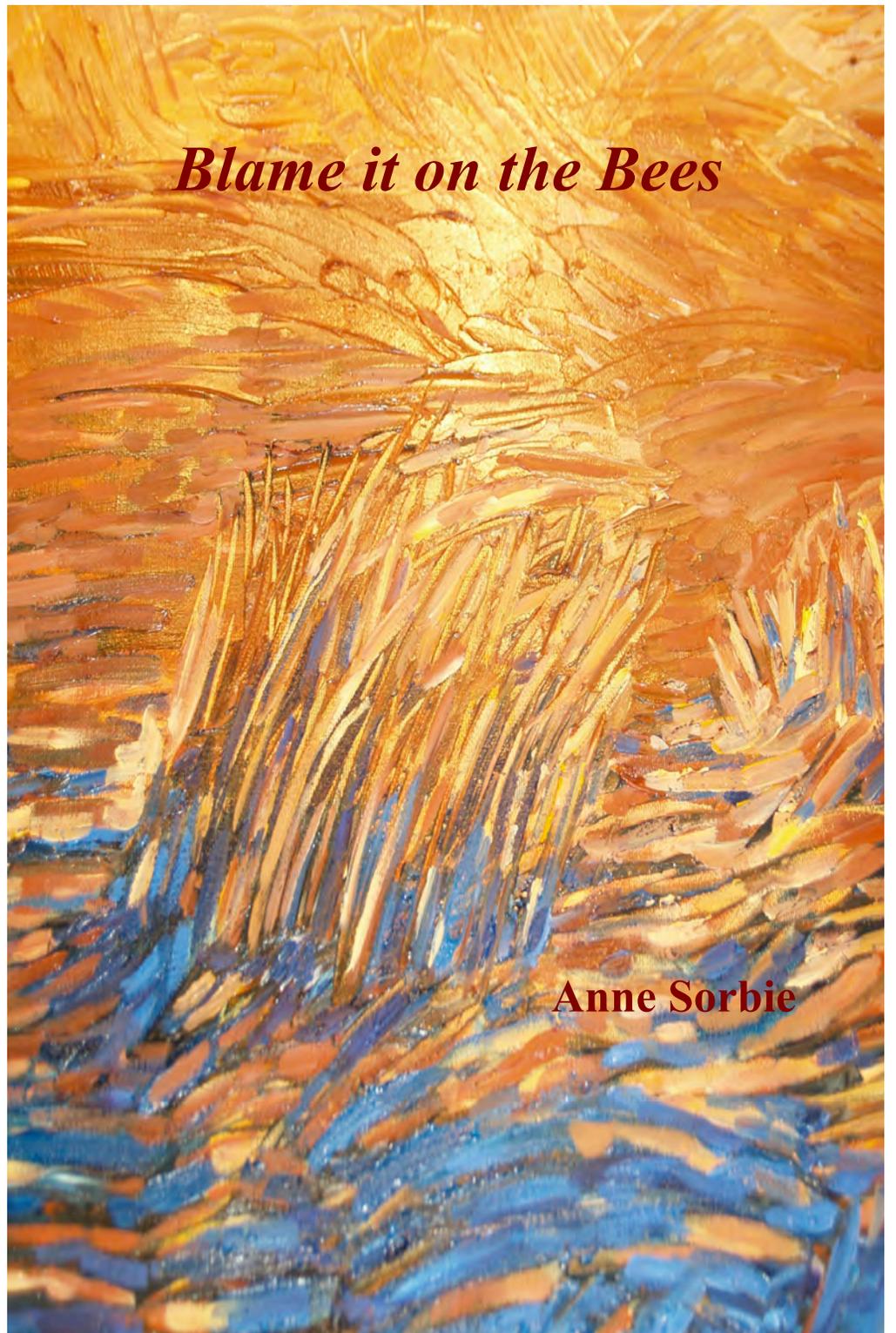




**Produced in Calgary  
by Skyview Press  
March 2011**



*Blame it on the Bees*

**Anne Sorbie**

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by Skyview Press, March 2011.

Cover image: detail from *Autumn Hillside*, 2009 by  
Janet B. Armstrong. Original painting, oil on  
canvas: 36 x 48 inches. Detail printed here with the  
kind permission of the artist.



Waiting in the cool shadows  
we are dappled with hope.

—Jan Zwicky

1

**Forget It**

Paradise exists  
here and now surrounding us  
Even in my mother's world  
of unremembering  
shines the sun of  
new found emotion

2

**Think Again**

Doubt is an invitation to belief.  
Idle activity is not such  
a painted persistence as watching  
  
hide your gold in dry vaults if you must  
permanence is man's dream  
as mutable as momentary hoarfrost  
  
we've been waiting now for centuries  
for the gift of someone's hand  
and every so often an Adam falls  
  
what were you expecting?  
cannibals wet behind the ears?  
get moving! soon! please don't be old.

3

**Leduc Lament**

There are no coyotes  
but I see one—always  
There are deer  
soundless mounds on the road

4

**Leduc Lament Too**

I am left with baggage to pull  
the tags to write the lines to stand in.  
I am left with heaps of audience.  
Now which one of us has gone to hell?

5

**Fog Fear**

a no fly zone  
of whiteness  
reminds me of  
a blank page

6

**iPad Voyeur**

skyward  
sky    ward  
  i    word  
sigh

7

**Ocean Draft of an Old Dream**

I'm alone. You're alone.  
A hidden sun. Building cloud.

An old black crow sitting on a mast.

Imagine hands flowering like water.  
Inside the palms, petals like orchids.

8

**True Lies**

the world is a spy, an opiate killer,  
a bonded James  
we are a genetic error  
a two bit holy terror  
in a world of imagined ones

9

**Questions**

is what we are looking for  
what we are longing for?

some of us find it  
everyone wins.

10

**I Cry At Weddings**

over Vera and the bees  
the first bend of hair; the gentle loving hum

to love is to be impaled on high  
birds and bees and us wanting to die

11

**Daybreak Sunrise**

he wore nothing  
but a stretch of skin  
morning sang

12

**Rhyme**

wine  
swine  
climb  
sublime

tough break

13

**Anne's Book of The Dead**

all the dead partake  
of the ache they are  
as the sun sets  
and the hawk hunts

14

**Can you Hear Me?**

as the hawk flies north  
she meets the crow  
staring from a frozen fence post

so she stops for a drink  
and this is what he says:  
too bad!

15

**Granville Island**

guitar strains in the air—  
fall of maple  
wet wood dripping  
my thoughts of you so hard  
a wish you were  
here—dog tied to  
giant myrtle and I miss  
the crescendo of  
your voice—deep  
in me until I cry the  
blues blessed as I am  
by the warmth of this  
place—my daughter's place  
of bridges and glass markets  
and Emily carrying it all  
to Haida and back again  
while your watch ticks  
my wrist caressed by its ring  
as I solitude in the sound  
around the red maples  
the red maples' leaves dropping  
as if down cheeks wet with  
words—poets' words:  
weyman's and wayman's  
yours and neruda's  
mingled in the orgasm of the finch  
on the wide planks pacing past the  
pigeon's pink mantle

16

**Poetry Is**

love in the midst of  
promise:

the blank page

Anne  
Sorbie

in response  
to  
*All The Dead Husbands*  
by  
Robert Kroetsch

Olive Reading Series  
September 14, 2010