



Banff 2023
Winter Writers Residency
The Anthozine

*For all the writers in the Late Winter Writers Residency at the Banff
Centre for the Arts, February 2023.*

*Thank you for holding space for everyone to play, experiment, and be our
tender selves. Y'all are badass.*

Tending to Honesty



Heather Saluti

Mary Treat (1830-1923)

No *Angel in the House* or sentimental entertainments wanted. Her instruments of choice – the watch glass, a microscope. Piano, an abandoned forte. The better music of her days scaled in ant larvae, bladderworts, wings of flies, the sex of Lepidoptera. Pure observations embroidered. **Between letters.** Darwinian counterpoint harmonies mingling with researched domesticity – Mrs. Beeton blushes. Home-bound in Mary's Vineland garden. Methods mature. Curious sisters counseled: *train a lens on your own backyard.*

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The Angel in the House. A paean to passive womanhood. Penned by Coventry Patmore. A Victorian husband and sometime poet.

Isabella Mary Beeton, authored, *Mrs Beeton's Book of Household Management.* Chock full of vintage recipes, cure-all remedies, fashion, childcare advice. Appropriate feminine social conduct. Isabella's 1861 guidance had a 50-year run.

Scent Intense (Costume National)

make waste right Amber Amber Musk point aesthetic Amberg
urban accents Atlas Cedar Australian Minimalist max sniff Bam Fir
and cult around Birch Smoke Birch Tar Black Amber Black Pepper
include mother Botanical Musk Bourbon Vetiver Bulgarian Rose Burnt Match
Non Cedar Wood Ceremonial Oud deep define Chinese Osman
senses off magnetic Coffee object silhouette Concrete
dressed blue hues Cypriot Danish Spruce Dark Berries Dark Rum Date Da
mistakable life Eucalyptus Evergreen Needles Fig Firs
Galbanum Gardenia Gilded Amber Ginger Ginger Root
Hazlenut Hedione (Green Jasmine Bud) Heliotrope Heliotro
Absolute Incense Indian Sandalwood Island Vanilla Iso E
bergamot's bitter blossoming, cold-pressed in winter
stalks a leaning cardamom, who casually smokes her menthols
Essence Mandarin Mandarin Essence Mandarin Orange
Mimosa Mirabelle Plum Moheli Vanilla Tincture Mother-of
Leaf Neparese Oud Neroli Night-blooming Jasmine Nutm
Opopanax Orange Absolute Orange blossom Orange Flower
Osmanthus Oudh Ozone Palo Santo Papyrus Patchoul
too early for *jasmin sambac*'s purity but
she holds her head with graceful simplicity Rhubarb Rich Orris Rose
Raspberry Leaf Roasted Birch Tar Safran Sage Sambac Sa
Absolute Saffron Safranine Safran Sage Sambac Sa
Spicy Lilies Spikenard Star Anise Strawberry Subtle Musk
Leaves Tonka Tonka Bean Tuberose Valencia Orange Va
animal boundaries powder pounded marine Sandalwood Western
a mixed-up dissonance traded for beach floods intergreen Woods

untitled



with text and images by S.C. Ells from the poem "Canada's Barren Lands," *Northland Trails*, Burns & MacEachern, 1956, pp. 22-23. Public domain.

Melanie Dennis Unrau

Jewish General Hospital

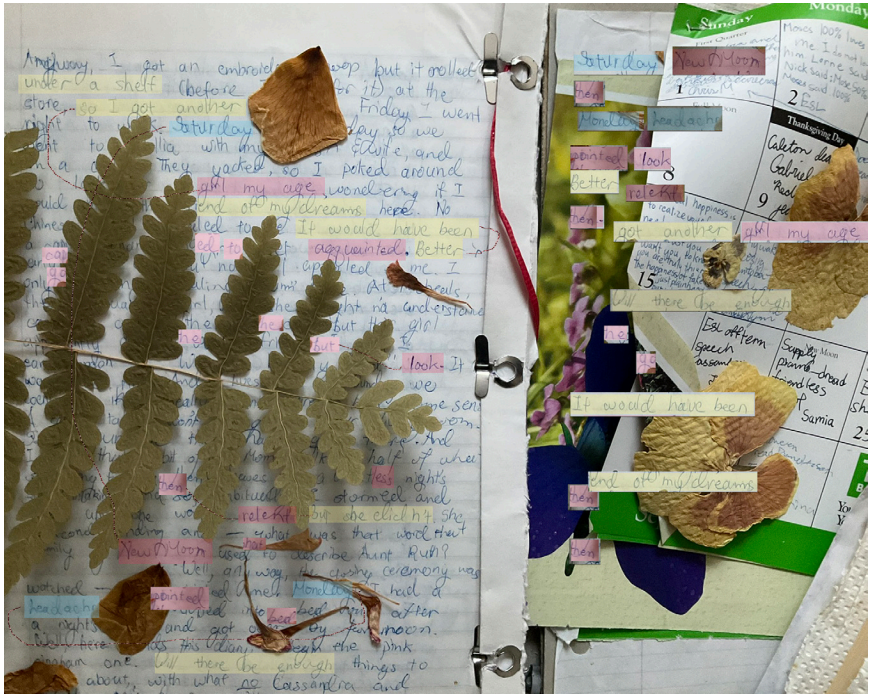
one thing about being gullible is i always have the look in my eye my grandmother had when i kissed her face goodbye before she died. it was the first time i ever saw her look as though i could tell her something she didn't already know, her face as blank as a wall or a page, you could use a pen or a can of spray paint, either way she'd drink it in like some fundamental fausse vérité. it makes you disappointed a lot, being credulous. makes you a good liar too, 'cause if you can believe anything you can lie to yourself too, at least enough to get out of certain situations, the kind i rarely find myself in anymore. honesty means knowing exactly where the lie begins and you end, and "you" becomes a thing that can only exist in utmost privacy

Rebecca Rustin

Rhyme with Distant Landscape



"Then," journals, calendar, pressed foliage ca. 1995



Miriam Ho

valentine simlultriptych: sexy stuff / seven veils / sweet nothings



I want to remember to ask for what I need and want, directly. This is for my kind & supportive partner M, who cannot read my mind. This is also for you, the 20 people who made my experience possible.

– Moira Walsh, Stuttgart



Moira Walsh

In the Hours After (an excerpt)

Soprano
Alto
Tenor
Bass

in this world, it turns
out there is beauty:
the brilliance of an island,
these little stones ensconced

with shadow, the angle
of sand they hold, the eye
registering an expanse,
the early sun, its later sinking,

bare branches turned maroon
in its light, the rocks, the water,
their sudden, dissipating shock,
on ice, its crisp consumption

of itself in motion, that
eye not holding back

Anna Lee-Popham

The Huluppu Tree

In the the mornings, in the first of all mornings,
In the evenings, in the first of all evenings,
In the years, in the first of all years,
In the first days when all that was needed was created,
In the first days when all that was needed was fully nourished,
He made the river;

The Lord of the Earth made the river,
Enki, god of water and knowledge,
Enki, god of magic and lover of humanity, made the river
and he swam through the sea of the dead.

And the wind tossed small stones at his body;
And the firmament hurled large stones at his body;
Like wolves the sea devoured the hull of his boat;
Like lions the waves of the sea smote the stern of his boat.

And a single tree, a huluppu-tree
Was planted by the side of his river.
And the tree was attended by the waters of his river.
At that time a whirlwind arose from the south
Pulling at the roots of the huluppu-tree.

A serpent arose from the depths.
A serpent who could not be charmed.
The serpent made its nest in the roots of the tree.
And the Anzu-bird placed his young in the branches of the tree.
And the dark maid built her home in the huluppu-tree.

let's not bring the will into this

because a lesson in hope is a cable of brass
that whirs at 400 Hz, bound end to end
until in the wind it snaps
ionised by questions of fate to matters of fact
sparking like bad stars in a hurricane
on the road to the promised land
as far as the desert gates
with a message, the promise
of a generous supply of port and water chestnuts
that we'll be saved

dolmade? tomato grape?
as half the night bubbles up in the hydrangeas
where we drink in darkness, already drunk on the end
the event horizon recedes beyond the fence
undetected a new world forms in the whorl of a fingerprint
bearing the iamb of a beginning heart
oat cake? marmalade?
like the skein of ice on snow
like wind off the curve of a wave
or ripped up sod with roots for answers
for it's only fair to be taken to the edge
where grief and lightning meet
twice, and let off there, until whatever we have lost
on the long going no-where
finds us again
and we are saved

{Use your tongue to heal}

It lolls back against an airway:.....No longer needed

If it speaks ill of Jehovah
will it burn away??

Mouth manager
How can one be idle so long without attention??

A:.....
||messenger|| ||harbinger||

!!trumpets blare!!

Sounding ends

The cherished will hear
The fallen will lament

What miracle awaits this one now putrefied??
Will the body be made {w[hole]} ??

||There is no light left inside the body for the gods to find||

||There is no life left inside the body for the gods to find||

Excerpt from *Land Matters*

The war doesn't end when soldiers drop

their weapons. For some, it's just the beginning.

We are never alone; the ghosts remain:
of old friends, our *raja*, and the family,
gone for good and yet keeping an eye.

Surviving loved ones is ●pain,
how lucky, they
who don't have to keep on living.

“Blessed be the dead,” someone whispers, “blessed are the dead,”



but never too loud. How things once familiar
seem strange, like my hands,
plucking flowers for the dead,
dancing in ●solitude among ghosts.



September 2013

Some Favourites

The colour green but only if it's Forrest. The colour blue but only if it's the sky. The colour red but only if it's crimson.

The way Cedric Diggory jumps down from the tree the first time he's shown in *The Goblet of Fire*. And also the way Edward Cullen says, spider monkey.

The smell of water hitting pavement on a hot day. The hot day.

The first bite of McDonald's french fries. The last bite of DQ ice cream cake. But only if it's the chocolate layers.

The taste of pizza the next day.

The sound of the last bell.

The way I remember most of my dreams. The dream I had about the seal talking me to explore the shores. The dream about the never-ending bookstore.

The way he looks when I say "hi" in the hallway after the weekend.

The Thought Experiment

DAY 1

Today I began The Experiment. I think I am ready, although I don't know what to expect. I will do daily practices of observation, apparently. I am told to record and observe everything. I hope it helps me find my keys. I am told to record my thoughts. I am thinking that this is an interesting way to find my keys.

What do you observe in your surroundings?

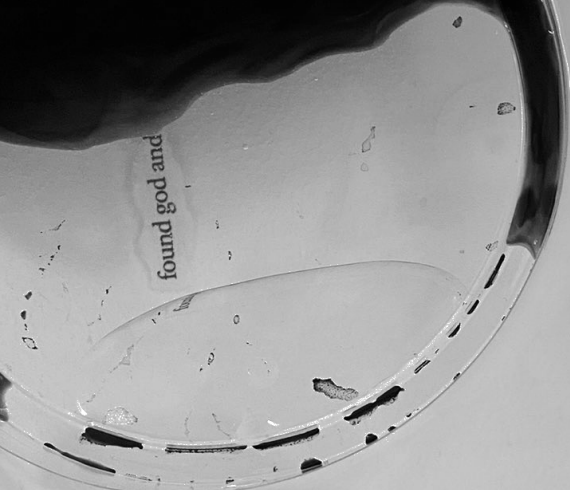
Around me I am surrounding. There is movement and they are looking at me as I look at them. Breathing is perceptible in all of it. Just like me there is physics. I don't want to look so close into anything I see myself. Like waves, it untangles until you see a new reflection. You look from above, as if you always had known. A river is never, yet always. The objects hold new meanings, time has a way of running into entanglement. You run into your surroundings to lose yourself. You run into your surroundings and run into yourself.

DAY 2

Maybe it's just my mind but I think I am already changing. Time has shifted and I am more here. It is as if my thoughts have opened, learning but also remembering. A candle in the night. The wind on a mountain. I might be here for a reason. I might be here by accident.

What do you observe about yourself?

I am a self that is a sensation. I am alive in this fruit. I am a single voice in an orchestra. Somehow I leave echoes in the memories of others. Somehow I am speaking with myself in a moment of existence. On the edge of nowhere, I find myself. There are moments I wake up, as if I can see everything at once. Maybe my time is a wave of impressions. If I am a witness, I will watch. I will let this voice resound like a lone note in the night.



Each of the poems (including the images which are and/or are inseparable from the poems) that has been published in this anthology remains the right of its original author.

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