

TITLE

Waterglass

AUTHOR

Jeffrey Donaldson

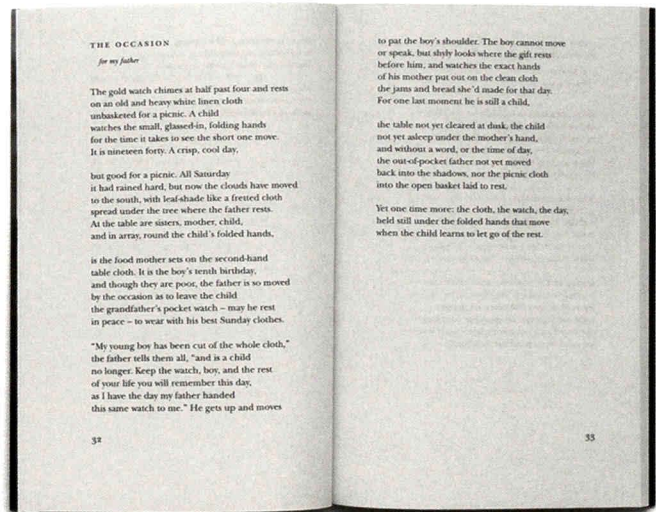
PUBLISHER

McGill-Queen's University Press

DESIGNER

Sonia Chow

SIZE

14 x 19 cm

THE OCCASION

for my father

The gold watch chimes at half past four and rests
on an old and heavy white linen cloth
unbaked for a picnic. A child
watches the small, glassed-in, folding hands
for the time it takes to see the short one move.
It is nineteen forty. A crisp, cool day.

but good for a picnic. All Saturday
it had rained hard, but now the clouds have moved
to the south, with leaf-shade like a tattered cloth
spread under the tree where the father rests.
At the table are sisters, mother, child,
and in array, round the child's folded hands,

is the food mother sets on the second-hand
table cloth. It is the boy's tenth birthday,
and though they are poor, the father is so moved
by the occasion as to leave the child
the grandfather's pocket watch – may he rest
in peace – to wear with his best Sunday clothes.

"My young boy has been cut of the whole cloth,"
the father tells them all, "and in a child
no longer. Keep the watch, boy, and the rest
of your life you will remember this day,
as I have the day my father handed
this same watch to me." He gets up and moves

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to pat the boy's shoulder. The boy cannot move
or speak, but shyly looks where the girl rests
before him, and watches the exact hands
of his mother pat out on the clean cloth
the jams and bread she'd made for that day.
For one last moment he is still a child.

the table not yet cleared at dusk, the child
not yet asleep under the mother's hand,
and without a word, or the time of day,
the out-of-pocket father not yet moved
back into the shadows, nor the picnic cloth
into the open basket laid to rest.

Yet one time more: the cloth, the watch, the day,
held still under the folded hands that move
when the child learns to let go of the rest.

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TITLE

Lake Where No One Swims

AUTHOR

Chris Chambers

PUBLISHER

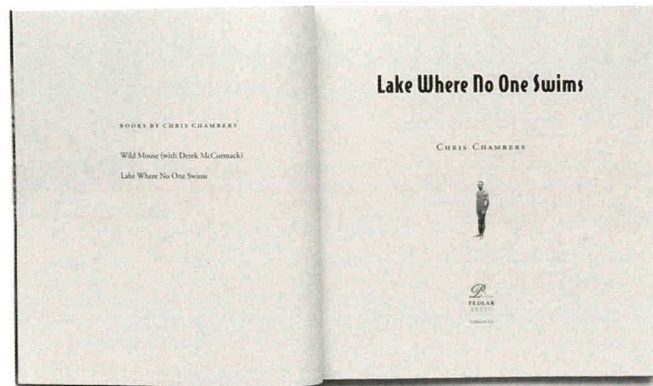
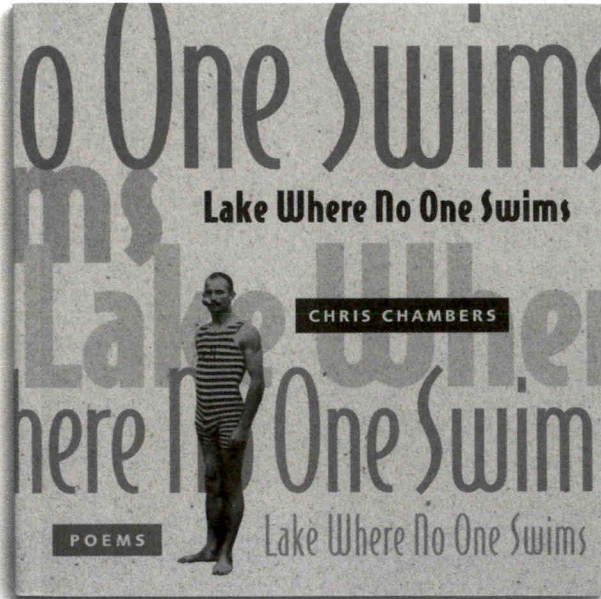
Pedlar Press

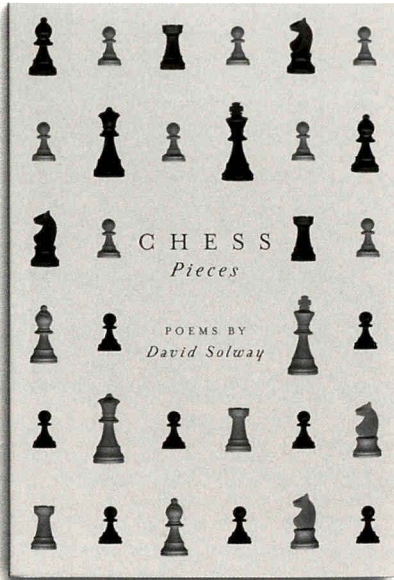
DESIGNER

Zab Design & Typography

SIZE

17 x 17 cm





TITLE

Chess Pieces

AUTHOR

David Solway

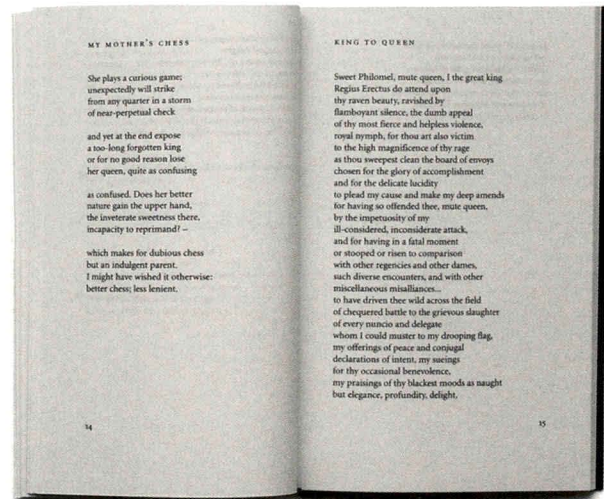
PUBLISHER

McGill-Queen's University Press

DESIGNER

David Drummond

SIZE

13 x 19 cm

MY MOTHER'S CHESS

She plays a curious game:
 unsuspectedly will strike
 from my quarter in a storm
 of near-perpetual check
 and yet at the end expose
 a too-long forgotten king,
 or for no good reason lose
 her queen, quite as confusing
 as confused. Does her better
 nature gain the upper hand,
 the inveterate sweetness there,
 incapacity to repentance! —
 which makes for dubious chess
 but an indulgent parent.
 I might have wished it otherwise:
 better chess, less lenient.

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KING TO QUEEN

Sweet Philomel, mute queen, I the great king
 Regius Erectus do attend upon
 thy ravens beauty, revisited by
 flame-boyant silence, the dumb appeal
 of thy most fierce and helpless violence,
 royal nymph, for thou art also victim
 to the high magnificence of thy rage
 as thou sweepst clean the board of envoys
 chosen for the glory of accomplishment
 and for the delicate lucidity
 to plead my cause and make my deep amends
 for having so offended thee, mute queen,
 by the impetuosity of my
 ill-considered, inconsiderate attack,
 and for having in a fatal moment
 or stooped or risen to comparison
 with other regencies and other dames,
 such diverse encounters, and with other
 miscellaneous misalliances,
 to have driven thee wild across the field
 of chequered battle to the grievous slaughter
 of every minion and delegate
 whom I could master to my drooping flag,
 my offerings of peace and conjugal
 declarations of intent, my usings
 for thy occasional benevolence,
 my praisings of thy blackest moods as naught
 but elegance, profundity, delight.

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