

Riven**Catherine Owen**

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Grief won't suffer fools. What and how we grieve is the truest thing we know about ourselves. What Catherine Owen mines from her experience of losing a young spouse to drug addiction is extraordinary for its sweep. Her depths come to bear on nature, love, contamination, and the things she was forced to know about herself. She is the author of fifteen books of prose and poetry, in addition to an upcoming memoir anthology featuring twenty-four other Canadian writers.

A strange amber stain on the river this morning — what is it —

*A strange amber stain on the river this morning — what is it — so much
that appears, disappears — we're not supposed to question — we consumers —
accept the effluent with the candy — don't ask why there are toxic waste containers
on the shoreline — corporations don't play neighbour — you won't get pie
or an aspidistra out of them — meanwhile workers sing Paganini in the guts
of unfinished townhomes — he was one of them, hard hat inked with days,
slapped with stickers — Talk Shit, Spit Blood — it's a hard world, don't you
forget it, kid — though the sun has dribbled out of the clouds now — boing,
boing, boing — and you're Mr. Sweet-As-All-Get-Out — and the cat didn't quite
break my toe when I tripped over it last night — simple mercies at coffee time where
I sit staring at the water, wondering about this & that — crows surfing the light
out to Richmond —*

MATT SUTHERLAND (July / August 2020)

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