#### The Goose

Volume 14 No. 2 Tenth Anniversary Issue

Article 51

3-1-2016

### 2 poems

Ken Belford

Part of the <u>Critical and Cultural Studies Commons</u>, <u>Literature in English</u>, <u>North America Commons</u>, <u>Nature and Society Relations Commons</u>, <u>Place and Environment Commons</u>, and the <u>Poetry Commons</u>

Follow this and additional works at / Suivez-nous ainsi que d'autres travaux et œuvres: https://scholars.wlu.ca/thegoose

#### Recommended Citation / Citation recommandée

Belford, Ken. "2 poems." *The Goose*, vol. 14, no. 2, article 51, 2016, https://scholars.wlu.ca/thegoose/vol14/iss2/51.

This article is brought to you for free and open access by Scholars Commons @ Laurier. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Goose by an authorized editor of Scholars Commons @ Laurier. For more information, please contact scholarscommons@wlu.ca.

Cet article vous est accessible gratuitement et en libre accès grâce à Scholars Commons @ Laurier. Le texte a été approuvé pour faire partie intégrante de la revue The Goose par un rédacteur autorisé de Scholars Commons @ Laurier. Pour de plus amples informations, contactez scholarscommons@wlu.ca.

# Ken Belford

## 2 poems



But the effects of poetic measure are elusive when the forest stands are of different ages (Johanson and Farr, Lai, 2010). On this edge, in this region of continual change next to the lake, it might be because, but I also know sometimes vertebrate distribution is an effect caused by the grazing of Mister's cattle. In an adjacent opening, the forests are alive with cover. Affinity is the reason, together with adoption. Edges are touchy places and the disturbances of the gleaners range from the beneficial in a non-forested matrix, to what's happening in the patch. Here's to the smaller forms, including the gleaners in the open, to always looking for an edge in the mixed woods beside these two rivers.



I am adaptable and I remember the small, persistent disturbances years after, as if I have been on lag time. Now I live where the matrix used to be, and for several reasons I remember people who still live in the remnant forests. When the soil loosens its hold on the forest floor, when numbers begin to resemble the currently evolving narrative on the side of the mound, when pressure is applied, then the layers fall. And under the maple gaps, under the Hemlock and Cedar, small, persistent openings follow those reported in the literature in my vine maple gap as if it were 80 years ago in North Vancouver.

Belford: 2 poems

**KEN BELFORD** was born to a farming family near Debolt, Alberta, and grew up in East Vancouver. In the late 1960s, he moved to the Hazelton area of Northwest British Columbia, where he homesteaded with his wife and daughter. Together they operated a soft paths ecotourism business in the remote, roadless Nass River headwaters at Damdochax Lake. Remarried, he now lives in Prince George British Columbia with his partner, Si, and continues to blend the borders of poetics. His seven previous books of poetry are *Fireweed, The Post Electric Caveman, Pathways Into the Mountains, lan(d)guage, when snakes awaken, ecologue, Decompositions*, and *Internodes*. In Spring 2016, look for *slick reckoning*, his eighth collection.

To see more of Belford's work in *The Goose* go to

http://www.alecc.ca/uploads/goose/THE%20GOOSE%204.1%202008.pdf

http://www.alecc.ca/uploads/goose/The%20Goose%202013%20Double%20Issue%2012 13.pd <u>f</u>

Images: LISA SZABO-JONES, Urban pastoral series ©2016