

terra north / nord

For emerging & established writers with a special connection to the City of Greater Sudbury

November 2017 Special Edition



MESSAGE FROM POET LAUREATE KIM FAHNER

As Poet Laureate of the City of Greater Sudbury, I'm thrilled to have had such a great response to my call for poems for the Sudbury Street Poetry Project. When we started, I wasn't sure we'd have enough poems, or enough people even wanting to try to write poems, but I need to especially thank Markus Schwabe and Jan Lakes of CBC's Morning North for their support of my various poetic initiatives over the last year. My last interview with Markus resulted in a stack of fresh poems from all over town, and made it difficult to choose the poems that you'll see here online and in various businesses across the city. Thanks, too, to the various business owners who let me babble on and on about my love of poetry, and who said 'yes' (usually while smiling) to letting me post poems in their front windows. Without them, the idea wouldn't have come to life. Finally, I very much want to thank Jess Watts, who has become my main 'library lady' and a good friend. She's made my little idea bloom into reality and I'll never be able to thank her enough for that.

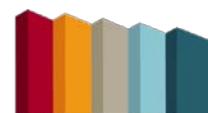
These poems speak to a variety of styles and voices. Some have stanzas, and some don't. Some use capitalization, while others push at the boundaries of poetic exploration. The poets, I'm pleased to say, span a wide age range, from secondary school students to people who are in their 70s. What amazed me the most, through all the pieces I read, was the courage and bravery it took to submit your work. Writing poems is not an easy business; as poets, we know that we go mining for poems in our hearts and memories, and then we craft them and revise them to strengthen them before they go out into the world on their own.

Thanks to all the writers for revealing bits of their souls and submitting their poems to be a part of the Sudbury Street Poetry Project. This started as an idea I had in the west of Ireland, on a walk through a village I will always love, where the windows of tiny cottages along the roadway served as an art gallery. Then it nudged at me again last summer when I was reading in Newcastle, England, with a grand group of women poets. Their talk of what they'd done in their town made me think it could happen here, in Sudbury. It's been magical for me to see an idea I had in passing come to life and I'm so glad this "poetic graffiti" made its presence known around town for a little while, and that people will be able to read it here, in the issue of terra north/nord, for much longer!

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STREET POETRY PROJECT:

The Locations, the Writers, and their Writing.

Appearances Hair Salon	Mike Timchuk	"Still"
Art Gallery of Sudbury	Sarah Gartshore	"Artist"
Bella Flora	Kim Fahner	"Flock"
Copy Copy Printing	Vera Constantineau	"moon haiku"
Eat Local Sudbury	Violet Lanthier	"A Song for the Past"
Fionn MacCool's (Regent Street)	Roger Nash	"Tree"
Hair Designs by Sheryl	Morgan Ballantyne	"Carved"
Myoga (South End)	Chris Nash	"Winter Solstice/Summer Solstice"
Myoga (Cedar Street)	Willa Paterson	"untitled"
Never Say Never Aveda Beauty Parlour	Ruva Gwekwerere	"Romancing a Picture of..."
Northern Initiative for Social Action (NISA)	Melanie Marttila	"this winter sky"
Old Rock	Louise Visneskie	"Beachhead"
Regency Bakery & Deli	Delanie Pearson	"Loss"
Respect is Burning Kitchen + Bar	Cristina Masotti	"brace"
Ripe Restaurant	Daniel Aubin	"Between a Rock and a Hard Place"
Ristorante Verdicchio	Shannon Duguay	"Mine Gusto"
R Little Secret Fashions	Jessica Robinson	"Gigi"
Salute Coffee Company	Michel Dallaire	"untitled"
Smith's Markets	Irene Golas	"parsley haiku"
Sudbury Paint & Custom Framing	Tom Leduc	"Slag Flower"
Sudbury Theatre Centre	Kim Fahner	"He Will Give It To Me"
The Apollo Restaurant	Brittany Thornton	"Silenced"
The Ultimate You Esthetic & Day Spa	Lauren Knox	"Everything I Needed to Tell You"
Tree of Life North	Nancy Daoust	"sunrise in treehouse"

THANKS

Big thanks to all the writers who responded to the call for writing for the Street Poetry Project.

The name of the eZine, originally produced by Roger Nash, Sudbury's first Poet Laureate, was suggested by Amanda Turner, a contributing author to the very first issue.

Previous volumes of terra north/nord are available at: www.sudburylibraries.ca.

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PUBLICATION NOTES

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SUDBURY STREET POETRY PROJECT

PROJET POÉSIE DANS LES RUES SUDBURY

Still

A romantic interlude

Precipitated by spectral mystical intense blu-lights

The ripples upon those moving waters
Initiated by no one, no nothing in particular

The glow ever so softly as the night moves in upon me

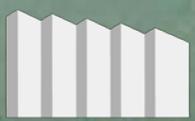
The mag wheels of a fancy car parked ever so carefully

Mike Timchuck

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Artist

We are royalty and we are many. We listen, feel and hear the dead. We. Give. A. Shit. When we see injustice, we watch and we learn and we change ourselves to become able to help, to become able to breathe with you. We are kings and queens of the moment. In the night and in the day our eyes shine with hope, with reason, with passion and with fire. With ice. Dust to dust isn't a saying to us... it is the reason we move. It is the reason we don't stop, because we can feel the flowers growing from our toes. It is the reason we breathe consciously and with purpose, because we can feel the dirt filling our lungs. We know that this moment is all we have and we know that you are me and I am you and you...you... are a damn fine reason to smile. We are kings and queens of the moment. In this moment, which is all we will ever have, we are royalty. Do you feel that? Our crowns are heavy with possibility, with responsibility, with accessibility, admirability, capability, culpability, desirability, delectability, flexibility, invincibility. Our crowns are heavy. Sometimes the pain is too big to localize and you can't feel your crown at all. Royalty, like us, don't like flowers on our toes or dirt in our lungs so we do the thing that plucks and sucks them from our bodies. Our vulnerability, our art, sprays us down and moves us around and keeps the moss from our toes and dirt from our lungs. Dust to dust, we are royalty and we are many.

Sarah Gartshore

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Flock

The gulls have gathered
yet again, to roost
on the roof of
the local arena.

Every evening,
at half past five,
they meet to flutter wings,
shuffle feathers, gossip,
natter and kvetch.

What purposes do they divine?
What projects do they propose?

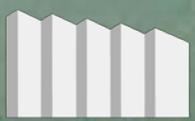
It is all so tempting,
so elusive, that I
find myself wishing
I could eavesdrop
on their avian happenings:
trip the light fandango,
soar across the city,
feast on spare breadcrumbs
under the Paris Street bridge—
all to know the world
in a different way.

Kim Fahner

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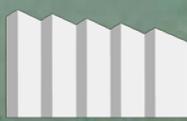
a crescent moon
smiling at the beauty
of the sky

Vera Constantineau

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A Song for the Past

Touch your past with tenderness.
Unwrap it slowly by candle light
while soft music plays and
cold rain pelts the window.

Cradle it in the crook of your arm.
Wash it with warm tears
softly sing its name.
Innocence. Innocence. Innocence.

Listen to its stories.
Set them to the music of your heartsong.
Hum while you cook for it,
porridge with raisins and maple syrup for sweetness.

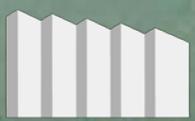
When you have eaten your fill together,
are no longer hungry for one another,
promise it a future. Then wrap it back up
in the soft cloth of this experience
give it safe harbour
in the warm rooms of your heart.

Violet Lanthier

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Tree

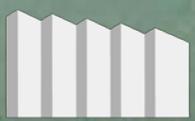
Once, as a boy, I stood bolt-
upright a whole summer afternoon,
inside a hollow oak tree. I could see,
through the winking crack I dilated carefully,
a heavy eared wheat field below me.
I waited for hours for someone to come by,
to not see me seeing them. But no-one did.
So why did I stay there? The tree and I
had things in common. Though blackened by lightning-
strike, it stood eagerly bolt-
upright with me, in full leaf.
And, rubbing against its grain, I blackened too,
a spy in camouflage gathering intelligence
as quietly as growth-rings. Which I counted
as I merged with them. Trying to see like a tree.
Trying to see how the tree saw me.

Roger Nash

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Carved

I carved out a line
Through the gridlock
streets
Where lovers embrace
And the high class meet

Where the gamers trudge
Always looking down
All the elders look on
With a steady frown

Fresh stores opened
Old ones closed
The city's on the rise
Everybody knows

Tell that to the ragged
Huddled around the alleys
Skyscrapers children
In concrete valleys

In the centre of it all
Pouring out his heart
Is a man on a piano
Who knows nothing of art

He's been there for hours
Days and now weeks
He's not going to stop
playing
Until the summer sleeps

When winter strangles this
city
The streets will be silent
The drapes of snow
Soothing yet violent

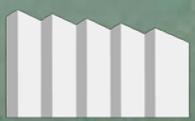
I wonder where the player
Will go when it's over
Will he slumber with
summer,
Or change with winter?

Morgan Ballantyne

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Winter Solstice

Window-lit candles
Will call the sun back to Earth
Birth-Day of Summer

Summer Solstice

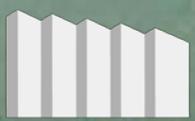
Midsummer madness
Dance till you drop while you can
Solstice, the year's death.

Chris Nash

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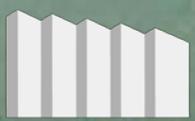
Late at night
the indigo hum of traffic
saturates the strata
from Linda to Corsi,
backdrops the tangerine trill
of winter-hibernated
two-wheelers and coupes,
absorbs the thin amber loop
of a freight train's wail,
soothes the restless
unites the lonely
inspires the dreamer.

Willa Paterson

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Romancing a Picture of a City You've Never Known

A heart is a heavy burden
to carry from a distance
yet here I find you romancing
a picture of a city you've never known.

Falling in love with a still life
made for mundane kitchen prints.

It has seduced you entirely,
entrancing you with clear skies
of mixed cerulean blindness and
soft grasses that caress the frame's
edge, threatening to spill from it.

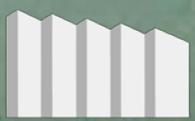
With people pooled like ants at the
bottom of the tower,
it feeds your illusion of grandeur;
you belong to the Eiffel Tower at midday.

Ruva Gwekwerere

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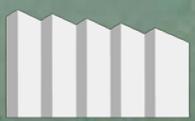
Sun cracks open
this winter sky
sunders cloud, then
banishes.
Heart leaps, deer-like,
eyes brighten, lips curl
upward.
Gloom cannot last,
hope burns through, ice
surrenders as crocuses
emerge.

Melanie Marttila

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Beachhead

your sorrows were hidden
at the back of drawers
like so many pebbles deposited
absent mindedly in apron pockets.

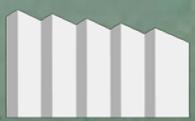
Mother, I have returned all the stones
from your beachhead to the ocean
They've buried the wedding ring
my husband lost in the sun

Louise Visneskie

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Loss

(inspired by Bob Schofield's poem, "Wikipedia Article About Love With Plenty Of Citations")

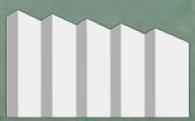
Loss is a bouquet of forget-me-nots, lilacs, marigolds, and morning glories. Loss is a chair that never got pushed in. Loss is a door left unlocked, still. Loss is writing the same five poems over and over. Loss is that song on repeat. Loss is heard over the loudspeaker. Loss is the quicksand they warned us about. Loss is saying things you don't mean. Loss is acid in your mouth. Loss is the scent of citrus. Loss is Cupid's arrow, split in two. Loss is shattered glass. Loss is your finger over the trigger. Loss is begging the ocean to swallow the city whole. Loss is a whole month under stormy skies. Loss is a sharp toothache. Loss is sleepless nights. Loss is melted ice. Loss is room temperature water. Loss is salt thrown over your shoulder. Loss is artificial sweeteners when you asked for sugar. Loss is the dog chasing its own tail. Loss is never having the larger side of the wishbone. Loss is never the end of the story.

Delanie Pearson

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brace

smoke and steam look different in the cold.
icicles: delicate and dangerous (my favourite)

dry crunch.

winter garden.

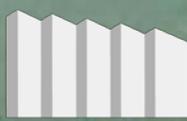
wake up!
winter is an opera; grand, soul-crushing
death sleeping.

Cristina Masotti

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Between A Rock and A Hard Place III

blacksmithing black rock around the clock
towering above the moonscraping our feet
to the fire

la fonderibambelle au bois dormant
sainte anne des pins priez pour
nous vous tous bûcherongés
de rêves rouillés par la pluie
placide

it's right as rain when acid rains
down on you and me and we are
all together tethered to the rock
with rusty trains of thought bubbles
or clouds of smoke signals screaming
here we are we live up hear us
sound the five alarm fire it
up up and away

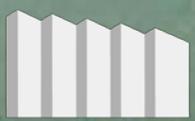
on fera pleuvoir de la pelouse
gargariser au goudron les gouttelettes
de gazon qui s'enracinent
dans la slague coulée de nos rêves réchauffés
au fardeau d'espérer la beauté
de notre bouclier emboucané
démaquillé

Daniel Aubin

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Mine Gusto

Copper curls cover
the sink and countertop.
Your face,
reddened by the razor
signals spring's arrival.

March sunlight pours
into the kitchen
where I find you,
shirtless
and staring
out the window
delighted by a porcupine
sunning himself
in a poplar tree.

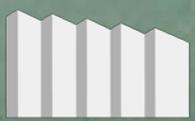
Rubbing your hairless chin
and cursing the crows
for ruining his
solitude.

Shannon Duguay

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(Gigi)

I am (just) a neighbour girl watching from the front yard next door / knees in the orchids, skirt covered in dirt, while Gigi races by on her silver bicycle. I am (just) watching. / "that jacket is better suited for a man on a motorbike," Mum scoffs, while scolding me for my ruined dress. I nod, but I am still watching. / once I thought she might let me try it on / the light brown leather with padded shoulders / but instead Gigi reached into the pocket and pulled out three matchbooks, surreptitiously swiped from foreign hotels and restaurants. "From when we visited Papa in Brussels," she grinned, toes tapping the street corner curb. I nodded like I knew where Brussels was / then found it in an atlas at school / tracing my finger from Ottawa all the way across the ocean. /

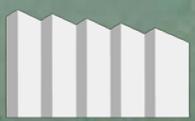
Gigi does another lap around the block, silver bike and light brown leather whizzing by / and suddenly she's in the air, soaring, bike left behind / like she'll never land / the rusty-haired tomboy turned bird, clearing the Atlantic in one great leap. She's the girl / and I am next door. I am (just) watching.

Jessica Robinson

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dans la nuit de Sudbury
la lune accrochée à
une musique de Morricone

rue Larch et
le sosie de Lee Van Cleef
t'offre l'unique saucisse
qui flambe sur son barbecue

sans mot dire tu tournes
et tournes au milieu
d'une rue poussiéreuse
poses la main sur ta hanche
(sans savoir pourquoi)

dans un western spaghetti
tu dégaines (prudemment)

Michel Dallaire

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parsley
so green I hear it
spring rain

Irene Golas

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SUDBURY STREET POETRY PROJECT

PROJET POÉSIE DANS LES RUES SUDBURY

Slag Flower

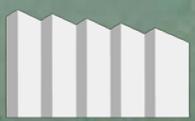
My father was born to a hardened start,
fitted with the business of putting seed to stone.
His nickel plated pollen was hauled to the surface
scattered about into pockets of change,
the seeds to an industrial revolution.
I was recycled from the minerals of these calloused hands,
planted in the long shadow of my fathers' slag,
born and smelted into a life of iron and ore,
I was raised to the common core of a mining town.
A city that cultivated and refined me, it tendered a union between
us
and together we sprouted upon this rock into new shade of green,
all sulphur speckled leaves, all sky scraping stem,
all milled in metaphor and rusting in the rain.
I am this city, and this city is me, and together,
we bend to the light, and beg to bloom.

Thomas Leduc

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He would give it to me
(for Georgia O'Keefe)

She left Stieglitz behind in New York,
descended from the thirtieth floor of
an apartment building where
the view was wonderful,
with towers of steel & glass,
rising up like tall, thin bottles.

At Ghost Ranch, north of Santa Fe,
in a tiny adobe house
for more than forty years,
she said,

I feel like myself, and I like it.

The landscape rose up to meet her
as she strode across the barren backs
of rock outcrop, her cotton dress
billowing wildly in desert wind.

The mountain outside her window
haunted her dreams,
waking and sleeping,
so that she felt a new knowing:
God told me, if I painted it often enough,
He would give it to me.

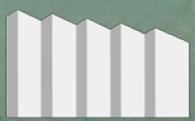
Far from the etched out wind tunnels
of New York's avenues,
she found brightness of soul,
and a sky seen through
the skull of a horse.

Kim Fahner

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PROJET POÉSIE DANS LES RUES SUDBURY

The Silenced

She is the guardian of the forest in my body,
watching over the mosaic
of meadows in my mind,
seeds sprouting off my spine
and water lilies growing in
the periwinkle ponds of my lungs.

My Mother's eyes nurse the rings of trees
watering them when she weeps.
A birch grows along my backbone,
strengthening my core.

She enchants the indigo wind with her
breath,
a calm breeze of comfort on a warm day,
and wary whirlwinds creating
twisters in my stomach.

Her laugh protects the crystal waters,
that flow through the bodies of
our people, that flow through my body.
Nourishing the flowerbeds on my fingertips.

She can whisper to the pale blue moon,
send the tides soaring in.
Washing away any worries,
to be lost in a sea inside my ribcage.

My mother's voice commands
daylight to last longer,
night to move faster and time to rest
when it's passing me by too quickly.

*They have silenced
the guardian, my Mother.
How do I stop them
from silencing me?*

*They cast navy clouds
into my thoughts.
Think less. Think less.
They whisper to my meadows.*

*They bring midnight wildfires
into the chilled forest,
burning the backbone of a birch,
frosting blooming buttercups.*

*They send bruised storms through
my stomach, trying to consume
my barely beating heart.
Unable to scab from relentless clawing,
scratching at the raw lining.*

*They are the killer of the forest in my body,
destroying the mosaic
of meadows in my mind,
stepping on seeds sprouting from my spine
and poisoning water lilies, perishing in
the polluted ponds of my lungs.*

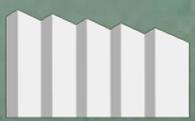
*They silenced my Mother's screams,
but they won't silence me.*

Brittany Thornton

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Everything I Ever Wanted To Tell You

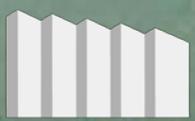
i wish i could explain how badly i wanted certain words to escape your lungs. i wanted you to tell me that i was bold and beautiful. that i was wanted and worthy. that i was prettier than a west coast sunset and more fulfilling than an f. scott fitzgerald novel. i wanted you to not only say these things, but to recognize them. to realize that i am intelligent in more ways than one and to understand that i would have loved you more than i love the very earth we walk on, and the sky that we both are under. i want you to recount how i wish i could write and publish a book, but how of course, i'm not motivated or creative enough to do so. did you know that i sleep with the lamp on? or that sometimes when no one is around i still cut the crust off of my sandwiches? i want you to tell anyone who will listen about how much i love art and how i wish that i could have excelled at music because that's all i really care about. tell them how i look when i'm sad or how the pitch of my voice changes when i'm excited about something. dream of me when i'm beside you and write to me when i'm not. learn how to make me forget my worries and help me to be sure of myself and the choices i make. learn me. most importantly, be there for me when i can no longer be there for myself.

Lauren Knox

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sunrise in treehouse

ramsey lake in distance
ribbons of new light
are
banners of pink and purple
lifting the last of black sky into the new day

bare birches are background
winter branches
tentative fingers
reaching for that same light

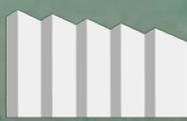
in front of the window i smile
swelling with the
same
burgeoning spring

Nancy Daoust

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