Three Poems

Pearl Pirie
all

decent dangling braided luck
slips lament
    loose, a graffiti
    on sunlight.

leather sandals break.
minutes, belief, relaxation,

ants, outsiders, mother
fade like the garden glass.
shears flung

I name a black spruce *Datch*.

in the cold I fold
into its bark’s shadow.

mind as a moth, ribs open.
the land

in solitude. greys glow
into colour and promises.

lichen is not barren,
proliferates red unattended.

yarrow seed-heads bend.

wind chafes on a
burr hoarding light of October.

antennae rut,
mandibles harrow larvæ

on green moss. leaves
dissolve into rest.
leaving early

leaves are allowed
to disturb habitats, open
areas of life, gummy with
influence, and ax air green
but not me, I claim. we
are boundaries, buds.
Note on the Text

**all** is an erasure poem from Rebecca Geleyn’s poetry (Iss. 12/13, pp.162-165), considering the ephemeralness of life.

**leaving early** is an erasure poem from Ken Belford’s “internodes” and his bio (Iss. 12/13, pp. 157-161). Belford’s poem considers the forest and habitats disturbed by human desires. Nature is something we can no more step outside of than we can step outside of our universe. This response questions how we place ourselves outside of nature in a state of conscience and consequence. Plants impact plants. Other animals influence each other but their choices are considered amoral.

**shears flung** is an adaptation of two poems by Autumn Richardson, “Crossing the Interior & Induviæ” (Iss. 12/13, pp.127-150). Her meditation of walking though a forest, being enriched by its solitude as she attends to all the species in the woods, was taken as a starting point for my own poem walking comparable land with a sense of joy and tranquility.

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