

on any minute,”

“But—”

“No, you can’t play out on the street after dark, now why don’t you make daddy and me a nice cup of coffee.”

I close the heavy inside door and kick it shut, glaring through yellowed net curtains as the streetlight at the front corner of our lawn clicks on and splashes its puddle on the road. Children scatter like insects in the growing darkness, goodbyes are shouted and doors slam up and down the street. I shuffle, shoulders drooping, to the kitchen and turn on the heat under the kettle.

A professional member of the Canadian Authors’ Association, Anne Toner Fung has been writing since childhood. Over the past 20 years, she has had articles, children’s stories, various poems and one non-fiction book published. Currently, most of her writing takes the form of technical reports and marketing materials for various business clients.

FRANCESCA CALABRESE

Limes

Someday when I find a space
I want limes
In a glass bowl
On my kitchen table
Screaming green that I’ve come of age
And found a verdant page
To plant my life upon

Francesca Roberta Calabrese graduated from California University of Pennsylvania with a degree in Creative Writing. She has also completed poetry and writing courses at Bath Spa University in Bath, England. She currently resides in New York with her fiancé, David, and her cat, Lucy.

CARLA COIMBRA

Aunt Dot Said Aunt Flow’s in Town/Aunt Rose is Visiting Aunt Ruby

When the end of a good sentence makes me cry, I check myself into the Red Roof Inn.
My mother has paid for the board since the day Communists occupied my Summer House.
It first happened the year I followed Scarlett on her return home to Tara
and found her mother, too old to plow, mucking out.
Watching Mammy dice tomatoes on a knotted table
I listened as she wails of freedom, of no more planting cotton down South.
Her breasts, limp as unyeasted dough, the folds of her elbows damp as molasses,
her pores cry out
and the cypresses listen and weep too, because she is old
too old to plow.
And they tell me the visitations are natural.
My father calls it
the wound that never heals.
My mother tells me
it is nothing
but a weeping
clam.

Carla Coimbra is a writer who constantly abandons Toronto for the roaming goats, fresh sardines, and towering eucalyptus trees of Fonte Arcada, the small Portuguese village where she was born. Her poem “Aunt Dot Said Aunt Flow’s in Town/Aunt Rose is Visiting Aunt Ruby” was awarded York University’s 2007 President’s Prize in poetry. Coimbra is currently working on her first book of poetry.