

l'heure où les gens  
sont plus  
sous le caducée des amours

ut devient possible  
ns l'azil du lynx

vie s'affranchit  
la mesure du temps

lièvre jout de la trêve  
s ventres pleins

ns faire mon petit  
regain peu  
en far plus  
gourmandise

Le cycle du lièvre  
dicte l'attente  
impose un rythme hors champs

La réinvention des sens-hauts  
aux sept printemps  
le grand don de soi  
pour la suite des choses

S'en tenir à son sommeil  
et remonter la chaîne  
jusqu'au ragout du soir  
chaque animal à sa place

# On Not Losing My Father's Ashes in the Flood

POEMS

Richard Harrison

Cell Phone

Don't ring  
twice  
of language  
don't open  
don't shove  
down

I long ago I broke  
to see you for  
the many rooms  
my wife in labour  
same home  
same form  
as later our first  
in the hospital

I long ago I under  
or longer our new  
in the grocery an  
and took some up  
lighter shade in va  
Don't ring

In your absence u  
my father lodged  
among the dense  
a moment as chas  
and word of has  
and the promise  
Don't ring

# You can't bury them all

PATRICK WOODCOCK

## Skyward Antlers

As I stand at the base  
of the pole, looking skyward, I swear  
I can hear them. A herd of caribou  
crossing the lake near Cobville, Grunting  
and farting and cracking the ice  
with their hooves. They are heading  
westwards  
into the wind and snow  
Soon their rutting  
pry will be discarded  
to blanket snowdrifts  
and rifts closer to shore.  
One by one they will fall.  
One by one their antlers will be severed,  
cleaned and fastened upon this pole.

Against  
the joyous swing of the sun, this wondrous  
momentary to all that is white  
taunt a shaloned staircase upon the snow  
in gale, beholden caribou  
away  
from us all.

## Flame Towers

## Spring Flowers

Apple blossom rises through  
the mist of rain

a single branch

I am surrounded by these flowers

lily of the valley in a glass  
cerms tangled like Ophelia's hair

and white narcissus, peals  
beaded like a lover's flesh  
or grass at morning

on the hillside

These flowers  
don't care one of the air

a star falls through the larchen  
and a mixed bouquet  
of violets and primrose

in the

the fighting in the desert and the smell  
of oil and cordite, near  
of tanks, were but a myth

the flowers  
and flowers

and mounds of pale forget-me-nots

and mounds

I am surrounded by the war

## The Essential D.G. Jones

selected by Jim Johnstone



poems

## Winter Comes Hardly

Winter comes hardly  
in this part of the garden, hummingbirds  
in the hibiscus, a great  
cream-coloured cruise ship sailing  
in the shadows  
at dawn, a fisherman  
knowing about in the moonlight  
under volcanic ash, the slow  
surf breaking

the village goes on  
like an eternal childhood, men  
women and children, chickens and dogs  
noisy and easy amid the smells  
of coal-pits, copra and sulphur

market women with grapefruit  
oranges and papayas, watercress  
onions, crispbread and callaloo  
with its banana leaves, mangoes,  
bananas or breadfruit, an endless  
trickle out of the hills  
fish

out of the sea  
goes, along with  
ethanol at the roadside

a constant  
grinding of small cars, trucks  
made buses, the wooden benches  
roof, packed with baskets, bundles  
produce, a pig in a poke, all

rattling over the pebbled, serpentine  
mountain made, the Star of Wonder

For you,  
 the perfect moment,  
 always know the distance  
 but you can't  
 to leap from mouth to ear  
 in fading miles away.  
 I can barely think  
 what I think of what you bring.  
 I can't ring today.  
 Don't ring.

Grassroots

My father reciting "Percy Hill" at the midpoint in his life.  
 In fragments of the Dylan Thomas poems that have been by heart  
 fades in the aging machine I can play it in. I listening to it  
 is like watching a car fall to the floor in the machine.  
 I am not sure to know the immensity that was generated  
 by machines that hold our images and open it off to more than open  
 is nothing more than the fashion of the day for its technology of record -  
 a mirror posing its self and laughing at the way things used to be.  
 This is how I remember it. My father was a poet and a poet  
 was loved by Dylan but lacking Dylan's church bell grief.  
 The poet was love for love or he reached himself with words whose weight  
 he could hardly bear. But Dad read from the column of his torso and the phant  
 of his lip bones as though a child was sleeping next to him whose dreams  
 he dreamed out but could not dream of waking.  
 I have heard him recite the poems for years, but when he reached "Percy Hill"  
 comes when I recorded, and he spoke that Time held me green and dying  
 Though I sang in my chains like the sea. I cannot look and his mouth here  
 something for a minute. A line captures a life, and this was his.  
 Soon we would all leave the house and the family. A line like that cracks open  
 what a man puts all his faith in so he can do the work. And maybe that is art.  
 Or vanity. Or pride. Or sacrifice, or secrets, or the belief his children will  
 remember his name. Or fear. I had a line to contain the life and still his  
 name left over.  
 that line sweeps everything into nothing and will declare. Well? a greatness  
 my father could not contain.

With the Dying of the Light

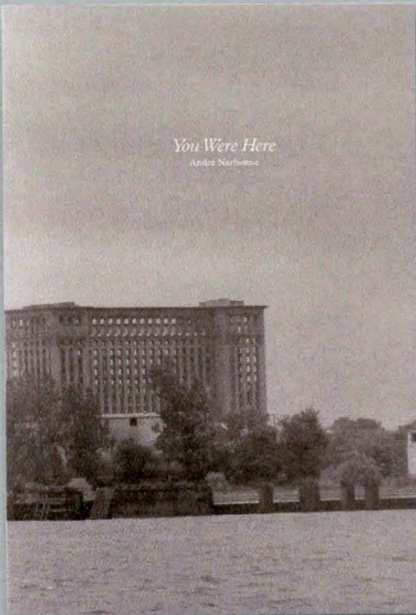
I recited to him.  
 Now as I was going and away,  
 and in the rough-afflicted where that was left of my father's voice,  
 he murmured, under the sky  
 and as it went between me  
 in the days I wanted to have to answer -  
 the way hope follows its walk with nothing -  
 or father, side and  
 You haven't heard  
 Time held me green and dying  
 Though I sang in my chains like the sea  
 until you've heard it from the witness mouth  
 of a man in the sun knowing when before he'd be  
 This is the reply to the poet  
 who longs for the old man to rage at the night,  
 and heard his child's plea  
 My father was the only song of a broken hope,  
 lips that lost the taste for even one more swallow  
 while I soaked with him in the light that faded a  
 From here from the distance, silent as a memory  
 his hands looked into each other like power plants  
 tipped into the posture of the day's last  
 the cross gave hope for the night.

esses and other photos

er mostly one and only a few children  
 among the stability waddy bears  
 be heads, half hidden in the shadows  
 e waddling drinkers. A young man  
 he clever gambit of the isometric,  
 his daughter pose for a photo.  
 vooping cough wave and were  
 5. Sententious Brits in BP shirts  
 as. A young girl lying on a miniature  
 alternative coast my. And middle  
 decade of vintage home heads, frozen  
 ng, carrying a small boy grasping  
 (h the horse's barrel, staring beyond me  
 raving. I He cannot see the Viking ship  
 school-meets men, clashing and weaving  
 by these men and more and one again.

A photo of 17 eyes in Yasamal Cemetery

When I slipped through the market's door between eyes gazed at me  
 from a world of tentative beams and beam centers. One eye  
 peered over the other eyes. There were Hebrew eyes, Cyrillic eyes  
 and others hidden. Still alive within  
 a woman's eyes, and other eyes, was a face for the eyes are going  
 to return to her.  
 There were eyelids and noses and eyelids pursed. Some visible  
 sparkled. Most were tired.



4  
 My bike was an inheritance from a lot  
 two brothers and three sisters.  
 It came to me like a shirt that didn't  
 I crashed, skidding down the steepest  
 part the basket factory.  
 It was lunchtime and the workers we  
 They applauded.  
 When I touched my side I touched by

I brought my friends there for years,  
 pointing to the place where I'd been  
 imagining a part of me was still there

Nicolas LAUZON

PRO PELLE CUTEM  
 (PEAU POUR PEAU)

poésie

Do Them Back, or Kine  
 or Industry

out of the sun to spend a day in the rain shop  
 playing cards

many days  
 telling the gossamer hearing and burning  
 stretching the new piroque  
 Ch. Anyone, OK OK OK, or  
 Why Wonder, finding  
 cause for feaverty

going slow, sending a match up  
 Hi, Hi, getting a drop, or walking  
 walk on the head, head  
 or coal-pot or bundle of fodder

usual horns-meas: the Morning  
 People's Show, the Casals  
 music from Martineque, Steel Bands, Rock  
 from the local Disco

about, fishermen paying out net  
 hanging the boats, banners  
 of market, bark  
 of the tony street-croquet was  
 blossoming, the girls with obscure  
 compliments, obscure laughter  
 wrong from the language.

rustling platetrans, the goats  
 hanging the showers  
 cacks crawing  
 morning or midnight, suddenly

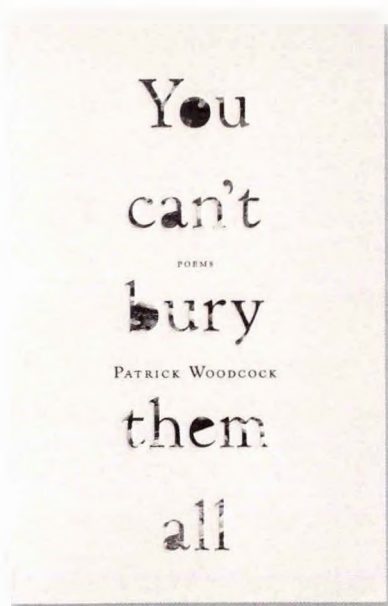
A l'heure ou les pies  
 n'osent plus  
 froisser le calme des arenes

Tout devient possible  
 dans l'œil du lynx

La vie s'affranchit  
 de la mesure du temps

Le lièvre joue de la trêve  
 des ventres pleins

Viens boire mon petit  
 tu risques peu  
 je ne t'ai pas  
 par gourmandise



This book rose to the top of a field of similarly strong titles with its beautiful cover and elegant typography, which exhibits fine proportions and debossed type, an interesting and appropriate touch. The design is refined but not overly so; it finds the right balance between artistic and commercial approaches.

Ce livre s'est retrouvé en tête de lice avec d'autres titres forts du même genre, grâce à sa magnifique couverture et son élégante typographie, qui présente de bonnes proportions et des caractères dégauffrés. Bref, une touche intéressante et appropriée. La conception est raffinée, mais pas trop; elle trouve un juste équilibre entre une approche artistique et une plus commerciale.

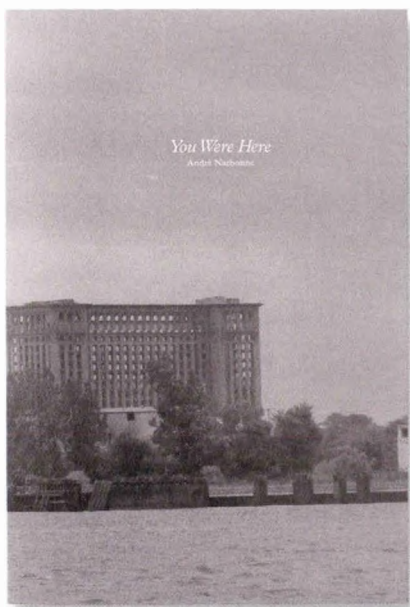


POETRY  
**Second prize**

POÉSIE  
**Deuxième prix**

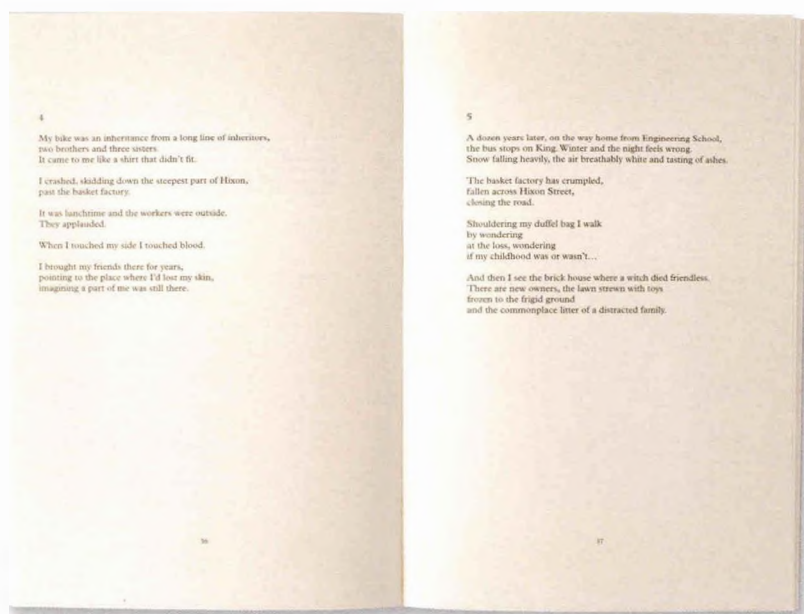
TITLE | TITRE  
**You Were Here**

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE  
**Tatjana Petkovic**



The serene and immaculately composed cover, both front and back, drew enthusiastic praise from all the judges. The design is classic throughout, with a solid text block, excellent paper choice, and quietly strong typography.

La couverture sereine et parfaitement paisible, autant au recto qu'au verso, a attiré les éloges enthousiastes de tous les juges. Le design est classique d'un couvert à l'autre, avec un bloc de texte uni, un excellent choix de papier et une typographie assez puissante.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Flat Singles Press** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **André Narbonne** PHOTOGRAPHER | PHOTOGRAPHIE  
**André Narbonne** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Coach House Printing** TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES **Plantin Std.**  
TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTE **216 x 146 mm.** ISBN 9780994832825

POETRY

Third Prize (tie)

POÉSIE

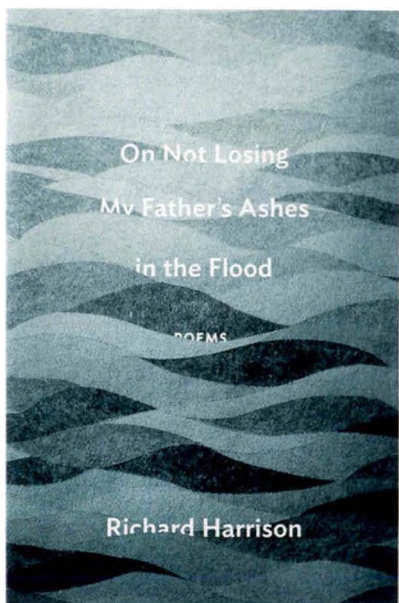
Troisième prix (ex aequo)

TITLE | TITRE

**On Not Losing My Father's  
Ashes in the Flood**

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

**Natalie Olsen**



The subtle colour choices on this cover establish a distinctive mood that is carried throughout the book with "musical" typography and well-received details like the divider pages. The designer found a comfortable space between the expected styles of independent and mainstream presses.

Le choix de couleurs subtiles sur cette couverture crée immédiatement une ambiance distinctive qui est transportée tout au long du livre avec une typographie « musicale » et des détails bien reçus comme les intercalaires. Le concepteur a créé un espace confortable entre les styles attendus de presse indépendante et de grand public.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Wolsak and Wynn** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **Richard Harrison** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Coach House Printing** TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES **Mrs. Eaves** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **227 x 151 mm**. ISBN 9781928088226

POETRY

**Third Prize (tie)**

POÉSIE

**Troisième prix (ex aequo)**

TITLE | TITRE

**Pro pelle cutem  
(peau pour peau) : poésie**

DESIGNERS | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

**Studio FEED**



Calmness and warmth prevail here, so much so that the book just “feels right” in the hand—it’s easy to open, easy to read, and has an honest, focused feel, with occasional intriguing details like red stitching.

Calme et chaleur l'emportent dans ce livre, à un point tel que tout semble juste : facile à ouvrir, facile à lire, il dégage intégrité et concentration, avec à l'occasion, des détails intrigants comme des coutures rouges.



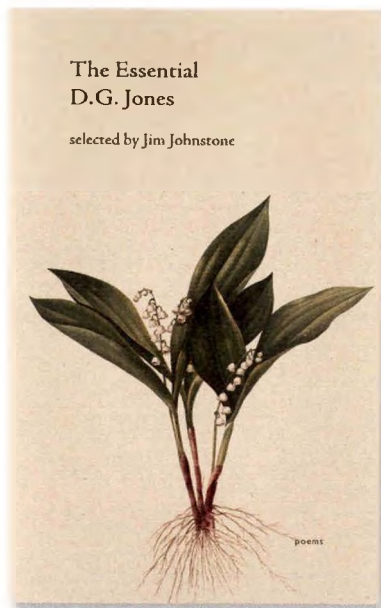
PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **les éditions du passage** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **Nicolas Lauzon** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE

**L'empreinte** | TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRE **Seria Text & Ideal Sans** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **197 x 128 mm.**

ISBN 9782924397220

A strong example of the classic, traditional approach, with great touches like textured cover stock and asymmetric folios.

Un bel exemple de l'approche classique et traditionnelle, avec une touche formidable comme le papier couverture texturé et les folios asymétriques.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **The Porcupine's Quill** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **D.G. Jones, selected by/sélection de Jim Johnstone** ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION **Pierre-Joseph Redouté** PRINTERS | IMPRIMERIE **The Porcupine's Quill & Ampersand** TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES **Adobe Jenson** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **222 x 141 mm.**

ISBN 9780889843981

