



SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 2022
Winnipeg Free Press

poetry

F5



PHOTOS BY MIKE DEAL / WINNIPEG FREE PRESS

Poet Katherine Bitney

Wild

by Katherine Bitney

Then you look up suddenly and see, you are wild as the moon tearing clouds, wild as that last goose circling, calling out, coming home to the river for the night. You can hear the wind beat in its wings, wild as coyotes, wild as cougars sneaking through tall grass along the banks, hunting rabbit. Or wild as riverine grapes crawling the bushes and the river just now open from winter, crashing with spring ice break. You are wild indeed, you with your drum your cold fingers tapping. Wild as the clouds wild as the pale moon singing.

Katherine Bitney is the author of four books of poetry, a collection of nature essays, and a choral text. A fifth collection of poems is currently under construction.

Intimacy of the Riverbank

by Shannon Joy Wazny

| | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| I don't know if I can do this | I confided to the trees |
| I am spent from isolation | Ice thawed patiently in the river |
| The uncertainty | The sun soothed me silently |
| The disingenuous politics | It had been a long winter |
| The erasure of integrity | The river was swollen with snowmelt |
| Nobility | I heard a single goose flying nearer |
| I doubt my strength, my reserves | The colony has deemed it spring |
| War in real time on my TV | |
| Interactive maps of the battle unfolding | Time to nest |
| Those poor people | |
| My heart breaks | To renew |
| I need the trees to bud again | |
| I cannot take the denuded branches | |
| | A crocus appears |
| | Warmed by the generosity of the pines |

Shannon Joy Wazny has lived her whole life in Winnipeg. She has been both a Pushcart and a Best of Net nominee twice.



Poet Anne Claros

birdseed

by Megan Ronald

my grandparents bought a new bird feeder they know each one by name nuthatch, oriole, chickadee each morning, coffee and birds I wonder if some day, I'll have a bird feeder cardinal, sparrow, blue jay and maybe someone to sit with me

Megan Ronald is an English student at the University of Winnipeg. This is her first poetry publication.

The White Dress

by Anne Claros

I moan into the breathy winds that carry melodies from nearby trees. I am betrayed by the soothing tickle of the river's brush against my thighs. It paints a smile on my face. Satisfaction devours me. Sin-filled currents rob my dress of its purity. My nails penetrate the velvet barrier clothing the bedrock. To my mother: irreparable stains. To me: Art.

Manila-born, Winnipeg-raised, **Anne Claros** is a poet who hopes to bring healing through her work.

Beading tales

by Lynnel Sinclair

Blood sweat and laughter sharp prick drew blood from virgin fingertips Cree women beading tales with callused hands the air is full of humour every circle is the flower of life

Lynnel Sinclair is a Cree/Métis woman and a poet, writer and storyteller. She's from Grand Rapids (Misipawistik).

Faithful Twosome

by Jeannette Timmerman

In the pre-dawn sky, the moon waited for a goodnight kiss from the rising sun.

Jeannette Timmerman is an octogenarian whose work has appeared in newspapers, magazines, and anthologies. She loves the smell of skunk, especially in spring.



Poet Denise Duguay

Elemental

by Denise Duguay

Throw my ashes off the pier at the end of 11th Avenue, over the highway and down the road from where my parents in the creaking honeymoon bed of the old family cabin rubbed and rubbed against their fates until a spark flew up and out the window, igniting the cigarette my grandmother had been trying to light, standing under their bedroom window growing cold as she waited for this sign, watching the lake waters rise up the road, up the steps, up her bare leg until that first drag, her first breath of me, of a chain of smoke rings that held, while she tapped ash, tapped me into the flood tide now rushing back to the shore, to the pier where the rest of my ashes are now falling home.

Denise Duguay is a poet and TV critic who pays the bills by copy editing at the *Winnipeg Free Press*.

Nature Around Us

by Laurie Fischer

In the midst of life's incredible uncertainty A moment to enjoy nature all around us. Time to watch the birds and animals.

To relax and to breathe.

We will find the world may be changing But the way we feel about it Can impact all those who are close to us.

It is time to take a moment To enjoy nature's beauty. It's time to go for a walk To take some pictures, relax our minds.

To sense, to see, to feel.

Laurie Fischer is a Winnipeg poet whose collections include *Poetry of the Pandemic* (2020) and *Musings on a Life Well Lived* (2021).

Summer

by Cam Scott

At the height of the heat wave, in the heart of the dome A hydrant burst beneficently down the street.

It was refreshing just to watch, raspberry butter On a porous toast. Trains ran, late but with confidence

And no one was delayed for lack of planning. A chemical aurora in the east, the gasping eyes

Of passersby amassing far below, made Quite the picture; but there wasn't any point-of-view—

Only a myriad, and that described us, too.

Cam Scott is a poet, critic, and non-musician from Winnipeg, Canada, Treaty 1 territory. His books include *Romans/Snowmats* (2019) and *The Vanishing Signs* (forthcoming from ARP Books in 2022).

