The Trumpeter

Journal of Ecosophy



Three Poems

Beverly Harris

Volume 40, Number 1, 2024

URI: https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/1113559ar DOI: https://doi.org/10.7202/1113559ar

See table of contents

Publisher(s)

Athabasca University Press

ISSN

0832-6193 (print) 1705-9429 (digital)

Explore this journal

Cite this document

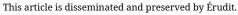
Harris, B. (2024). Three Poems. The Trumpeter, 40(1), 118-120. https://doi.org/10.7202/1113559ar

© Beverly Harris, 2024



This document is protected by copyright law. Use of the services of Érudit (including reproduction) is subject to its terms and conditions, which can be viewed online.

https://apropos.erudit.org/en/users/policy-on-use/



Érudit is a non-profit inter-university consortium of the Université de Montréal, Université Laval, and the Université du Québec à Montréal. Its mission is to promote and disseminate research.

https://www.erudit.org/en/

The Crows

Beverly Harris*

Always the largesse of the sky.

A pink dome of sun lies low over the trees tonight a time when the luminous space is suddenly charged with winged anvils a multitude of crows travelling together bent on their evening roost beating east to west to god knows where, to a place I wish I could go to witness that noisy black gathering to watch that once quiet stand of trees flapping their dark limbs in exasperation and wonder at being so rudely and brutally shaken alive.

Beverly Harris 118

^{*} Beverly Harris is the author of a collection of short stories in *Three Times Five*, published by NeWest Press, Edmonton. She was a former editor of *Dandelion Magazine*, and her poetry and short fiction appeared in literary journals in the 1980s. Her master's thesis focused on the Canadian long poem and literary theory. Beverly lives on Vancouver Island, BC, on the unceded territory of the K'omók First Nation. After a 30-year interval, she returned to writing poetry during the isolation of the pandemic.

Holdfast

Beverly Harris

We pick up rocks on the beach and marvel at the holdfasts of the algae, the sturdy adhesions where seaweed grabs and glues on to the ballast of rock, but the waves have washed these in, and the wrack fans out its long sun-stiffened hair from heads of stone along the sand. It is a day when I walk in safety with my children and my children's children, and we can make a game of skipping across salt rivulets as we outrace the tide, it is a day when the past is a light and benign weight that stirs among us like the breeze.

Beverly Harris 119

Cumberland Wetland

Beverly Harris

The wetland is still after the rain, still are the tall grasses, grasses doubled in the glass vision.

Their stalks on the air hold still their mirrors in the water. Darker reflections of the trees pull the heart deep.

Yellow lilies gleam among the heart-pad leaves.

There a pulpy stump where a robin leans to sing. A single drop from a wet leaf on the fullness of the water. All is greenlit, expectant. I breathe the green breath of the wetland, I green in its clean wet breath.

Beverly Harris 120