

Dear Joanne, Lee and Jim,

I hope you will consider these two poems for inclusion in your upcoming special issue.

My name is Lucy Ng have a BFA from UBC and an MA from Concordia University in Montreal. I have previously published poetry in Dandelion, The Antigonish Review and creative non-fiction in Western Living Magazine. Of course, Jim knows me from a group of poems that was published in the Many Mouthed Birds Anthology.

These two poems are new pieces in which I have "hijacked" my husband's memories of growing up in Flin Flon Manitoba in the 60's to explore the relationships/tensions between food, love and immigrant work.

Thank you.

Lucy

The Northern Cafe

Flin Flon

you snicker
sounds like

Ching Chong

Ching Chong Chang

Rock, paper, scissors

Bang!

You're It!

You holler,
You are young and wild
You are
the Kings of the Castle
and *the Dirty Rascals*.

Each morning at school
the teacher patrols the aisles,
hardwood ruler biting into her white hand,
she inspects your palms, your outstretched fingers
You smirk,
Hands up!

Chasing
running hard
the icy wind
stings your eyes
pierces your ears
slicing like little knives

Your hearts beats
fast, faster
echoes the
dancing rhythm
inside;
at the Northern Cafe
heft of cleaver on board
rhythmic thump, thump, thump

your dad dicing peppers, carrots and celery
to make chop suey
for hungry miners.

Outside,
you race
across
the frozen fields,
the scruffy land,
inhale
the smudgy air

you feel the rasp,
a fire
burning
in the iron cage of your lungs

you don't come in
till dark falls.