

POOLS IN FLORIDA

(after *Ginger Shore, Causeway Inn, Tampa, Florida, November 17, 1977* by Stephen Shore)

Nevermind that it's November and there's a woman to her waist in it. We can't see the woman's face or maybe it's a girl. Her aquamarine suit ties at the shoulders. Miniature wet bows. The lines make a triangle of the pool, railing. She's looking past the sun chairs reclining toward the natural bay. The pool water is cheerful, no one's arguing against that. The auburn of the girl's hair and skin makes for great proximity effect. Does she feel lonely? Dusty rose of the bay in the distance, bright sunburst pattern on the surface of the pool. Yes, she's longing to be elsewhere. Just past the sun deck there's something invisible worth having.

— Sheryda Warrenner
@shereets

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RAIN

Sometimes I thirst to be the rain I curse
and fall into my beloved's cup
fill it up so he will be quenched

settle like mist or a kiss
on my daughter's face
dampen my sons' heads
like baptism wherever they travel

and seep down into the ground
to my parents' graves
to touch them, once again, as rain.

— Susan Telfer
@susantelfer

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from BEACH BABY

Everything will be here when you wake
Purple starfish
The goose waddling up from the bay
Sand dollars
A seal peering out of the waves
A sandpiper whose peep startles your dreams

The castle waits for you with its turrets and shells
while the moon snail is a mystery
At sunset, the pelicans soar into the waves
The dolphins hear music
The beat of the ocean is a steady thrum.

— Laurie Elmquist
@laurieelmquist

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WOMAN AT THE PIANO

So much goes unpraised: thorns, rust, the burned house
vacant but for a piano out of tune. She sits down,
spreads her fingers and begins to play,
the music made giant by the floors and walls
until she lifts her hands and folds them in her lap
the way the spirit does when it has given up,
and asks only for quiet, and for the windows,
dusk without a moon. In the orchard, two deer
stand at attention, their skin quivering
in small, quick ripples, the only music they'd known
until this moment having been a choir of bees
carving cathedrals into the fallen pears.

— Pamela Porter
@trailpny

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from OUR CITY IS ASHES

in the curve of all that water, False
Creek, Burrard Inlet, detonating bombs on cleared lots, gun
powderers out for Timberrr! Wood shacks, two-by-fours,
plank sidewalks incendiary, a, crematorium, in

which
*there was a man, driving horse and wagon, caught on
Carrall Street between Water and Cordova . . . two iron tires
and some ashes was all that was left . . .*

— Daphne Marlatt
@Talonbooks

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THE SCAFFOLDING

The scaffolding
is a caging in
of the nearly finished building

it is a pipe-and-board jungle
gawping cubes of space
streaked with wet cement droppings

and the workmen strut and shout
erect assurance
of the solidity
of early-morning air

— Fred Wah
@fjwah

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SITTING

The degree of nothingness
is important:
to sit empty
in the sun
receiving fire
that is the way
to mend
an extraordinary world,
sitting perfectly
still
and only
remotely human.

— Phyllis Webb
@Talonbooks

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MEMO TO THE YOUNG

One day you too will be
pleated jeans in the berry patch,

black socks and sandals
beneath a stall door,

a newspaper clipping
tucked inside an overdue book,

the paper frail and yellow
and the ink so smudged,

it's difficult to tell the day or year.

— Carla Funk
@carlafunk

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BACK ISSUES

The Buzzer is 100 years old! In this section, we mine old issues for some historical tidbits and fun stuff. Enjoy!

1996 In a September edition, The Buzzer introduced Poetry in Transit for the first time!

Poetry in Transit

Now there's another reason to take transit. Hundreds of BC Transit buses and SkyTrain cars feature one of the 16 poems by selected BC poets on the interior car cards. The project is intended to increase public awareness and appreciation of contemporary BC poetry, and to celebrate BC poets, publishers and books.

UNTITLED

These trees worked hard to get up here one ring at a time. The prize is sky and the freedom of birds.

Only three have reached the high blue dome and now careen like honey bees hover like hummingbirds one minute soar like eagles the next.

These trees threaten to pull their own tops off they stretch so hard, risking everything to touch heaven.

— Kate Braid

The year may have changed but as we celebrate Poetry in Transit's 20th anniversary, we are happy to continue celebrating BC poets on our transit system.

Contest Corner – Win a Monthly Pass!

LAST ISSUE'S MONTHLY PASS WINNER We had **882** correct entries in our last contest and **Maya Coral** won the Monthly Pass!

WIN A FREE Monthly Pass on your Compass Card! Email thebuzzer@translink.ca with the subject line "Contest" and tell us your answer to the question below, your full name, your phone number and where you got the Buzzer (*include your bus route number*). Make sure to include everything – **entries missing info are not entered to win!** Only **one** entry per person, please. You must be 19 years of age to enter. Employees of TransLink, its subsidiaries and contractors are not eligible.

What is your favourite Poetry in Transit poem in this Buzzer issue?

Enter by **November 18, 2016 at 9 am Pacific Standard Time**. We'll randomly draw a name from all complete entries. Chances of winning depend on the number of complete entries received. The winner will be notified by phone shortly after the draw. Winner must correctly answer a skill-testing question. See buzzer.translink.ca/contest for full contest terms and conditions.

PRIVACY POLICY We use your personal info only for the contest, and we delete all entries after we pick a winner. Here's the long version: *The personal information collected, used and disclosed is necessary for the administration of the Contest and is in accordance with provisions of Part 3 of the Freedom of Information and Protection of Privacy Act (British Columbia). Please refer to translink.ca/privacy-policy or contact the TransLink Privacy Officer at for further information.*

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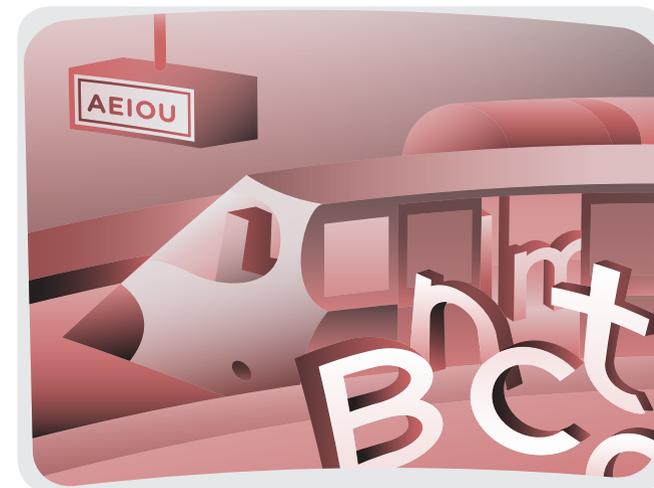
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Win a free Monthly Pass!

THE BUZZER

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Celebrating 20 years of Poetry in Transit

A program to celebrate BC poets published in Canada

buzzer.translink.ca



Poetry in Transit 20th Anniversary Special Edition

TransLink has created this special edition Buzzer to celebrate the 20th year of Poetry in Transit. In our ongoing partnership with the Association of Book Publishers of British Columbia (ABPBC) this program profiles talented British Columbian poets and provides our customers with poetry to read on their commutes.

To commemorate the 20th Anniversary of Poetry in Transit, the 20 poems from this year's campaign are showcased in this special edition Buzzer and will be displayed on poetry car cards inside buses over the next year. Be on the lookout next time you are taking transit around Metro Vancouver!

One of the featured poets is Jennifer Zilm, author of *Waiting Room*. Be sure to check out the one-on-one interview with Jennifer about her Poetry in Transit piece "Spiritual Media" at buzzer.translink.ca.

On Sunday, September 25 between 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. come enjoy **Poetry in Transit!** This special TransLink bus is part of the annual Word Vancouver festival. The vehicle will be outside the Vancouver Public Library Central branch on Robson Street near the corner of Homer Street. All 20 poems will be on display inside the bus.

Also taking place on Sunday, September 25 at the festival there will be live poetry readings taking place in the Sunrise Suite, including a Poetry in Transit event at 4 p.m. where six of the poets selected for this year's Poetry in Transit campaign will read their poems. The Sunrise Suite will be located at the corner of Homer Street and West Georgia Street. For more detailed information on the Word Vancouver festival, visit wordvancouver.ca.

from **WORK OF RAIN**

Gulls gather in the rain. Together
they alight, flock and wait on the diamond
for a man and his bread. Come,
watch his hand glimmer while
he casts a fortune of crumbs.

Ask me what I can trust so much
as his defiant act of communion.

— Elee Kraljii Gardiner
@eleeeg

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from **DO NOT GO BEFORE THE BLAZING CORONATION**

I wasn't raised by wolves but by women,
we've been mistaken for a pack of huskies;
our sharp blue eyes ensnaring eye contact.

My sisters dressed me as a dancer in fine linen;
I laughed through character changes with ease.
I wasn't raised by wolves but by women.

My mom sang, *don't let the wolf eat the children*,
Before night shifts as she searched for her keys.
Our sharp blue eyes ensnaring eye contact.

— Kevin Spenst
@kevinspenst

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from **SPIRITUAL MEDIA**

At the crossroads of #4, the drivers switch places,
and the passenger beside you demands your pause
for his question, black and metal teeth,
breath of tobacco, Listerine, laughing when you insist
you don't understand his 20th-century Mandarin.

You focus on destination. Westside, a windowless office
to change your core beliefs with alternating pulses of sound.
Where you feel the trauma up from your stomach, twitter
of a long ago memory, linked in to 1990s foam headphones,

she – MSW, RCC, carved Haida silver earrings – offering only
her hesychastic whisper
good, good...

— Jennifer Zilm
@JenniferZilm

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ON BALANCE

The Great Blondin walked across Niagara Falls
more than twelve times on a rope no thicker than his upper arm,
once with his agent on his back.
Which begs the question: why?

For money or meaning? Fame? Something to do?
Once, mid-way, he scrambled six eggs.

The question why is a hook, baited with hope.
Or despair.
Who doesn't ask it? Who doesn't hazard a guess?
There are more ways to fall than to left or to right –
into cataract or void –
at least three hundred and fifty-eight.

In 1932 the Falls froze solid; anyone with cleated boots
could pick their way across.

— Arleen Paré
@caitlinpress

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GREAT MOMENTS IN CONSTRUCTION: THE PLUMBER

The plumber gives excellent service.
We're all impressed by how early he gets to work,
how late he stays. We tell him to ease off
but he insists he doesn't mind working Saturday—again.

Later we find the note with flowers
for the nanny in the basement suite
signed *Love, The Plumber*.

— Kate Braid
@caitlinpress

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from **WET'SINKWHA**

We are passing
canneries of the past.

North Pacific Canning Company.
Anglo- British Columbian Packing Company.

Women packed side by side by side slicing salmon slick in blood
boots sloshing in sleet rain and salmon guts.

Freezing hands shoving flanks
of salted sockeye into tins.

Seals barking begging
for the sluice dripping from Port Edward's slippery boardwalks.

— Sarah de Leeuw
@SarahNdeLeeuw

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from **ONE BY ONE**

Years ago, when a patient died,
I went down to the river at night,
my husky howling into the wind
with me. Now, sometimes I cry,
sometimes I don't.

Nobody told me I would
remember the face of
each of my patients who died.
I wish I could remember every face
in detail, every voice, and listen
to their words. So
that I could read each name,
bring them to me.

— Karen Shklanka
@CoteauBooks

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WEATHER

Rain patters the 'roof' this morning;
I don't despair. The afternoon
could be a vestibule of sun or snow.

The weather a cup over the valley. The creek
carries the sound of rain even in sunshine.

From inside the cook-tent, always rain
or not-rain, stream or not-stream.

When the coffee is boiling we don't hear the sky.

— Elena Johnson
@elena_e_johnson

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from **TOUR GUIDE...**

holds high a wand or staff
tufted with yellow ribbon
so followers can spy her flag
each group an ectoplasm
that forms and bubbles around
nuclear leader who directs all
to see what cannot be seen:
underlay of history burnt off
by sun and sea breeze, her
rapid-fire iteration of details
they can't find on their own
eyes blurred by overload

— David Zieroth
@Harbour_Publish

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THE LIGHTS

The first time I tried
to write, needing to,

it was about the lights.
They were my lights, coming on

in shadow lengthening along the flank
of the high ridge across

the river.
I remember looking up

the word *caress*
for its spelling.

— John Pass
@Harbour_Publish

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from **85**

I am becoming old
becoming something or other
funny how old is always ahead
even though it's been
passing through the gateway
with its hunger
but sometimes
there's no going further
the gate groping
on its hinge

— Patrick Friesen
@Monasbooks

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THE CHURCH OF MY MOTHER'S HANDS

Let those brightest bits of fluff
not be from the little bird broken by the window,
not the one we buried with due sorrow,
but the last one, little nectarivore glanced off
the glass by my mother's flowers. Let them be
his brush with grace, breastplumes lost
before she held him in her calloused
palms, and when he was revived and ready,
opened the church of her hands.

— Michael Johnson
@NightwoodEd

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