

Three Poems

Beverly Harris

Volume 40, numéro 1, 2024

URI : <https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/1113559ar>

DOI : <https://doi.org/10.7202/1113559ar>

[Aller au sommaire du numéro](#)

Éditeur(s)

Athabasca University Press

ISSN

0832-6193 (imprimé)

1705-9429 (numérique)

[Découvrir la revue](#)

Citer ce document

Harris, B. (2024). Three Poems. *The Trumpeter*, 40(1), 118–120.

<https://doi.org/10.7202/1113559ar>

© Beverly Harris, 2024



Ce document est protégé par la loi sur le droit d'auteur. L'utilisation des services d'Érudit (y compris la reproduction) est assujettie à sa politique d'utilisation que vous pouvez consulter en ligne.

<https://apropos.erudit.org/fr/usagers/politique-dutilisation/>

érudit

Cet article est diffusé et préservé par Érudit.

Érudit est un consortium interuniversitaire sans but lucratif composé de l'Université de Montréal, l'Université Laval et l'Université du Québec à Montréal. Il a pour mission la promotion et la valorisation de la recherche.

<https://www.erudit.org/fr/>

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 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.

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