

## NOVEMBER ROSE

Suddenly  
 in this gaunt, forsaken gloom  
 among these shattered shapes of age and death  
 I find you  
 standing, pink-petalled,  
 fragrant still!  
 as if love's whole lost world  
 still pulsed in bloom  
 warm in the singing sun...

Mock me no more: what's done is done.  
 I have my bright leaves, now.  
 I am happy enough.

Carol Halstead  
 Burnaby

## A WOMAN WAILING FOR HER..WILDERNESS

It has come again  
 this otherness keeps returning  
 ever more negative and more complete.  
 I walk among growing life; I lie open;  
 I wait for my mind to unclench, to unwind  
 and lie once more like clear water  
 soft in the palm of spring's hand  
 cradled deep and unknowing  
 not needing to know...

But I do not unclench.

It's the tension, now, that is me  
 not the warm lassitude of this wind, shadow,  
 sea.

Now this world is outside me  
 and holds me outside of itself

Now my pines, crags, and moss call me  
 "other"

and I can't break the wall any more  
 that's between them and me.

My feet that knew footholds are gauche and  
 unwieldy;

My ownership trickles away.

Slowly, baffled,

I trudge into exile... ..my wilderness alien

In the sterile streets of the city

I must gouge out my niche now  
 or die.

Carol Halstead  
 Burnaby