## ILONA MARTONFI

## Irises in Fire

35 rue Lépine,
Saint-Calixte
Lanaudière
wild raspberries
an oak tree
red trillium
meadow grass
irises in fire -
blue sky
sound of bullfrogs
wood cabin
under the pines
cerises sauvages
choke cherries,
cement steps remain
land 100 by 200 feet
ten minutes from the village
that day in October,
six houses burned down,
gravel road
Lac des Artistes
remember,
a man beats his wife,
children haul
spring water
running from the mountain
by a boulder
raccoons
sifting through rubble and ashes
acrid smell of timber -
Ilona Martonfi is the author of two poetry books, Blue Poppy (Coracle Press, 2009) and Black Grass, (Broken Rules Press, 2012). She is producer of the Yellow Door $\mathcal{E}$ Visual Arts Centre Readings, co-founder of Lovers $\mathcal{E}$ Others and winner of a QWF 2010 Community Award.

## LAURA MCLAUCHLAN

## So We Try Again

For a long time we talk about men: "I have met Leonard Cohen," says D., who calls, with a drink, late at night ". . . a small man until he speaks."
She says that the out of print Norman Levine was a sad man with a very sick wife." He wrote Canada Made Me and then lived in England writing while his family (near) starved.

My white gloves are well trimmed with black I soak them attempting to wash off the dirt with sloughed skin. My own
stories escape and run
Yarmouth Road.

How I love/ hate the grief
that I keep.
In this dark we seem
braided in dream
where our stories turn to fine ash and
buried bone. We need hope
so we try again
we sit with spring rumoured
inside fragrant steam. We are two women
leaning into a table for coffee
and whatever our own words can do. Speaking
now
of ourselves, we laugh drawing our breath.
Your eyes catch mine. You speak as a sister
of that other country
you forbid me to name in this poem.

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[^0]:    For two decades Laura McLauchlan worked as a sessional instructor in the English Department at York University. She is currently writing a murder mystery set on the South Shore of Nova Scotia.

