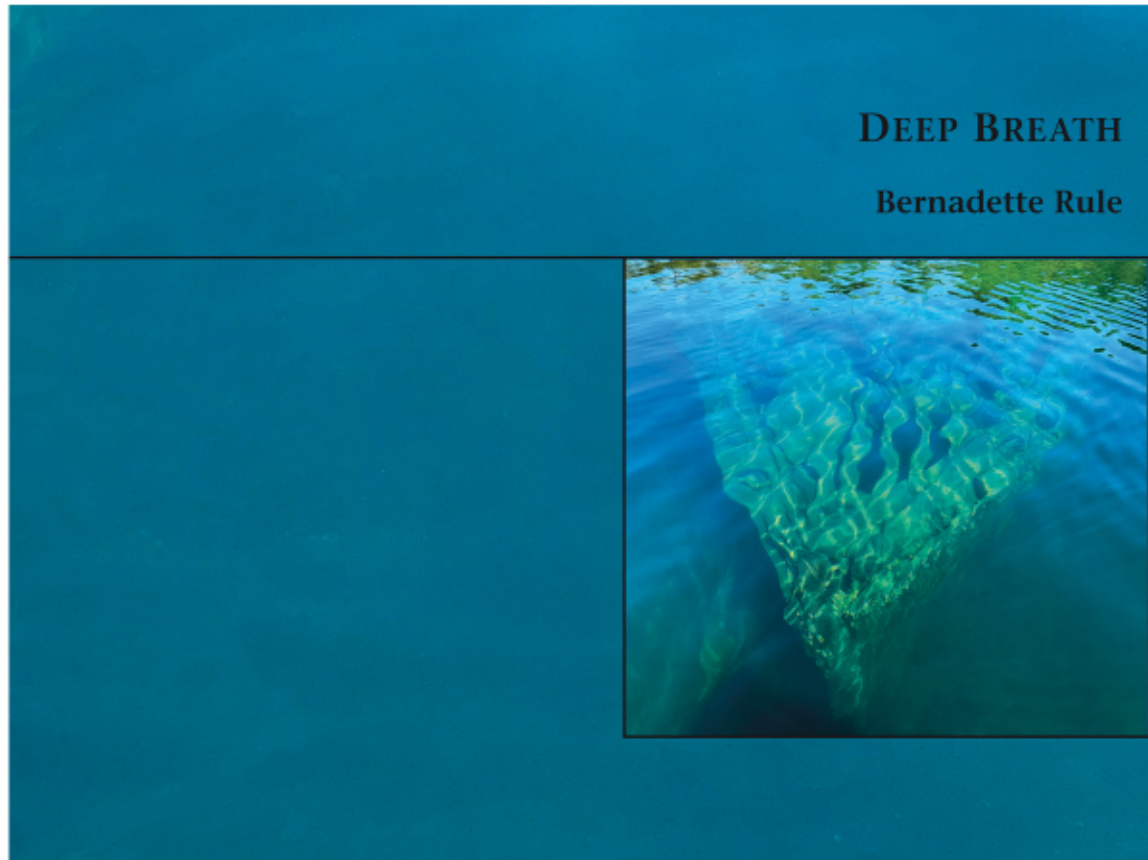


— new from Frog Hollow Press —

DEEP BREATH by **BERNADETTE RULE**



photograph by Carys Rouleau

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Deep Breath is **BERNADETTE RULE**'s eighth collection of poetry. *Earth Day in Leith Churchyard: Poems in Search of Tom Thomson*, from Seraphim Editions, was shortlisted for the 2017 Hamilton Literary Award for Poetry. Her work has won the Eden Mills Poetry Prize, the Short Works Prize for Poetry, and the Short Works Prize for Creative Non-Fiction. Rule also won the 2017 Hamilton Arts Award for Writing. Her first novel, *Dark Fire* was published in the spring of 2021 under her own imprint, Ironing Board Press. She released it in time for the centenary of the true events it describes. Rule also hosts an arts-interview radio program, Art Waves, which is podcast at archive.org/details/artwaves and which airs Sunday evenings at 7 o'clock on 101.5 The Hawk.

CARYS ROULEAU is a professional photographer living in Hamilton with her family. She studied photography at Sheridan College. She is inspired by nature, and human connection. Rouleau photographed the shipwreck on the cover of this chapbook in Big Tug Harbour, in Tobermory, Ontario, during the summer of 2021.

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EXCERPT: Climbing the Bell Tower at Chartres

Spiralling upward on a stone stair's stern geometry
the right side wide & safe, the left side falling away
we are passing through more than space, into a medieval world
view

At the first level we fly out the doorway only to be transformed
to stone ourselves
by heady reaches of open air, roofs pitching steeply on every side
Our hearts in our mouths, vertigo, that grinning gargoyle, lunges
for our throats

Suddenly there are lichened faces everywhere Small, starved dogs
writhe against the spire or lean outwards, mouths agape
for whatever is coming down the centuries Inching back in
we resume

our climb, circling to an even higher level, hellbent on reaching
the top
Behind locked doors pigeons lament relentlessly
Then come the bells, bells large as rooms & I pray, *O Seigneur,*
s'il vous plait

let them not toll for us. Death by chimes? Stranger things
have happened Here is the church, here is the steeple...
My father's hands flip open in my mind, fingers splayed &
wiggling

At the very top at last, a narrow ledge allows us to make a full
circle
round the tower in the company of saints & apostles
On the other steeple, a quarter moon—surely no finial, but
the real thing

...