
POETRY

OVERCAST

Only in the winter
can the cougar be tracked
and be shot
dead in his tracks

But if he manages to elude
the bitter cold
until it melts
from all the warmth
in the air
he will have shown
that it's thunder that strikes
and lightning that bolts
when one's time
is weathered well.

- David Raju

UNEXPECTED FINDS

If I had not walked back that May morning
to look for discarded beer bottles
down in the meadow by the rampant willows
where the teenage boys drive to drink
and philosophize, or cry
I would not have seen how
the damp ground beneath the willows,
not yet grown green with grass
was newly carpeted with fluffy white willow down...
overnight, it seemed, the willow flowers
had shed their cottony crowns
now glowing in the early morning light
an evanescent layer of froth.

- Bob Nero

NATURE

Nature's beauty, all its splendour, moves me still,
seizes and exhilarates with quiet joy—

molded clouds enveloping pellucid skies,
grayed painted stuff, compact, wondrously adrift;
glimpsed hidden lakes, flickering-hued, rippled stitched,
vistaed bays, islands, and azured distances;
humped rocks, squat and granular, now lichen-faced,
solid drifts of sand, abraded slopes, wind-honed;
looming wood-sierras, shadowy and dense,
shaggy wildernesses, hushed, prospect for birds;
silent snows descending, slow slithering whirls,
whiteness pressing downwards, great plains blurred and dim;
treasured tapestries at hand, textured mixes,
patterned browns and coppers, inlaid blues and greens—

nature's beauty, all its splendour, moves me still,
bids, beckons, calls, like far-off curlews crying...

- Victor C. Friesen

GARDEN COMPANION

Sally Sparrow is a cheerful cheeper,
she eats seeds from the Golden Thread Creeper,
she gobbles spiders from the Columbine,
green aphids from the Honeysuckle Vine,
fat white worms from the yellow Twinkle Phlox,
hard beetles from the blue Forget-me-nots.
Sally is happy with such a diet.
I have no present plans to try it.

- Jean MacKenzie

SHADOW OF A MONARCH

Startled by the quick flickering shadow
before me on the bright lawn
I looked up to find a monarch winging upwards
high above and in between the trees
as sure-winged as any bird
and I thought how they roost in trees
in faraway Mexico.

Minutes later when the butterfly flew down
right beside us, low and hesitant,
even the dog turned his head.

- Bob Nero

NOT GOOD ENOUGH

Feeling happy, dressed in pink,
I walked across the grass.
A hummingbird, attracted,
flew towards me for a drink.
Seeing its mistake, it gave me no caress,
veered to a real flower, leaving me – JILTED.

- Jean MacKenzie



*Real estate is 'deer' for this
American Robin at the back of
Dennis Fisher's garage in
Saskatoon. Dennis Fisher*