

## Three Poems

Beverly Harris

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# The Crows

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*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.

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\* 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

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*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.

# Cumberland Wetland

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*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 green-  
lit, expectant. I breathe the green  
breath of the wetland,  
I green in its clean wet breath.