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 & Visual Arts Centre Readings, co-founder of Lovers & 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.

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.