



**Over 75 Calgary Writers and Artists
Map the City in Verse and Visual Art**

THE CALGARY PROJECT

A CITY MAP IN VERSE AND VISUAL

Edited by Dymphny Dronyk and Kris Demeanor

"Some contributors are Lifers, some passing through, some long departed residents, some are new arrivals.

There are voices of the young, the children we teach, tomorrow's artists, lightning rods of perspective and inspiration.

There are meditations on the Great Flood, images of the midway, of the disenfranchised, testaments to natural beauty, ruminations on love, tomes to hockey, the illumination of history.

Essentially, this collection is an expression of the diversity that makes Calgary so fascinating."

Kris Demeanor
Inaugural Poet Laureate

"How do you get to know a city? What can you learn from a map?

The Calgary Project reflects this moment in time: being the Culture Capital, having our very own Poet Laureate, surviving the Flood that redrew the City. It offers a glimpse into the artists' and poets' perception of Calgary right now.

The voices of our city include poets and songwriters, rappers and sculptors, painters and fibre artists, photographers and children. The artists featured here are not just the best in our city – they are indeed some of the finest in the world.

Together we have created a legacy collection that marks a year like no other."

Dymphny Dronyk
Publisher, House of Blue Skies

Cover image courtesy of Dave Casey

Map of Calgary courtesy of



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Gratitude
first and foremost
to our community of artists
for your
enthusiasm,
wisdom,
patience,
and generosity.

To the young writers
whose optimism
and imagination will
fill future anthologies.

And to Calgary – for being home.

Dymph & Kris

Foreword

Kris Demeanor – On Being a Lifer



Photograph courtesy of James May

So, as my transplanted Calgarian co-editor, Dymphny, puts it,
I'm a Lifer

Born at the Holy Cross to first generation immigrants
Raised in Oakridge, flanked by the Glenmore Reservoir,
Fish Creek, the Tsuu Tina Nation, and Macleod Trail
I remember the first time
skateboards were popular, motocross bikes, Tinkertoys
Return of the Jedi at the Palace Theatre
winning the Olympics bid
getting free entry to the Stampede because of my full
native headdress and face paint
when spaghetti and meatballs dinner at the Stromboli Inn
in Kensington felt like going to Europe,
water fights, drinking from the hose, block parties with
Tupperware and name tags
raiding gardens and bringing hauls of fresh peas, carrots
and raspberries to Paul's tent
as teens, raiding cars for cassettes and loose change,
waiting for bootlegged rum in the park
starting fires in the soccer field, throwing crab-apples
through open windows
taking the LRT downtown to A & B sound, buying
the new Rod Stewart LP,
Ralph
Nellie McClung Elementary/Louis Riel Junior High/
Henry Wisewood High/University
Jobs: Olsten Temp Services, cafe, bookstore, retirement home,
Community Natural Foods, construction, Artist
Travelled a lot, always came back – family, friends, work
My life, one of 1 149 552, no more interesting or important

But as a Lifer
One breeds sensitivity to transition, to loss and creation.
The pond where we caught tadpoles and salamanders filled
in with gravel, now grass and a picnic table.
The field we walked through to collect driftwood,
now Glenmore Landing.
The Tower, now a dwarfed, embarrassed toadstool.
But somewhere during the city's transitions
and transformations, the outlook of the Lifer changes too.
It's not only about what has been covered up and plowed under,
it's not only about what the city gives you – a job,
entertainment, proximity to the mountains.
Once a Lifer makes the commitment, decides
'This is My Home', there's no joy in complaining
about a city's shortcomings.
The natural evolution is to ask 'What am I adding?'
'What's my place?'
Explore that, through reflection, analysis and creative
engagement, and a city's wonders and delights are conjured.
Outstanding theatres and festivals, international cuisine,
spectacles of sport and architecture.
A sense of perspective that honours the truth
of First Nations' history and the journey of the most recent resident
disembarking, right now at YYC from Sudan or Hong Kong.
A sense of responsibility to the children of Calgary so they
inherit a healthy, interesting city.

Our City Map in Verse and Visual offers dozens of outlooks on Calgary
through pen and brush, keyboard and camera.
Some contributors are Lifers, some passing through,
some long departed residents, some are new arrivals.
There are voices of the young, the children we teach,
tomorrow's artists, lightning rods of inspiration.
There are meditations on the Great Flood,
images of the midway, of the disenfranchised, testaments
to natural beauty, ruminations on love, tomes to hockey,
the illumination of history, language plain, difficult, sparse,
dense, images abstract and exact.
Essentially, an expression of the complexity, diversity
and contradictions that make Calgary such a fascinating cocktail
of characters and experience.
A place where a Lifer continues to seek, change, discover.

Welcome to The Calgary Project. Enjoy.

This book was partly inspired by the desire to create a
tangible legacy after my two year tenure as Calgary's first
Poet Laureate. One of the beauties but also frustrations
of the position has been the ephemeral nature of the experience,
writing pieces that are presented one time only,
hearing hundreds of wildly original lines of poetry and song
from the pens of children during a brainstorming session
and no time to catalogue them.

The Calgary Project is our determination to capture the
vibrancy of a Calgary literary scene at a unique time, in
which the intersections between poetry, spoken word,
song lyric and story have formed a web out of a tangle, and
where the visual image is a sublime and powerful partner
to language. It is by no means comprehensive.

Our city's amazing literary festivals, publications and
book stores are filling in the blanks all the time.
Please support them.

They are telling your story, and it's a damn interesting one.



Photograph courtesy of **Glenbow Archives**

Historic Perspective

One Corner of the Map Harry Sanders

Lost in the shadows of its newer counterparts – the Marriott, the Hyatt, and even the stately Fairmont Palliser, its junior by nearly a quarter-century – stands Calgary's original grand hotel, the Alberta Hotel on the corner of 8th Avenue and 1st Street SW.

Built in 1890 in the wake of a great fire that devastated the young town, the Alberta Hotel was a godsend to frontier Calgary. Before it opened, rustic accommodations had improved little in the seven years since the arrival of the Canadian Pacific Railway. "The importance of good hotels in such towns as Calgary can scarcely be over-estimated," editorialized the Calgary Herald when the Alberta opened. "Many a capitalist has been induced to invest in places where the thriving, well managed hotel was found to be the index of the enterprise and thrift and prosperity of the people."

Calgary was the capital of southern Alberta's ranching kingdom, and in the Alberta Hotel wealthy ranchers found a home away from home. Such guests included George Lane, owner of the famous Bar U Ranch; Fred Stimson, its manager; and cattleman and meatpacking king Pat Burns. It was in Lane's room in 1912 that American promoter Guy Weadick tapped a group of ranchers – since immortalized as the Big Four – to finance his idea for a "Frontier Week" celebration. It was staged that year as the original Calgary Stampede.

Ted Shelly, who started as a 12-year-old bellboy and retired 26 years later as manager, recalled seeing cattlemen make enormous deals in the hotel, sealed only by a handshake. “No lawyers were required,” he remembered, “their word was as good as any bond.”

Located at Calgary’s busiest intersection, the Alberta became the city’s social hub. It was the crossroads where tobacco-spitting cowboys and clueless remittance men rubbed shoulders with politicians, literati, and captains of industry. Itinerant professionals, entertainers, and travelling salesmen stayed at the hotel and offered their services within its walls — everything from specialty medicine and prosthetic outfitting to palm reading and pastoral services. It was not unusual for cowboys to ride a horse up to the bar. More out of the ordinary was one who drew his pistol and shot every bottle, glass and mirror in sight, then wrote a \$2800.00 cheque to cover the damage.

Evenings saw the “armchair brigade” fill the lobby’s overstuffed horsehair chairs, and their easy conversation last to the wee hours. Members included editor Bob Edwards, whose gleanings at the Alberta Hotel inspired much of his wit in the Calgary Eye Opener; Paddy Nolan, star defence lawyer and Edwards’ drinking companion; legendary fire chief James “Cappy” Smart; rancher William Roper Hull; and architect J.J. “Deafie” Wilson, who mistook every remark as an invitation to have a drink. On summer nights, guests took the chairs out to the setback along the avenue, where they smoked, gossiped, and watched the world go by. As years passed and the city grew, the setback was needed for sidewalk space and the chairs remained indoors. Future Prime Minister R.B. Bennett, who lived on the third floor and took his meals at the dining room’s “Bennett table,” eschewed the lobby revelry. A teetotaler, Bennett spent the evenings in his Clarence Block law office or reading the Bible up in his room.

Prohibition, which in Alberta lasted from 1916 to 1924, spelled the end of the Alberta Hotel. Its final owner, Charles Dangerfield Tapprell, held a farewell dinner and closed the doors forever.

The building’s latest renaissance began in 1997, when family-owned Encorp Inc. bought the building, restoring the original ten-foot ceiling height and taking interior walls back to bare rough-finished stone. The open courtyard, formed by the original U-shaped structure and a 1906 annex, was glassed in as Murrieta’s West Coast Bar and Grill. Just as dusty cowboys once found an oasis in the hotel’s public baths, and businessmen stopped for their ritual daily shave where The Cellar Wine Shop is today, modern visitors enjoy thriving businesses as Calgary’s oldest hotel building still sets the bar for hospitality.

THE CALGARY PROJECT

A City Map in Verse and Visual

Jude Dillon *Dirty Harry* on the Fence



The Hats We Wear Naheed Nenshi

Smithbilt. Flames toque. Turban.
Stamps cap. No cap. Bandana. Hijab.
All hats.
... And a lot of cattle.
The energy is in the ground a long way away.
But also in the air right here.
In classrooms.
In offices so high the sky is even bigger than from the ground.
In clinics and factories, on shop floors and in the rehearsal hall.
In a thousand crowded lunch spots.
Banh mi and ginger beef, perogies and dossas, roast beef sandwiches and shawarma.
Sometimes all on the same menu.
Since we've figured out that simple thing. That one thing that has escaped so many.
We're better together.
Aaah, Sandburg. Your city can keep its big shoulders.
Ours are pretty big too.
But our dreams are bigger.

St. Stephen's Church, December Night

Rosemary Griebel

And as they entered the great hall
winter deep in the bones,
feet heavy, fingertips waxen
each one holding the wooden door
for the one who was slower,
or left behind. Outside, the streets iced
and wind-shined, pocked with the frozen sparkle
of spit and phlegm. The snow coming on hard,
and the only other movement in the night
the steady trail of homeless trudging towards the light
of the church. And the children as they arrived
strangely beautiful in their shyness
clutching their mother's hands; runny noses,
bright wind-burned faces turned to the candles
on the table, steam of the soup bowls.

The men sat in groups at the back, or alone,
pale and grey, like ashes fallen from a distant fire.
As the diners settled, the tall man with a matted beard,
stood up and said: Remember Abraham in his tent; how he
was visited by three angels disguised as ragged
travellers? They were given bread and wine.
Then the crippled, hunched man, who could
not lift his head, said he would like some wine.
Everyone laughed, and the woman with no teeth
reached into her shopping bag and unscrewed the cap
from a gallon jug. A quiet settled over the room
as she passed around the drink, glasses tipped
to the raw comfort of shared kindness.



George Webber *Beside the Bow River*



Jude Dillon Christmas

Zoolights Rob K. Omura

Headlights search
a dark December snow.

The road threads out moments
those coveted lines, where forecasts and open palms
reveal nothing;

and I slip back, turn off the light,
hear the same old song again;
the same quarter notes punctuating the still air,
waiting for a pause or a rest.

And I remember you, wrapped and shiny,
the sanctuary of St. George's Island,
our walk together, us safe from the sadness
ramped up against the water's edge,

those silver fish pawns of day,
clawing at the black river, just below the skin,
their unholy eyes glaring from the ice,
the moonlight sugaring the rooftops
and the cold of your cheeks.

Hot chocolate and a quick laugh,
poinsettias in the botanical garden,
a fence of bright coloured parrots,
your smile pink as orchids, cut the chill.

Children played games of living life,
their voices high as wind in grain, rising as ripened seeds,
cheeks blood, eyes coal;

While monkeys swung
from end to beginning, then back again,
Christmas songs swirled
inside this frosted snow globe now.

Above our heads, the heavens were
strung through trees as veils of light,
as each star gave up its piece of sky,

and the warm reds and blues and greens
that speckled the back of your eyes,
and left a glowing residue to radiate the ground,
revealed someone I'd never known before.

And this imperfect evening would never be again.

Under the twinkle of Christmas lights
my glasses fogged and head sprung open,
I could almost see you.



Christian Grandjean Building the Bow

Dirty Weather: for Calgary

Micheline Maylor

I.

Winter is a toddler here, a fit a minute.
We remind ourselves, it'll be done soon.
Winter holds its breath, throws snirt while
downtown carries on its palpitations.

II.

I remember peonies, balled pink fists
outside town hall meetings. Builders stretched
city limits. Those diggers ran like crawling ants
up the stalk, to coax the fortune of oil out of blossom.

III.

I no longer care to clean my boots,
or for the economy car. It's such a long way to spring,
such a long way to that breathy horizon where
the sky is free of architecture.

The Statue of Sitting Eagle/John Hunter, Downtown Calgary

Cort Delano

hoar frost on bronze
feathers fan his body
down past the soft bend in his knee
he cradles the sacred in his arm
the sun lands
on the hand
he's raised to shade his eyes

shadows of spiralling footsteps
doubt
hurtling trains
indifference
the river you cannot see
from where once you clearly could

in all of this, Sitting Eagle
when a man can do no more
what now?

Note: This poem was also published in iLit Modern Morsels: Selections of Canadian Poetry and Short Fiction, by McGraw-Hill Ryerson, reprinted with permission.



Jude Dillon Crowded Out

Night Breathing Tyler B. Perry

My children's bedroom doors are open.
I stand in the hallway,
prop a palm against the wall,

try to shake free the thoughts that still flutter
against my skull like moths caught
inside a dying porch light, to listen

for the rattle of fevered breathing
between the coughs.

The air carries the scent
of Vapo-rub and hot lemon with honey,
and the kids' windows let in the webbed
shadows of the fifty-year-old Manitoba
maple tree that runs its knuckles
up and down the rippled glass panes,
bare branches gnarled and reaching.

This is a rare moment of quiet
in a night of coughing,
and the only sounds now

are a slight whistle from my son's
nostrils and a ragged whimper
from my daughter's strained throat.

These imperfect breaths
recharge the parental battery, keep
a mother from pacing the night,
pressing an ear against a milk-white chest
to listen for the muffled beating under
flexed ribs and pink lungs.

I climb into bed,
those moths of thought still fluttering
in my head, and let our babes keep the pulse
of the night with their breathing

against the background thrum
of Blackfoot Trail traffic outside our window;

against the imperfect breaths of the city
whose coughs are the air breaks of semi
trucks hauling cattle;

against the pealing howl of a coyote
and the ensuing yelps of her mate – that
nourished laughter of animals after slaughter –
before they drift off to feed their young;

against the rumble of road construction,
twirling yellow lights and rollers that squeeze
steam from pavement and unravel a black
carpet procession of midnight drivers;

against the loose clatter of beer cans in shopping carts;

the thumb-flick of Bic lighters singeing the fabric of the night;

the churning volcano belly of the Saddledome with its
steel blades and chopped ice waiting to erupt another
red mile of hockey fans hypnotized by the smooth flicker
of flames along the ice;

flames that call back
to the Great Fire of 1886 when this city burned to the ground
before rising from the ashes and lurching
toward the Bow River to quench its charred lips,
scorched throat, silent voice;

back
to the grinding drag of sandstone that anchored us
to this shifting prairie earth with sculpted churches, schools and city buildings
that stand strong as gravestones against fire, rain, and
winter-crushing winds that eat snow from rooftops;

back
to the ghost-rumble of buffalo who stampede through our history
over dinosaur skeletons marinating in rich soil before shattering
their own bones against the jagged rock of the valley bed.

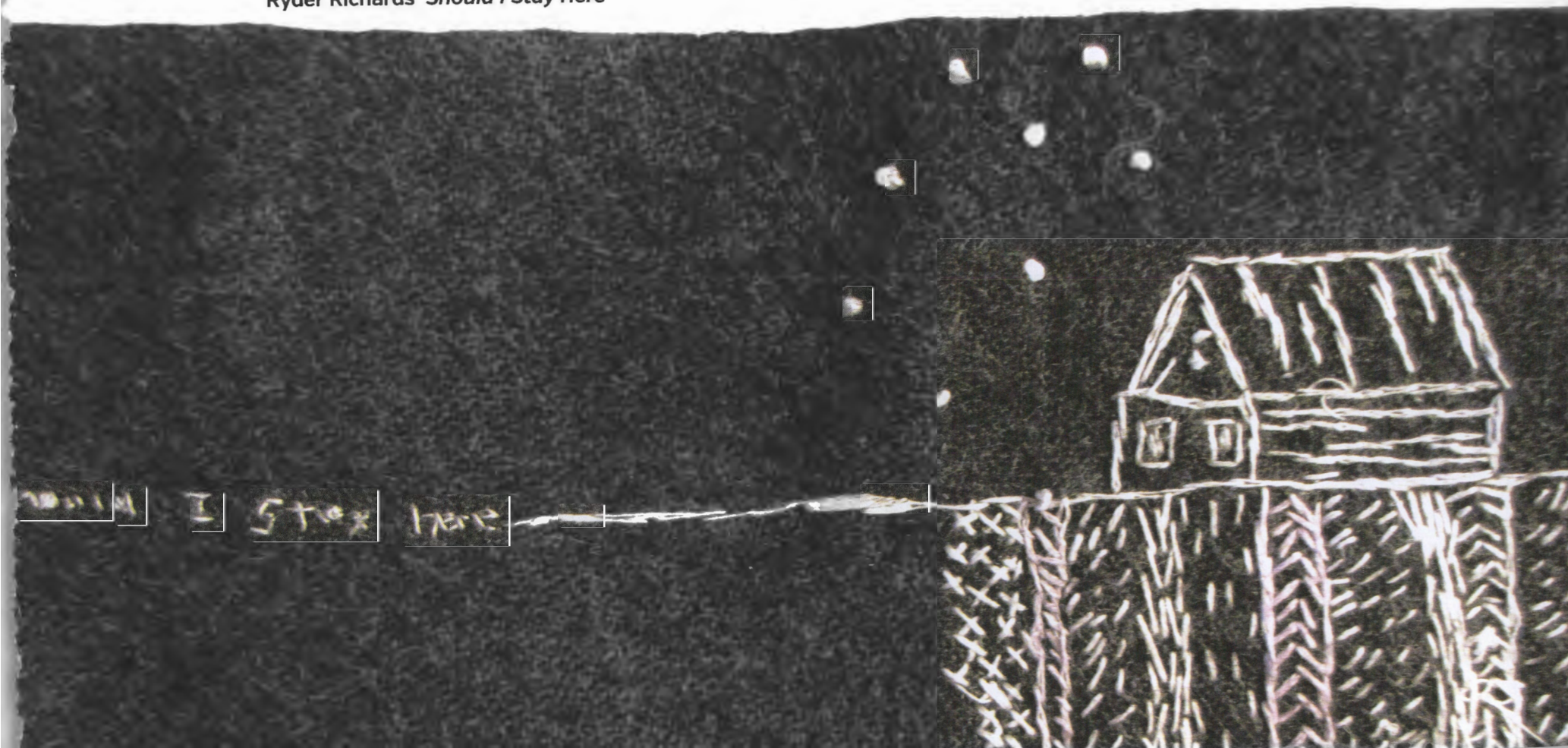
And now,
the crunching of concrete,
the bending of steel, the melding of glass.

Car tires spin down Blackfoot,
the Manitoba maple scratches its knuckles
against my daughter's bedroom window,

and I lie
in bed amid the coughing
while the last moth
flutters its dusty wings
inside my skull:

a vision of Calgary as a father,
strong as sandstone in the foothills, a palm
propped against the Rocky Mountains, gazing
into the singed fabric of the night, listening
for the fevered breathing of the city.

Ryder Richards *Should I Stay Here*



Whitesnakes 'cross Deerfoot

M. Waldron

viscous blue winds
drive whitesnakes 'cross Deerfoot
in front of us and you say:
Sheesh, dude, this
is a cruel day

the heater blows lukewarm
vulcanized rubber fumes
into the cab as the radio plays
stereo Christian Country Classics,
it's a giddy heady mix,
possibly hallucinatory, you say:
Jesus loves Deerfoot in winter
and whitesnakes forgive
the viscous blue winds
and I think: Man,
are you breathing this in?

the wind switches and whips
back across Deerfoot evicting
the angels clinging
to the rooftops of all good trucks,
they back-flap furiously
lest they too be dashed,
along with the whitesnakes,
on to the jagged black teeth
of the wide Stygian median

we leave behind the Cecil
and the Mustard Seed,
and we head North, North
our horizons, such as they are, are
beyond Olds

George Webber 16 Ave NW April



It's Late Spring Jude Dillon

It's late spring
among the snowflakes
lingering
on winter thorns

pouring who I need into tall glasses
speaks to
the roar of mirrors
listens
to richly pickled
betrayal

the page is dry
the tears
have fallen
the heavy notes of snow
hold still/well timed
softly/filling in

Wilf Wenzel *Snow Angel*

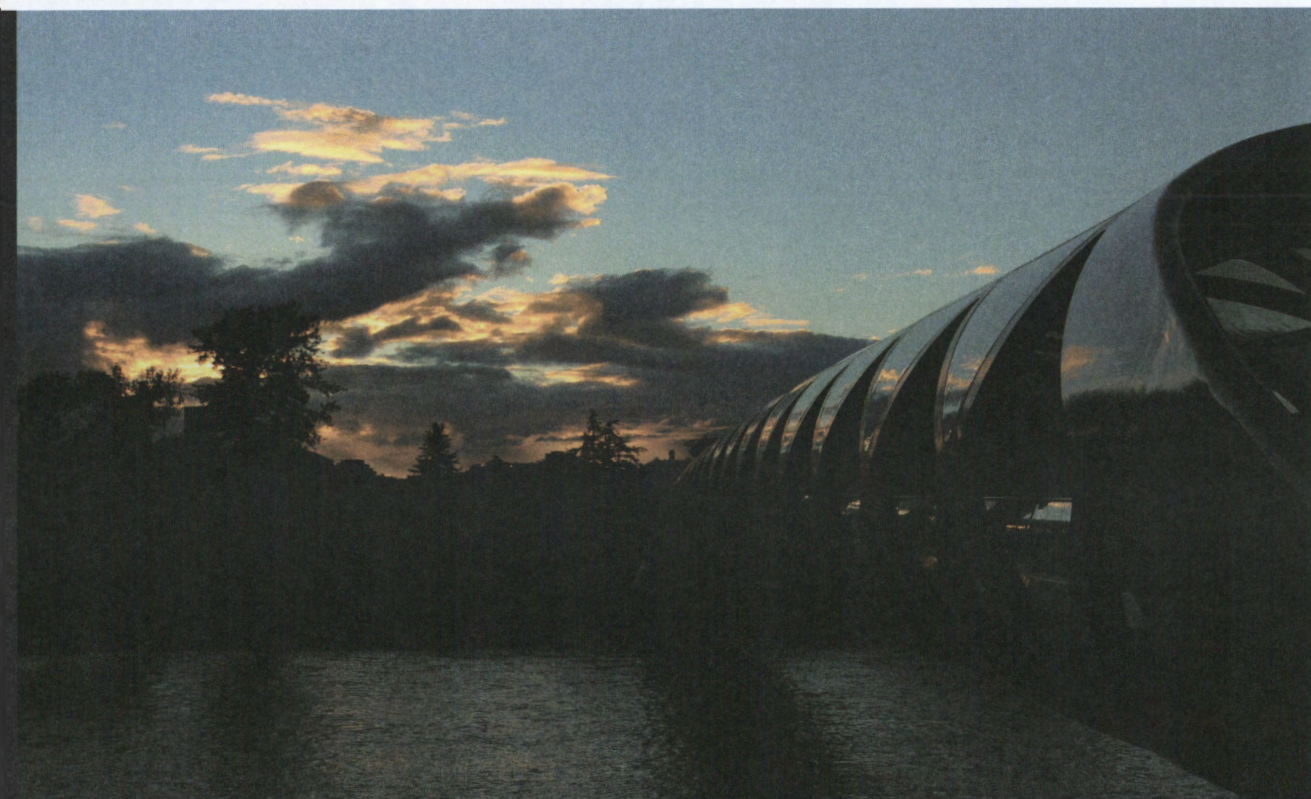


Naming Kirk Ramdath

if it was any less calgary
it might have been brisebois –
named for inspector e.a.
instead of by james farquarson macleod
but the lieutenant-colonel prevails
or the sound of water prevails
over cree and blackfoot names
describing elbow houses
mollinistsis-in-aka-apewis
o-toos-kwa-nik
brisebois
old and older worlds
names and the stories they contain
meet at the place where the bow and elbow rivers meet
the sound of clear running water prevails
or the glacial taste that quenches
who knows what god-forsaken thirst
such a man endured
before touching his lips to water so pure
rolling hills that anywhere else are mountains
recall to james macleod
the moorlands on the isle of mull in scotland
and some fond memory of family or true love,
warm hearth and respite

from long days on frost-mouthed horses
pursuing whiskey peddlers and other scum –
a cool drink of solace
swallowed with unrequited gulps
nothing is more intimate than a drink of water
no utterance is more honest
than the gasp that follows –
the smallest of spaces where a man can yearn
and not be seen to yearn
one moment for desire to outrank duty
for a man who outranks every other man
in the northwest territories
assistant commissioner of the rcmp
famous in his own time
for whiskey drinking and honest dealing
in copious amounts, to no ill effect.
once, american army officers travelled from fort assiniboine –
450 km on a horse
to outdrink the famous mountie
who carries them one by one to bed

M. Roberts Peace Bridge



but his greatest feat
is keeping the peace by keeping his word
the chiefs respect a man so true
his heart rumbles over the grassy sea
for the thundering herds of buffalo
wild cousins of the bull on the macleod ancestral crest,
the buffalo head on the rcmp monogram was placed there at his request –
james macleod takes all his cues from the land
so standing as he was, the rocky mountains to the west
coming like a frozen wave
on the edge of infinite space –
grassland to the eternal horizon
forested by the last great buffalo herds –
how could he not be reduced to a vision
of quintessential beauty

calgary

dances a long lyrical way
to the tip of james macleod's tongue
at the place
where the bow and elbow rivers meet



M. Roberts Poetry Shuffle at Fort Calgary

Cheap Materials Great Design Chantal Vitalis

The day that a doctor stopped her heart with a word
Was the day she gave her notice and bought a Thunderbird
She phoned up an aunt who had a house on English Bay and said,
“I’d like to come and visit. Do you care how long I stay?”
She packed and headed out of town
Left a note that he could not put down:
All I have now is this time
All I have now are these words pinned to the lining of my coat:
“I will never look behind even if ahead’s too far to see.”
Don’t trust my bad memory, cursed with
Cheap materials great design

She stopped at The Summit filled up on chips and gas
Took it out of PARK and headed in to Rogers Pass
The snow was falling heavy and the ice was just like glass
It was company at first, she knew it wouldn’t last
Just her, the car, a few small things
They left the ground to the sound of beating wings
All I have now is this time
All I have now are these words pinned to the lining of my coat:
“I will never look behind even if ahead’s too far to see.”
Don’t trust my bad memory, cursed with
Cheap materials great design

She’d been told she was beautiful in the ugliest of ways
It soiled every promise, the stain darkened every day
He was her present imperfect, now the tense is past
She’s looking after just herself and doesn’t lean on blades of grass
Just her, the car, a few small things
She never liked her voice but now she sings:
All I have now is this time
All I have now are these words pinned to the lining of my coat:
“I will never look behind even if ahead’s too far to see.”
Don’t trust my bad memory, cursed with
Cheap materials great design

Note: Listen to Chantal’s music at music.cbc.ca/artists/CHANTAL-VITALIS

George Webber 7th Ave SW "life is hard..."



Mechanical Dance Mary Heeg

microphone monotone announcing the next stop
click-clack of the wheels on the track
and the whirr from the overhead wire.
red and green stop and go
lights
dashing by your eyes on the side.

tunnels rushing by
gazing from the top
of the overpass; city-wide view, breath, sky, wind.

it's a dance at night.
red and white candy cane traffic barriers
lifting up and down in the robotic, hypnotic
mechanical dance.

the people lead the track leads the train leads the people,
the pattern pre-decided
the step long forgotten
the lilt of the music:
the accent, the downbeat.

seamless transfer of weight on corners
escalator from the
peak of the world, going down to the parking lot.

advertisements screaming
silver seats gleaming
purple blue white outside streaming.

it's a dance at night.
red and white candy cane traffic barriers
lifting up and down in the robotic, hypnotic
mechanical dance.

graceful, curves into tunnels, onto bridges,
lights flashing signals,
swish of the door open shut.
choreographed and practiced
smooth transitions from waltz to tango
preprogrammed, orderly, calculated.

it sweeps onto the dance floor,
the station,
the brightly lit stage.
7 minutes until the 69th street line's here,
3 pirouettes to go
2 more basics and a promenade then we're done.
emotionless, the overworked dancer
who's done this routine a million times,
tired, executed perfectly
mechanically.

every single movement blueprinted, preordained.
but once you leave the dance's embrace
the wild uncalculated chance of a million possible destinations
takes hold.

Jude Dillon *Smiling Bus*



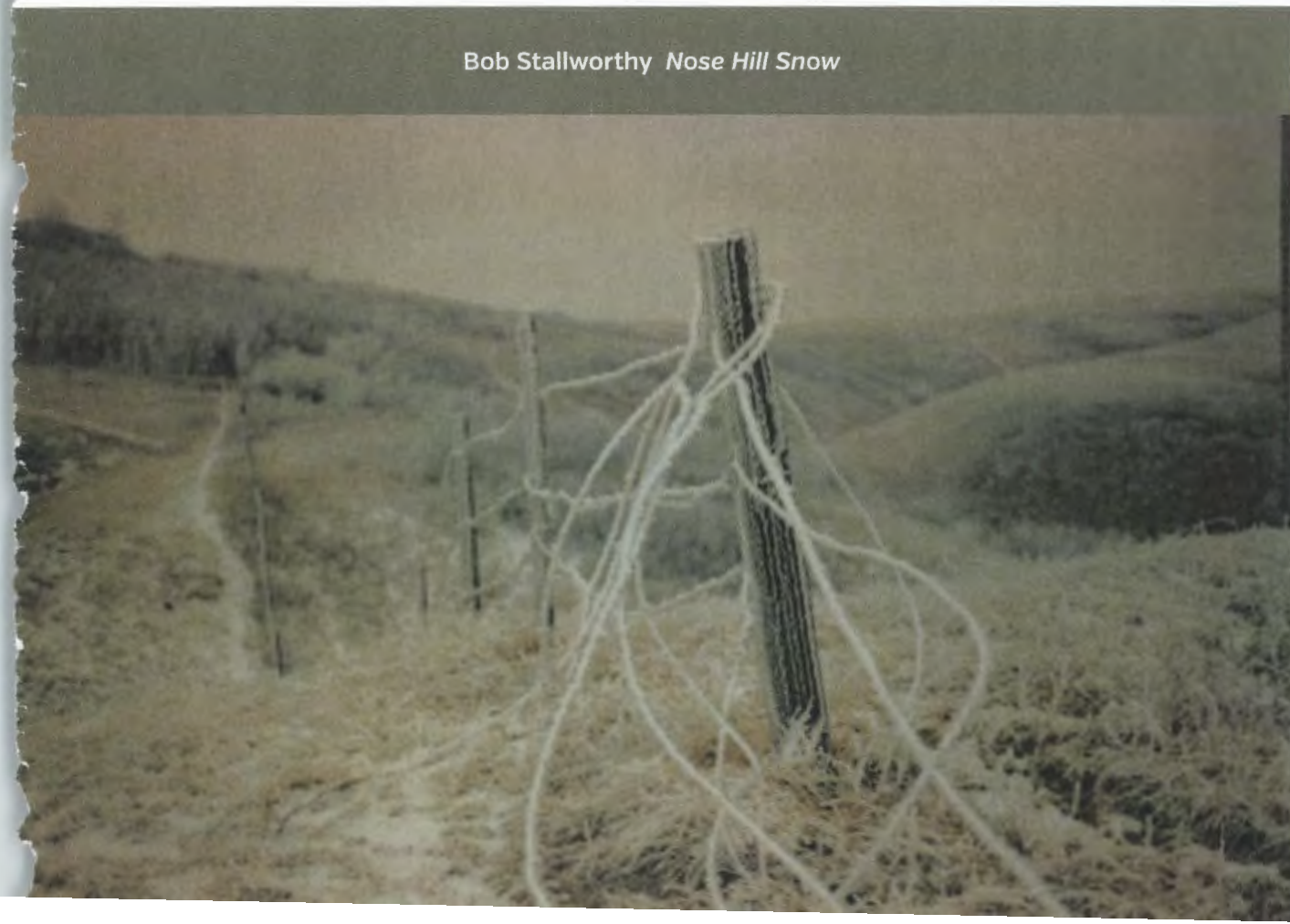


David Reid *Winter NW of Calgary*

Zone 3 Hardiness Julie Lockhart

Mid-March, Saturday seed-swap,
wool-mittened optimists crowd gardening displays,
jostle brown paper packets of organic oregano
not to be sown for three more months.
Penance for Florida oranges and French merlot:
the hundred-mile dictum of wheat and beets and turnips.
Calgary community garden collaboration and a collective yearning
for lemons and lobster and light.

Bob Stallworthy *Nose Hill Snow*



Nose Hill Fred Wah

Grass language knows
silent flower wind
no trembled flutter

north of joy
anemone mundi mound
emble hair scab

grace oat keel
none shingle sky
June naze puzzle

imported sweet awn
cope tribe discount –
but abundant thrill

never rough hooked
dream street springing
spoke troop boat

w/ as ex hill
noon pond knot
having omph look

clusted node broom
first minute pendul
city locorice grazed

boulevard finger zome
tickled sweet pyramid
infloresces occur animal

then gna loop
feathered gravel home
new lawns riv

Untitled Paul Zits

*They had the unmistakable quality of having been made
By machine, or even of being themselves parts of machines*

The city-dwellers are three-dimensional
Eating breakfast in the wraparound corner windows
Screened by a crown of craggy spires and streamlined grids
Elegant theatres for living and working

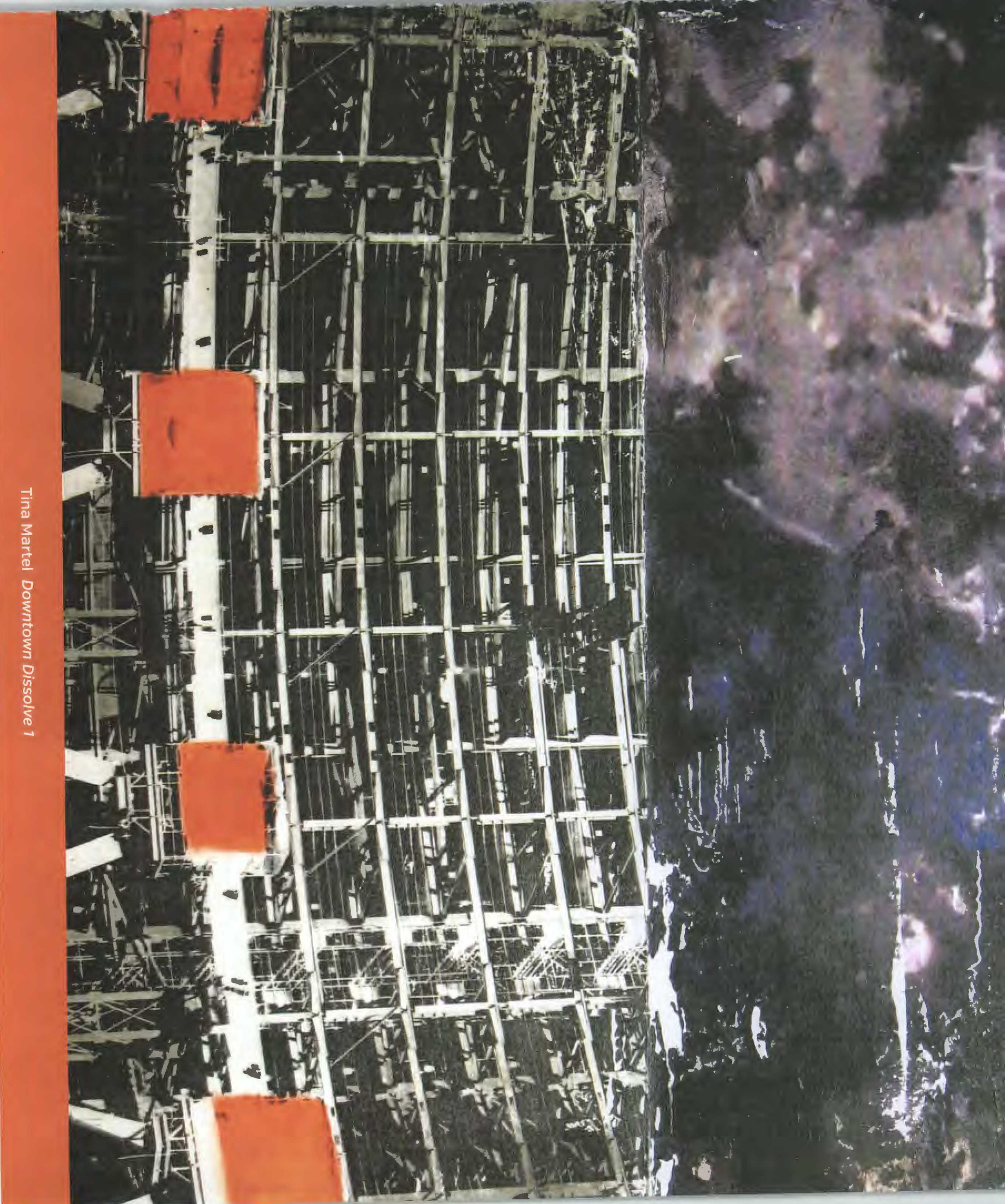
There is a truer unity in the results
Of striated bands of orange brick weaving walls
The city's canyons of glass and mirror
Her multistory metal sunbursts and tile rainbows
Sculptural forms symbolizing radio waves
And electric energy, man's potential for progress
In the endless lines of dancing girls rising to view

And the silhouettes are tossed
With their bracelets resembling parts of bridges
Into the display window at the distant end
Of a pillared arcade
Into a profusion of ferns
Which lean forward across a table, resting
their weight
Into a FADA radio which sits
Upon a bronze side chair upholstered
In peeling red leather
Which sits upon a geometric Indian blanket
Into coloured lights that drain over gleaming cars
Onto wheels mounted in fender wells
And a patch of stones and glass encountered in the road
Sparkling little Nomads in the bottom of a bowl

No longer is the old blaze of light
From the footlights necessary
For in the display soft concealed lights are laid
Along picture mouldings
Above doors and window jams
The visible equivalent of
A plumage of arrowheads emerging
From the black holes of Sacred Hearts

The city is sheet glass for the dwellers' basic perceptions
Of black-and-white cinematography
A chill of circuitry
Hard-edged sheen and colorless glitter
A vocabulary of shadow and sparkle
A flickering of cinematic light
A black kaleidoscope motion in a white froth
Rushing movement
A man in underwear crawling around a
Pitch-black bedroom carpet yelling
For the desire to get to the future
As quickly as possible
Is casket-like elegance to spacecraft embellishment
Machine-shop chic, but

A stage constructed on the same plan
a David Belasco scene, for instance,
must have real running water in its kitchen taps
Light and colour are yet to be developed, however
The city seems to have increased the proportions
Of all its properties
And chose only the tallest actors
For the other parts you walk about



Tina Martel Downtown Dissolve 1

bison burgers at the Arden Diner

Catherine McLaughlin

we sit in a high-backed booth
the day before, pretend
we're Calgary tourists

I've always been a diner girl
I tell you as I pick up
a sweet potato fry, set it down

we unfold a city map
plan our drive to Green's Lapidary
but the lure of the stones
can't divert me from this path

you are already mapping
tomorrow, our pre-dawn drive
to Foothills Hospital

you cannot see the evening ahead
me at the cluttered hotel room desk
scribbling my final instructions
you listening to music, phoning
friends, glancing towards me
away

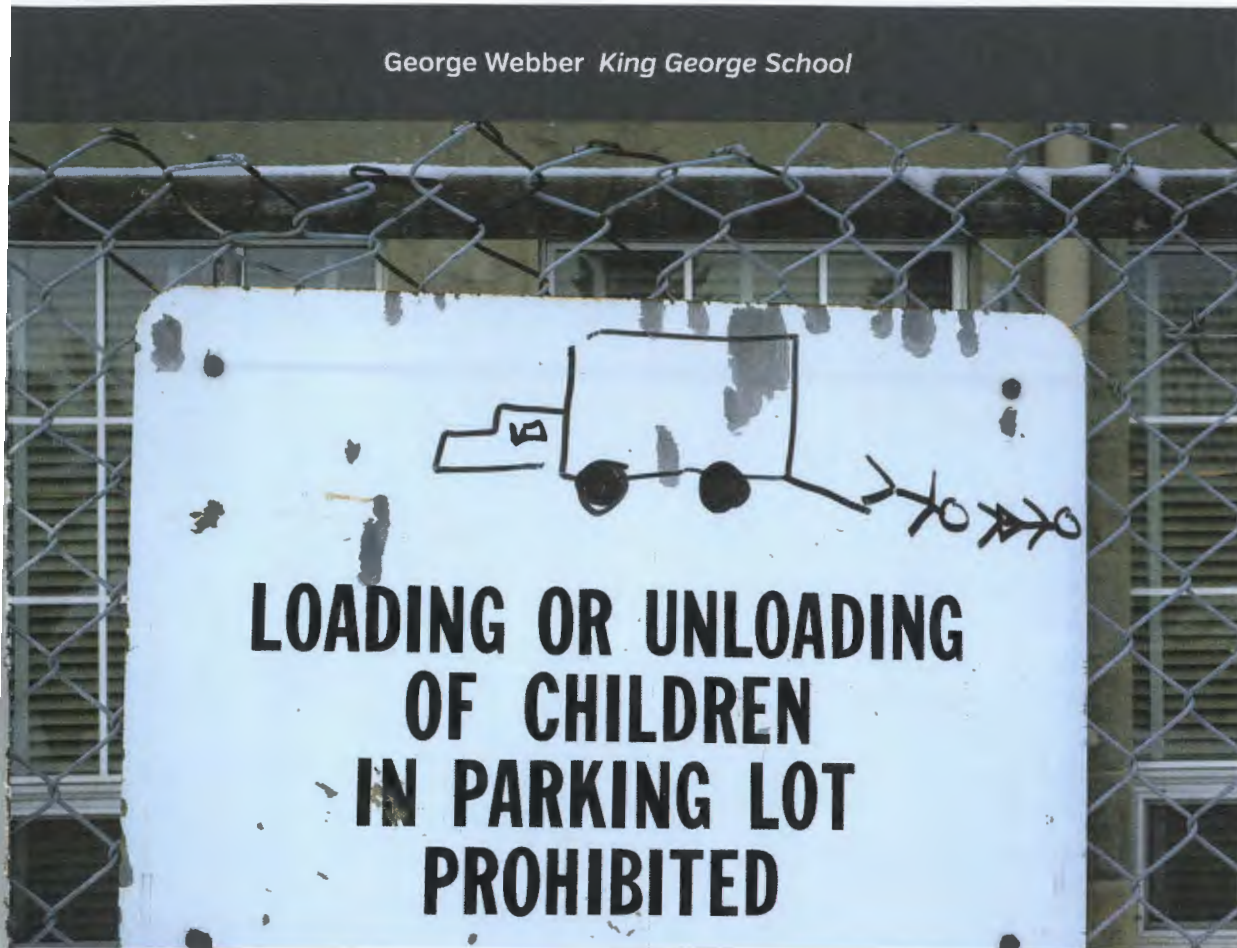
our dark morning departure
pre-op procedures
say your name and spell it
do you know why you are here
this just makes my head hurt

hospital blues are not my colour
no food or drink signs inspire my appetite
let's blow this pop stand, check out
the Arden's breakfast menu
today I could actually eat that burger



George Webber *Blackfoot Truckstop*

George Webber King George School



Century Gardens Bethan McBreen

"This inner city park
is for passive recreation.
No game playing.
No climbing on concrete
(or trees)."
– City of Calgary Parks Bylaw 36/76

Calgary's own crackhead corner
green junk lawn mown weekly
brutal ledges and bridges
like powerhouse bruising
built from cement and cigarettes.

This is a passive park.

Beer bottles set sail in the water features
that no one wants to set foot in,
carved out in the space between
the nervous-steady C-train
and Jenga-block high rise apartments.

Stringless marionette can collectors
shuffle past old mothers on benches
hand-holders lying on southern grass and
young commuters turning pages for a train
all pretending they don't see each other.

This is a passive park.

"No climbing on concrete."
The first time I notice this sign
it's because a thirty year old
is doing flips off the wall beside it
– lessons in situational irony.

Sweatpanted athletes throw themselves from
corner to corner
worn sneakers scrabbling over cement
inches above water-splashed ledges
hands slapping the dark side of bridges.

This is a passive park.

No one else lingers here for long
except once-a-year cowboys
being taught how to do handstands,
and traceur tourists come to use
Calgary's own parkour hotspot.

From the sidewalk it is nicknamed crackhead corner,
because pedestrians don't have time to stop,
catch that train, get from point A to point B,
to reclaim a little space from the margins.
But we're not meant to.

This is a passive park.

A Young City Strays M.D. Mosley

a prairie diamond reflecting
bonfire ballerinas
hip honkey-tonkers
rockabilly betties
indie incantations seeding incarnations of the west
no sea to gaze upon as lovelorn sailors
save for the amber waves
a back forty ripple of grain
to sip to plunge into the core
to ripcord the evenings to shake off the glories and pains
of gallow'ed nights
and hung days
to be 17 on 17th
kings and queens of Kensington
bridging the land
Stephen and Stephanie caressing under tesla trees
slipping through low doors
sliding on oat-slickened rock-worn floors
fuzzy naval blending with fuzzed-out bass
high kicks meshing with melted face
too young to live this late
too old not to jump the gate
stealing away a moment in the towering lights
as a young city strays.

George Webber *Free Air Skyline*



On the Benches at Sien Lok Park *A poem found in the inscriptions*

Dale Lee Kwong

Donated for your enjoyment
In honour of our pioneering forefathers
In Loving Memory
of our beloved Father and Grandfather
May we follow in his steps.

Artist and Philosopher
The Candy Apple Man
1st Generation Canadians
Native Calgarians
Proud Calgarians.

Ever Remembered
With love and gratitude for Immigration
from China to Canada
Well done, thou good and faithful servant
Who cared for our community.



George Webber
Indo-Chinese Buddhist Temple

At Caffé Beano Eugene Stickland

A tax accountant is giving advice to a client
And my soul is dying
Outside, the sun is too feeble
To melt the snow.

Inside it is cold
And hollow.

If I was a bird
I would migrate.

I'm a poet.
I stare off into space.

And listen
To second-hand
Tax advice

... keep all your receipts ...

Another day
In Paradise.

Jude Dillon *Caffé Beano*



Geology, on the 20th anniversary of his death

Kaimana Wolff

He never knew
the language of water,
the tragedies of ocean,
the comfort of tides

For him the earth was rock:
obsidian the mother
of tears gone to glass,
fixed in his face and
squinting like a far-sighted sailor

For him the breasted hills
waited, nipples and nervous
for slow unbandaging
of darkly creviced gems,
Gaia sweetly shuddering to his hand

Such days he knew himself
and knew himself at home,
thrilled in earthen passage,
bevelled flesh he made his own

He never spoke
in the liquid language
but used a carbon sorcery
to let the lava flow
and furl and flower,

a lei of jewelled earth
yet longing for the sea



Wulf Wenzel Rock

Salt and Pepper Diane Guichon

there is a guilt to wanting out of
his life and a pleasure to watching
Oklahoma State College football and knowing
there are eighteen-year-old boys still
getting laid in the back seats of Chevrolet Cavaliers

there is always guilt at seeing an actor
in a life you determined by falling from the sky
tall sailing ships beckon while pygmies bring rum to
the table at regular intervals
Bill loves Joyce
Joyce loves Bill
etched into hearts beneath the dribbles of
spilt beer

there is guilt at knowing there is more
to life than salt and pepper in the cupboard
paralysis starts at the toes and spreads
north with every No. 20 bus ride downtown
did he have a dog named Sue he used to walk
in Stanley Park when he owned a pair of jeans?

there is guilt in being less
than what he could be
unplugged from the toaster and the humanity
in a slice of whole wheat bread
disengaged from espresso and women with
midriff bulge
he pokes

iPod earphones in and dances
through the traffic jam on 5th Avenue

there is guilt in writing poetry and in
not speaking his desire to be Marlon Brando
on a motorcycle at 100 hour per hour on
Highway 1 west to Golden

she tilts her head at an acute angle and squints
as he attempts the Saturday morning crossword puzzle

Jude Dillon Near Stanley Park



3 7 New Street Caitlynn Cummings

Clover carpets the depression of the ur-house,
the sunken half-pipe that used to hold home,
or so I'm told.
Hollyhocks burst from the left, screaming fuchsia.
Moths, white, chase the Inglewood wind, bellowing:
what is this place?
who lived here?

Walk through barefoot, your soles thistling with remembrance:
a woman
hardened
sitting
at your feet.

Dragonflies sputter with the knowledge,
buzzing by cochlea only to say:
no wonder
no wonder anymore
not here.

But you do, peeking through windows,
finding barley mementos:
Molson "Old Style" beer,
a wood-panelled station-wagon of a can.
She drank this.
She, fair to say, rough
and tumbleweeds now roll through her stomping grounds,
fire grounds.

Arson attempts at joviality,
bonfires lighting up her nights,
That One on the block,
she consumed hard, and New Street consumed her.

Early mornings-after
she filled with puff puff still,
sitting on her stoop,
tar on her fingers.
Hucking phlegm, holding bile,
she watched day arrive at her doorstep:
cream puff skies turning pink,
Jonny awakening,
love of her life.

Jonny dying,
love of her life.

Where her red pucker once pouted,
kissed,
misted vapour on Jonny,
chain smoke later choked better judgement.
She made a last-ditch deal,
sat there burning,
an ember amid clover,
hovering between past and present.

Mortgaged and fled,
the scam-scumming dirtbag
dipped into an old woman's loneliness
and ground her retirement
into gravel.

She left that rotting timber,
that itching bedroom,
like a daisy wrenched from a corpse.
Now only absence remains,
this charnel vacancy.

But a wily rhubarb hides behind that hinging oak,
claiming its space,
claiming her space,
the lot which bred crags in her cheeks,
crows in her feet,
blaze in her heart.

Roberta McDonald Caitlyn Cummings at 3 7 New Street



Rapunzel's Tower

Emily Xu

the snow-white wall
the Cinderella sky
the beauty and the beast light

crystal clear
crystal clear

I saw Rapunzel peeking out
her hair falling down

it's Rapunzel's tower!
with the snow-white wall
it's Rapunzel's tower!
under the Cinderella sky
it's Rapunzel's tower!
in the beauty and the beast light

Rapunzel's still waiting
for her charming prince to come ...



Emily Xu *Calgary Tower*

Nose Creek Colin Morton

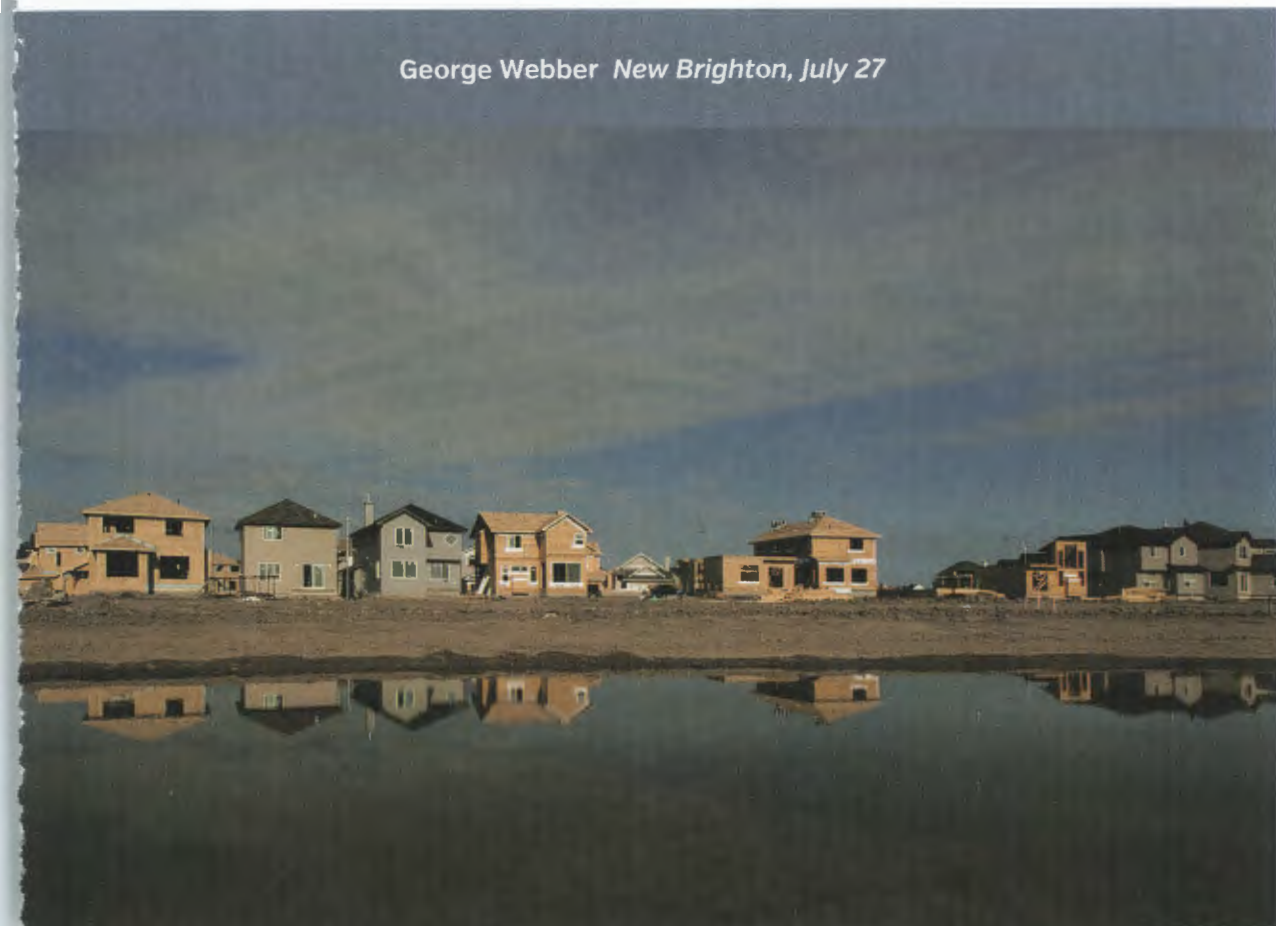
They set out early on summer mornings
– wayfarers crossing the prairie sea.
Beyond the houses under construction,
through field of foxtails and clinging thistles,
over the gravel pit's shifting cliffs,
beyond the fishing bridge, mink farm, gun club,
meandering gullies north of the city.

At a railroad trestle above the creek
they stood and clung to its iron frame
heart in throat while the train roared by.
Built lean-tos in a poplar brake
they called The Forest.
Dared each other into topmost branches.
Built up fire through the night.
Like coyotes, howled at the moon.

There's no returning now.
The Forest was bulldozed in a day,
subdivisions laid out in crescents.
Duplexes clustered behind garages.
Landmarks relegated to street signs
in an asphalt grid.

And the boys whose oaths
they swore never to reveal?
Now they risk all in penny stocks,
weave lane to lane, running yellow lights
where Nose Creek dwindles to a ditch,
trickles through storm sewers under the streets
where once the coyotes howled.

George Webber *New Brighton, July 27*



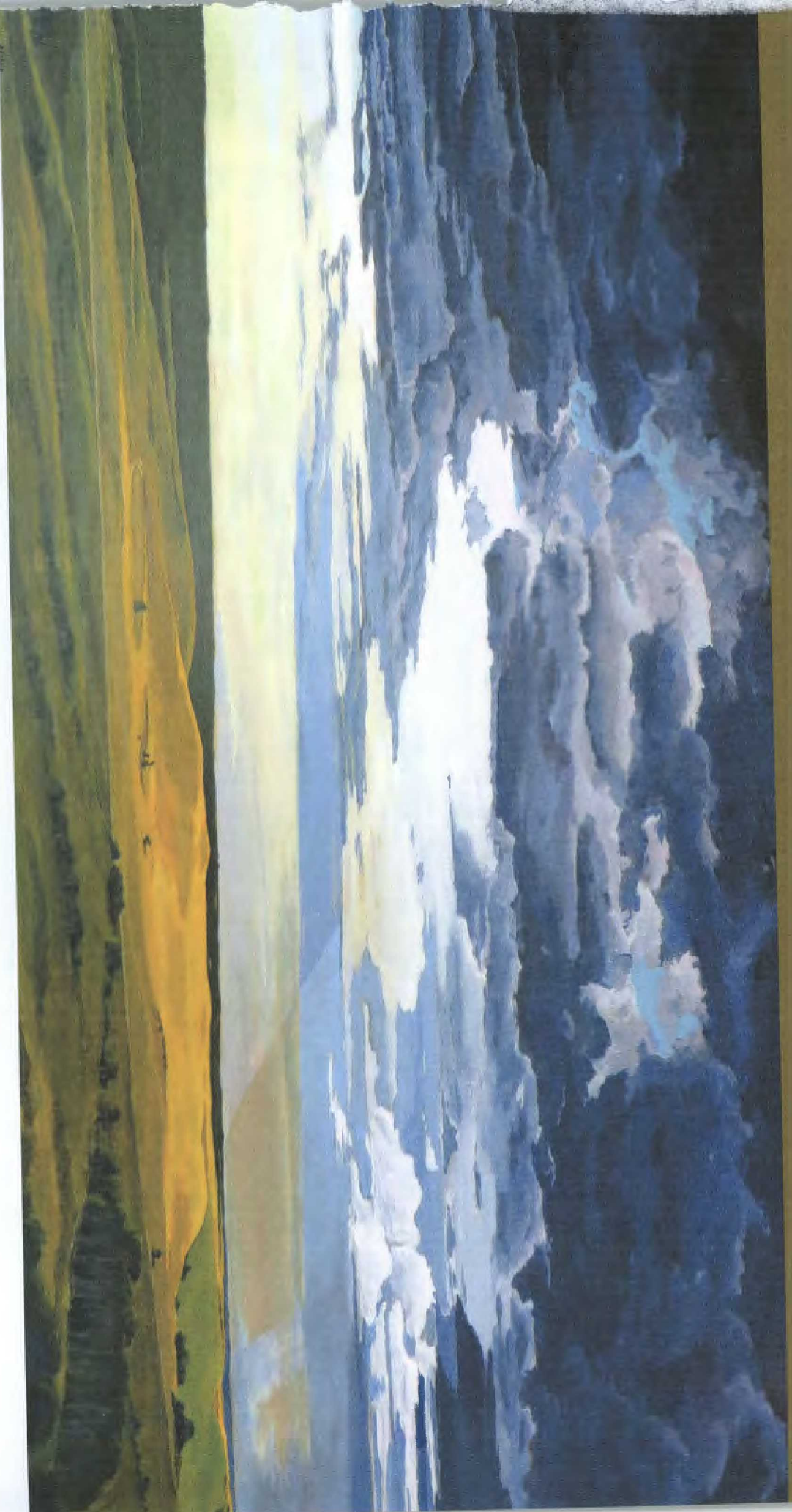
Nose Hill Concerto Lori Hahnel

Bronze furze on the broad flanks of Nose Hill puts me in mind of you
The way I see your ragged, shaggy beauty in pines and fir below.
iPod walk on a clear morning. Breeze braces my face,
Carries up the secondo in my personal concert.
Glenn Gould, Brahms, Intermezzo in A Minor,
Accompanied by tones of high, spiral keening
Notes of coyotes,
Which could almost be mistaken for a far-off siren
If you weren't listening. But listen. Listen.

Clarity of air, of vibration, of sound
Clarity of intent.
My shoes crunch frost-stiff blades of grass
Kick an owl pellet: a whole mouse, minus the soft parts,
Heaved out in a furry, funerary lump.
How quickly it went for that mouse. Swooped up, swallowed whole, spit out.
I feel a pang, avert my eyes; that's close. Too close.
Now Hank Williams sings, "Just trusting you was my great sin."
Hank always aims for the heart.
But 'great sin'? That's harsh. Let's say, 'mistake'.
Below, the silver river snakes past your neighbourhood.
It looks so small from here.

The wind picks up. Now there's no shelter, no reprieve.
And I would leave, but stinging, paralyzing clarity
Roots me atop this lonesome hill.
A clarity which eluded me until this moment.
Not profound, perhaps, just this:
Not seeing you
Has been the only way I could ever see you clearly.

David Reid *Just Outside of NW Calgary*



Design Charette for Blakiston Park *(excerpt from long poem)*

Vivian Hansen

This poem is about the wind
that doesn't sweep as clean as you might hope.
This is good, because the wind sways and dances
to a full vision of God.
And who will ever see it?
The same poplar stands that were here in 1961.
Just as insistent on prairie hegemony in 2011.
The giant windbreaks arming a small farm in siege.
Where Nose Hill development schemers
met each Thursday night.
Someone owned this house. It was a cheery white.
The curly-haired girl comes up
on its windows,
before a waking dream of Nose Hill,
where she picked Saskatoons after a 30-day wait,
accomplished taste after Solstice.
A man spots her, after closing the door,
tells her to get lost.
But she cannot, for she sees herself on top of Nose Hill
picking Saskatoons in a time when she has full breasts.
The man may divine that his time is over,
and hers yet to begin.
She takes her shell to another place, a truant ghost.
She is a woman of wind, having rested
her fear in prayer, warm and believing. She has learned
not to make much of stones, which demand a name, a sacrifice,
a hard throw into the windows of that white house.
Blakiston Drive fills with the ingredients of stone, in a liquid spring.
She forms mud in small cakes inside her girlish hand.
Hurls its grey matter against the stippled glass of the neighbour's eaves.
Where. It clings to a glass hope of memory.
Crushed pop bottles a glittered beauty of the 60s.
Where. As a woman she imagines
the mud clumps still cling, a tiny gargoyle of matter.
Thanks her God for gracing her, with space to pray,
for giving her, a place to pray,
for seeing the wind, if only with the greenspeak
of a poplar caravan, stopped.
For eighty years of praying.

George Webber 508-27 Ave



Visual Poem “A” Derek Beaulieu



What Beer Can Do

Dymphny Dronyk

Shine my buckle, baby, he yells in my ear,
pulls me tight against him,
and two-steps me around backwards,
sloooooooooow, sloooooooooow, quick-quick
one body with too many feet
we stumble, no gliding here
in the Big Tent of Nashville North,
just tired river silt and dirty
tarmac that trips our best intentions,
the bitter stain of crap beer
on my loosened tongue,
sweaty cologne of drugstore cowboys
with undertones of puke,
sloooooooooow, sloooooooooow, quick-quick
the whole place as surreal as
the bucking bronc named Luscious Bubbles,
and the fake breasts on full neon display.
Up on Centre Street a billboard admonishes
that good girls keep their calves together
but I dance my way through bad covers
and worse jokes,
sloooooooooow, sloooooooooow, quick-quick
my thighs spreading against his,
my belly polishing that buckle.



Jeff de Boer *Horse*

Kate Howard Chuckwagon



George Webber Stampede July

Ode to Fireworks During Stampede

Cecelia Frey

crack of
whip of
sound
summer
nights
we give ourselves
to the dark
the electric air
From our lookout
on Nose Hill
needles
thread black velvet
filaments rip open
explosions of silver
red and blue
beads of gold
fire-tipped tail heads
spear dark
spurt speed
detonate, a million spraying fragments
night flowers
blossoming
gone

I imagine the trillions of human beings
that exist, have existed, will exist
marching through pre-history
history, post-history
imagine them as spurts of colour
jetting into the sky
flowering, fading
disappearing
as black takes them
absorbs them
but there is always another
another
and another flower opening with such intensity
life and death
a vibration in the heart of eternity
I imagine a speeded up version
a trick of the camera
surrealistic flowers
the human condition as jazz
confronting the dark
intensify the rhythm
let loose the irregular beat
sizzle, man, sizzle
subvert the predictable
certainty as nonentity
aim for the molten white centre
quick now
burst stars
go beyond
approach pure light

George Webber 602-16 Avenue NW

VENDING BOX
07
PERMIT
CITY OF CALGARY
VENDING BOX PERMIT

PULL

everywhere
STANCE & COMPANY PRODUCTIONS

Leadfoots BEWARE!
CHECK LIGHT CAM TICKETS SQUARING THE PAGE E

FINNIE
HAPPY 2009! BIG NEWS!
Right down the middle!
Watch out for the...
Watch out for the...

CALGARY SUN
calgarysun.com
BORN NOVEMBER 11, 1988
The Calgary Sun is a daily newspaper published in Calgary, Alberta, Canada. It is the largest newspaper in the city and the second largest in the province. The paper is owned by the Sun Media Group, a subsidiary of the Canadian media conglomerate Bell Media. The paper's circulation is approximately 100,000 copies per day. The paper is known for its coverage of local news, sports, and entertainment. It also features a variety of special sections, including a weekend supplement and a daily business section. The paper is available in both print and digital formats.

Vehicle plunges into lake near Canmore: p. 3

THREE DEAD

House Hunting? Mobilize Your Search!
EXCEL HOMES

Everyone Has a Number One Bus Story

Emily Firmston

Mid bus.

"You two have a SOUL connection."

White clad, black Marriage Counsellor.

Drunk atmosphere.

Clean, white, perfect suit, white, sparkly fedora.

A cliché waiting for the 80s to come back.

Sandwiched between Teary Girl and Angry Man.

All rich with alcohol.

Scent of urine and bar.

Intentional ignorance becomes common among the transit crowd.

"GOD. LOVES YOU. ALL OF YOU."

Marriage Counsellor pats Angry Man furiously.

Angry Man sobs,

realizing the meaning to the words no one else understands.

They hug like two tangled octopi.

Teary Girl stands with all her vengeful might.

Stumbles, and hops about to regain her balance, intending to exit.

The moving vehicle doesn't slow.

"ANGER. Doesn't solve the soul. A GOOD BOWL OF SOUP DOES."

Marriage Counsellor preaches, still gripping Angry Man.

Teary Girl snorts.

Shakes and pulls the locked PUSH doors.

The bus sighs and stops.

Teary Girl, still sobbing,

still wrathfully pulls the PUSH doors.

All the commuters hurriedly leave at the bus stop.

In a field.

By a train track.

Bus driver exhales through his teeth.

Stabs the button to open the back door.

Teary Girl falls out of the bus, body checking the bus sign.

"FLY FREE OF YOUR SHACKLES! FLY!"

Marriage Counsellor wails.

He wobbles to a stand.

Grabs Angry Man by the arm.

Angry Man reacts like a toddler, flopping and whining.

Marriage Counsellor drags him to the door and shoves him off the bus.

"FIND HER! AND A BOWL OF SOUP!"

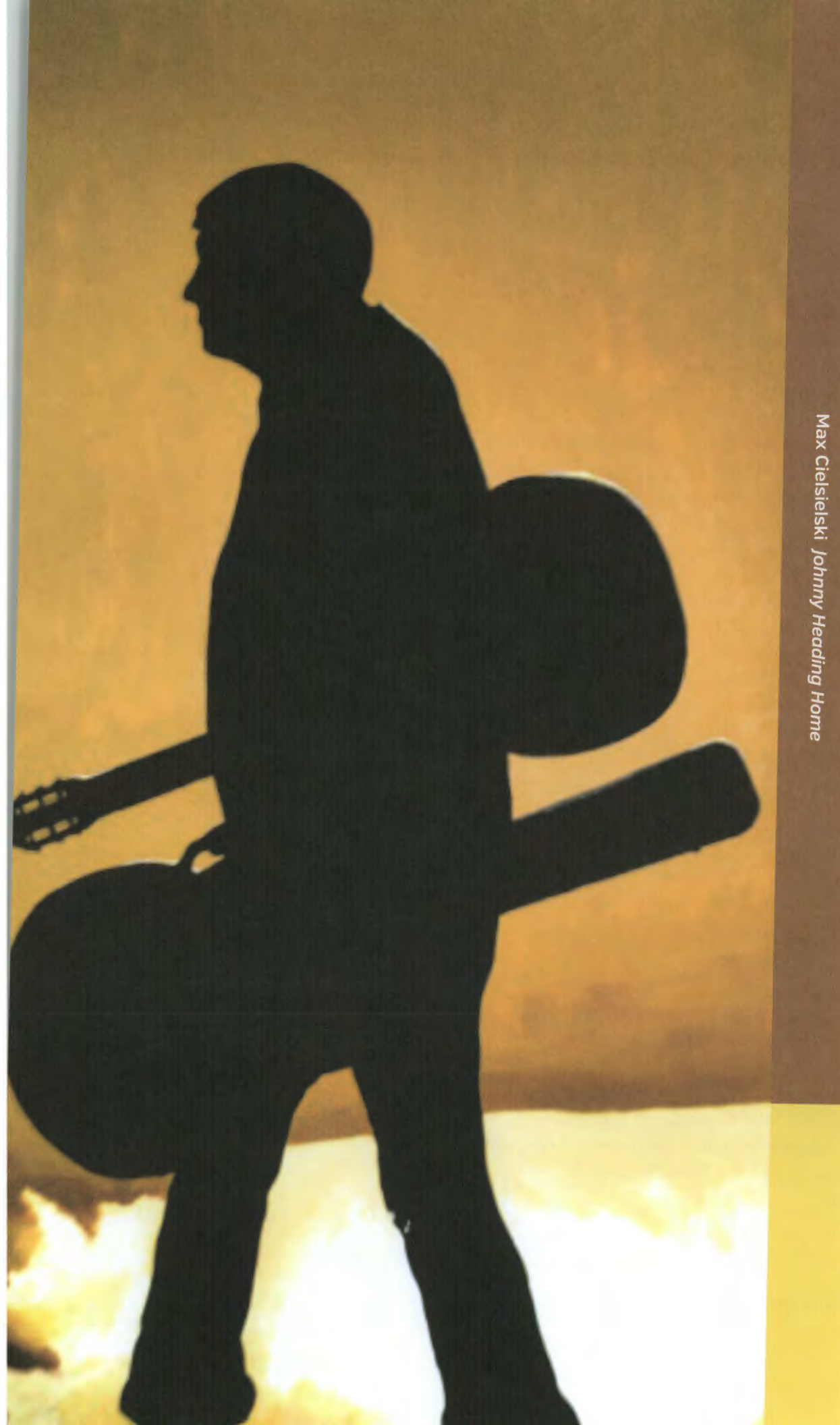
Marriage Counsellor,

clean, white,

perfect

suit,

white, sparkly fedora intact, exits.



Max Cielski *Johnny Heading Home*

The Shamrock Hotel

Kirk Miles

Has live blues for those who are dying
and it is one o'clock in the morning
and I have misplaced my keys or locked
them in the truck, I am not sure, as
it is too dark to see the console
where I think I might have put
them down when my friend Paul
and I went out to read some of
his new poems and sample some
green straw, but that was hours ago.
So I party with the band Wild T
and the Spirit, and T is a black
guitar player who I am convinced
is channeling the overdosed soul of
Hendrix, he is that good, and I tell
him that people everywhere playing
Guitar Hero are channeling him, and
as the crack aficionados try to sneak
into a room, any room, I walk to the 7-
eleven and buy a flashlight and there are
my keys right where I set them down
and so I call the auto club and sit
and wait in a hotel lobby that looks like a
furnace room and smells a lot like
the chicken processing plant situated
right next door and the Shamrock Hotel
has live blues for those who are dying
and it is three o'clock in the morning.

The Unreal Upright Lake

Thorsten Nesch

Between full licensed bars
And full gospel churches
Whores with their cell phones
And their cell(ulitis) legs in leggings
It smells like polished stone
With a slight scent of paint
The breath of removed heart
Sanded off graffiti names
Centre Street full of people
Paid per hour or per favour
With faces like a Rent-a
Santa Claus before the show
A homeless man sleeps
On a kindergarten slide
To the jazzy saxophone
Played by a wheelchair man
In front of Stephen Avenue Mall
The smell of our blown out candle
In the dark bedroom we are
Listening to the busting car windows
And trying to guess the model
Outside the unreal upright lake
Of downtown lights by night
I have to rub my eyes
And arrange myself to the light



at the neck of the bottle

j fisher

this Bic is spent
I carefully tuck it back
in my hip pocket. To cast it off
would tickle my fear, so
I'm re-intimated
with another piece
of permanent rubbish. It's very dark
on this side
of 17th avenue (the skid
needs no illumination)
reeking local brew seeps
out the barn doors to guide
all the weary in
against better judgement. Someday
soon they'll figure
a way to gentrify this strip
and fascists will outnumber
ghetto whores
for the first time
in the history of Forest Lawn, but
not tonight.
so armed, with dull plastic, no flame
and an enormous wound
I'm safe among the wasted
to hustle 'til my yellow teeth
ache in delight.
a cheap shot, a warm job
and a cold release
I feel better in the gutter, hiding
from the other side
of this cash-drunk city.

George Webber 5th Street and 5th Avenue SW



Passages (100 Boats on the Bow)

Peter Von Tiesenhausen

2010:

100 hand-carved and numbered wooden boats
100 soil samples taken from the along the Bow River,
from the Bow Glacier to Calgary

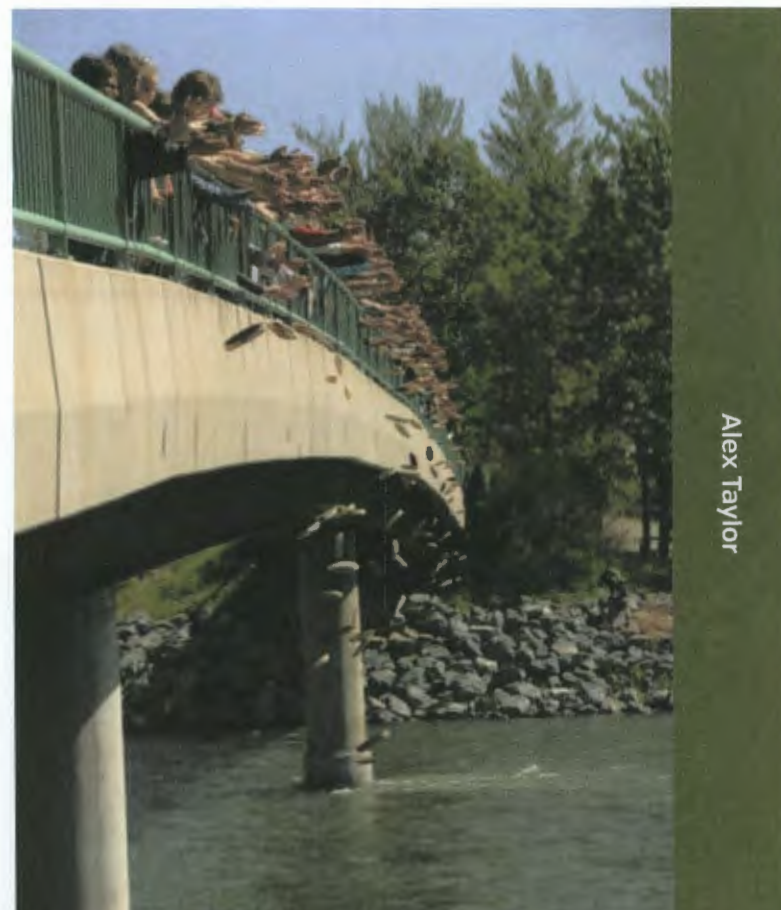
3 hand-pulled collagraph prints of each vessel,
each painted with corresponding clay (total 300)
1 set for the City of Calgary,
1 print for each volunteer,
1 set for the artist

100 volunteers
at Fish Creek launch their boats in the river
each boat branded with a website,
when they are found the boats tell a story
and the finders are invited to share their story of the river.
The Bow River flooded a few days later.

2013 – after the city's rivers broke their banks again,
one family's framed prints
were painted by the flood waters.



Alex Taylor



Alex Taylor



Alex Taylor

Karsten Heuer





Peter von Tiesenhausen



Peter von Tiesenhausen



Carlos Amat



FLOOD
Summer 2013

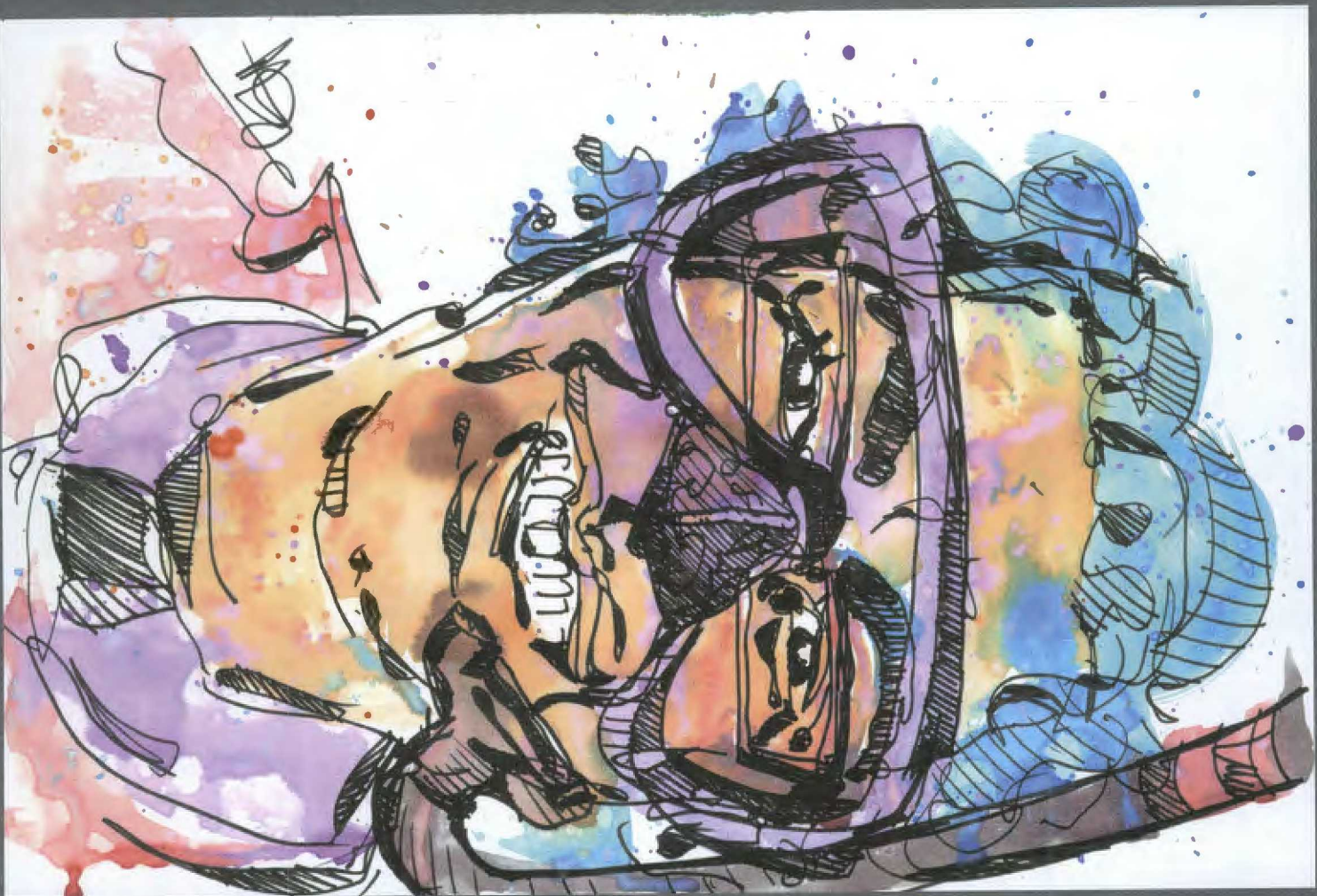
“Human kindness is overflowing”
Randy Newman from the song “I Think It’s Going To Rain Today”

In June 2013 epic rains caused the most destructive flooding in the history of southern Alberta, forcing tens of thousands of people from their homes, and resulting in billions of dollars of destruction.

The outpouring of support – people helping people – exemplified the very best of human kindness.



Susan Poole *Peter's Prints Post-Flood*



Mandi Stobo Scuba Nenshi

Some local variations on Water Music

Weyman Chan

1.

Towards each face the sleeping rivers return.
For three nights and two days the ebb and flow playground
along Elbow and Bow succeeded our guesses. Oh-oh,
someone forgot to open the floodgates
in Sunnyside. Mudwaters churn around teddy bear and baby grand
feet alike. Followed by
another river, of sump pumpers, squeegeers, vans with sumo-sized
appetites. They disgorge sandwiches, mineral water, volunteers.
Such indiscriminate flux, I forgot about my private
space for a while. I was in Calgary, the Saddledome
suddenly hosting a non-event. More rain in the
forecast, a dream-scaffold for the
rivers that stay and replenish attitude,
working bees to an eager child.

Josh Naud Solace



2.

Without power for four days no running water the two friends sleep with their dentures in.
Towels soak around the fridge, its top half starting to smell what the mind is wanting to part
with almost erupts in the pitch dark when eighty years' worth amounts to a sharp scolding.
Melted ice mixed with rocks to hold down the drifting wit, sirens downtown wake her up
savouring ginger tea candies while the black geranium, the insomniac hoyo, gets a douse
of toilet water and the tongue sleepwalks as it detaches from its roof, the prospects now
of surveillance, rescued from the flood, of stepping into the civic arms of Nenshi, are good.

3.

Some pipe laxative, five cars heavy on Bonnybrook Bridge, was saved.
Calgary zookeepers, swimming with hippos, close a gate so the weir
won't kiss their brown ovens goodbye.
Imagine a tickling safari
tigers floating through the Weaselhead, the
pulse of every uprooted now you see it now you don't
water-soaked
In my dialect: sui deem
then to simply stand still ankle deep in it
an otherwise unremarked pleasure.

4.

an artist's kiln underwater
archived fiche the first
pipe organ earlier
puddle of spun metals
gleam in Katie Ohe's eye
that kind of earnest
not in the beginning
was the separation
but as a matter of starting somewhere
do we find ourselves at the growling
come hell or high water
window thinking of grass
sighing then the
blue fills it complete they're gone

Josh Naud Intersection



Active God David Eso

The weather network said
they had never called for so much rain
(then cut to commercials).

In Canmore, they said the creek
came to the houses like a burglar.

Rocky Mountain Tourism officials declared
the landscape would never be the same
(it never was).

On the Siksika nation, the water
was said to spread like fire.

RCMP in High River had a slogan
they collected guns from abandoned houses only
for safer keeping.

In Halifax they toasted
It's about time Alberta got theirs.

In Roxboro, a man stood before
his ruined mansion and asked, do you
like what we've done with the place?

The river is off limits, insisted Mayor Nenshi
invoking Darwin's Law in muddy, purple sneakers.

Steven Harper took a helicopter ride
and remarked how little it all resembled television.
Then took credit for the sun.

More modestly, Premier Redford
complained of Mosquitoes.

The CBC declared The Worst Natural Disaster in Canadian History
without specifying their metric
(which was dollars)

In downtown Calgary
a bright stampede of bulldozers came
swift as a second flood

but too slow for Tom Williams' shop –
a quarter-million books washed in a bit of rain
swallowed in a whale of mud. Looks like somebody
tried to put out the fires of hell, said Tom, afterward
retired by surprise.

Here, the poet admits one eye
longed to see the whole world
float away.

L-Berta Rainbow *A Poem Celebrating Bill C-38, the Alberta Centennial and the Floods of June 2005*
Dale Lee Kwong

the Bow bursts its banks
every century or so – sirens herald rebellion
river debris flows faster than fire trucks

One in two marriages ends in divorce
and... if you're a lesbian
living in Ralph Klein's Alberta
it don't matter
you're just damned to hell.

water weary dog surrounded by toxic river,
whirlpools of imprisoned wooden corpses
ambulances – surge through chaos

L-Berta named for a strong-willed woman
birthed feminists ahead of their century
Emily, Henrietta, Louise, Irene, and Nellie
won the vote for women
who could not all love freely then.

at Edmonton Trail a street church baptizes
new believers into waters murky with silt, hymns
stonewall the zealot, while cracked lions crumble

Don't think the Chinook winds
are just blowing hot air
there's change in them thar hills
I see it coming
clear as a rainbow after this storm.

Sien Lok sculptures
witness destruction ... discrimination,
rescue boats swim upstream like spawning salmon

It's too late!
I already live down the street
borrow a cup of sugar
call out your name
talk about the latest hockey game
and exchange recipes.

raging torrents make their mark
Prince's Island causeway washes away, fount
of insurrection gushes forth and breaks all barriers

L-BERTA
Rain notwithstanding
ralph notwithstanding
tides of change crosscurrent,
come hell and high water
above the prairie river
rainbow rises.

Jude Dillon *Graffiti Girl*



Theodicy Anthony D

God's worst mistake
was not to create animals
just below the angels,
but to make promises
He could not keep.

Above so many disasters
light splits in silence
while mortals weep
a drowning flood
and dream deep of gold.

Dave Casey *Alone*



Where Twin Rivers Conspire *[an excerpt]*

Anne Burke

III

please no more books

teachable moments 20,000 books under the Bow

re-learning lessons of Ararat the raven followed by the dove

flood narratives

ante diluvian deluge/mythology/

before and after

from under to over whelmed

swelled laoi, from laas, a stone the chasm opening

cries from cranes mud images as guides berms into which we try to breathe life

the proverb like Pyrrha who threw them perishing as the waters peaked

survivors heard our prayer delivered us from this day and the next

cities drown: indwelling aspirations so help us god(s) to free our nets

from concrete columns signs the earth is burnishing seek refuge and piety

let us live:

more than an oracle the entrails of East Village

foretold it your mother's born her bones behind you

transformation into oak and lime sandstone confabulation

each note an in-tonation (im)perfect pitch cadence music of the spheres:

bundling on shields thunder drowns us out in the clear and calm Macleod Trail (they

are) ruins Riverfront Avenue

a hollow escape Centre Street Bridge an ocean of blood louse fell, flea weeps

door creak sweeps burnt ash-heap shakes free

pitcher blown, summer springs flood

Josh Naud *Not a Good Day to Wear White*



After the Flood

Rosemary Griebel

Come sump pumps
and hum of generators
water logged carcasses
spit grass, grey with mud.
Come washy heave of books,
papers, the sob sound of
sodden photos. Come smell
of pitch and pail, wrapped meat
rotting in the sun. Come pink piles
of insulation, floor boards and empty shoes.
Come warped doors, bloated windows
sagging mattresses of river.
Come blub faced trout swimming
shimmer of parking lot and oily fabulation.
Come drowned vehicles, abandoned houses,
a seethe of watery dreams.
Come to the landfill, washers,
fridges and freezers, heavy, white
bodies open wide to the wild.
Come cockleweed, bind weed,
dusky mosquito marshes,
rusty bats sweeping the night.
After the flood, come firemen,
politicians and insurance adjusters,
tight lipped and clip-board armed.
Come community, come family and friends
bearing casseroles, shovels
and whirring fans. Come gratitude
and scouring grief. Come blurred streets,
crumbled banks and swales swept and gone.
Come river, fresh roots of cottonwood.
Come river, come river that always claims
the land it narrates.

Sunnyside Emily Ursuliak

Jazz costumes dangle
from the limbs
of a crab-apple tree.

Fabric of deep indigo and mauve,
black tassel belts and silk scarves,

May Day ribbons
that no children tangle.

Below the branches
a woman bent
over her fence
dressed to spread your fortune
through a Tarot pattern.

Her hands overlap
in a Celtic cross.

She hums to the drone
of the sump pump
spurting water
to the curb.



Lissi Legge *High Water*

The Poet's Anniversary

Anne Sorbie

the wind blows
blusters and gales
breaks apart
the perfect storm
evaporates the lakes
and ponds pulled from the earth

so recently
so hurriedly

that our reticent bodies
still shake with wet
while globe flowers flounder
and irises take on
the down slope
without breaking their stalks.

too far this medusa might
has travelled, and still
on this hill, oak
and pine and ash bend
bark drying
now like salt
iodized in a fevered
flood of receding river.

the Bow's feet and hands
sent the swell beyond
the predictable:
immeasurable muck
shinning silt
and liquid death
killing homes unaware
re-mapping our streets
stilled in their
pre-Stampede stance.

the souls about to parade
soiled clean
lucky strikes and lassoes
forgotten fodder
until – in a 200 truck clean-up trail ride
the hell or high water
t-shirt dressing drenched brides
grounded astronauts, and our sleep-deprived mayor
became a badge of honour
birthed in the flood
of tears baptizing us
on our dead poet's anniversary

Note: "The Poet's Anniversary" alludes to June 21, 2011, the day Alberta writer, Robert Kroetsch, died.



Josh Naud Memorial Drive

Josh Naud River Rage



Midsummer Lustletter to a Floodplain

Mily Mumford

Gasoline and silt run down the road,
so thick they could trip and trap you up,
they makes mistakes out of cheap stilettos.

I arrived here the day Miss Elbow
declared she couldn't fit into her jeans.
She cursed the oil and age and swell
that tore her at her seams.
The Bow broke, the cradle fell
into strong and loving arms,
the people waded into loss and filth,
and swooned us with grit and charms.

Does it get heavy? I ask them. The prairie sky?
Without mountains to keep it off your shoulders?
Do you feel encased in steel and hot cement?
Do you get lost in your hamster tunnels?
+15 pounds you could have lost
if you shivered from your car.
Do you ever crave to feel the cold as the animal you are?

You can get to the edge of reason here,
but you're going to have to drive.
The C-train stops at Only This Far
and the bus at Wonder Why.
Drugstore Cowboy isn't an old man's phrase,
it's a state of mind that thrives.
You feed it beer and boyhood dreams
and it candy coats your lives.
Deep fried rodeo wanderlust in the fantasy dustbowl of July.
Thank God you vacuumed it dry.

There's a song on every cracked lip and throat
in the hoopla of Stampede,
it puts leather fringe across every back
and a heart on every sleeve.
It costs sixteen bucks to get you in
but makes sure you get one when you leave.

Back base rattles the grates in the gutter,
kiss The Face on all three sides
and tell her that you love her.
Crisis Calgary breeds love and repair like romance breeds disaster.
But we all let it flood in despite this,
river walks that get you lost in darkness
drunken talks that take comfort in our same weakness.
This town is a shell I don't have to take with me,
because these people and their madness are now my city.



Rob Meurin 12 Avenue SE – June 22, 2013

Diving Into a Glass of Water

Cassy Welburn

Calgary engineer describes the Glenmore Reservoir as a
"teacup in front of a fire hose." June, 2013

The sound of you
 falling
 from a great height
 the roar of you,
 your spittle drops
 becoming mist,
 your fast mouth
 the way you talk
 the pain of you against the sky
 the time it takes,
 your reflection
 on our face, the news you spread
 your fast pace,
 the way you turn
 the air to rain
 the race you win, your breath
 on the way
 down
 the rush you make
 the life you take,
 the chill sheer feel of you,
 the shadow you cast
 in flight
 how you spill
 and split the night,
 take the river in your mouth
 rend the trees
 from our yards
 take us with you
 in your arms,
 hands together
 your head a glass ball,
 the way you break across us as you fall.

Jude Dillon *Wet Leaves*

The River has a Mind of her Own *(an excerpt)*

Sheri-D Wilson

Everything stops
we listen as spirits drift
and there is no sound –
silence falls again
only different, on the other side woe,
we are broken and humbled
standing in her aftermath
drenched in baptismal tears –
the river has a mind of her own

and floating on the rill of her mind
are all things left behind –
spinning globes and stone cold angels
gargoyles and maps and letters
and clocks and ghosts and snow machines
and pictures and empty pockets
and shadows and memories and coats
float, they just float
in the eerie silence of her mind
oneiric – along with safety
codes and passwords, hidden agendas
and broken promises, idol threats and addiction
regrets, bicycles and keepsakes and knick-knacks
lucky coins and lost umbrellas
never to be opened again, float
they just float with seat belts and rule books
never cracked, along with whiplashed dreams
and ransacked music boxes,
they float like little ships in bottles
wondering if they will ever wake

and we are changed
submerged now in her mind,
we mourn in the morning light,
and we will always remember
the darkness of that ominous night.

Saddledome: After the Flood

Richard Harrison

Even more it looks like the Ark, this time after the Flood has come and done God's work, hull full of water, all the animals gone, and I feel more for Noah this time round, getting drunk every night since dry land, with the dim thought not forming but being revealed in that massive and sudden erosion of all that was secure: "Seriously? *Everything?*" Water is complicated; see how brown it is in these pictures, how full of the earth it leaves behind when the river packs up and heads back to bed. That's microbial brown, fertility, earthworm world, the bottom of your feet if you walked for 40 days without a bath. I've loved the parabolic in its roof, the Saddledome; I'll miss it when they build a bigger, fancy, American-style Entertainment Extravaganza where the game is only one channel within a television you take shelter in side by happy side. Even that is old hat: remember when the television was the pinnacle of coveting in any house? The Saddledome remembers those days, and they weren't so long ago, though they are now suddenly far, far away like the time you dropped your car key down the sewer; I saw a lovely 42 inch tv sitting on a dolly outside someone's home this morning, and I thought, even if that tv was brand new, what I want to steal is the dolly. My basement is the "event level" of the Saddledome, water all the way up to the expensive seats, shelves full of the books I read while I was finding my writing voice, boxes of archives in torrential disarray. I feel for the Dome. I feel for the memory of Theo Fleury hurling himself like a wildly thrown curling stone the length of the ice, arms pumping in a hockey joy so great he forgot for a moment his suicidally crippling secrets, that's how happy a game can make us. What I'm looking for is the joy of the poem. The best lines from 30 years of paper tossed afloat are the ones I dismissed then or misread when I saw them. Consider: Sometime in the early 1980s I wrote by hand this line for a poem, "Is this art/ that I have mastered it so soon?" When I found it in the blurring water, I read it out loud and said, "Is this art, that I have misunderstood it so soon?" and it became a line for a poem at last. So here's one lesson in a book of millions of things to learn. Poetry is play, even in the darkest of its discontents. Poetry is a sex abuse victim, arms in the air, roaring the power of the body alive, poetry is (I say to rhyme) the laughter after disaster has clattered to its end. That's why the hockey book was the door for me from saying to writing, from myself to the poem, from me to you. That's why.

Eric & Mia At the Water's Edge



George Webber Stampede Corral



Ode to the Saddledome

Richard Harrison

It looks like the Ark, and that makes sense – the game
is also a species that needs two sides to survive. If
Genesis had been set in the sunny badlands of Alberta,
there it would be on the ocean of God's disappointment:
a Big Boat, a sheet of ice in its belly, and a 40-day
playoff to settle it once and for all. I remember the night
we took Louis de Bernières to the Dome for the Flames'
opening round tilt against the Hawks. It was his first game,
and it ran into triple overtime. It ended on a bad bounce,
the way all things must because the body weakens,
and *puck* is the Devil's most endearing name. I apologized
to Louis for the endlessness of play. It's all right, he said,
I'm English. I watch cricket. The Dome gathered me in
when I first arrived, reading my poems to the echo of hockey
below deck – voices calling out from the rink, the wooden
report of passes and shots under a roof the shape of a giant ear.
I fancy that the building actually hears us, and the spectators,
famously quiet in Calgary, take the cue and come to listen.
The best sound in the game, they'll tell you, is made when all
else is silent and the skater's blade etches into frozen water
the path of a sharp bank, the ice turned to steam around silver.
The Stanley Cup was paraded in this place. Olympians went
head-to-head in a beauty fierce as plumage. People who never
raise their voices love openly here, or hate, and when the conflict
subsides, and the tall doors open to the surrounding land, we all
walk down the mountain side by side with a story.



Pavlina Krivy *The Beacon* - *The City Shines Through the Night*

George Clooney *[song excerpt]* Transit

It's ironic everything nowadays is touch
touch screens, iTouch but still man we've lost touch
you may now Instagram the bride
& plan your life through the camera's eyes
fantasize, if only there was a filter that helped you stand beside
your lady like your Gramps even after Grandma died
the book of love is a book we never canonized
we'd rather light the wick and watch the canon fly
my father is my hero a real admirable man
always kept composure when he'd handle the fam
cook us up some eggs, maybe scramble the ham
& despite all that I still battle the man, it's crazy man
none of us are really très bien
so how do we create a home that we can raise babies in
how do we flip a wife from a lady friend
when it seems we're regressing as a race of homo sapiens

part of me wants to be George Clooney
never settle down, every night different groupies
trying to feed a family with a microphone
it goes two turntables and a wife at home

Note: Song lyric. Listen to Transit's music at www.transithiphop.com



Jude Dillon Train's A coming

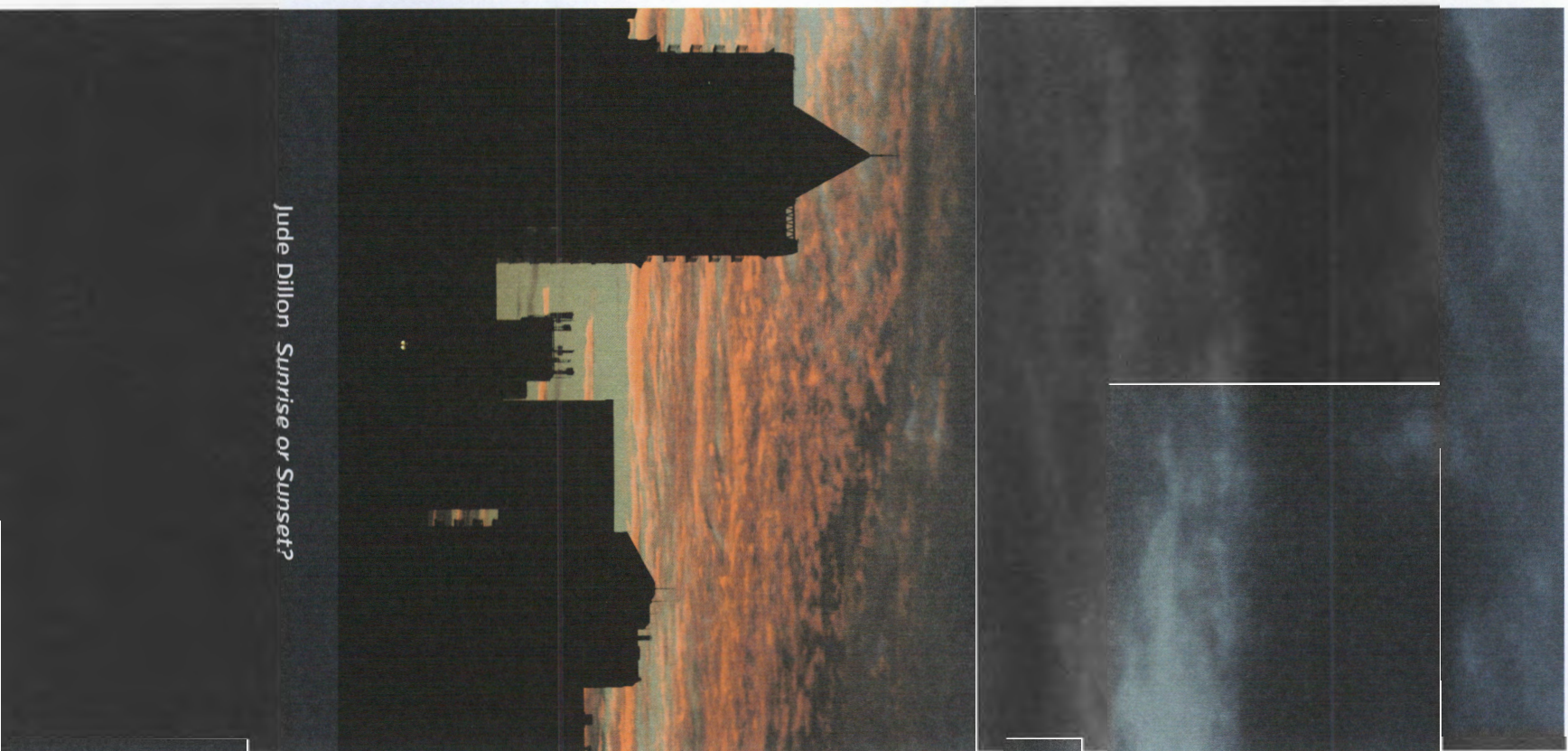
God's Anthem Nafisa Ali

The night buries its stars
under the drapes of dawn light
lulled to sleep by little surges
of birdsong
God's anthem
at dusk, they will meet again.
Immolated ethers stir
in groggy pulses
beneath clogging city streets
Deerfoot
Crowchild
Shaganappi Trail
clandestine custodians
of many journeys made
each crack, each skid mark
recites a centennial of tales
there are always places to go
dreams to chase
hearts to break
some may make it
others will fall short.
Tears dry up to kisses
jobs blossom to careers
with white picket stems
sprouting tiny budlings
or wilt
between luck droughts
and taut love strings.
Bright summer nights
run low on light
when fall's canvasses adorn the trees
and age, as winter undresses their limbs
baring their tired frames.
Smooth tiny flakes caress the earth
weaving white blankets
lush wombs lie underneath
green with promise, ready
to spring forth next year's yield.

Maiden grows to mother
when winter breaks up
with earth
and blossoms
yet again.
Silent foothills lay witness
to stampedes of
human-ants on a windy day
some with crumbs strapped to their backs
others saunter in a psychedelic pace
in a city where
snow does not shy away in spring
and summers host bouts of hailstorms.
Feathery dandelion spawns
float free
in graceful dances
between traffic stops
amongst elegant tendrils of smoke
to numb the ambivalent
bouts of melancholy.
Life might screw you ('morrow)
with a one night stand
or commit
if karmic wells are full;

but, when the stars are buried once more
under the drapes of dawn light
and traffic drowns out
the sibilant rales of morn
we still do it all over again;

we flutter our eyes
and breathe –
Calgary.
Beach of the meadow,
cold garden city
of dreams and hope.



Jude Dillon *Sunrise or Sunset?*

Run Training

Juleta Severson-Baker

an hour before sunset
dogwalkers lope
out the Weaslehead
as I run in

my shadow plows
the advancing path
last spider of the year
scoots for cover

shivers of feathers
in poplars
puff and chip

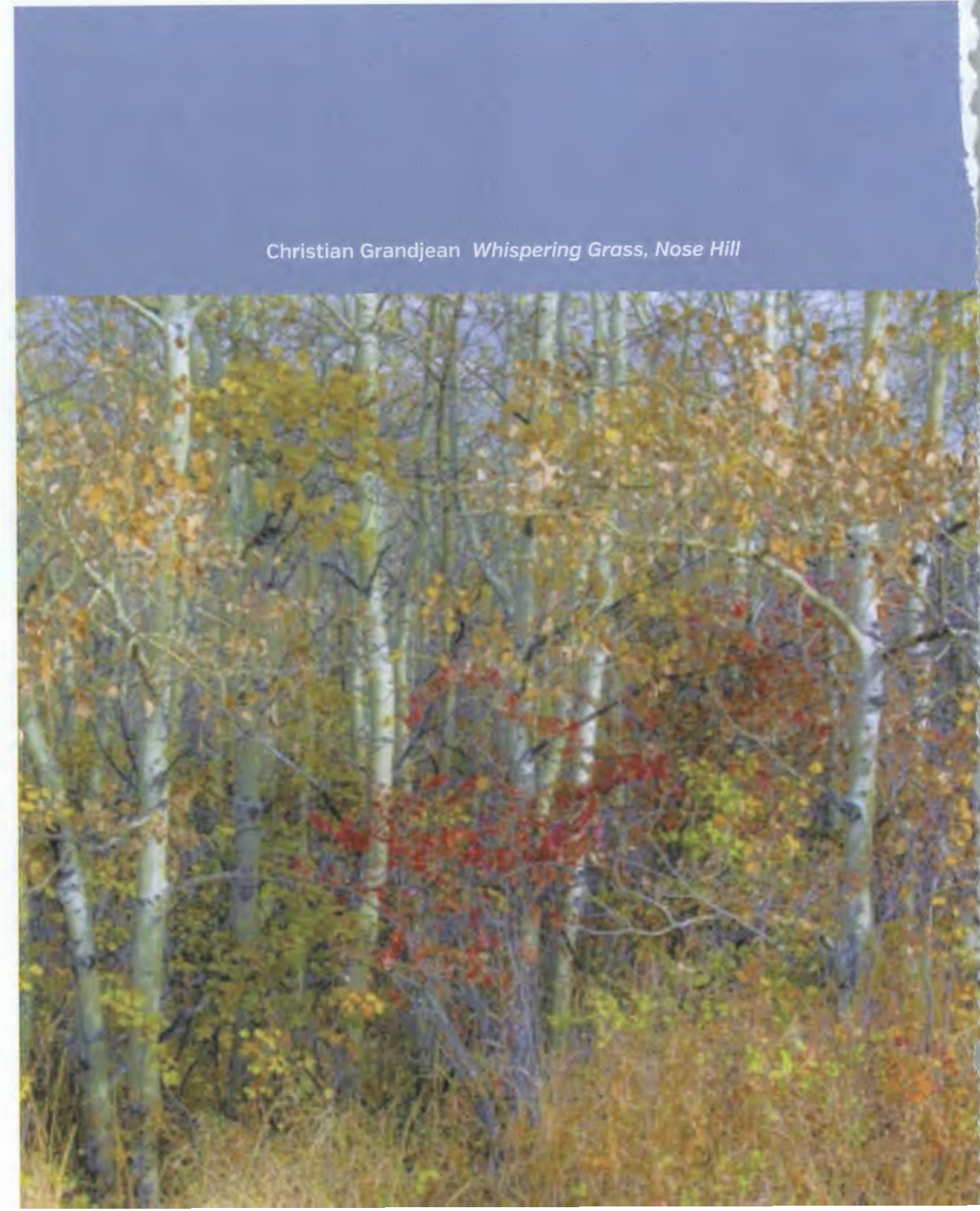
air musty with
willow
tints of dust

necks straining, stretched
three determined ducks pull
last light over the river

four deer, no five
pose above scrub
ears on my exhalations.

If you looked at me
at a solid 8 km
even just glanced
you'd see blue
perfect powder-blue
haloing my body.

Christian Grandjean *Whispering Grass, Nose Hill*



Pam Weber *Fragments VI*



Calgary Kye Kocher

Cal · gar · y, 'kæl·gə·ri, n. water crops without an Ocean, which the vernacular did not need to ship out Siksika on a plain galley, esp. when the Napikowann needed an island; or a word to evoke Scotland machair, which acts to ignore the tongues stripped after the palaver Cal · gar · i · an n. see Napikowann

Napikowann

Na · pik · o · wann, næp·pɪk·ou·wɒnn, n. a reflection of flagless melanin that stimulates human sensitive cone cells in the eye to give privilege to claim Nitawahsin-nanni because in colour, equality, is not an action.

Nitsitapii

Nit · sit · ap · ii, nɪt·sɪt·æp·aɪ, n. distinguished from other beings as fact; in a state of nature humans come across more genuine, not merely ostensible or apparent. When Napikowann came along and built over Aapa-inni belief with amour-propre architecture, natural law circumvented real people.

Synonyms: The passage from the state of nature to the civil state produces a very remarkable change in man, by substituting justice for right of appetite

Alberta Girls Ian Ferrier

The muses at the front of the class
dream life begins
beyond the frost-starred windows.

Trudging home to sunset bell
in boot-crunching snow
and cows spill in to fill corrals

and home is far across the yard
till horses stabled and watered
and alone in the manger prairie girls

glow by the light by the door
and they are solitude and beauty
in their denim jackets and their wheat straw hair

in their cowgirl blouses and their coal black hair.

Adulthood races in: grassfire.
Part-time jobs as counter-girls, cashiers;
awash in city lights

the cartboy's yell delivers us to
prairie girls, their eyes so clear
and filled with so much sky

they explode the darkness in you.

By summer all is light. Sky
as it was in the beginning
is now and ever shall be

evening everlasting.

Fire smoulders at night.
Below the stars you find
the darkest places in Alberta girls.

They love you, brand you
in their towns burned black
against the mountains' sunset glow.

When you find the darkest
places in Alberta girls
they show you everything they've longed for

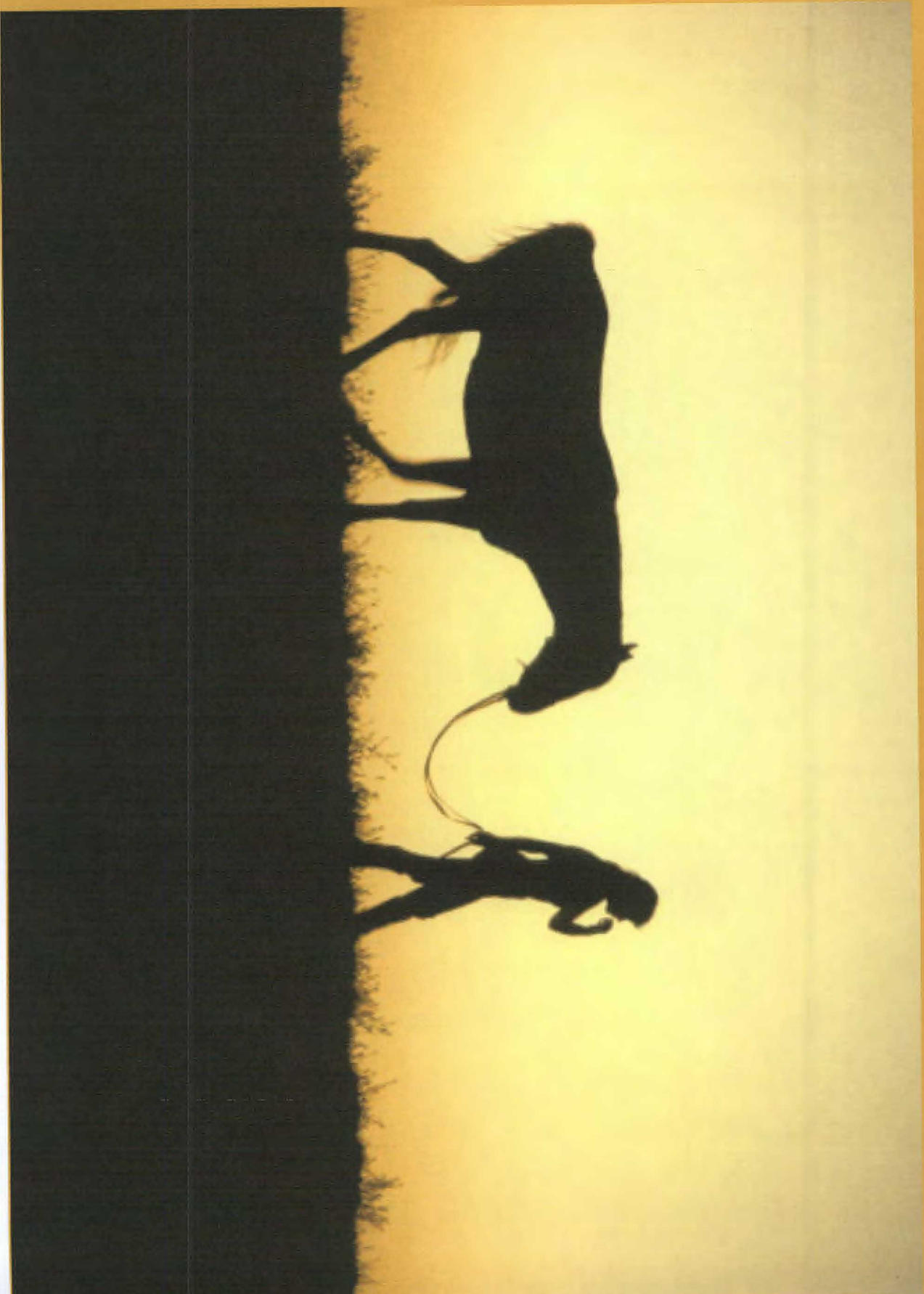
in their dreams uplifted till they all turn inside out.
In their clapboard towns tornadoed
by the weight of so much sky

they are hardly held to the earth.
You are not enough
to hold them there yourself.

They know sky and darkness, enduring
like the coal seams
pressed into this windblown land

they ignite the darkness in you.

Jude Dillon *Girl With Horse*



A.S. Helwig *Melanie's Sky*



The Challenge Bob Stallworthy

this morning

sun plays cold

between arthritic grasses

and my feet

the first time I brought my father to this place

he challenged me

said "if I lived here I would walk
this entire hill"

I who had already walked it sunrise to sunset

with two different dogs

seen red-tailed hawks

stretch their wings

from hilltop to mountain

I didn't tell him

the last time we were here

we walked the first one hundred steps

of his challenge together

cowtown design

Wakefield Brewster

it's not perfect
nothing is
certainly not me
so i get this biz

i remember

telling those cats back in hot tdot
that i was leaving for a place
to even visit they would not
the fact i was departing from the place i was conceived
put the mental off the ignorant and my gut upon the grieve
they just couldn't believe
but somehow i was certain i'd an ace upside my sleeve
and my sanity
identity
i had to retrieve

this city has changed me
mad rearranged me
i started making such shifts
it was thought here had deranged me

my voice and my veins bled a fresh inflection
the edifice erected was designed by affection
i made the stories of my life come together
a collection

and here i be,
I'm in the zone, the place I call home
every day falling more in love with calgary
my land of opportunity
where i relate with poetry
and slam with the best and the rest in my society

i open young minds
the way here opened mine
with a rap hip-hop based flow of mad rhyme
years of investment in this cowtown design
many more coming for to age like fine wine

i've talked my way around this town
i've shut mad thought off like a power down
i've found my success
even through great duress
this capital of culture
truly is the new west

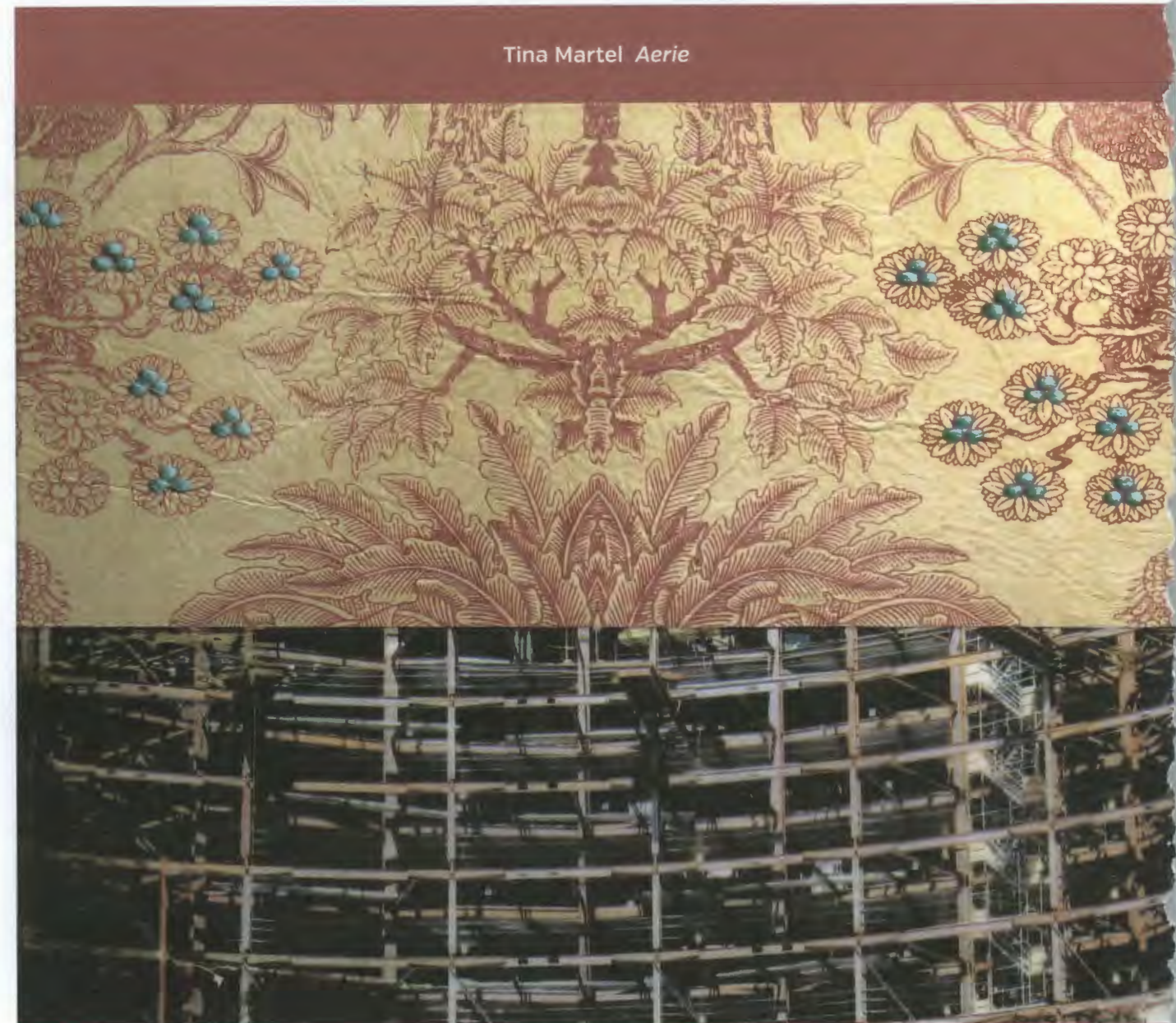
Christina Nguyen *Calgary*

a treasury
it amasses
via twists
knit among
runic gaps
almost all
regalia to
ornament a
thought as
lacing can
mimic gold
cast alloy
set aglint
at auroras
a tapestry

a tapestry
it affirms
via tropes
that atoms
along clad
string can
encrypt an
alphabet a
formula to
uplift all
adept airs
long cries
set adrift
at abysses
a threnody

a threnody
it arouses
via tempos
odic grief
using calm
lament and
erotica to
disquiet a
pageant as
utmost awe
might avow
epic glory
set alight
at arcadia
a treasury

Tina Martel *Aerie*



Lines Written on a Map of Calgary

Angela Rae Waldie

On the corner of Crowchild and Fifth
she buys the coordinates to this city:
pink subdivisions, mint green parks
flattened and folded to hide the sprawl.

At the intersection of Centre Street and the Bow,
quadrants encroach into prairie, soon to absorb Cochrane,
Canmore, Banff, Brooks, Edmonton, Vancouver,
St. John's, London, Istanbul, Venice, Venus.

But on this map, equipped with legend, progress is contained.
Pioneer history at M23, playoffs at Q18, poverty at P17,
the tsunami that devastated her dreams one summer evening: K16.

She scrawls Saturday across Inglewood, chickadee at Point McKay,
coyote at the Queen's Park Cemetery, chasse in the grey industrial expanse
of Highfield. She writes eclipse on Nose Hill one February evening
just above freezing, equinox where she lay beside the snowmelt.

Later, she'll trace the backbone of the Bow,
massaging its vertebrae beneath her, a barefoot reading
of summer-soft stones. She'll scale the Tower,
shoot the rapids below 14th Street, scramble through suburbs.

She'll set out with nothing but backpack and dawn,
guides to the endemic and accidental, water to withstand a drought.
No city deep enough to quench her dreams.

She'll seek the places where prairie lingers,
wind unpunctuated by skyscraper, pasque flower uninhibited
by stone. She'll walk the night known only to coyotes and vagrants,
make love in folds of cricket song, saying nothing.

Tracy Le *Calgary!*



Kelsey Hipkin Langevin Bridge



Away From Crowd

Justice Adedeji

Talking palely, careful of life
away from crowd, that is the way.
You may say it's not the best
but crowd is delicate.
Crowd is where people fall,
crowd creates a rigid path
leading to drugs, alcohol and abuse.
Crowd is not where you want to be.
Away from crowd leads you to
JUSTICE!

Do you stride through life and wonder
what is my purpose?
To be profitable, and spend foolishly,
or go astray, and be unruly?
In the beginning Man was made
to inhabit the Earth, and prosper.
What's your purpose in life?
I WONDER!

Like a highway, it goes on
for what seems a lifetime?
Destination depends on which turns you take.
You ride according to your skills and traits.
Be careful, beware of the roads
for the smooth, clear path
leads to your destination.
The rigid and narrow path
brings you to a
DEAD ZONE!

To lead by example is the true treasure,
The secret is in one simple measure.
I learned you lead best,
when you get off your butt and help the rest.
It's as simple as cleaning up after yourself,
or completing tasks at hand.
It is a role model to the generation
who will repeat the same,
creating a well functioning
SOCIETY!



Janice Blaine *Sacred Dance #4*

Deerfoot Kris Demeanor

Crowfoot's nephew / Api Kai Ees / 'Scabby Dried Meat' from Gleichen
Well over six feet/ Lanky and lean, as thin as a crane
Nothing but disdain for the uniform and fence
On offence
Your cattle / Your horses / Your rations, yes
And a large advance sum / Because I can beat these newcomers
I can run
Legend says he would seek revenge for injustices
Spirit oversee mechanical carnage
The fastest man of his day / Revelling in endless delay
A crooked syndicate turned Scabby Dried Meat to Deerfoot
For the professional racing circuit
He tied the record mile / Beat champions from abroad
Stokes from Birmingham / Irvine from Ottawa
Big wins written up in the New York Sporting News
He stole blankets from a homestead and was refused
A pass off the reserve by the Indian agent
Judges bribed, races fixed
Deerfoot, disillusioned, quits
Legend says he would seek revenge for injustices
Spirit oversee mechanical carnage
The fastest man of his day / Revelling in endless delay
Fighting, drunkenness, theft
The Blackfoot have been left with nothing to do
No reason, no food
And Deerfoot, still a hero, is mean
Friends and wives fear for their lives
Two years a fugitive for his continuing crimes
The one time great runner is tackled by a constable after 9 miles
The sentence is light
Repentance is wielding an axe in a settler's house
Deerfoot contracts tuberculosis in custody
Dies at 33
Without consultation with relations
Buried in an unmarked plot on the barracks grounds downtown
And in '74 honour the renowned foot racer
with a raging six lane prairie displacer
Again with no prior discussion at all, against Blackfoot protocol
The angry spirit of the runner will prevail
And curse the souls that stall and crawl and rattle and roll
and cascade out of control down Deerfoot Trail
Legend says he would seek revenge for injustices
Spirit oversee mechanical carnage
The fastest man of his day / Revelling in endless delay

Note: Song lyric. Listen to Kris's music at www.krisdemeanor.com

Pam Weber *Making Hey While the Sun Shines*



Beauty Anne Loree

She runs through forests trying not to get cut down
and cities trying not to suffocate
butterflies the oceans, dodging oil spills
paddles through the skies of toxic waste.
Then what a great relief to me
when I read your poetry
and saw she had found somewhere to hide.
And oh, I can see beauty is still surviving in this world.

She knows that she will tarnish in the info-light
bleach out underneath the corporate sheen
fade out in the how to be a millionaire
smudge out in the gloss of magazine
So what a much needed surprise, when I looked in your kind eyes
And saw she had found somewhere to shine
And oh, I can see beauty is still surviving in this world.

Note: Song lyric. Listen to Anne's music at www.anneloree.com

"Everything is holy!" Allen Ginsberg, 1956

Along this reach of the river, snow outlines
empty limbs of the cottonwood,
green spruce branches
are weighted by white clumps.
Midstream, a few rocks topped by snow
break the moving sheet of water.
From the current's edge west to the forest
a meadow extends pure white.

What is the purpose of a universe
that contains such beauty? When time and matter were one,
the location that was each potential future instant
did not float in a where. The primal speck of energy
was all the All needed to be. What, then, impelled existence
to abruptly form?

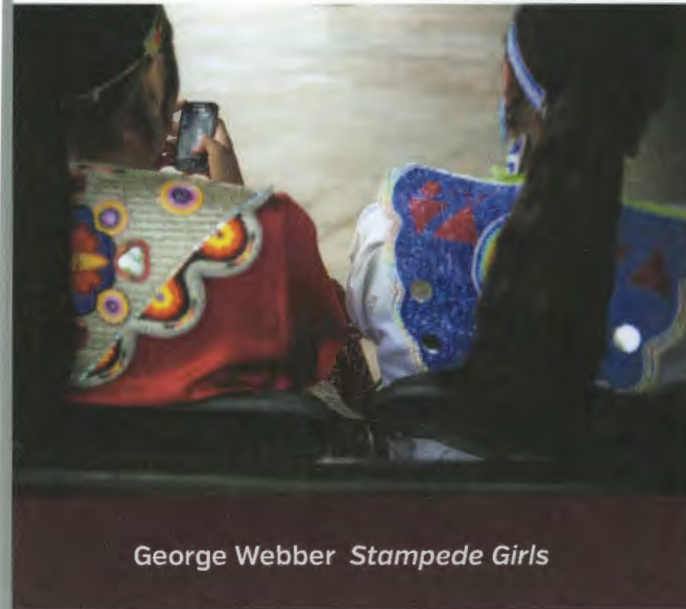
I do not believe poverty is holy,
nor the act of parents who sell a child,
nor men and women preaching that a god
demands the murder of other people.
The panic of the middle-aged man who stops me on the sidewalk,
terrified because he has left his wallet on the bus
and no one will help him recover his ID, his money,
is abnormal, disturbed we call it,
hardly sacred.

That which is designated "holy"
by those officially appointed to award the term
is intended to possess qualities that transcend
humans' ability to attain them – virtues we can only worship
or try to emulate. Rather than venerate pain, or an alp,
though, let us stand up for our wholesome selves.
Let us accept that in the presence of
fields of snow that sparkle back at sun
a sensation of joy suffuses us, as in the June woods, too,
we might be overwhelmed by pleasure
at the trees' gifts. Can we not acknowledge such sweet mysteries
or the entire cosmos, experience awe
at the body's delights and weirdness
without kneeling?

We have no way of confirming
angels feel rapturous in the divine presence
or if for them it isn't just another day at work.
We do know a human possibility
is exaltation when we encounter the good. Let us praise
to and for ourselves
the best of ourselves,
the bend of the winter river.

George Webber *Along the Bow River*





George Webber *Stampede Girls*

Change Michelle Thrush

Sh ... Sh ... don't cry ... your father will be back soon ... I am hungry too ... today is the day they will sign the Gah hala's treaty ... today the pipe will be smoked and everything will change ... there will no longer be emptiness in our bellies. They say they will protect the buffalo if we agree. They made the promise the police will help us ... they will look after the women and children and keep us safe. Things are going to change soon. Everything will be plentiful again and we will walk together with the newcomers. We will share the land with them and we will teach them our stories and our songs and they will teach us theirs. We cannot stop this change. Sh ... please don't cry ... you are going to grow up to be a strong warrior and you will speak of the days when the change began. We will always be here, my son ... we will always be here ... don't cry ... the change is coming and we will always be here ...

I'm still here ... I'm still hungry ... I need change ... do you have any change? I don't want your pity, I want your change. What? What are you looking at? Just acting right good. Don't you look down on me ... I know who I am!! My great grandfather signed the treaty of this land! Do you know who you are? I don't need this. I don't need anything. I just need ... I just need my babies ... my babies ... where are my babies!! You!! You took my babies you son of a bitch! My babies ... I just need a light ... you got a light? What, do you want me to dance for you? I'll dance for you!! Ahhhh, just kidding. Please ... give me some change.

So that you know ... the history of this land. Hear the songs that are held deep in this land. Ask me questions about who I am, about who my parents and grandparents are. I want to mean something to you ... something more than western movies and alarming statistics you read in your newspapers. Our young people are rising up ... now is the time for them to feel proud of exactly who they are. They will stand up and use their voices. Education is the new buffalo. Let go of any stereotypes you may have held about my people. I don't want you to be afraid of me ... I don't want to be afraid of you. I want to feel protected by the police. I do not want broken promises. I want the truth. I need for us to talk. I need you to hear me. I am survival ... I am connected to this land by the very being of who I am, by the songs that flow through my veins as long as the sun shines and the grass grows and the water flows. I am respect, and I am here. You are here and we will always be here. I want you and me to see each other as human beings. I want change.

Note: From Treaty 7, a Calgary 2012 Cultural Capital legacy theatre project. www.makingtreaty7.com



M. Roberts *Calgary Skyline*

Afterword Dymphny Dronyk – On Being a Newb

How do you get to know a city? What can you learn from a map? At first you just orient to the main roads and neighbourhoods, landmarks that slowly become familiar. Over time that folded and refolded map in the glove-box begins to symbolize the stories the new city tells, its character and nuances. It was my own quest to find a way to belong in Calgary that led to this collective creation – “a city map in verse and visual”.

I am typical of many Calgary “newbs” – a recent transplant, not so much by choice but by coercion. After years of commuting – airport/airplane/taxi/tower – I had to choose: relocate or lose my job. A no-brainer for a single mom. After 18 years of fiercely planting myself in the North, Fate’s spade uprooted me to what felt like infertile soil. That first year like exile, loneliness so extreme I was sure I had become invisible. The misery of my displaced children weighed on me like a thousand raw pounds. Somehow we adapted, discovered small comforts, no longer missed the exits, found our way. The map helped and so did art – the art found in the village.

Within cities live many modern versions of villages. The “village” may be your street, or your quadrant, or a community that has little to do with geography and is formed around shared passions. When I began to explore Calgary I happened upon an abundance of amazing public art, a vibrant theatre community, and so many unique galleries that I still haven’t made it to all of them. In the poetry village there is an astonishing number of world-class poets cultivating diverse groups, and hosting readings, creating festivals, teaching, mentoring, and publishing. The voices of the village are powerful and kind, a glorious chorus of genres, cultures, and interests, that embraces Newbs and Lifers equally.

Jude Dillon Famous Five



Kris had just been appointed as Poet Laureate and I had just been voted in as Vice President of the League of Canadian Poets when we met at an artsy Stampede event sponsored by Wordfest (yes, that's what I mean by diversity: poetry and visual art and cowboys all at once). He'd vowed to say "yes" to all invitations until he figured out his new role. I'd vowed to say "yes" to all invitations until I'd finally made some real friends. Calgary became our project. We've said "yes" to a lot of each other's wild ideas in the 18 months since we conceived of this "city map in verse and visual"!

I often walk the dog up on Nose Hill, perpetually in awe over the juxtaposition of the wild found in the hollows, and the city's sprawl. From there the 3D map of the city seems like a cohesive organism, one in constant flux, the energy palpable. The dynamic oblong ooze of it, the glint of the rivers and the streams of traffic that echo the rivers' flow.

It's that energy that fuels Calgary's passionate arts scene. The creators are bold, innovative, scrappy. There's an edginess, a bit of a chip on the shoulder, because we're not Toronto, not Vancouver, not Montreal. We are art-trepreneurs out of necessity, propelled by a desire to take that bigger-than-a-Smithbilt idea and make it happen. There's a collective attitude of "Yes, let's do it. Why not?" What may remain a pipedream elsewhere becomes a powerful reality here.

In the lit scene that has become my village, this spirited tenacity has created the Writers Guild of Alberta; Wordfest; the conceptual poetry scene nurtured at the U of C; the Calgary Spoken Word Festival; the Single Onion Poetry Reading Series, the Alexandra Writers' Centre; Freefall Magazine; Wordsworth – and that's just a tiny taste of the richness. We catch ourselves saying there's too much to take it all in ... and what a wonderful problem to have.

Calgary has grown up to become a progressive, international city with economic, cultural, and political clout. It is a snappy dresser, with five star tastes and a desire for whatever is on the cutting edge. It's no wonder we have a reputation as a foodie haven, a place for inspired fashion, and craft beer. Our patrons are loyal, generous, and curious. They hang real art on their walls and come to poetry readings. Our generous independent bookstores and daring pubs tirelessly host our gatherings and book launches.

Our work with the RE:act Collective, this resulting anthology, and our exploration of the city itself, are just the first heady, joyful steps into what we hope to be a lifelong commitment to celebrating art and community together.

All maps become inaccurate the moment they are printed – and the Calgary Project too reflects only this moment in time: being the Culture Capital, having our very own Poet Laureate, surviving the Flood that redrew the City. It offers a glimpse into the artists' and poets' perception of Calgary right now. The voices of our village include poets and songwriters, rappers and sculptors, painters and fibre artists, photographers and children. The artists featured here are not just the best in our city – they are indeed some of the finest in the world. Together we have created a legacy collection that marks a year like no other.

Justice Adedeji I am a Grade 8 student at Bearspaw Christian School. I was born in North York General Hospital, in Toronto, Ontario to Nigerian parents who migrated to Canada many years ago. I am the second child of six children in my family of three boys and three girls. I love and play soccer, volleyball, basketball, ice skating, karate, swimming and in school choir/instruments such as handbell, recorder, trombone and so on.

Nafisa Ali Born in Austria, raised in Saudi Arabia and of Somali descent. I'm a current permanent resident to Canada, which apart from the 'occasional' cold spells, I love and can proudly call home. I'm no poet but love dabbling with words every once in a while. It's a secret passion of mine and not many people that know me are aware of my writings. For some reason, I found myself reading this piece right after the recent flooding and found it holding new meanings for me. I just adore this city and its people even more now.

Derek Beaulieu is the author of five books of poetry, three volumes of conceptual fiction, over 150 chapbooks and one volume of criticism, *Seen of the Crime*, which was published by Snare Books in 2011. He is the youngest writer in Canada to have his papers collected in extensio by Simon Fraser University's Contemporary Literature Collection and is the publisher of the acclaimed small presses housepress (1997–2004) and no press (2005–present). Beaulieu is the visual poetry editor at UBUWeb and teaches at the Alberta College of Art and Mount Royal University. Calgary has been his home for 35 years but he travels extensively to speak and read from his work internationally.

Janice Blaine is a professional commercial artist working out of Calgary. Throughout her career, she has worked on a wide variety of projects, ranging from pre-production animation to design & illustration of children's books. She is the co-editor and illustrator of the *Urban Green Man* anthology (EDGE Publishing), and her cover illustration for Neo-opsis Magazine issue #20 was nominated for an Aurora Award. She currently works as the Production Manager at EDGE Science Fiction and Fantasy Publishing. Her portfolio may be viewed at www.paintersblock.com.

Jeff de Boer, RCA, ASA, is a Calgary-based multi-media artist with an international reputation for producing some of the world's most original and well-crafted works of art. With an emphasis on metal, he is best known for such bodies of work as suits of armour for cats and mice, armour ties and sword-handled briefcases, rocket lamps and pop culture ray guns, and for exquisite high art, abstract works called exoforms. In the last decade, Jeff has moved towards producing large-scale public works, ranging from giant wind-up tin toys, figurative pieces and sculptures incorporating colour-changing LED lights. jadeboer@telusplanet.net

Christian Bök is the author not only of *Crystallography* (1994), a pataphysical encyclopedia nominated for the Gerald Lampert Memorial Award, but also of *Eunoia* (2001), a bestselling work of experimental literature, which has gone on to win the Griffin Prize for Poetic Excellence. Bök teaches English at the University of Calgary.

Wakefield Brewster, a.k.a. da lyrical pitbull Poet, Spoken Word Artist, Hip-Hop Recording Artist, Public Speaker, Inspirational Speaker, Founder: b.funkee productionz.

Anne Burke is a full member of the League of Canadian Poets and has been published in books, journals, literary magazines, e-zines, and online anthologies. She has served as President of the Writers Guild of Alberta and as Alberta Representative on the League's National Council. She is the Series Editor of the Living Archives Chapbook Series. Since 1983, she has been the editor of *The Prairie Journal of Canadian Literature*. Anne is a co-founder of the Alberta Magazine Publishers Association and was the Vice President and Magazine Representative on the Alberta Cultural Industries Association (ACIA).

Dave Casey is originally from San Francisco and holds a Master's Degree in Metalsmithing and Jewelry with a minor in Painting. He has taught drawing, painting and sculpture at the Alberta College of Art + Design for more than thirty years. Dave has painted with acrylics for years and during the past ten has included digital photographs. In the paintings objects and surface come together as sites for remembrance, and as a location for our stories.

Weyman Chan's first book, *Before a Blue Sky Moon*, won the 2002 Writers Guild of Alberta Stephansson Poetry Award; his second book, *Noise From the Laundry*, was a finalist for the 2008 Governor General's Award for Poetry. The poems included here are from his third book, *Hypoderm*, which was published by Talonbooks in Spring, 2010.

Max Ciesielski is a visual and performing artist. He had his first art lessons at the age of ten and after a career as a set designer/builder across Western Canada, he discovered a new life on the "other side" of the stage. He continues to paint and perform in Calgary.

Caitlynn Cummings has an MSc in Creative Writing from the University of Edinburgh and writes poetry, fiction, nonfiction, and drama. She is the Coordinator of the Calgary Distinguished Writers Program and the former Managing Editor of the literary magazine filling Station. Her latest publication is a chapbook of short fiction entitled *Chloe*, published by 100 têtes Press. You can also find her work in *New Writing Scotland*, *This Magazine*, *Alberta Views*, *dead (g)end(er)*, *Cordite Poetry Review*, *ditch*, and *Glass Buffalo*. Follow her on Twitter @Tartaned_Maple.

Anthony D studied philosophy in the UK for five years and published articles in academic anthologies. He was recently chosen by Jeremy Dodds to have a poem showcased at the University of Calgary for "Poetry Month". Anthony was a finalist at the Single Onion 100 anniversary contest with his poem "Found On the Corner of 7th & 10th". He has lived and worked in Calgary almost eight years and has two sons.

Cort Delano is a singer/songwriter and poet living in Calgary. In 2012 he performed as Elvis Presley in Jubilation's Dinner Theatre production of Jailhouse Rock. He sings tenor in the dynamite choir Revv52 and has taken his original music across the country performing both to enthusiastically anticipating audiences and empty bar stools (also anticipating). He lives with his wife Jalice, close to the tennis domes, in North Glenmore Park.

Kris Demeanor was born in Calgary, Alberta, Canada right about the time of the first moon landing, the son of a Swedish beauty queen and a German General Proficiency award winner. He's a songwriter and performer who writes and sings about the funny, dark, absurd, maddening, and the joyful for people who like to think, dance, laugh, cry and party. Kris has worked for over twenty years in Calgary schools, facilitating songwriting and poetry workshops, and has also written and performed for theatre. Kris is Calgary's inaugural Poet Laureate, and co-founder of the RE:act Collective.

Jude Dillon was born in Kingston, Ontario. He graduated in English from Queen's and spent a few years as a news photographer, winning several awards. Jude also studied painting at the Alberta College of Art + Design. He has been published in magazines online and in print, throughout Canada, United States and Europe. Solitary walks, guitar playing and reading are distractions that inspire.

Dymphny Dronyk Born in the City of Sin, in the Summer of Love, Dymphny is a writer, editor, mediator and mother. She is passionate about the magic of story and has woven words for money (journalism, corporate writing) and for love (poetry, fiction, drama, mystery novels) for over 25 years. Her first volume of poetry *Contrary Infatuations* (Frontenac House, Quartet 2007) was short listed for two prestigious awards in 2008. She is the author of the memoir *Bibi – A Life in Clay* (Prairie Art Gallery, 2009). Dymphny is the Past President of the Writers Guild of Alberta, and President of the League of Canadian Poets. With Angela Kublik, she is the co-publisher of House of Blue Skies. She is also the co-founder of the RE:act Collective.

Eric & Mia Eric Moschopedis and Mia Rushton's have created numerous art and social engagement projects in the past five years. Central to their practice is public space and social democracy. Bryce Krynski has collaborated with both Rushton and Moschopedis on several occasions creating a visual language for their work.

David Eso writes your instructional manuals by day and his poems by night. His work unites Canadian literary heritage with its impending renaissance. He is the curator of two collections of letters, author of five "Kids Books for Adults" and wanted on 13 463 counts of jaywalking - at home and abroad. Eso is a graduate student of epistolary theory at the University of Calgary. No refunds.

Ian Ferrier does spoken word and music shows throughout Canada, in New York and in Europe. He has released one CD/book *Exploding Head Man* (2004) and two CDs, *What is this Place* (2007) and *Pharmakon MTL - To Call Out in the Night* (2011). He is the founder of the record label Wired on Words, of the Mile End Poets' Festival, of the online magazine LitLive.ca and of Montreal's monthly Words & Music reading series, now in its 14th year. He currently creates voice, verse and music for the dance project For Body and Light.

Emily Firmston is a twelve year old poet that started the Reality is Optional Kids' Writing Club. She has studied under the Poet Laureate of Edmonton, Mary Pinkoski at WordsWorth Youth Writing Residency. When she is not writing, she plays video games, as well as rides the Number One bus.

j fisher lives and writes in Calgary's downtown core. He grooms greenscapes by day, and mines the underbelly at night.

Cecelia Frey lives and works in Calgary where for many years she has been involved in the literary community. Her novel, *A Raw Mix of Carelessness and Longing*, was shortlisted for the Writers Guild of Alberta Fiction Award and she is a three-time recipient of the WGA Short Fiction Award. *Under Nose Hill* is her latest book of poetry. Her novel *The Long White Sickness* was published by Inanna Publications in 2013.

Christian Grandjean is a photographer/printmaker working and living in Calgary for the last 25 years. "I study the world surrounding me and I respond to light, space, and color as opposed to recognizing a landscape, a sky, a city. I try to capture not a 'window' on a building facade but the complex architecture of light-space-color and create a composition from it."

Rosemary Griebel's award-winning poetry has appeared in *The Best Canadian Poetry in English*, as well as on CBC Radio, literary magazines, anthologies, chapbooks and on public buses. Her long awaited collection of poetry, *Yes.*, was short-listed for the Gerald Lampert and the Pat Lowther awards, as well as the Stephan G. Stephansson award. She is a proud Calgarian and is currently working on a project to build a bold new Central Library in the East Village.

Diane Guichon is a M.A. graduate (2006) from the University of Calgary's Creative Writing Program. Her poetry manuscript, *Vignettes*, was adapted and performed on stage by the U of C's Drama Department. Her first book of poetry, *Birch Split Bark*, was awarded the City of Calgary W.O. Mitchell 2007 Book Prize. Diane served for two years as the first writer in a pilot project: University of Calgary's Writer-in-the-Schools Program at Queen Elizabeth High School. She teaches English Literature and Academic Writing for the University of Lethbridge's Calgary Campus. Diane's poetry, book reviews, and interviews with other poets are published in literary journals in Canada and the U.S. She has written several poetry manuscripts that interrogate and reflect our western identity and landscape. In 2012 Diane was short-listed for Calgary's inaugural position of Poet Laureate.

Lori Hahnel I am the author of a novel, *Love Minus Zero* (Oberon, 2008), and a story collection, *Nothing Sacred* (Thistledown, 2009), which was shortlisted for an Alberta literary award. A new novel, *After You've Gone*, is forthcoming from Thistledown in 2014. My credits include CBC Radio, *The Fiddlehead*, *Prairie Fire* and *The Antigonish Review*. My poems have appeared in *Afterthoughts*, *The Legendary* and *Poetry Quarterly*.

Vivian Hansen is a Calgary poet and activist. She has run poetry workshops for the John Howard Society/Inn From the Cold Literacy initiatives. Her fiction and nonfiction has appeared in many anthologies, most recently in *The Madwoman in the Academy* and *Writing the Terrain*. She has edited a soon-to-be published collection of poetry entitled *Rubbing-Stone: A Nose Hill Anthology*. Her chapbook of poetry *Never Call It Bird: the Melodies of Aids* came out in 1998. Her first full-length book of poetry *Leylines of My Flesh* was published by Touchwood Press in 2002. In 2004, she published *Angel Alley*, a chapbook about the victims of Jack the Ripper. She has just completed her MFA in Creative Writing with the University of British Columbia. *A Bitter Mood of Clouds* was published by Frontenac House in 2013.

Richard Harrison is a multiple-award-winning poet, essayist, and editor. His six books of poetry include *Hero of the Play*, which was launched at the Hockey Hall of Fame, and *Big Breath of a Wish*, which won the City of Calgary Book Prize. As well as hockey and literature (about which he co-edited the essay collection, *Now is the Winter*) Richard also contributes to the growing scholarship on the superhero narrative. With Lee Easton, he is the co-author of *Secret Identity Reader*, 2010. Richard teaches creative writing (chiefly poetry), composition, and, most recently, courses in comics and graphic novels at Mount Royal University.

Mary Heeg is a writer and musician who attends Grade 9 at the Calgary Waldorf School. She's been writing stories and poems since age eight and has gone to Wordsworth Summer Writing Residency for three years. She is an avid reader, lover of food and cats, and has lived in Calgary her whole life.

A. S. Helwig was born in Lethbridge, AB, Canada. From an early age she drew and painted. In fact, she has painted in acrylics since she was 14 years old in the coulee hills close to her family home. Helwig took a two year commercial art program at the Medicine Hat College and then a Bachelor of Education Degree (with Distinction) from the University of Lethbridge. Helwig remains an art educator, presently teaching workshops/classes at Calgary School of Art as well as independently. Helwig attended the Banff Centre of Arts in a self-directed residency in 2008 and 2005, and received an AIR Artist in Residency in 2012. Her work is represented by, Mountain Galleries in Jasper, Banff and Whistler, and Alicat Galleries in Bragg Creek. www.ashelwig.com

Kelsey Hipkin is a journalist and photographer working in Calgary. Kelsey will be taking her love of writing and photography across the world for the Humanity Unscripted project in September 2013, in which she'll join three of her closest friends telling the stories of people they chance upon in India and Southeast Asia. In her spare time Kelsey enjoys films and the occasional pin at the Ship & Anchor.

Kate Howard is a native Calgarian who spent her childhood exploring the natural landscapes of Alberta. She has taken these landscapes as inspiration for her art. Kate has been painting for over 15 years and her style can be described as impressionistic. Her mediums include oil, acrylic and pastel. Kate's art has been influenced by a number of talented local artists including Stan Phelps, Jerry Markham, and Doug Swinton. She has been a member of the Calgary Artists Society for over five years. Kate has been invited to show her work at many local venues including the Calgary Leighton Art Centre. Kate's work has been sold internationally and can be found on her website www.katiehoward.ca.

Kye Kocher is a hoping-writer residing in Calgary who loves the mountains and snow and loves winter more than summer. This is his attempt to use the Blackfoot language in a further attempt to reconcile his life in a city once home to a powerful people sometimes forgotten.

Pavlina Krivy has enjoyed creating copper foil pieces since 2007. Her glass pieces have made a regular appearance at shows in Radium Hot Springs, BC. In 2013 Pavlina participated in "Salon of the Arts" in Kaslo, BC, and "The Alberta Flood Rose Project" in Calgary, AB; her work was on display at the SS Moyie National Historic Site in Kaslo, in Radium Hot Springs Pools, and at Kootenay Park Lodge, BC.

Dale Lee Kwong has been an ENG News Editor at Global Television for 26 years. She is also an award-winning playwright, published poet and essayist with work in *Somebody's Child: Stories about Adoption, Modern Morsels, Canadian Literature* and *splinterswerve*. Kwong is a proud native Calgarian who is inspired by Sien Lok Park. In 2014 her work will be included in *A Family By Any Other Name: Exploring Queer Relationships*.

Tracy Le I like to draw. I am 11 years old and in Grade 7. I like being creative and coming up with ideas. I like the colour pink. I really like cookies and cakes.

Lissi Legge, AFCA, SCA is a Calgary oil painter who uses vibrant colors and an impressionistic style. She is a residence of Elbow Park and this June experienced firsthand the power of water and strength of people working together under extreme conditions. “High Water” captures a more tranquil view of a landscape at the water’s edge.

Julie Lockhart works at Calgary’s Mount Royal University. Her poetry has appeared in *Dandelion*, *The Prairie Journal*, *Freefall*, and the *Freshwater Pearls anthology*. In 2010, she was the University of Calgary’s Poet of the Season.

Anne Loree is a Juno award winning songwriter and pioneer of the Calgary original music scene. She wrote the hit song “Insensitive”, recorded by Jann Arden, and has recently been pursuing watercolour art, tennis and music engineering. www.anneloree.com

Bethan McBreen is a young writer, poet, and athlete from Cochrane, Alberta. She is currently an arts student at Mount Royal University, taking Psychology and English.

Roberta McDonald is a writer, photographer, and director based in Vancouver. She finds beauty in the mundane and her work explores authentic human connection in our digitally obsessed culture.

Catherine McLaughlin lives in the Peace River Country in northern Alberta. Making poetry helps her to explore where she’s been and to dream her future. She is co-writer and researcher for Grande Prairie’s Century Play (2014) and works as a freelance writer and essayist. “The Light of Ravens” has been accepted for inclusion in *Animal Kin: Extraordinary Encounters With Animals*, editor Pam Chamberlain. See more of her poetry at dailyhaiku.org and blueskiespoetry.ca.

Tina Martel is a mixed media artist who works with handmade papers, photographs, thread, gold, silver and copper leaf, medium and acrylic paint. The pieces, depending on which body of work, can be seen and experienced in terms of painting, books, installation and video. She views her work as both reflections of and responses to the environment she finds herself in. The locations and experiences varies widely: from urban Calgary, the lower east side of New York, Europe, isolated northern Alberta and storm swept Saskatchewan. Tina’s work can be found on her website www.tinamartel.com.

James May is a commercial and editorial photographer based out of Calgary. He completed a bachelor degree in communications from Mount Royal University, and in 2003 graduated from the professional photography program at Victoria’s Western Academy. He has won awards for both his portrait and architecture photography. In his spare time James enjoys drinking unusually strong coffee, reading smart books and riding expensive bicycles. His work can be viewed on his website at jamesmay.ca.

Micheline Maylor became a graduate of the May Studio at the Banff Centre in 2010. She teaches creative writing and English at Mount Royal University in Calgary and is the editor of *Freefall Magazine*. Her latest collection, *Whirr and Click*, was published by Frontenac House in Spring of 2013.

Kirk Miles In June of 2009 Kirk Miles won the Writers Guild of Alberta Screenwriters Award for a screenplay entitled *Shadow Maker*. Author of three books of poetry, his most recent, *Hotel on the Cliffs of the Heart*, was published in May of 2013. In 2011 Kirk won the Golden Beret Award, a lifetime achievement award in poetry presented by the Calgary Spoken Word Festival.

Colin Morton, who grew up on Calgary's North Hill, received a B.A. from the University of Calgary and M.A. from the University of Alberta. He now lives and writes in Ottawa. His most recent books of poetry are *The Cabbage of Paradise* (2007), *The Local Cluster* (2008), *The Hundred Cuts: Sitting Bull and the Major* (2009) and *Winds and Strings* (2013).

M.D. Mosley studied professional writing and communications at MacEwan University in Edmonton, Alberta before returning home to Calgary in 2013 to pursue opportunities in the field of creative writing and the educational development of youth through literacy programs.

Mily Mumford was born and raised on Vancouver Island by a family hailing from many cities, including Calgary. She began a love affair with the place this June and it hasn't left her yet. Mily collects many hats to wear, the main ones being writer, performer, musician, theatre creator and neuroscience student and researcher. Her favourite colours are scarlet and cerulean.

Josh Naud has made pictures behind a broken down tour van in Saskatchewan, in many fine drinking establishments, and in the mountains of Nepal, to name a few. He has worked as Fast Forward Weekly's photo and design editor, and is happy to have spent most of his life in Calgary, where he currently lives. Loves Kathleen Edwards and dislikes chapstick.

Naheed Nenshi is a passionate Calgarian, an accomplished business professional, an active community leader, and is Calgary's 36th mayor, currently serving his second term. His real passion is to make cities, especially Calgary, work better. He's the lead author of *Building Up: Making Canada's Cities Magnets for Talent and Engines of Development* and has long put his ideas to work in Calgary. Mayor Nenshi grew up in Calgary and has lived and worked in cities around the world before returning home. He holds a Bachelor of Commerce Degree (with distinction) from the University of Calgary and a Master in Public Policy from the John F. Kennedy School of Government at Harvard University, where he studied as a Kennedy Fellow.

Thorsten Nesch During the year I lived in Calgary I wrote about 100 poems, songs, and short stories and took 12 rolls of b/w photos. Later I recorded the musical "Paris, Calgary" (nesch.bandcamp.com). Director Sandi Somers turned the scene "The \$9.99 Haircut" into a short film (YouTube) nominated as Best Short by the Albertan Motion Picture Industry.

Christina Nguyen I'm 14 and in grade 9 at Holy Cross School. I've always liked drawing, especially characters. Although I love to draw for fun, I'd also like to pursue a career in visual art. I've started entering art contests and really liked the opportunity to be a part of *The Calgary Project* because I love my city and get to show it through art.

Rob K. Omura lives in Calgary, Alberta, where he lives on oil plumes, surrounded by vistas and all the trappings of modern living. He prefers to spend his days hopping mountain ridges in the Rockies, where there is nothing else to consider but the next step and the majestic views, and sometimes he even dabs the wet ink and ties words on to lines. His fiction and poetry appears or is forthcoming in numerous literary journals, ezines, and anthologies including the *New York Quarterly*. His poetry aired on CBC Radio for National Poetry Month in April, 2008. He was a 2009 Pushcart nominee. Sometimes he works on his novel, and at other times, he drinks coffee, sighs and wonders when he'll get back to work on his novel.

Tyler B. Perry works as a high school teacher, and his first book of poetry, *Lessons in Falling* (2010, B House Publications), explores the world of school, drawing its inspiration from the events, personalities and physical surroundings he encounters in his daily work. Tyler is an active presence in Calgary's poetry community, and along with a small group of poets, organizes and hosts the Ink Spot Collective monthly poetry slam. He was captain of the 2010 Calgary poetry slam team and has performed his work at venues across the city. Tyler completed his MFA at UBC in 2013 and continues residing in Calgary with his wife and two young children. You can visit him on the web and read some of his poems at <http://tbperry.com/>.

Susan Poole No bio provided.

Kirk Ramdath is a Calgary poet and arts activist. His first collection of poems is *Love in a Handful of Dust*, published by Frontenac House. His publications and events have created space for hundreds of local artists to share their work with the community. He is working on another book and he also publishes Wax Poetry and Art Magazine. <http://waxpoetryart.com>

David Reid I was born in Belfast 1940, spent one year an agricultural college followed by a B.Sc. (Botany) and Ph.D. (Plant Physiology) at Queen's University of Belfast. My wife Victoria (a school teacher much interested in the arts) and I emigrated to Canada in 1968 where I took up a position in the Dept. of Biology at the University of Calgary. In 1976 I became a Professor of Botany and later Head of the Department of Biological Sciences 1999-2005. My teaching, research and publications (about 160 scientific papers) dealt with how plants survive nasty and ever changing environments. Calgary was a good place for this kind of research! This work and my agricultural training inevitably led me to a deep interest in the science of how humans are messing up the Earth and matters such as pollution, forest destruction and climate change. In 2009 I had three 900-word op-ed pieces in the Calgary Herald on global warming. I also paint (acrylics and pastels), ski, garden and hike.

Ryder Richards I am a fiber artist living and working in Calgary. I make art, teach art and love art. I was born and raised in Calgary and constantly struggle with my love for it and the pain and broken heart it has caused. This work is a drawing stitched on wool then mounted on silk ... a little house sitting atop the prairies rich landscape and very subtly stitched to the left it reads "Should I stay here?" The question ... My question ... Is this really my home?

Harry Sanders was educated at the Calgary Hebrew School and Bishop Carroll High School. In 1988, he earned a Bachelor of Arts (First Class Honours) in History at the University of Calgary. His honours thesis dealt with the social role of hotels in early Calgary. Harry has worked at the Calgary Public Library, the City of Calgary Archives, the Jewish Historical Society of Southern Alberta, and the Glenbow Library and Archives. Since 1995, Harry has been a self-employed historical consultant, contract researcher, and freelance writer. From 2006-09, he appeared on CBC Radio as "Harry the Historian," and he served as the Calgary Heritage Authority 2012 Historian Laureate. Harry has written several books on local history. He lives in Calgary with his wife, Kirsten Olson, and their two children.

Juleta Severson-Baker lives in her hometown of Calgary where she writes, teaches poetry and performance at the Mount Royal University Conservatory, works as a birth doula, and raises her two children. Her poetry has been previously published in *All That Uneasy Spring* (a Leaf Press chapbook, ed. Patrick Lane), the journals *NoD* and *Freefall*, and online at *Verse Daily*. In 2010 she won *Freefall* magazine's 20th Anniversary Chapbook Contest with her collection *A Hundred Pelts*. Her first full-length manuscript, *Incarnate*, was published by Frontenac House Press in Fall 2013.

Anne Sorbie was born in Paisley, Scotland, and now lives and writes in Calgary. Her work has appeared in journals such as *The Wascana Review*, *Alberta Views*, *Geist*, and *Other Voices*, and in the anthology *Home and Away*. Anne's first novel, *Memoir of a Good Death* (Thistle-down Press 2010) was on the long-list for the 2012 Alberta Readers' Choice Award.

Bob Stallworthy has been writing poetry, nonfiction and been active in the writing community in Alberta for 27 years. He has four books of poetry and one non-fiction e-book published. His work has been short-listed for the City of Calgary W.O. Mitchell Book Prize twice and the Stephan G. Stephansson Award for Poetry once.

Eugene Stickland grew up in Regina where he worked on an MA in English at the University of Regina. He completed an MFA in Playwriting at York University. Eugene wrote plays in Toronto for a number of years for the Act IV Theatre Company before moving to Calgary in 1994. While in Calgary, Eugene enjoyed a 10 year stint as Alberta Theatre Projects' playwright in residence, writing plays for the company, along with others for other theatres across Canada. On leaving ATP, Eugene became a feature columnist for the Calgary Herald for five years. His plays have been produced around the world in many different languages. Eugene was recently appointed writer in residence at Calgary's St. Mary's University College and teaches English at Alberta Business and Educational Services. He lives in downtown Calgary.

Mandi Stobo is one of Calgary's most recognized visual artists, creating gallery work, numerous public art projects, and, most famously, her 'Bad Portraits' series, which has found her fielding requests from around the world. Her 'Scuba Nenshi' T-shirt series raised thousands of dollars for flood relief in Calgary in 2013.

Peter von Tiesenhausen has been a fulltime, practicing, multi-disciplinary Canadian artist since 1990. He has had over 52 solo exhibitions and has participated in well over 65 group exhibitions during that time. In 2002 he was the recipient of the Alumni Award of Excellence from the Alberta College of Art + Design, and a Canada Council Established Artist production/creation grant in 2000. Peter has been awarded several public commissions in Canada and in Europe, both permanent and ephemeral. A large component of Peter's work is his site-specific installations, created on location either in gallery settings or in the open. The many time-based works he had constructed on his own land led him in 1997 to claim copyright on that land as an artwork. Peter has presented over 100 lectures of his work and ideas in museums, universities and other public institutions throughout Canada, in the USA, Mexico and Europe.

Michelle Thrush is a Gemini award winning screen actress (Blackstone), who has also appeared in *Arctic Air* and *North of 60*. She is a tireless supporter of youth education and arts, a promoter of First Nations rights and culture, and the proud mother of two daughters.

Transit is a hip-hop artist who moved to Calgary from Victoria in 2007. He has gained notable buzz from media outlets such as *Much Music*, *Maclean's*, *Q* with Jian Ghomeshi and many more. His new album "Stale" was released January of 2013 and climbed all the way to the #4 spot on the iTunes Canadian hip-hop charts on its opening day of release. Transit has recently collaborated with notable artists such as Jann Arden, Madchild, Grieves, and Kyprios. However, his popularity extends past the music industry, as seen by his 2012 selection to the short-list to be Calgary's first ever Poet Laureate.

Emily Ursuliak grew up in the rolling hills southwest of Bentley, Alberta, but now calls Calgary home. She recently completed an MA in English at the University of Calgary where she's been working on her first novel and her first collection of poems. You can find out more about Emily at: www.emilyursuliak.com.

Chantal Vitalis has had the pleasure of creating music and art with and for other Calgary-based entities such as The Lovebullies, Kris Demeanor and his Crack Band, Sandi Somers and Spring Street Films, Lyle Pisio, Same Difference, maud, Anne Loree and many others. Chantal is a lyricist and avid guitar and pedal steel player. music.cbc.ca/artists/CHANTAL-VITALIS

Fred Wah, Parliamentary Poet Laureate, 2011-2013, was born in 1939 in Swift Current, Saskatchewan to parents of Swedish and Chinese origin. He grew up in the West Kootenays in rural BC where his parents owned or ran several Chinese-Canadian cafés. Wah studied Music and English at U.B.C. (BA 1962) and took an MA in Linguistics and Literature at SUNY Buffalo in 1967. From 1967-1989, he taught at Selkirk College and David Thompson University Centre, Nelson while living in South Slokan, raising a family (with teacher and literary critic Pauline Butling), and writing more than a dozen books of poetry. They moved to Calgary in 1989, where he taught English and Creative Writing until his retirement in 2003. Currently Professor Emeritus at the University of Calgary, he divides his time between Vancouver and a seasonal home near Nelson.

Angela Rae Waldie teaches at Mount Royal University. Born in Creston, BC, she has spent much of her life crossing and re-crossing the Continental Divide, and her poetry reflects her affinity for mountain and prairie places. She is currently working on a collection entitled *A Single Syllable of Wild*.

M. Waldron was born in Calgary, but left for Europe and Asia at an early age only to return with fresh and hungry eyes in 2007.

Tom Wayman's most recent poetry collections are *Dirty Snow* (2012) and *Winter's Skin* (2013). 2013 marked the 40th anniversary of his first book of poems, and to celebrate the occasion Wilfrid Laurier University Press will publish this year a selected poems, *The Order in Which We Do Things*, edited and with an introduction by Owen Percy. Wayman is Associate Professor Emeritus of English at the University of Calgary. He is a director of Sheri-D Wilson's Calgary Spoken Word Festival.

George Webber has been photographing the people and landscape of the Canadian west for over thirty years. He was inducted into The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts in 1999. His books include *Requiem, A World Within, People of The Blood, Last Call, In This Place* and *Prairie Gothic*.

Pam Weber is a gallery represented artist that has called Calgary home since moving here with her family in 1995. The evolution of Pam's art has been influenced by the unique light and colourful landscape of Calgary and surrounding environs. www.pamweber.com.

Cassy Welburn is a Calgary poet and storyteller who lives by the Bow River. Her poems and stories have appeared in a variety of Canadian literary journals and anthologies, as well as on CBC Radio. She enjoys performing her work at storycafes and festivals around the country.

Wilf Wenzel was born in Guatemala, raised in Germany and came to Canada with his family in 1955. He taught art for 35 years in Calgary, inspiring hundreds of students with his wild imagination, creativity and humour. He now lives in Sooke, BC, where he continues to practice photography, sculpture and painting.

Sheri-D Wilson is a poet, performer, film-maker, educator, producer and activist. She founded the Calgary Spoken Word Poetry Festival in 2003 which has become the largest spoken word festival in North America. Since 2007 Wilson has mentored artists as Program Director of the Spoken Word Program at The Banff Centre. Her poetry collection *Re:Zoom* won the 2006 Stephan G. Stephansson Award for Poetry, and was short-listed for the CanLit Award. Her newest poetry collection, *Goddess Gone Fishing for a Map of the Universe*, is a work that uses QR codes to bridge the gap between poetry and technology.

Kaimana Wolff writes novels, plays and poetry from Powell River, BC, where she is denned up with Lord Tyee, a wolf dog.

Emily Xu is currently a Grade 7 student at Tom Baines School in Northwest Calgary. Her interests include such activities as painting, digital arts, and flute. What she loves most about Calgary is its environment – it is a beautiful place to live.

Paul Zits received his MA in English from the University of Calgary in 2010, completing his creative thesis, *Massacre Street* (UAP 2013) under the supervision of experimental Canadian poet Christian Bök. Since, he has served two terms as Writer-in-the-Schools at Queen Elizabeth High School in Calgary, teaching Creative Writing to students in the Gifted and Talented Education (GATE) program, and taught at the WGA's WordsWorth Camp at Kamp Kiwanis. Zits is the editor and publisher of the Calgary-based small-press 100 têtes Press and the Managing Editor of filling Station.

The RE:act Art & Community Together Collective

Who We Are

Kris Demeanor, Dymphny Dronyk, Diane Guichon, Tyler Perry, Rob Omura, Juleta Severson-Baker & Bridget Honch

Our Mandate

The RE:actors are bridge builders. We build poetic bridges. Bridges to literacy and collaboration.

Our goal is to build a foundation for inclusive community collaboration with poets, artists, musicians, and audiences.

The RE:act Collective supports the Calgary Poet Laureate, and the Public Poetry Initiative by creating innovative events throughout the City of Calgary.

The RE:actors work with youth literacy programs in our schools and communities.

RE:act believes that as Calgary comes of age, its changing landscape is diverse, multicultural, and worth celebrating. There are many stories to tell.

RE:act believes that our community associations, libraries, and public spaces are part of the proud heritage of the City, and will benefit from RE:act events as we help build a greater awareness of the potential of our public spaces into the future.

The RE:act Collective will partner and collaborate with community groups and initiatives to enhance existing events, and will also create innovative new happenings throughout the City.

Our events are family-friendly, inclusive, multicultural, and a whole lot of fun.



Calgary L. Hoffman

Where the mountains can be seen,
Brilliant in the sunlight's sheen;
Where the prairies stretch away,
Rolling like a storm-tossed sea;
Where the Elbow meets the Bow,
Silvery streams from mountain snow
Confident stands Calgary,
Bright with hopes of years to be.
Oft' in rapture long I gaze
At the mountains dim and haze,
Dreaming of lands beyond
And the ocean wide profound.
Then a vision doeth arrive,
Peaks on peaks piled to the skies,
And beyond them, higher there,
Dim with distance, wondrous fair,
Towered cities, built in air,
Emblems of the hopes of men, –
What doeth mean this vision then?
Is it coming Calgary
There foreshadowed that I see?
Will some day those cities rare,
Cloud built, strange and passing fair,
Drift adown the silvery Bow
Filling all the vale below?
It may be for who can say
What may come some future day,
Happens oft' what none have guessed,
In this wonderland the West.

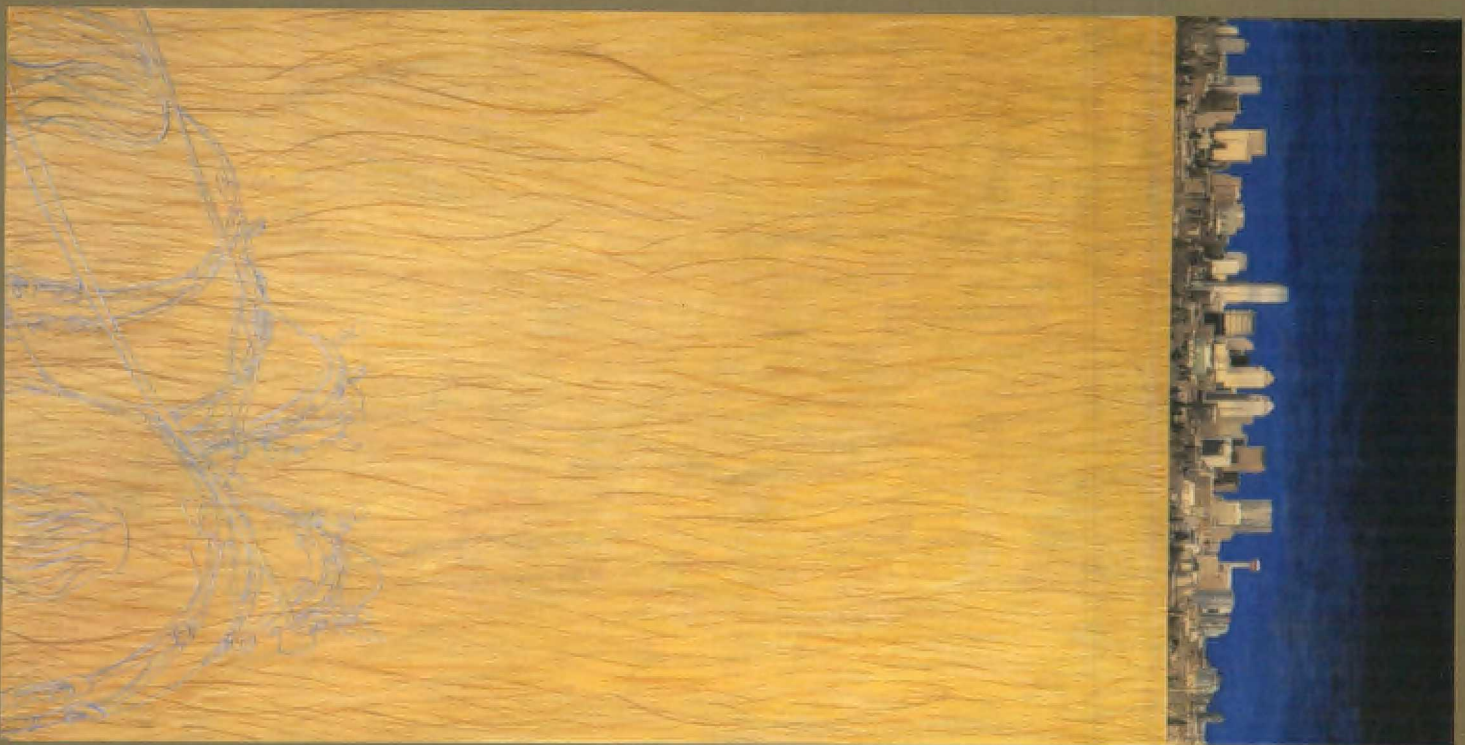
December 10, 1906 From the Morning Albertan newspaper [Calgary]

Book and cover design

DEFINE DESIGN 

This book was designed using Garamond Premier Pro and Verb typefaces.

The cover title typefaces are **VENEER TWO** and **VENEER THREE**.



Cover image courtesy of Dave Casey Stampede Bar U City



Kris and Dymph

Photograph courtesy of M. Roberts

Dymphny Dronyk Born in the City of Sin, in the Summer of Love, Dymphny Dronyk is a writer, editor, mediator and mother. She is passionate about the magic of story and has woven words for money (journalism, corporate writing) and for love (poetry, fiction, drama, mystery novels) for over 25 years. Her first volume of poetry, *Contrary Infatuations*, (Frontenac House, Quartet 2007) was short listed for two prestigious awards in 2008. She is the author of the memoir *Bibi – A Life in Clay* (Prairie Art Gallery, 2009). With Angela Kublik, she is the co-publisher of House of Blue Skies. She is also the co-founder of the RE:act Collective.

Kris Demeanor was born in Calgary right about the time of the first moon landing, the son of a Swedish beauty queen and a German General Proficiency award winner. He's a songwriter and performer who writes and sings about the funny, dark, absurd, maddening, and the joyful for people who like to think, dance, laugh, cry and party. Kris has worked for over twenty years in Calgary schools, facilitating songwriting and poetry workshops, and has also written and performed for theatre. Kris was Calgary's inaugural Poet Laureate (April 2012 – April 2014), and is co-founder of the RE:act Collective.

The Legacy Project of Calgary's Inaugural Poet Laureate featuring over 75 Calgary Writers and Artists!

What if we asked poets
and artists to map our city?

Where would they take us?

What defines us, binds us?
Who sings in our green spaces,
thrives in the fast lane,
struggles in the margins,
chatters in the Plus 15s,
and two steps in the alleys?

What surprises us, wounds us, heals us,
makes us run, or woos us to stay?

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