

milk from the thermos and get it *down the hatch*. The unbridged delirium of touch, skimming over sand and rock and worked over by the roiling waves, all while toddling, crawling, clambering, tumbling, and watching—always the watching and listening for wordless sibilance and for the spectral that surrounds the father, tuned to the seiche of adults tidied together for their children and their lives.

Children do not know that they're being framed, you see; and I, for one, had not understood that childhood was as pervious and hulking as the rocks on which we inter-tidally survived.

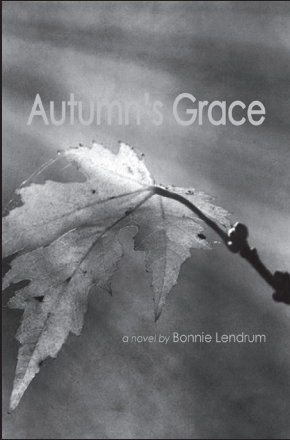
Gail Taylor is an educational writer and editing specialist for academic and community writers, with a particular interest as a writer in creative non-fiction, memoir and poetry. She was a 2011 finalist in the single poem category of the Writer's Federation of New Brunswick, and her poems have been published in Contemporary Verse2 and Atlantic Books Today, as well as included in two anthologies, Voices and

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RENEE NORMAN

P
o
Scrabble
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I am writing this in bed
like Edith Wharton
not yet flinging pages
to the floor
for later arrangement
Edith's process
perhaps I will invent
something new
cutting up the words
throwing them into the air
how do they land
on carpet canvas?
a Picasso poem
or closing my eyes
letting the written word
careen across a page
a sheet even
or poetry scrabble
each letter of each word
assigned a score
the winning poem gets published
on the Scrabble™ app
where players can move letters
form new words
new poems new scores
a never-ending board of trade
till bored of trade
we all get up
out of bed
face the day
the blank page
the next poem
ps. I have copyrighted these ideas©

Renee Norman's poems appear earlier in this volume.