

MICHAEL GOODFELLOW

NATURALISM: AN ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY

NORTHERN SKIES ACROSS THE TWELVE MONTHS

Snow was late and falling like pieces of burned paper in the updraft of a bonfire, the warm ground pushing it up and away, back up to the sky and out to sea, and that was a constellation—the brook was a squirrel running for cover, I chased it from bank to bank, and that was a constellation, too—a kind of geometry—shadows caught in the corners of your eyes, knives you didn't use pushed to the side of the drawer—that was one, but the knives were not, so were not stars—the sky was a wall that held no plaster, the ceiling a kind of tin

A GUIDE TO THE NATIVE TREES OF NOVA SCOTIA: IDENTIFICATION BY BARK AND LEAF

The fig tree we left in the window as a kind of curtain grew to unspoken shape—angle is the word you said for a thing that takes so little space—a curve in the air where no bird will land, no wind blow—when the house burned down you called it a forest fire, I called it a firecracker that didn't explode—no house shape where the tree shape was, no forest where the block now stands—the world is a letter, sky darkening the page, clouds taking the colour, not the shape of flame

MAINTENANCE AND OPERATION OF FOG LIGHTS ON REMOTE NOVA SCOTIA ISLANDS

First fog each spring held the light of winter just passed—inside I saw you putting lights on a Christmas tree—and in another scene pressing your brake

to the road's edge, and the drop down—and I saw the light of the other car, but you made it, and the fog held that light too—it stuck to buildings the way sight-worn things can never be seen fresh, and it wrapped them in moving images of the past, the past winter—and you screamed, but it was a silent film—you bled, but in black and white—summer burned it away, fog cleared and the credits rolled—that's how I know, you said, there's life after endings—now the windows are down, we're turning up dirt down a dirt road and I can see the beach

PRUNING FRUIT TREES AND OTHER DECIDUOUS: A LAY PERSON'S MANUAL

Red maple had a certain colour like light turned low and a girl about to kiss you in the side room of a house party—it was 1999—and in the fall the leaves fell and the lights came up—The Smashing Pumpkins record ended—you wanted it back, not a colour but a kind of gold dark light on the edge of somewhere, one that grew tall and blocked out apple and larch, alder and birch—the forest kept growing, parties ended and began but in quiet rooms at night the light has a kind of music I keep to myself

THE LAHAVE RIVER: ITS COVES, TRIBUTARIES, AND ISLANDS

You glinted with tarnish—cheap taps with the chrome peeled off, fish caught in the prism of your blank stare, kept your dark rooms under metal roof—spring you woke cold, ice the grey of a coin, eyes bright and hungry—your stumbling broke and bent the names of things—spindle of larch, wheel of maple, light's grain, name a skin to be pulled taut—shoreline greened the colour where bark is ripped off, bright with hurt—a hurricane brought you to life, sleep thrown back, your dark lacquer tossed, churning up creeks and ditches for the taste of dead leaves—winter your ice had weft and heave, rent buoys and tipped wharves—through shore ice we could see the bottom dotted with marbles and glass stoppers where a dump had been—wind opened the forest, better for water to run down bare limbs