



Poetry Hunt



Take part in our Poetry Hunt to celebrate the power of poetry and our CONNECTION to each other and living things!

- Pick up an entry form.
- Find all six poems throughout the Adult section of the library.
- Fill in the key word(s) that match each number.
- Submit your completed form to be entered in a draw for a great prize!

Happy National Poetry Month!

Find all of the poems hidden in the Adult section of the library.

Fill in the keyword(s) that matches each number to uncover Katherena Vermette's poem, "Procession" from her collection of the same name.



you are _____

① to learn from those who _____

②

and _____

③ for those who _____

④

you are

at once

_____ by responsibility

⑤

made _____ of it

⑥



Found them all and got the answer?
Enter our PRIZE DRAW before April 30.

Name: _____

Email/phone: _____

Grimoire

Katherena Vermette

before you were this
 you were
 the dream
 of a hundred martyrs
 you were
 a wish
 the sort that lingers
 under young girl whispers
 into young girl ears

a spark in a loving eye
 prayer floating in wind
 [...]

now you are
 a ridge
 brief plateau
 on the mountain of revolution
 one the ancestors
 looked up to
 and said
 one day

your birth has taken
 centuries
 a labour that nearly killed
 them all
 you are
 now



and you have
 so much magick in you
 stories that have waited
 lifetimes
 to be told

Excerpt from *Procession*. Copyright © 2025 by Katherena Vermette.

Find her books in our catalogue:



Girl Camping

Natalie Lim

we pack five of us into the SUV, blast
“Total Eclipse of the Heart” so loud
it shakes the car -
and that, we decide,
is girl driving
[...]

I decide we can speak about joy for once.
I decide that we are the joy.
[...]everyone is laughing
as we do girl math into the morning:
two nights at a campsite, plus a ferry, gas and food
divided by the most beautiful sunset in the world,
[...] a return on investment so large

that it spills out of me into the night sky
and suspends time for just a moment
as we sit on the beach, still laughing,
making every second count.



Excerpt from *Elegy for Opportunity*. Copyright © 2025 by Natalie Lim.

Find the book in our catalogue:



Iyéwándé

Tolu Oloruntoba

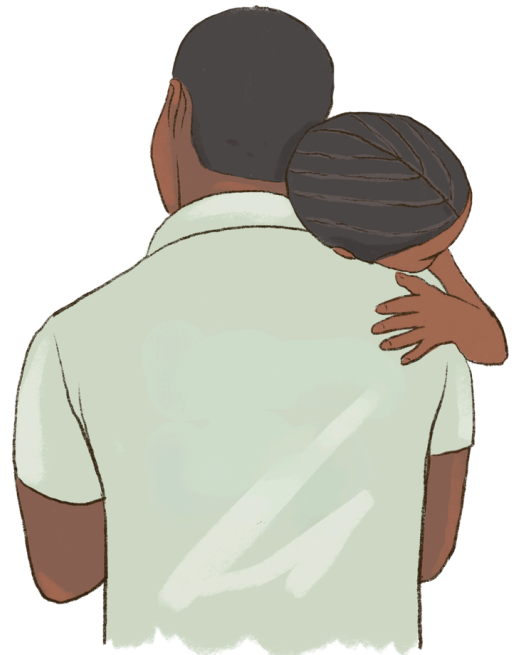
So I will spoon slop into her mouth
I will scoop the dribbles from her chin.
I will sponge her down in a warm bath.
I will carry her little body and set her feet on the ground.
I will hold her hand and teach her to walk.
I will tell her what unfamiliar words mean.
I will kiss her on the cheek.

Because for the first six months of her life,
I kept seeing my unmourned grandmother's
face in hers. I am not fond of ghosts, especially those
I wronged as they turned toward death, coward that I was, [...]

So I will look in her face tenderly.
I will make the house safe for her.
I will help her discover the world beyond.
I will do things that make her laugh.
I will sit by her bed as she drifts off to sleep.
I will not let her die.

Excerpt from *Unravel*. Copyright © 2025 by Tolu Oloruntoba.

Find his books in our catalogue:



Put the Kettle On

Susan Musgrave

The cup that cheers but does not inebriate,
my grandmother would say, those afternoons
at three while we waited for the water to boil.
They sold her special blend - black, robust -
at a shop on 4th avenue [...]

I can still picture Grannie, who came
from a long line of worriers: in the middle
of a good fret, she assured me, there was nothing
more comforting than a proper cup of tea. Milk
in first (which rendered the tannins insoluble), a dash
of milk which meant a mere splash and nothing
more extravagant. She taught me it was
presumptuous to pour milk into somebody else's
cup, a slippery slope to murder and beyond.

Next came sugar, at least six heaping spoons,
the sugar-spoon engraved with her family crest,
a bloody dagger and *I Mak Sikkar* (I Make Sure).
Even from her ebbing bed Grannie insisted
we put the kettle on. When you are in control
of nothing else in your life, you could still make
a cup of tea the way you liked it - strong
enough you wouldn't need faith to walk on it,
sweet enough to float a bullet.



Excerpt from *Hunger*. Copyright © 2025 by Susan Musgrave.

Find her books in our catalogue:



The Church of Saturday Saints

Ben von Jagow

A Cujo bobblehead
atop the TV like a crucifix
live on Saturday night.

A mangy grey tennis ball
striking the far wall
like a mantra.

The opening brass riff
to Hockey Night in Canada.
Please rise for our national anthem.

An Alexander Mogilny
ministick with the illegal
stovetop curve.

A Cooper baseball glove,
a pair of old pillow pads,
a carpeted crease.

[...]

Saturday night, God took the form
of a stick paddle, a lunging glove.
Screens from BC to Newfoundland.

Brodeur the trailblazer, Hasek the acrobat,
the the 10 o'clock game,
Salo and Turek, the battle of Alberta.

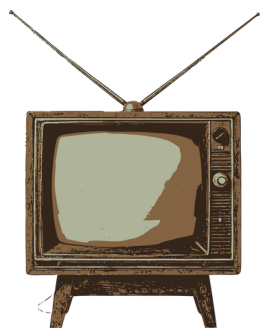
The silver bowl tips before the third,
bouncing kernels punctuate the night.
Ron McLean talks but goes unheard.

The following morning
Father Matthew's voice,
a drone from the pulpit.

I lip-sync with the choir,
so they can't tell I'm tired
from a night full of worship.

Excerpt from *Goalie*. Copyright © 2025 by Ben von Jagow.

Find the book in our catalogue:



The Forest (excerpt)

Paul Vermeersch

You remember being boreal, ancient. The soaring stature of your canopy, the open space within yourself, the cool darkness in your undergrowth. Underground, the low seeds undergo their next renewal. The only thing growing taller, growing greener, than your memory of being a forest is the awareness you will be a forest again.

Excerpt from *NMLCT*. Copyright © 2025 by Paul Vermeersch.

Find the book in our catalogue:

