

# POETRY IS DEAD

## EDITORIAL

Letters from the Editors  
Kayla Czaga  
and Julie Mannell

## ESSAYS AND POEMS

A True Story of Good News  
Lindsay B-e

All towns are small  
Nisa Malli

BUMBLING: A FOUND POEM\*  
Emma Tilley

Learning to stretch just a little  
bit at a time  
Jennifer LoveGrove

Nicer Than I Thought  
spencer butt

Getting "Peterborough drunk"  
Janna Klostermann

How to Tear a Partridge Apart  
Joshua Chris Bouchard

Woodstock, Ontario, 1996  
Jowita Bydlowska

everyone in your hometown is  
discrete on grindr  
Matthew Stepanic

How You Remember It  
Tess Liem

Auntie Matter  
Jes Battis

Let's go to The Lake  
Spenser Smith

Loving  
Kit McKeown

Wasaga  
Gillian Sze

Don't Swing  
Curtis LeBlanc

notes on spatial determinism re.  
gender and/or poetry  
A. Light Zachary

Dead Heat of Winter  
Isabel Yang

Garbage America  
Sara Peters

Oligotrophic Lake  
Alison Braid

THE COP SHOP DEER  
Shaun Robinson

Duplex: Grunthal, Manitoba  
(2019)  
Chimwemwe Undi

ON THE PLANET OF ALL TIME:  
TECUMSEH  
K.B. Thors

Oh, Brother  
Samantha Tetangco

At Christmas  
Molly Cross-Blanchard

Vestibular Problems  
Zoe Whittall

DEAR BOOK  
Adèle Barclay

Conversations With Trees  
Sumaiya Matin

## REVIEWS

Holy Wild  
by Gwen Benaway  
reviewed by jaye simpson

A Place More Hospitable  
by Jason Purcell  
reviewed by Matthew Stepanic

Lift  
by Emily Davidson  
reviewed by Margret Bollerup

## INTERVIEW

An Interview with  
Susan Musgrave  
conducted by Julie Mannell  
and Kayla Czaga



**Auntie Matter**

Jes Battis

The fruit of Keremeos burns  
while we teach my aunt to text.  
*Touch home*, I say.

*With my finger?* She half-  
smiles. Fair question.

Fire unseams the mountain.  
Fire of history. Fire re-  
tweeted. A message.

Oh. Her face twists.  
What now?

Penticton shakes us,  
a stranger's hand. In the  
hotel, everything is  
a kind of pink. Mom stage-  
whispers: *Does anyone*  
*listen to you here?* Some  
one bellows from the  
back: *I'm on the phone*.

My aunt in lamplight gives me  
an unmoored look. *What now?*  
She asks for  
all of us. *Now*,  
*pancakes*.

I take a shot of the full moon  
Denny's sign. Mom recalls  
when Aunt Arlene sat in a bathtub  
to shrink her jeans. Blue water  
sloshing over the rim.

A woman screams at the very edge  
of us. *How could you*  
*double-charge me for his ashes?*  
Aunt Reenie purrs in my ear:  
*Drama*. We're all  
Mary Tyler Moore, weathering  
Chuckles' funeral.



In the photo, my grandmother rides  
a Harley with her friend. Both  
open pages. I press a cousin's  
hand, remembering when  
I lifted him from his bassinet.

At White Spot, we talk  
about her house, about  
a delinquent great-uncle  
who once ran a hairdressing empire.  
My relations: fire  
braiding the mountain scar.

The luggage belt is  
unfinished. *Thunk*. Bags slide  
halfway down, pause. I know air-  
ports. I know carrying on. I didn't  
know about the motorcycle.