

LOST, FOUND

This month, we asked for poems that flow from the veins of the pandemic – poems that mourn the loss of freedom, the loss of innocence of the past day-to-day and the dimming of hope for the future. Poems that plumb the depths of what we long for amidst the confusion and fear of the pandemic. Here is a selection of the poems sent. The Poetry Quarter, published quarterly in the *Glebe Report*, is curated by poet, writer and educator JC Sulzenko.

A SENIOR'S TROUBLED THOUGHTS DURING COVID-19

What do I do with my cry-baby fears
when so many people are in such distress?
How can I beg for additional years
when thousands of others have drawn their last breaths?

Do I dare shed a tear for my loved ones afar
whom I haven't set eyes on for almost a year?
We talk on the phone and I know how they are,
and I know many others miss those they hold dear.

I hope and I pray that we two will survive,
yet so many more worthy than I have passed on.
You are my reason for wanting to thrive
but our dreams for our future are probably gone.

I gaze at our flowers that bob in the wind
so colourful, brave in enduring the heat.
Feel grateful for moments when Nature seems kind.
Though fearsome, it also can sometimes be sweet.

Ruth Latta

The Bow and the Reeds

I have had time to listen to classical music again
Sometimes I listen to folk or all kinds of music

The highs are soaring and the lows rarely even have a drum
I like staying right near the centre point

The violin concertos and the oboe's trill
The smaller violin and its lead sound

Many familiar pieces being assembled under the conductor
How he wildly swings his arms and attempts perfection

Classical music may change your mind or at least make it seem so
The great generals listen and the leaders of men

In times like these an assembly of instruments beyond the usual
Makes for some soothing easy listening my friends

Colin Learn

The Lost and Found

It's down the hall on the left
a box of strange cables and connections
a slipper, scarf, and lonely mitt
dust and memories vague
a plastic glass
a fake tattoo
something invisible
five assorted buttons
hair extension and ping-pong ball
a thermos, a bracelet
a sense of the absurd
a little plastic truck
other plastic unidentified
a nickname
a look
some joke no longer funny
all are found in a box down the hall on the left

Mike Schofield

Social Distancing

He's a ghost, a solitary shade, indistinct
in the light as it rises, yet stark
against the ground of a dark old building.
He walks along the sidewalk past a window, lit by the glow
from a single lamp, the only sign of another early riser.

These days, he's up before the sun, sharing this deserted street
with no one, and nothing but his thoughts.
Does he think of the work he has to do, or
the warm bed he didn't want to leave?

Perhaps instead he relishes this precious time alone,
perhaps the clamour of cranky home-schooled children
and endless scolding from his overtired wife lead him
to the comfort of these empty streets
he walks alone.

Carol A. Stephen

Masks*

Satisfaction, a familiar face
come alive to teach containment,
relief and hope to the most animated,

although sometimes
at a price.

A. Garnett Weiss

*A found poem. Found poem sources were individual words drawn unaltered from death notices and obituary articles published in the April 15, 2017 *Toronto Globe and Mail*.



POETRY QUARTER NOVEMBER 2020

Best the Bard

What could better capture the essence of this year? "Why, this is very midsummer madness." (Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*). Our language is enriched by Shakespeare's words that often marry insight and poetry in one happy phrase. The theme for November's Poetry Quarter in the *Glebe Report* dares to "Best the Bard!" Such impertinence! What cheek! Indeed. Please send us your poems that spring from a quote from Shakespeare. Reach for new heights (or depths) to create poetry for the here and now. Please acknowledge the source of the quote with what you submit.

As usual, poems should be:

- Original and unpublished in any medium (no poems submitted elsewhere, please);
- No more than 30 lines each;
- On any aspect of the theme within the bounds of public discourse; and
- Submitted on or before Friday, October 23, 2020.

Poets in the National Capital Region of all ages welcome (school-age poets, please indicate your grade and school). Please send your entries (up to 5 poems that meet the criteria) to editor@glebereport.ca. Remember to send us your contact information and your grade and school if you are in school.

Deadline: Friday, October 23, 2020