



Winnipeg Free Press

poetry

F9



James Scoles goes on daily walks in back alleys in Wolseley.

open water long haul

by melanie brannagan frederiksen

for the first time amy isn't in the boat
with jack waiting to haul me up by my arms just as my head and throat fill
with lake ontario

the water i cough up tastes of loneliness

the lake its open invitation
especially when i burn with fury when muscles and lungs ignite with a shriek
like lightning announces
a little storm

a little storm

the lake tastes of rage

a short mile
i need gathering to fight the winds and swells jack cheers me on and
haul myself forward imagining amy's the one shouting when i haven't heard her voice in
four years
set my jaw so i don't turn back mom on the dock

push on because i can't be

leaving her waiting

and Prairie Books NOW.

Small town, big shine

by James Scoles

Small town, big shine

Tough luck at this little box office: the film has been shredded and the lights are dim. But see the usher still sweeping her light? Not looking for rule-breakers, just wrinkles in the dark.

The Trailer (Signature Editions).
He teaches creative writing and literature at the University of Winnipeg.



Noah Cain would access the Assiniboine River during the winter through Hugo Park.

the shore is the mending site

by Noah Cain

because the river we travel reflects
forest and sky and boulders hide
beneath the moving gleam
emulate the canoe

while more rigid vessels ricochet d

powering past minor crashes, a serious wreck strands them without the materials of repair emulate the canoe made from what it travels through

patched with birch bark
bound with boiled spruce roots
sealed with the resin that oozes
from scars in scaly bark

Noah Cain teaches high school English at Lord Selkirk Regional Comprehensive Secondary School. His work has appeared in CV2 , Teacher Voice Anthology, and The Temz Review.