

Dear Lee, Joanne, and Jim,

I've attached a 3 poem series, *The Feel of the Earth*, three journal-type meditations from my forthcoming chapbook, *Dawn in the Moment*, Moon Willow Press. These poems are reflections from time spent in the tidal flats and bird sanctuary, Maplewood Flats in North Vancouver.

I am a graduate of the University of British Columbia's Creative Writing Program. My publications include: Poetry in *Gusts: Contemporary Tanka*, Nos. 9 and 10, *one cool word magazine*, *Ricepaper Magazine*, *West Coast Line*, www.allrightsreserved.ca, Rejuvenation Issue, *Ascent Aspirations Magazine*, Nos. 7 and No.8, *The Close to Quitting Time Anthology*, *V6A: Writing from Vancouver's Downtown Eastside*, (finalist for the City of Vancouver Book Award 2012) and *The Enpipe Line*; contributing art poem, Hapapalooza Festival, 2011, two art songs created for the Art Song Lab, performed at the "Playing with Fire Concert 2011" and "Playing with Fire Concert 2012," Vancouver International Song Institute (VISI); an article, *Breaking Stereotypes in North American Graphic Novels and Manga*, www.asiancha.com.

Forthcoming work will appear in *The Junction Opera*, Toronto, *Shy: The Anthology*, *Arc Poetry Magazine* and as text for composer Daniel Marshall . I have read at many venues in Vancouver including the University of British Columbia, Co-op Radio, and Word on the Street in 2010 and 2011. I currently work as a creative writing teacher for *Megaphone Magazine*, am a Membership Coordinator for CWILA (Canadian Women in the Literary Arts), am a creative consultant and event planner, hosted two events at Word on Street 2012, one of which I originated, Vancouver Hug Day, was a Co-organizer of 100,000 Poets for Change's Earthwalk 2012, and am a founding member of Asia-Pacific Writers.

I look forward to hearing back from you.

Best wishes,

Elaine Woo

FEEL OF THE EARTH

December 20

I. Arrested by
verdant foliage mirrored in a lake.
Ivy lace leaves embroider a tapestry.
Bird song, effortlessly mellifluous,
and rhyming. Traffic sweeps by,
rude tuba roar of wheels.
A drift of sunlight
back-floats past, locked in
blue-grey clouds.

II. Cardinal rose hips,
lips pursed, puckers
await a kiss.
Bird beaks smooching
the air. Crimson berries,
blood spots juxtaposed
against amazonite green.
Hustling red birds and robins sample seeds.
Bird-chorus pipes song.

III. Raindrops bead like gems
on tree fingers veiling my view
of the sea which slaps noisily
at the beach.
Toxic chemical smell
invades my nostrils until the scent of
wet leaves offers relief.
Screech of a Steller's Jay socks my sensitive ears.
The crash, blam, whirr of industry destroys
my reverie but as I approach the magical
green lake I'm filled with gratitude for this
little pocket of nature in the midst of
whizzing gears, engines, pumping pistons, and other apparatus
of manufacturing sharing the waterfront. And the sun lights the alders
and birches and steel-toed boot prints of industry without judgment.

December 23

Abundance?

After birth, raindrops hit the
lake, grow in concentric circles.

I step up to the Wild Bird Trust of BC cabin,
see its windows shuttered.

A car alarm knives the air.

Twitter-flute notes of a chickadee.

Beckoning, crooked fingers of red brambles.

Brown breast-plates of a bird soldier.

Another mottled brown one.

All scattered, a flurry of siren-pitched peeps.

Stinging nettles.

Rooted I-beams atop a
moss-coated concrete block wall.

Two birds from opposite directions drive
hard to the same point in the bare trees.

I see more of the bird citizens today.

Ripples fan into the river's mouth.

A bird chutters lovingly, invisible to my eyes.

Washing in of the tide; stroking the shore.

The tall pipes of the Shell refinery are
lit with glorious bulbs.

Like a toy, a train shuttles by in the distance,
turquoise, brown and red boxcars.

White smoke exudes from Shell in an "S" curve.

A reddish-brown bird hip hops away,
its concern survival.

A squirrel sits, for all the world like
a garden gnome, munching seeds.

December 27

I love the soft touch of the rain
against my skin. It does
all the talking today.

A drop penetrates my wool hat
and crawls along my scalp like a worm.
It slips inside the backs of my hiking
boots and leaves damp, spongy spots
on my socks, forms rivulets and pools in
the yellow grasses of the marsh.

A tug lit with small glowing globes
slowly pulls a rusty barge through the waters
much like a mouse pulling a dinosaur carcass
across unwound bolts of moire.

The curves of gull wings loiter round pylons
in the distance, honking geese cross
the marbled sky westwards.

I'm keenly aware of the lack of birdsong,
like an empty sleeve, from
the smaller birds that frequent the area.

Where are they?

The only song is rainsong.

Even my cuffs are wet through to my skin.

I see the same white bearded gent with tweed cap

I saw yesterday and see his red brown puppy,
well dressed, in a black rain jacket complete with
snaps on the collar.

He greets me and tells me, "He hates the rain.

This is a walk of necessity."