

Frog Hollow Press proudly presents #2 in our Dis/Ability Series

Tantramar Vespers by Christopher Snook



TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 9 Illumination
10 Tantramar Vespers
13 What the body knows
15 My first war (in two movements)
18 Intrusive thoughts
20 your body, a small paradise
22 Where shall we buy bread that these may eat
23 Neutral Bay, NSW
24 Fathers and sons
25 in terram visionis
26 Tablet XL: Sumerian friendship
28 Tidal Waves, Burin Peninsula, Newfoundland 1929
33 λύπη
35 On Plato's Simile of the Sun
36 Memory

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Christopher Snook was born and raised in Nova Scotia. A Senior Fellow at the University of King's College, Halifax, he holds graduate degrees in English and Theology. Ordained in the Anglican Church of Canada in 2005, he spent more than a decade in parish ministry before returning to full-time teaching.

His poetry has appeared in numerous journals, including the *Literary Review of Canada*, *Prairie Fire*, and the *Cordite Review*. Poems are also forthcoming in publications that include the *St. Katherine's Review* and *The Listening Eye*.

COVER ART BY BRENDA POWERS

Brenda Powers paints at Vicuna Art Studio, a non-profit studio for art instruction operated by Ridge Meadows Association for Community Living in Maple Ridge, British Columbia.

NEUTRAL BAY, NEW SOUTH WALES

The full throated thrum of the service trucks
and i am swimming in frangipani
with sprays of white aster against green foliage
on the stone walls of Neutral Bay, the odour

of rubbish bins like stale piss behind
the bus shelter and the relentless high
speed arboreal rat-tat-tat of the
cicadas. The young carry the sun about

in their bodies, bright-seared and deathless,
savouring mangos like edible stars and
five-dollar-a-cup coffee. The continent
is prodigal of wonders—pouched animals,

billed beavers, shaggy trees dropping their skin
or iron-barked; and not these only but
urban stylites like latter day saints atop
their third story Thai restaurants and weeping

from the first bitter sip of ale, through
the spring roll starters, weeping over their
minced chicken salad and cheap bubbly.
The cicadas' hum is the cantus firmus

of a city at song, chanting the hours,
the blessed bodies, the sacred hearts of Neutral Bay.
The service trucks stop under a window where
the stylites meet to weep the city aflame

from the inside.

Published in an edition of 100 numbered copies - 46 pages

ISBN 978-1-926948-64-5 CA\$15.00 incl. s/h

www.froghollowpress.com