELLS, Roy. "Fringe Benefit". Canadian Literature, n.79, Winter 1978, pp.74-82.

DARLING, Michael. "An Interview with A.J.Smith". Essays on Canadian Writing, n.9, Winter 1977, pp.55-61.

DARLING, Michael. "Dean of Canadian Poets". Waves, vol.7, n.2, Winter 1979, pp.72-75.

FERNS, John. A.J.Smith. Toronto: Twayne, 1979.

FULLER, Roy. "A Poet of the Century". Canadian Literature, n.15, Winter 1963, pp.7-10.

PACEY, Desmond. "A.J. Smith". Ten Canadian Poets. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1958, pp.194-222.

PERCIVAL, W.P. "A.J.M. Smith". Leading Canadian Poets. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1948, pp.234-244.

SMITH, A.J.M. "A Self-Review". Canadian Literature, n.15, Winter 1963, pp.20-26.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

WILSON, Milton. "Second and Third Thoughts About Smith". Canadian Literature, n.15, Winter 1963, pp.11-17.

ON MIRIAM WADDINGTON

ESTOK, Michael. "All in the Family: The Metaphysics of Domesticity". Dalhousie Review, vol.52, Winter 1972, pp.653-667.

WAYMAN, Tom. "Miriam Waddington's New Talent". Canadian Literature, n.56, Spring 1973, pp.85-88.

ON DALE ZIEROTH.

JONES, D.G. "Between Mind and Landscape". Canadian Literature, n.53, Summer 1972, pp.81-88.

**D — GENERAL CRITICISM**

ATHERTON, Stanley. "The Klondike Muse". Canadian Literature, n.47, Winter 1971, pp. 67-72.



BIBLIOGRAPHY

ATWOOD, Margaret. "Canadian Monsters". The Canadian Imagination. David Staines (ed.). Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1977, pp.97-122.

BIRNEY, Earle. "Madness and Exorcism of Poetry". Earle Birney, Bruce Nesbitt (ed.). Toronto: McGraw-Hill Ryerson Limited, 1974, pp.196-218.

BLODGETT, E.D. "The Canadian Literatures in a Comparative Perspective". Essays on Canadian Writing, n.15, Summer 1979, pp.5-24.

DAVEY, Frank. "The Explorer in Western Canadian Literature". Studies in Canadian Literature, vol.4, n.2, Summer 1979, pp.91-112.

DAVEY, Frank. Reading Canadian Reading. Winnipeg, Manitoba: Turnstone Press, 1988.

DJWA, Sandra. "Canadian Poets and the Great Tradition". Canadian Literature, n.65, Summer 1975, pp.42-52.

DOYLE, Mike. "Made in Canada?". Poetry, Vol.CXIX, n.6, March 1972, pp.357-362.

FRYE, Northrop. "Haunted by Lack of Ghosts - Some Patterns in the Imagery of Canadian Poetry". The Canadian Imagination. David Staines (ed.). Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1977, pp.22-45.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

GARNET, Elton. "For the Poets the Landscape is the Great Canadian Myth". Saturday Night, vol.85, n.1, January 1970, pp.31-33.

HARPER, Russell. Painting in Canada: A History. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, (1966), 1977.

HEATH, Jeffrey (ed.). Profiles in Canadian Literature. Toronto: Dundurn Press, 1986.

HILLIS, Doris. Plainspeaking. Interviews with Saskatchewan Writers. Regina, Saskatchewan: coteau books, 1988.

JONES, D.G. "Voices in the Dark". Canadian Literature, n.45, Summer 1970, pp.68-74.

JONES, D.G. "Myth, Frye and Canadian Writers". Canadian Literature, n.55, Winter 1973, pp.7-22.

JONES, D.G. "Born of the Landscape". Canadian Literature, n.79, Winter 1978, pp.77-82.

KEEFER, Janice. Under Eastern Eyes. A Critical Reading of Maritime Fiction. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1987.

KEITH, W.J. Canadian Literature in English. New York: Longman, 1985.

KENT, David (ed.). "Lighting up the Terrain": The Poetry of Margaret Avison. Toronto: Essays on Canadian Writing Press, 1987.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

KREISEL, Henry. "The Prairie Observed". Canadian Literature, n.61, Summer 1974, pp.88-90.

LAFAILLE, Richard. "Départ: Géographie et Poésie". The Canadian Geographer, vol.33, n.2, 1989, pp.118-130.

LIVESAY, Dorothy. "A Prairie Sampler". Mosaic, vol.3, Spring 1970, pp.85-92.

MALLORY, William & SIMPSON-HOUSLEY, Paul (eds.). Geography and Literature. New York: Syracuse University Press, 1987.

MANDEL, Eli. "Images of Prairie Man". Another Time. Erin, Ontario: Porcépic, 1977, pp.45-53.

MATTHEWS, Robin. "Religion in Canada: Its Effects on Canadian Identity". Canadian Identity. Ottawa: Steil Rail, 1988, pp.69-83.

MAYNE, Seymour (ed.). Irving Layton. The Poet and His Critics. Toronto: McGraw-Hill Ryerson Limited, 1978.

MOISAN, Clément. A Poetry of Frontiers. Erin, Ontario: Porcépic, 1983.

NICOLSON, Marjorie, H. "A New Descriptive Poetry". Mountain Gloom and Mountain Glory. New York: Cornell University Press, 1959, pp.324-391.

PERCIVAL, W.P. Leading Canadian Poets. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1948.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

PRITCHARD, Allan. "West of the Great Divide, a View of the Literature of British Columbia". Canadian Literature, n.94, Autumn 1982, pp.87-111.

PRITCHARD, Allan. "West of the Great Divide, Man and Nature in the Literature of British Columbia". Canadian Literature, n.102, Autumn 1984, pp.36-51.

PROBERT, Kenneth (ed.). Writing Saskatchewan. 20 Critical Essays. Regina, Saskatchewan: University of Regina, 1989.

REANEY, James. "Manitoba as a Writer's Environment". Mosaic, vol.3, Spring 1970, pp.95-97.

REES, Ronald. Land of Earth and Sky. Landscape Painting of Western Canada. Saskatoon, Saskatchewan: Western Producer Prairie Books, 1984.

ROBINSON, Lewis. "The North - Introduction". Concepts and Themes in the Regional Geography in Canada. Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1983, pp.313-335.



THE CANADIAN LANDSCAPE  
THROUGH POETRY

VOLUM I I

UNIVERSITAT DE LLEIDA  
Biblioteca



1600267245

NELA BUREU I RAMOS

(075) 1110

1600267245X

UNIVERSITAT DE LLEIDA  
FACULTAT DE LLETRES  
DEPARTAMENT DE FILOLOGIA  
SECCIÓ D'ANGLÈS

**THE CANADIAN LANDSCAPE THROUGH POETRY**

**VOLUM II**



TESI DOCTORAL DIRIGIDA PER LA DOCTORA SUSAN BALLYN.  
UNIVERSITAT DE BARCELONA

N E L A      B U R E U      i      R A M O S

93-54460

0222-84160

## CONTENTS

### **BARBOUR, DOUGLAS**

- VISIONS OF MY GRANDFATHER 1

### **BIRNEY, EARLE**

- BUSHED 3

### **BREWSTER, ELIZABETH**

- DEATHS 4
- THE FUTURE OF POETRY IN CANADA 5
- GREAT AUNT REBECCA 6
- MUNCHAUSEN IN ALBERTA 7
- NEW GLASSES 7
- ON BECOMING AN ANCESTOR 8
- PEACE 9
- RENEWABLE GLORY 9
- RETURN OF THE NATIVE 10
- ROAD BETWEEN SASKATOON AND EDMONTON 11
- SOMETIMES I THINK OF MOVING 12
- SUNDAY MORNING 13
- THERE IS TIME 14
- THIRTY BELOW 15

### **CAMPBELL, WILFRED**

- HOW ONE WINTER CAME IN THE LAKE REGION 17

### **CARMAN, BLISS**

- MORNING IN THE HILLS 18

### **CROZIER, LORNA**

- POEM ABOUT NOTHING 19



**CURRIE, ROBERT**

- ANOTHER TIME 21
- MORNING RIDE 23

**KERR, DON**

- EDITING PRAIRIE 24

**KROETSCH, ROBERT**

- THE FRANKFURT HAUPTBAHNHOF 25
- HOW I JOINED THE SEAL HERD 33
- THE LEDGER 37
- SEED CATALOGUE 53

**LAMPMAN, ARCHIBALD**

- COMFORT OF THE FIELDS 68
- IN NOVEMBER 69
- ON THE COMPANIONSHIP WITH NATURE 71
- STORM 71

**LANE, PATRICK**

- BECAUSE I NEVER LEARNED 74
- THE CHILDREN OF BOGOTA 74
- THE KILLING TABLE 75
- A MURDER OF CROWS 76
- LAST NIGHT IN DARKNESS 77
- OLD MOTHER 77
- THE SMALL BOY 78
- THE WOMAN 79
- THE YOUNG MAN 79

**LAYTON, IRVING**

- BUTTERFLY ON ROCK 81

**MANDEL, ELI**

- NARRATIVE POEM 82
- WABAMUN 83

**MARRIOTT, ANNE**

- PRAIRIE GRAVEYARD 86

**NEWLOVE, JOHN**

- THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE 88
- DRIVING 89
- THE ENGINE AND THE SEA 89
- THE GREEN PLAIN 90
- THE PRAIRIE 93
- THE PRIDE 94
- RIDE OFF ANY HORIZON 99
- THE SKY 103
- VERIGIN, MOVING IN ALONE 104

**PRATT, EDWIN JOHN**

- BRÉBEUF AND HIS BRETHREN 106
- EROSION 154
- THE SHARK 154
- THE TITANIC 156
- TOWARDS THE LAST SPIKE 184

**PURDY, ALFRED**

- ARCTIC RHODODENDRONS 222
- THE COUNTRY NORTH OF BELLEVILLE 222
- THE COUNTRY OF THE YOUNG 224
- A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY 225
- MY GRANDFATHER'S COUNTRY 227
- THE NORTH WEST PASSAGE 229
- STILL LIFE IN A TENT 231
- TREES AT THE ARCTIC CIRCLE 234
- WASHDAY 235
- WHEN I SAT DOWN TO PLAY THE PIANO 237

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| <b>ROBERTS, CHARLES G.D.</b>                |     |
| - ORIGINS                                   | 240 |
| <b>SCOTT, DUNCAN CAMPBELL</b>               |     |
| - THE HEIGHT OF LAND                        | 242 |
| <b>SMITH, ARTHUR JAMES MARSHALL</b>         |     |
| - THE LONELY LAND                           | 246 |
| <b>STEVENS, PETER</b>                       |     |
| - PRAIRIE                                   | 248 |
| - PRAIRIE NEGATIVE                          | 248 |
| - PRAIRIE: TIME AND PLACE                   | 249 |
| <b>SUKNASKY, ANDREW</b>                     |     |
| - INDIAN SITE ON THE EDGE OF TONITA PASTURE | 251 |
| <b>WADDINGTON, MIRIAM</b>                   |     |
| - GREEN WORLD ONE                           | 254 |
| - GREEN WORLD TWO                           | 254 |
| - ICONS                                     | 255 |
| - INVESTIGATOR                              | 256 |
| - THE LAND WHERE HE DWELLS IN               | 257 |
| - MY LESSONS IN THE JAIL                    | 258 |
| - NIGHT OF VOICES                           | 259 |
| - POPULAR GEOGRAPHY                         | 260 |
| - PROVINCIAL                                | 261 |
| - SOMEONE WHO USED TO HAVE SOMEONE          | 262 |
| - THOU DIDST SAY ME                         | 263 |
| - TOTEMS                                    | 264 |
| - TRANSFORMATIONS                           | 265 |
| <b>ZIEROTH, DALE</b>                        |     |
| - FATHER                                    | 266 |
| - MANITOBA POEM                             | 267 |
| - 120 MILES NORTH OF WINNIPEG               | 268 |

DOUGLAS BARBOUR

VISIONS OF MY GRANDFATHER (NO, 9)

circling my intent the facts  
about you about which i know nothing  
about which i go circling

a plane about to land, sweeping  
once more over the runways coming down slowly  
to touch/solid ground

what i do know what i can see/my  
country: it was yours  
differently  
without these lines of civilized geometry without  
these smoky trails across the pure  
the clear blue sky:

& i move deeper into this poem without thinking of how i'll get to the end.  
naturally. i hope & my prairie eyes move to follow yours my  
mind to understand. the poem is new & the poem is for you,

& how i speak to you grandfather, of you for you is different, a  
nother way, these new lines long lines, lean like the prairie toward  
some meaning surely some horizon far off my eyes on  
your prairie, here, or on your canvases/the thin lines of the plough converge  
toward a centre, vanishing point, point of the poem  
's endeavours i don't understand/i don't understand anything  
but i recognize you grandfather your great love for the land shines thru you  
knew it i know & i do it i look at it too with new eyes because of you

& that prairie i see in its lovely geometric patterns, stretch out  
to the end of the world you might think, i might think  
it stretch to forever looking out across the patches from  
our lowering plane, seeing it as you never could, from  
a thousand, three thousand feet in the air, & seeing  
what you never could, the grey straight strips of highway lost  
to points in the fuzz of distance; you saw tracks gleam  
to points, you saw dirt paths covered with wheat folded over &  
you saw much less of man's ugly touch your paintings

have that innocence that you were artist in love with the land  
simply not needing to make money off it so you did not  
need to sell it, & with it your  
self/lost to the land then the many who built it they thot  
but you did not build i think you did not cut it up  
into chunks of dead land we know too much of  
too much has been done in our names grandfather & you  
would not like it i think/sad not to have known  
it could happen: i could live in it look back at your innocence & wish  
for it, for your vision of the growing land, land not yet patterned  
so squarely, so that the slightly rolling prairie i see where you saw it  
rolls uneven green & tan toward a sky untoucht by smoke

from my descending height the prairie *is* flat  
flat as a plate it stretches until just before touchdown/slight  
rolls of hillocks appear suddenly in/complete flatness but against real hill  
or coulees running down to rivers what we call  
flat/prairie/the stretch of wheatfilld fields you loved in that season  
of harvest moment we worship you & me before  
food, for flesh for spirit that we might emerge in it  
touch it & then see it/you saw it as i would have wanted

& my lines stretch out to say so to spread the word across some paper  
landscape to that horizon of questions for you my grandfather  
having seen the answers only answers i'll ever get long before i began.

EARLE BIRNEY

BUSHED

He invented a rainbow but lightning struck it  
shattered it into the lake-lap of a mountain  
so big his mind slowed when he looked at it

Yet he built a shack on the shore  
learned to roast porcupine belly and  
wore the quills on his hatband

At first he was out with the dawn  
whether it yellowed bright as wood-columbine  
or was only a fuzzed moth in a flannel of storm  
But he found the mountain was clearly alive  
sent messages whizzing down every hot morning  
boomed proclamations at noon and spread out  
a white guard of goat  
before falling asleep on its feet at sundown

When he tried his eyes on the lake    ospreys  
would fall like valkyries  
choosing the cut-throat  
He took then to waiting  
till the night smoke rose from the boil of the sunset

But the moon carved unkown totems  
out of the lakeshore  
owls in the beardusky woods derided him  
moosehorned cedars circled his swamps and tossed  
their antlers up to the stars  
then he knew    though the mountain slept    the winds  
were shaping its peak to an arrowhead  
poised

And now he could only  
bar himself in and wait  
for the great flint to come singing into his heart

**ELIZABETH      BREWSTER**

**DEATHS**

I remember how my mother  
Before she died  
Saw birds nesting  
In the bottom of the bathtub.  
"Cheep, cheep!" she said.  
"See their bright eyes."  
And she whistled at one  
To make him turn his head.  
I almost thought  
I could see him myself.

My grandmother dressed herself  
the morning she died  
And walked to the outhouse, singing  
"Nearer my God to thee."

My nephew skated to death  
On Christmas skates.  
His mother told him  
To skate close to shore  
And he would be safe.  
He obeyed her, and drowned.

My teacher threw himself  
From the top floor of a department store  
Down to the sidewalk  
And broke his neck.  
The notes for next day's lecture  
On T.S Eliot  
Fell from his head.

My cousin, having survived  
Five years of active service  
As a wartime pilot,  
Smashed into the freight train  
with his car and two small children.  
I do not know if he was drunk or not.

And there was that man we all knew  
(What was his name?)  
Who died to save a child from burning.  
The child died too.

## THE FUTURE OF POETRY IN CANADA

Some people say we live in a modern mechanized nation  
where the only places that matter  
are Toronto, Montreal, and maybe Vancouver;  
but I myself prefer Goodridge, Alberta,  
a town where electricity arrived in 1953,  
the telephone in 1963.

In Goodridge, Alberta,  
the most important social events  
have been the golden wedding anniversaries of the residents.  
There have been a Garden Club, a Junior Grain Club, and a  
Credit Union,  
and there have been farewell parties  
well attended in spite of the blizzards.

Weather is important in Goodridge.  
People remember the time they threshed in the snow,  
and the winter the temperature fell to seventy below.

They also remember the time  
the teacher from White Rat School  
piled eight children in his car  
and drove them, as a treat,  
all the way to Edmonton;  
where they admired the Jubilee Auditorium  
and the Parliament Buildings  
and visited the CNR wash rooms  
but were especially thrilled  
going up and down in an elevator.

I hope at least one poet  
in the next generation  
comes from Goodridge, Alberta.



GREAT AUNT REBECCA

I remember my mother's Aunt Rebecca  
Who remembered very well Confederation  
And what a time of mourning it was.  
She remembered the days before the railway,  
And how when the first train came though  
Everybody got on and visited it,  
Scraping off their shoes first  
So as not to dirty the carriage.  
She remembered the remoteness, the long walks between  
neighbours.  
Her own mother had died young, in childbirth,  
But she had lived till her eighties,  
Had borne eleven children,  
Managed to raise nine of them,  
In spite of scarlet fever.  
She had clothed them with the work of her own fingers,  
Wool from her own sheep, spun at home,  
Woven at home, sewed at home  
Without benefit of machine.  
She had fed them with pancakes and salt pork  
And cakes sweetened with maple sugar.  
She had taught them one by one to memorize  
"The chief end of man is to know God,"  
And she had also taught them to make porridge  
And the right way of lighting a wood fire,  
Had told the boys to be kind and courageous  
And the girls never to raise their voices  
Or argue with their husbands.

I remember her as an old woman,  
Rheumatic, with folded hands,  
In a rocking chair in a corner of the living room,  
Bullied (for her own good) by one of her daughters.  
She marveled a little, gently and politely,  
At radios, cars, telephones;  
But really they were not as present to her  
As the world of her prime, the farmhouse  
In the midst of woods, the hayfields  
Where her husband and the boys swung their scythes  
Through the burning afternoon, until she called for supper.

For me also, the visiting child, she made that world more  
real  
Than the present could be. I too  
Whished to be a pioneer,  
To walk on snowshoes through remote pastures,

To live away from settlements an independent life  
With a few loved people only; to be like Aunt Rebecca,  
Soft as silk and tough as that thin wire  
They use for snaring rabbits.

### MUNCHAUSEN IN ALBERTA

Our first winter in the settlement,  
the old man said,  
January was so cold  
the flames in the lamp froze.  
The womenfolk picked them like strawberries  
and gave them to the children to eat.

That's the only time  
I was ever a fire-eater.

### NEW GLASSES

New glasses. Everything bright again. I can see  
signs at streets corners and the names of buses,  
and am pleased at the richness  
of the red brick of the church hall  
and the white of that patch of daisies  
in a rock garden  
I never noticed before.

I think  
I will go all over town  
and look at the paint on houses  
and notice the pattern  
of the old-man dandelion heads.

And I am surprised how pretty  
the waitress in the teashop is,  
how becoming her green uniform,  
and I think I must look again  
at the faces of all my acquaintances  
and the wrinkles of old women at street corners.

Just at the moment I pity  
people with perfect vision  
who have never worried about going blind

and who never experience  
this joy of fresh sight  
and the marvel  
of the old world made new again  
and yet again

how many times  
since I wore my first pair of glasses  
when I was fourteen.

### ON BECOMING AN ANCESTOR

Too late in life  
for children, the building  
of flesh and bone,  
all that blood and guts  
other women talk of.

By chance or intention  
whatever touching  
of body or mind  
came too late.

Not my fault, it seems to me,  
I would have liked  
I think

Or maybe I was scared.  
Many things scared me.

Does it matter?  
Flesh becomes  
the green blood of grass.  
Poems disintegrate  
to their original syllables.

There is no avoiding  
the process of transformation,  
of becoming  
a sort of ancestor,  
like the lovers in old songs  
from whose buried mouths  
grew briars and roses.

My fears were unnecessary  
but after all did not change

the end result  
which (whether I fear or hope)  
is not an end

## PEACE

Peace is what is found  
when the sailor sets his will  
to turn from a rough sea  
to a rougher still.

Peace is a walking out  
from a cold room  
into a colder blizzard  
and drifted doom.

Peace is pain increased  
till it is numb,  
and a cry so shrill  
that it seems dumb.

Peace cannot be shaken  
by death or strife,  
for it has swallowed both  
to make its life.

## RENEWABLE GLORY

I have come in from walking by the river  
marvelling how it renews itself  
marvelling how the smell of lilacs  
is as sweet as ever  
and how this year's dandelions  
sow themselves  
like last year's  
on the wind.

It will all go on.  
I need not even be alive,  
as I once imagined,  
for it all to go on as usual.

And I remember lines from an abandoned poem  
I wrote when I was nineteen:  
"There fades a glory from the river  
that cannot come again."

Lines abandoned  
because not true.

(Yes, I know  
the river's polluted,  
nobody swims there  
any more.  
There is sewage.  
There are- I imagine- dead dogs.

Nevertheless)

there is  
    unfading  
    something I hesitate to call  
    as I did then  
  
    glory

## RETURN OF THE NATIVE

This is the true land of fairy-tales,  
this countryside of sullen beauty  
heavy beneath dark trees. The brown smell of wood  
lingers about it. Sawdust penetrates  
every corner. You smell it, mixed with manure,  
in the restaurant with its moosehead, or, like dim must,  
in the little movie house.

The short street swims in dust and sunshine, slides  
into a country road and crosses the bridge  
across the log-filled river where men walk,  
balancing on the logs, and a single rowboat  
holds a group of boys, their dark, round heads  
bent close together. Sunshine, wind and water  
carry together the floating smell of boards.

Across the bridge is pasture; later, woods.  
This is a land  
not settled yet by its generations of settlers.  
Wildness still lingers, and the unfriendly trees

suffer, but do not shelter, man, their neighbour.  
No Eden this, with parks and friendly beasts,  
though hopeful settlers, not far distant, called  
their country Canaan, New Jerusalem,  
or even Beulah. Yet beauty here is solemn,  
with the freshness of some strange and morning world.

At the last house on the edge of the woods, two children  
sit on their swings, reading aloud to each other  
a fairy-tale of children in a wood.  
Their mother, hanging up her Monday wash,  
stops for a minute and watches flying over  
the shining crows flapping their heavy wings.

#### ROAD BETWEEN SASKATOON AND EDMONTON

Yes- there are hills on the prairie,  
trees, even; the road sometimes winds.  
It is not  
home on the range  
with perpetually sunny skies,  
for up there in that sky  
wider and higher than the one I grew up with  
clouds shift and reshift,  
drop sudden showers,  
vanish again in sunlight.

I name over the foreign words and objects:  
those almost-lakes are sloughs;  
that is a windbreak of poplars,  
geometrically planted before the square farmhouse.  
The chief difference in the land  
is that there is more of it.

The little towns are prairie clichés,  
each with its grain elevator  
onion-domed church  
and Chinese restaurant.

But there are hints of Celtic landscape  
near Kitscoty and Innisfree  
lake water set in valleys  
Irish and wet,  
with new green grass,  
and I can even imagine  
the nine bean-rows

and a homesick immigrant  
almost finding himself at home.

Will I ever be at home in this country?  
Will I ever be at home again away from it?

### SOMETIMES I THINK OF MOVING

Sometimes I think of moving  
to the other side of the river,  
where the lawns are sleeker  
and I could walk  
to the university.

But then I take my Saturday walk  
past the Co-op  
and the Mennonite Clothing Store  
and the Army and Navy

and within sight of  
the Early Seeds and Feeds  
grain elevator  
I am stranded on a traffic island  
in the midst of the street  
while a big truck passes  
full of pigs  
smelling as pigs do  
and then a wedding party  
in a car crowned with flowers  
the driver leaning wildly  
on his horn

and I am released  
and walk along Twentieth Street  
past Ukrainian and Greek restaurants  
and pawnshops and furniture shops  
and Ben's Bad Books

I peer into a shop  
smelling of spicy meats  
and crusty homemade bread  
in unwrapped loaves  
and in Paul's Music Store  
I poke among Ukrainian souvenirs  
made in Germany  
and Canadian souvenirs

made in Japan  
and T-shirts bearing the plea  
"Kiss me. I'm Ukrainian"  
(made in Montreal?)  
and I buy a record  
of Canada's National Ukrainian Choir  
of Dauphin  
because after all this is a bilingual country

isn't it?

I walk as far as  
one of the two Ukrainian churches  
when I meet another wedding party  
with more cars and more horns

and I plunge down a side street  
past backyard gardens  
with petunias and bleeding hearts  
and marigolds and pansies.

An old Chinese woman  
is cutting flowers

and the wind is wildly blowing  
the branches of trees

the sun is burning.

There is dust in my mouth  
and in my eyes  
and my feet are beginning to hurt  
and I am happy  
and I walk home past City Hall  
thinking I will not move yet  
from my side of the river.

### **SUNDAY MORNING**

It is twenty below outside  
and something has happened to the church's heating.  
The congregation sits  
heavy coated  
huddled in scarves, fur hats,  
hands in pockets.



The man in front of me  
sneezes and shivers.

It is no special day.  
Christmas is over,  
Lent has not yet started.  
It is a long time  
to any time.  
The priest wears green  
for hope.  
In January  
green is a cold colour.  
His hands look cold.

Luckily, there is no sermon.  
The choir sings  
coldly  
Rise up, O men of God  
and we rise up.

Outdoors the weather is grey.  
Snow falls a little,  
and a yellow snow-plough  
is coming up the street.

A small boy, darting from his mother  
and running with arms outstretched,  
calls  
"Look at me  
look at me.  
I am a kite  
blowing in the wind."

### **THERE IS TIME**

to begin again  
to write new poems for the new land  
to start life over  
to find a new lover  
or a dozen lovers  
to follow where the hands beckon  
to create  
and uncreate.

I am not young  
but neither am I old

I have twenty years  
more maybe  
before earth takes me  
breaks me again  
and makes me snail or flower.

"Death is inevitable,"  
my old lover said.  
"Giving in isn't."  
And I believe  
though perhaps he did not believe  
himself.

All I have done  
seems sometimes waste  
scribble on sand  
but always  
it can be done over.

Not permanence  
not the eternal footprints in the sands of  
etcetera  
but the feel of  
writing in sand with a broken stick  
rough bark under the fingers  
or the feel of toes in wet sand

There is time  
yet  
I can start again

there is time

### THIRTY BELOW

The prairie wind sounds colder  
than any wind I have ever heard.  
Looking through frosted windows  
I see snow whirl in the street  
and think how deep  
all over the country now  
snow drifts  
and cars are stuck  
on icy roads.  
A solitary man walking  
wraps his face in a woollen mask,

turns his back sometimes  
so as not to front  
this biting, eye-smarting wind.

Suddenly I see my dead father  
in an old coat too thin for him,  
the tabs of his cap pulled over his ears,  
on a drifted road in New Brunswick  
walking with bowed head  
towards home.

WILFRED CAMPBELL

HOW ONE WINTER CAME IN THE LAKE REGION

For weeks and weeks the autumn world stood still,  
Clothed in the shadow of a smoky haze;  
The fields were dead, the wind had lost its will,  
And all the lands were hushed by wood and hill,  
In those grey, withered days.

Behind a mist the bleary sun rose and set,  
At night the moon would nestle in a cloud;  
The fisherman, a ghost, did cast his net;  
The lake its shores forgot to chafe and fret,  
And hushed its caverns loud.

Far in the smoky woods the birds were mute,  
Save that from blackened tree a jay would scream,  
Or far in swamps the lizard's lonesome lute  
Would pipe in thirst, or by some gnarled root  
The tree-toad trilled his dream.

From day to day still hushed the season's mood,  
The streams stayed in their runnels shrunk and dry;  
Suns rose aghast by wave and shore and wood,  
And all the world, with ominous silence, stood  
In weird expectancy:

When one strange night the sun like blood went down,  
Flooding the heavens in a ruddy hue;  
Red grew the lake, the sere fields parched and brown,  
Red grew the marshes where the creeks stole down,  
But never a wind-breath blew.

That night I felt the winter in my veins,  
A joyous tremor of the city glow;  
And woke to hear the North's wild vibrant strains,  
While far and wide, by withered woods and plains,  
Fast fell the driving snow.

BLISS CARMAN

MORNING IN THE HILLS

How quiet is the morning in the hills!  
The stealthy shadows of the summer clouds  
Trail through the cañon, and the mountain stream  
Sounds his sonorous music far below  
In the deep-wooded wind-enchanted clove.

Hemlock and aspen, chestnut, beech, and fir  
Go tiering down from storm-worn crest and ledge,  
While in the hollows of the dark ravine  
See the red road emerge, then disappear  
Towards the wide plain and fertile valley lands.

My forest cabin half-way up the glen  
Is solitary, save for one wise thrush,  
The sound of falling water, and the wind  
Mysteriously conversing with the leaves.

Here I abide unvisited by doubt,  
Dreaming of far-off turmoil and despair,  
The race of men and love and fleeting time,  
What life might be, or beauty, caught and held  
For a brief moment at eternal poise.

What impulse now shall quicken and make live  
This outward semblance and this inward self?  
One breath of being fills the bubble world,  
Colored and frail, with fleeting change on change.

Surely some God contrived so fair a thing  
In the vast leisure of uncounted days,  
And touched in with the breath of living joy,  
Wondrous and fair and wise! It must be so.

LORNA CROZIER

POEM ABOUT NOTHING

Zero is the one we didn't understand  
at school. Multiplied by anything  
it remains nothing.

When I ask my friend  
the mathematician who studies rhetoric  
if zero is a number, he says *yes*  
and I feel great relief.

If it were a landscape  
it would be a desert.  
If it had anything to do  
with anatomy, it would be  
a mouth, a missing limb,  
a lost organ.

0

Zero worms its way  
  between one and one  
and changes everything.  
It slips inside the alphabet.  
It is the vowel on a mute tongue,  
the pupil in a blind man's eye,  
the image  
  of the face  
he holds on his fingertips

0

When you look up  
from the bottom of a dry well  
zero is what you see,  
the terrible blue of it.

It is the rope  
you knot around your throat  
when your heels itch for wings.

Icarus understood zero  
as he caught the smell  
of burning feathers  
and fell into the sea.

0

If you roll a zero down a hill  
it will grow,  
swallow the towns, the farms,  
the people at their tables  
playing tic-tac-toe

0

When the Cree chiefs  
signed the treaties on the plains  
they wrote X  
beside their names.

In English, X equals zero.

0

I ask my friend  
the rethorician who studies mathematics  
*What does zero mean and keep it simple*

He says *Zip*.

0

Zero is the pornographer's number.  
He orders it through the mail  
under a false name. It is the number  
of the last man on death row,  
the number of the girl who jumps  
three stories to abort.

Zero starts and ends  
at the same place. Some compare it  
to driving across the Prairies all day  
and feeling you've gone nowhere.

0        0        0

In the beginning God made zero

ROBERT CURRIE

ANOTHER TIME

Dazed with boredom  
my son slams around the house  
I know his frustration  
but cannot tell him  
how to make a different world

I recall one November day  
the burst of freedom after Sunday School  
my buddy Reg and I making sandwiches  
slapping whole-wheat bread with gobs of peanut butter  
folding in crisp lettuce leaves  
then heading south along the river  
the rest of the day all to ourselves

In the pasture a solitary horse  
a massive grey Clydesdale  
its neck stretching through the fence  
We tear handfuls of long grass  
watch them disappear in a giant muzzle  
soft lips curling over huge yellow teeth  
pink quivering nostrils a gentle snorting  
great white bursts of breath  
in the cool November air  
We are amazed by hoofs the size  
of footstools Already planning  
how we will ride an animal that seems  
as tall as any railway car

And there are always ways

The horse follows the lettuce in Reg's hand  
and from a tree I swing onto a back  
so broad it hardly seems round  
Nothing happens  
I grab a handful of mane wait  
for him to turn and run  
Instead he lowers his head  
straining for another tuft of grass



almost pitching me against the fence  
I lean back pull his mane he turns  
because he wants to turn  
lumbers along the fence  
I swing my heels at his sides  
It's like sitting on a hill and kicking earth  
shaking into a slow trot  
and I am seated on an earthquake  
Beneath me great upheavals  
as shoulders find a rougher rhythm  
heat rising through his shaggy hair  
My own shoulders rattle thighs bounce  
but I stay on I'm riding

From brush beside the trail a detonation  
three prairie chickens burst away  
the horse shies to the left  
somehow I do not fall  
Instead I guide him through the trees  
across a stubble field and back

When I dismount at last sliding  
down the warm round belly  
snowflakes are melting on his hide  
Then my friend drops from the tree  
turns the horse away  
like a ghost dissolves in thickening snow

For minutes I'm alone  
the pasture turning white shrinking  
no touch of wind to stir the snow  
Then hoofbeats pounding  
A shadow in the whiteness  
assumes the form of horse and rider  
flowing through the hazy pasture trees

All that November afternoon we ride  
and disappear in slowly falling snow  
The world that's hushed around us  
and the horse ours alone  
If I told this to my son  
it would sound like once upon a time  
He'd say that things are different now  
Which they are and will remain I guess  
till he invents a way  
to make some portion of the world  
his very own.

MORNING RIDE

Six in the morning  
and dark outside  
Wind already blowing  
as I drive you to the airport  
In places snow  
building again where a blade  
has channeled out the road  
Open spots and ground drift  
pulling the car toward the ditch  
Before the overpass  
we ease around a semi  
jack-knifed across the road  
and fishtail for Regina and the plane  
that will lift you from the prairie

In the half-light paw marks  
appear from nowhere in the ditch  
move like ghosts beside us  
until we see the mongrel  
whiter than snow  
running with us at the east  
to chase the day into the sky  
It leaps a snowdrift  
rises with the vaulting sun  
The whole prairie a sudden radiance

DON KERR

EDITING PRAIRIE

Well, it's too long for one thing  
and very repetitive.  
Remove half the fields.  
Then there are far too many fences  
interrupting the narrative flow.  
Get some cattlemen to cut down those fences.  
There's not enough incident either,  
this story is very flat.  
Can't you write in a mountain  
or at least a decent-sized hill?  
And why set it in winter  
as if the prairie can grow nothing  
but snow. I like the public bush  
but there's too much even of that,  
and the empty sky filling all the silences  
between paragraphs is really boring.  
I think on due consideration  
we'll have to return your prairie.  
Try us again in a year  
with a mountain or a sea or a city.

ROBERT KROETSCH

THE FRANKFURT HAUPTBAHNHOF

I.

keep an eye peeled  
for an ancestor,  
me, in *das alte* country

courtesy of External Affairs,  
you pay, we'll send you  
the money later

me, swinging  
at the old  
suckerball      again

yup, well, like the guy says,  
hoist (or so the story goes)  
with your own peter

notation is  
(what is      notation  
Barrie says (in *Field Notes*)

(horse  
(hero  
( eros  
( roses

prediction,  
a saying (assaying) of  
what will be said:

(or so  
(the  
(story  
(goes

aerie (*prae-dic-ere*) and  
eagle,  
both

me, flying,  
West Berlin to Frankfurt  
Pan American FLUG NR. 641

Ladies and gentlemen,  
as you realize, we are  
in an area of turbulence.  
Please remain seated.

2.

Grab a cab  
hustle into downtown  
("the *Hauptbahnhof*, please?") Frankfurt

couldn't find the train. couldn't. twenty-five parallel  
and anonymous tracks. in the iron cave that is the main  
station. had to catch a train to Koblenz, transfer there  
and proceed to Trier. the train, couldn't find the train;  
couldn't. two minutes to departure time. and the clock  
running. galloping conundrum of the ricocheting sun. had  
to catch the train to Koblenz:

the/ train  
the train/

couldn't find the: couldn't. one minute. paralyzed.  
whistlecall. and the clang-shutting of doors; on this  
track, here, on that track, there, trains, to trains.  
no minutes.

And when the man  
came up beside me,  
when he spoke  
over my left shoulder,  
telling me I was (I was  
surprised) getting  
onto the wrong train,  
pointing me right, I  
hardly noticed; I had  
no time, even, to say  
thank you

(Like the guy said.)

3.

FRANKFURT (MAIN) HBH  
Klasse 2 EINFACHE FAHRT

(the margin is a frame)

Von FRANKFURT (MAIN)  
down to Rhine  
nach KOBLENZ

along the Mosel

the margin  
is a frame of  
(where the man  
spoke) silence

vineyards  
to Trier

I was to give a talk (and so the story goes) on Canadian writing to Professor Zirker's students, *Universität Trier*. I expected to see the birthplace of one of my ancestors. We go into the unkown, even into the unknown, with expectations. I expected to find a *Kirche* where my *Urgrossmutter* went to pray. I found a plaque marking the birthplace of Karl Marx. I found a Roman spa that dated back to Constantine the (280?-337) Great.

January II, 1983:  
after a dish of  
venison and a fine  
local wine: notation  
is a system of \_\_\_\_\_  
written down against  
the \_\_\_\_\_.

"Great-grandmother,"  
I shouted. "Watch out  
for  
[what happens  
in the margin  
is what happens]  
time."

4.

on the sills of the train  
windows:

*Nicht hinauslehnen.*  
Do not lean out.

the margin  
the margin

Vienna. My second day in Vienna. January 15. Schönbrunn Palace and Park, the park dating from 1705, the palace converted to rococo by Empress Maria Theresia (1717-1780).

I couldn't see the park for looking at the sky.

Great whirlwinds of crows. Thousands of crows, I was told by my guide, come to the forests of this park, from Russia, to winter. Those wintering crows. They were riding the updrafts, thousands of crows. They rode the air up, their wings held to soaring, those sky-proud crows; they closed their wings to their sides and let themselves fall, corkscrewing down at the lifting earth; they feathered out and soared again, on the giddy laughter of their black wings.

to glance/  
to gaze

to glance/to  
gaze (to gaze)

the notation inscribed  
by crows numerous  
on a flighty sky:

5.

notation } divination } augury

in Frankfurt, when I couldn't read the schedule and find the track my train was on. I was close to despair. I couldn't find the train, I couldn't catch the train that would take me to Koblenz, where I must transfer. I was, at the time, surprised by the man's appearance. from my left side. Like me, he was pushing a cart with his luggage on it. he was wearing a green corduroy jacket, like mine. he was slightly younger than I, but only slightly, a matter of a year or two. he was shorter, but only a little. his beard was more carefully trimmed than mine, the frames of his glasses were of a light-coloured plastic, the sort I should be wearing instead of metal.

as as  
a concept  
poses problems

as in the  
example of  
as ever

Double or  
noting.  
My  
*doppelgänger.*

There in the  
Frankfurt  
*Hauptbahnhof.*

It was the crows'  
notations that  
told me  
how to meet

the gone stranger.

6.

O the immense sadness of travel  
the sadness of the smell of

hotel rooms  
the sadness of telephone booths  
  
the sadness of pottery for sale  
                  in deserted alleys  
the sadness of cameras  
the sadness of folded maps  
the sadness of a coffee cup on a  
                  sidewalk table  
the sadness of a brochure  
                  that tells you  
                  to go on and on  
the sadness of footsteps on the  
                  cobble street outside  
                  your window  
the sadness of the woman in the  
                  room next door, crying  
                  out her relief  
the sadness of timetables  
the sadness of airport lounges  
                  late at night  
the sadness of cold candles in old  
                  wine bottles  
the sadness of a deck of cars  
the sadness of underwear hung  
                  to drip dry  
the sadness of postcard stands  
the sadness of the man  
                  punching your ticket

(where the hell did  
that margin get to)

7.

Notation is a set  
of instructions for  
reading (in) the  
future

those sites, those ruins, as notation (O the immense sadness  
of travel). the Imperial Thermae, become ruins before  
completion, Constantine removing his capital to Byzantium.  
a Hapsburg palace, presided over by crows, a plaque where  
Marx's mother changed his diapers (and the world). and my  
great-grandmother, not a trace of the old girl, and yet in  
Minnesota she was famous for having shied a stick of wood  
clean across a large kitchen, through an open window, and