

③
a vacation for a few days
I sure am glad that Jan
is working at last and hope
likes it, every penny counts
this day and night. Also glad
to hear that M. is still going
school and hope he is able
to go to college. I know he
deserves to do.

Have as yet Texas. We have
always exchanged gifts with
to last year when I was a
of work. And as I have just
started to get on my feet
we find that it will be interesting

Byline

POETRY

APRIL 2022

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THE TOUCH OF POETRY

BY ARLENE SMITH
PRESIDENT, CAA-NCR



“If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry.” —Emily Dickinson

Poetry—the thing we reach for when all else fails.

The language reaches into deep places more efficiently than prose. It teaches lessons more effectively than pedantic laying out of essay facts. The rhythm and rhyme of it prompt oral storytelling across generations. Think of “The Cremation of Sam McGee.” Poetry makes our inner vision dance with colours and images, and our ears resonate with sounds.

In our [Canadian Authors Association poetry circle](#) we have been exploring these joyful aspects of language—play together. As you will see by their poems in this edition, the members use different writing processes to create poetry of contrasting styles. Every gathering brings something unexpected. We might discuss a short freestyle contemplation of natural events, or a lyrical romp through a time in history.

During those sessions, I have discovered the place where poetry touches me physically, and unlike Emily Dickinson, it’s not the top of my head. For me, a gentle squeeze in the solar plexus, or something that oofs like a solid horse kick, tells me that I have found poetry.

Where do you feel your poetry?

THE CHASE

BY TSIPPI GUTTMANN-NAHIR

Argent blue at first light,
deep azure midday,
blazing magenta at dusk are
the bluebell fields of Kinclaven,
there, by the river Tay.

Their colors shift and veer,
as sun rays frolic across the fields,
hiding, appearing, resting for a trice then
forever disappearing in a
cluster of light.

Now and again,
a beam chasing shutter appears,
searching, then seizing a resting ray on
one virgin blue petal
amidst bells aflame.

Captured on a celluloid band,
frozen in time,
the virgin blue petal will now reside,
its beauty forever stored in
the bluebell fields of Kinclaven,
there, by the river Tay.

This poem is an ode to photography as it affords the study and the preservation of the flitting light as it rests upon our astonishing living earth.

BIO: Nine years ago Tsippi Guttmann-Nahir moved to Ottawa from Winnipeg, where she had held a clinical and research practice in psychology for 26 years. Once here, she continued her research work in the Neuro Cognitive Science department at CHEO until 2020. She has been writing poetry for the past two years.

poetry circle

MEDITATE

BY CHRISTINE BEELEN

“Meditate” evolved from the many articles Christine read over the years about the benefits of meditation; it seems to be a great cure-all that remains elusive to her.

BIO: Christine Beelen is a writer who spent more than 30 years in the public service writing for other people. A member of the Canadian Authors Association since 2013 she has been writing short stories and poetry for herself (and hopefully others).

Meditation, it is said, is the
solution for anything and everything that may be
bothering you

I wonder as my mind races around and
around and around
how to concentrate on just
one word or sound

Selecting a mantra when
distracted, so many possibilities but
select one only

I read through books to find the special phrase
to chant over and over and over
quietly or inside
my own head

Music helps to centre your
thoughts and fight the
scattered absorptions

I search for the special beat maybe a
refrain to hum, hum, hum
what about a whole song?
no one else will hear

Sitting still and upright
my eyes hooded, I work to
focus my essence

I accept my inner voice is telling me
your choice, your word, your music
whatever you choose
it will only be mine

poetry circle

BYLINE 5

UPCOMING EVENTS

REGISTER

for either of these events

BEFORE YOU PRESS SEND: A CHECKLIST FOR FINE-TUNING YOUR BOOK OR STORY

TUESDAY, MAY 10, 2022
7:00 P.M. TO 8:00 P.M. ET
VIA ZOOM

Taking time to make your work as professional as possible before submission could mean the difference between acceptance and rejection.

Editor and publishing consultant, Mary Ann J. Blair will help you to prepare a better product, before you press send.

NATIONAL CAPITAL WRITING CONTEST AWARDS NIGHT

TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 2022
6:30 P.M.

VIA ZOOM OR IN PERSON IN MEETING ROOM A,
BEAVERBROOK BRANCH OF THE OTTAWA PUBLIC LIBRARY

We will celebrate the finalists in the poetry and short story categories of the 35th Annual National Capital Writing Contest. Watch for the announcement of the shortlisted writers in mid-May.

Calabogie Lodge is a favourite get-away for Pat, and this sling-shot tree is at the edge of the lake in her view every morning. A reminder to feed her souls!



BIO: Pat McLaughlin has been writing poetry since January 2018. It all started with an online poetry workshop, and blossomed into a collection of poems called “Aging the Best Alternative.” Playing with words and writing poetry gives her air to breathe.

“As writers, we have many delicious words to play with. As readers, we can experience the words anyway we choose.”

A SLING SHOT TREE

BY PAT MCLAUGHLIN

My life began on the edge of Lake Calabogie
a seedling deposited and coaxed to grow

And that I did
First my trunk
about two feet up, it opened into 2 branches
like a tuning fork
like a two-finger peace sign
like conjoined twins
each continuing to expand
growing more branches and needles

Currently, I stand at 40 feet
two trees sprouting from the same trunk

I survived the tornado in 2018
a sentinel, majestic with
sunset colours blazing behind me
little red squirrels and chipmunks scurrying among my limbs
a spot of shade in the summer heat
a piney aroma lingering in the air

poetry circle

BYLINE 7

CONTRARY SPRING

BY BLAINE MARCHAND

Dorothy, your face is defiant,
just as these potted tulips,
bronze whirls unfurling,
and thrusts of hyacinths,
spewing scent from sheaths,
sorn this Victorian bric-a-brac.
Crows-feet that define your face
contradicted by words
that are quick, agile as redwings,
which flame off backyard trees.

You, seventy, challenging
my thirty-year-old poetics
the way contrary spring
defies prolonged winter,
agitates the gardener into beginning
his ritual dance with rake and hoe.

Later after you take
the wheezing bus to Montreal,
I delve through your poems,
find the persistent voice of girl,
then woman, and I marvel
how poetry is lemon blossoms
splitting the grey-boned nodes
of forsythia.

*From Open Fires, Anthos Press, 1987
Written to Dorothy Livesay*

This poem is 40 years old. It was written when Dorothy Livesay was writer-in-residence at the University of Ottawa. She was gifted yet cantankerous, and she had a tremendous influence on Blaine as a young writer. From her, he learned to free his poetic voice.

Interestingly, he is now the age she was then.



BIO: Blaine Marchand's seventh book of poetry, Becoming History, was published in 2021. He has another collection, Promenade, which is almost complete. His recent poems on Ukraine have been translated into French and Ukrainian and will appear in Canadian and European anthologies.

poetry circle

BYLINE 8

THE PUMP

BY KATI LYON-VILLIGER

Good old Professor Curious,
A very learned man,
giveth a lecture on the heart,
and what it should be called.

“The expression ‘heart’ is very wrong!”
He speaketh whistfully.
“It pumpeth hard as any pump,
and that’s what I want it called.

“It pumps, and pumps, and pumps, and pumps,
driveth blood in circles round.
and that’s why science wants it, too,
wanteth it called a pump.”

The students sat, one head to head
and listen to his words,
but he explaineth but the pump
and leaveth out the heart.

Then speaketh one young studio,
with a smiling, humorous face:
“Oh please, Professor, you can’t do that!
‘the pump’ would be all wrong.

“How would it sound when you are in love
and feel a sweet and urging ache,
Could you really say: ‘My dearest heart,
It is my pump that hurts?’

“ ‘Oh, come to me, my pump’s own maid,
Can you feel how my pump does hurt?
It crieth out to you my sweet,
So I lay my pump at your feet.

“ ‘Give me your pump, that I may be blessed.
That I may walk on tall
And keep your pump, right next my pump
In winter, spring and fall.’ ”

Professor Curious lifts his brow,
He hadn’t thought of that,
And when the student had finished his speech,
The whole hall laughed out loud.

“Well,” sayeth he, “You are joking with me.
Are having mighty sport.
So, allow me to concede, young man,
And let’s go back to the heart.”

Kati wrote this poem based on a story once told by two German ladies, Schulze and Kruse, that came to her mind as she was stacking cords of firewood at her cottage and wondering if her heart might suffer from the exertion and give out prematurely!

BIO: Kati Lyon- Villiger is a retired Ottawa Foreign Service International Development Economist.

She now writes books under her pseudonym, Klothild de Baar.

poetry circle

Haiku

Gallery visit
True art is also outside
Winter or summer



The view out the window of
the National Gallery cafeteria.

By Louise Rachlis

By Arlene Smith

No need for this no parking sign by
the boat launch at our cottage.



Flooding spring waters
Deter parked cars and people
Better than bylaw

and a

photo



DisPlace: The Poetry of Nduka Otiono

By Nduka Otiono

[Find out more](#)

[DisPlace: The Poetry of Nduka Otiono](#) engages actively with a diasporic world: Otiono is equally at home critiquing petroculture in Nigeria and in Canada. His work straddles multiple poetic traditions and places African intellectual history at the forefront of an engagement with Western poetics.

BUY

SEND US YOUR NEWS

Do you have a new book?

Have you had a short story or a poem published?

Are you presenting a training session or reading?

[Let us know.](#)

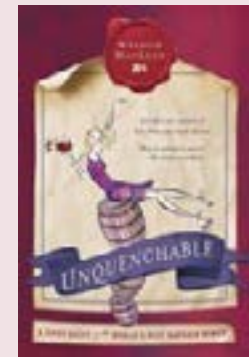
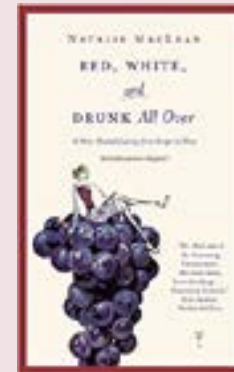
BOOK NEWS

Natalie MacLean has signed with Dundurn Press for her third book:

Wine Witch on Fire: Rising from the Ashes of Divorce, Depression and Drunk All Over

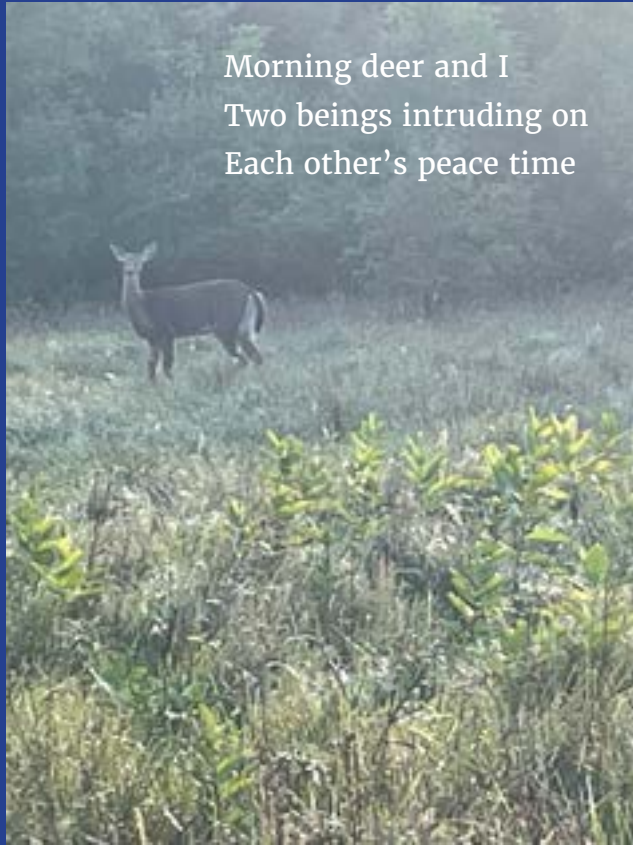
The memoir is the story of one woman's quest to rebuild a life shattered by the sudden crumbling of her twenty-year marriage and a vicious professional attack. She's forced to choose between despair and overdrinking, or digging deeper to find the magic inside herself to reclaim her son, sanity, reputation, new love, and ultimately, her self-worth.

Check out Natalie's first two books.



BUY

Haiku



Morning deer and I
Two beings intruding on
Each other's peace time

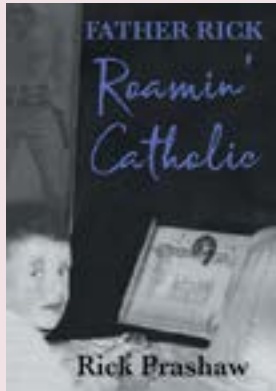
By J.S. MacKay

Your haiku here?
Does this milkweed pod inspire you?
Send us a haiku to complement this
photo and we'll include it in the next
edition.



photo

and a



Father Rick Roamin' Catholic

By Rick Prashaw

[Find out more](#)

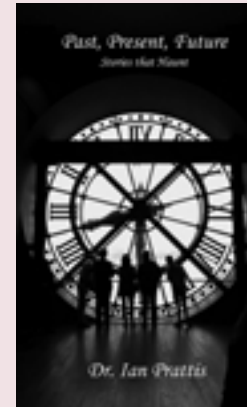
Father Rick, Roamin' Catholic is an eye-opening memoir shining a light on faith, religion, and the little-known life of priests.

There is joy and mischief in the stories Rick tells a niece in Toronto as they munch Easter eggs on Good Friday during the Covid pandemic.

He writes about a Church's declining attendance and troubling issues, right beside miracles, good works, and good people.

BUY

BOOK NEWS



Past, Present, Future: Stories that Haunt

By Ian Prattis

[Find out more](#)

Past, Present, Future: Stories that Haunt is a collection of stories, writings and essays in fiction and non-fiction.

The book leads the reader through thought provoking perspectives about the treatment and respect Western society has thus far shown toward Mother Earth.

Dr. Prattis presents the current state of our Earth through a lens that is alarming and sobering at moments. In his true fashion, he offers hope by educating the reader on how Indigenous wisdom that has been passed down for generations can provide a pathway that the human race can choose to embrace for a better future.

This is an excellent read, very appropriate for our times.

BUY

POETS AND THE PAST IN OTTAWA'S BEECHWOOD CEMETERY

BY L.D. CROSS

They are dead but their words and works live on.

Poet's Hill at Beechwood Cemetery in Ottawa honours creative artists among graves of the outstanding and the ordinary.

In 1857 Queen Victoria designated Ottawa as capital of the united Province of Canada and in 1867 it became capital of the Dominion of Canada. Six years later Beechwood Cemetery was established. At the same time, councillors decreed burials were no longer allowed within city limits, based on a fear corpses harboured deadly diseases responsible for epidemics.

So, the provincially incorporated Beechwood Cemetery Company purchased 160-acres (65 hectares) from prominent landholders, including part of the original McPhail farm plus the MacKay and Keefer estates. Then the site was designed in the style of a contemplative garden rather than a church graveyard. It was a refuge with winding lanes, stands of trees, sweeps of decorative grasses, flower beds, stylized vistas plus monuments and decorative markers – a character it retains today.

The Company also had a duty to ensure all funerals were “conducted in a decent and solemn manner” and that

“those who damaged or destroyed monuments, trees or other property” be brought before a justice of the peace and fined. Non-payment for such infractions meant that person “may be committed to gaol for any period not less than six days nor more than three months...”. Imagine that by-law in 2022.

Over the years, Beechwood has welcomed scientists, military leaders, politicians, entrepreneurs, creative artists, and everyday citizens. Starting in the 1920s, sections were set aside for multiple ethno-cultural communities. In 2001 Beechwood was recognized as a National Historic Site and, in 2009, it was named Canada's National Cemetery. It is the National Military Cemetery of the Canadian armed forces.

Among those interred are Robert Borden, the eighth prime minister, who pushed for Canada's status upgrade from colony to nation; lumber baron J. R. Booth, naturalist John Macoun; time zone inventor Sir Sanford Fleming, geologist Robert E. Ells; and ornithologist Percy Algernon Taverner. More recent interees are Tommy Douglas, proponent of public health care, and Captain Nichola Goddard, first female soldier killed in combat since WWII.

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Also present is Thomas Fuller II, chief architect of the Parliament Buildings and Hamilton MacCarthy, sculptor of the historic statue of Samuel de Champlain with his astrolabe at Nepean Point. For trivia buffs: not a navigator himself, MacCarthy positioned the astrolabe upside down. Athletes like Billy Gilmour lie in Beechwood. He was a member of the Stanley Cup championship team of the previous Ottawa Senators in 1908–09. Okay, it has been a long time.

The focal point at the base of Poet's Hill is a monument of an open book, inscribed with the words "*Poet's Hill, l'aire des poètes.*" Further on, four flower beds surround a podium and each marks a different period and exemplar of Ottawa writing: William Pittman Lett (1819–1892), Arthur Bourinot (1893–1969), Archibald Lampman (1861–1899) and John Newlove (1938–2003).

There are descriptive plaques, benches and more book-shaped monuments, many with favourite passages or sayings of those interned. Lampman's sonnet "In Beechwood Cemetery," written in 1894, is inscribed on one plaque:

*Here the dead sleep--the quiet dead. No sound
Disturbs them ever, and no storm dismays....
Children of Silence and Eternity.*

And on Poet's Hill lies Henry James Morgan, biographer of rising middle-class Canadians of his time, whose day job as a page and then government clerk began at age eleven in 1853. Poet Archibald Lampman was a clerk in the

Post Office Department and wrote verse in his off hours. He is considered one of Canada's Confederation Poets. Two others, Duncan Campbell Scott and William Wilfred Campbell, are also buried there. Born in the 1860s, the decade of Canada's confederation, their poems were not limited to expressing the Canadian environment but used natural metaphors to explore the internal self.

Scott taught Lampman how to paddle a canoe and they travelled the Ottawa and Rideau rivers, the Gatineau and Lièvre rivers, and the Rideau Canal, immersing themselves in nature. They wrote about the water, the shoreline, rocks, hills, timber and "the pines that brood above the roaring foam." The Confederation Poets have been described as the literary equivalent of the Group of Seven, aka the Algonquin School of painters, who likewise drew inspiration for their art from the vast Canadian wildness.

Poet and dramatist Marion Osborne and poet scholar Arthur Bourinot, whose detailed historical and biographical books on his contemporary poets contributed to the founding of Canadian literary criticism, inspired the Poet's Hill Project which was completed in 2006. And it is their final resting place. Poet's Hill is at the main entrance to Beechwood Cemetery. It is the last anchor of the Poet's Pathway, a 35-kilometre walking/cycling trail from Britannia Beach in Ottawa west to the Rideau and Ottawa Rivers. An inspiring trip for the fit.

The plaque for Duncan Campbell Scott was revised as a teaching tool in 2015 following the report of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission to address his dual reputation as both an eminent Canadian poet and his 52-year career in the then Department of Indian Affairs, *continued on page 16*

continued from page 15

the latter part administering residential schools tasked with “removing the Indian from the child.”

In another sector of Beechwood you can find the plaque for Dr. Peter Henderson Bryce (1853-1932), a public health pioneer who advocated for First Nations child health while working at the Department of Indian Affairs. In 1922 he published a book exposing his findings on high mortality rates in prairie schools. It was ignored. The final report of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission contains a section about Bryce.

Beechwood is open daily from
8:00 AM to sunset.

There is a municipal bus stop near the main
entrance at 280 Beechwood Avenue.

Group guided tours can be arranged.

When we emerge from
COVID head-and-shoulders-Zoom meetings,
Poet's Hill would be a unique afternoon in-person
excursion for CAA members.

POETS BURIED IN BEECHWOOD CEMETERY POET'S HILL

Arthur Stanley Bourinot
Sir John George Bourinot
William Wilfred Campbell
Frederick Augustus Dixon
Norman Gregory Guthrie alias John Crichton
Archibald Lampman
William Dawson LeSeuer
William Pittman Lett
Henry James Morgan
John Newlove
Marian Osborne
John Almon Ritchie
Duncan Campbell Scott
Gustavus William Wicksteed
Nicholas Flood Davin

OAK OR COFFEE BEAN: WHERE TO WRITE

BY CATINA NOBLE

Many writers have a desk. Everything they need is on it. Pens, paper, their laptop or computer, maybe a couple photos of loved ones and a few positive affirmations for when they get stuck.

I have a writing desk. I picked it up a goodwill store years ago. It's made of solid oak. It has two large drawers and four small ones. (I took the time to replace all the little knobs on all the drawers.) It even has a beautiful roll back panel. This comes in handy for animals that like to investigate, like my cat, PJ.

When I brought the desk home, everyone complimented me on what a beautiful desk it was. People were amazed at the bargain—I had only paid \$40 for it. It's one of the nicest pieces of furniture in my entire house.

Not once have I ever sat at my desk to write.

I have tried but nothing happens. It's only use is as a holding place for things that need to be put away.

I prefer to write with my laptop on my crossed legs on the couch. Or on public transit. I wrote one of my published poems while on the bus. Another time when I was at work on a break, I wrote a short piece that was later published in an anthology, and I was paid \$200 for it.

My favourite place of all to write is at a coffee shop. I like the hustle and bustle. I enjoy the smell of coffee and the variety of other delicious drinks. I like seeing all the

different people that walk in and listening to the snippets of conversations. I like all the colours and accessories people display. Sometimes it's a lady's black scarf with beautiful sunflowers, and it will make it into whatever I am writing. It could be a simple sentence or an entire poem. It might help to develop a new character that's added to my piece.

At the coffee shop I order something to drink and set up my laptop facing the door so that I can see who is coming and going. I need to be able to make the most of my visit and for me this is the best way to do so. After sitting for an hour or two my cup is empty, and I have many tidbits of information. Maybe I have spent my time adding to one or more of my works in progress. Maybe I did some editing. There is also a chance I have abandoned everything and started something new.

Sitting and taking notes at the coffee shop makes me feel like a writer. More so than when I am at my beautiful oak desk. Every writer is different and must find what works for them.

Where do you write? Where do discover your colours and accessories? Do you prefer oak or coffee bean?



All creators whose work was included in this edition of **Byline** were paid.

Articles: 2-1/2 cents per word to a maximum of \$25.00 on publication (minimum \$10.00)

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Photos: \$5.00 each

Do you have ideas for an article?

Send us your news or story ideas.

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