

by John Dobbs

The Pottersfield Portfolio is an eastern seaboard publication that comes out once a year, giving prose and poetry, the opportunity locally, that wouldn't get the same sort of format and distribution nationally.

The magazine is financed by advertising and local patronage . . . which gives everyone a hand in it's delightful, fresh, bold quality. There's nothing like being able to read the print in a poetry magazine; format is so important to poetry and with the Pottersfield Portfolio, format has been given the importance it deserves. It is a large, uncumbersome

Review & poems

The Pottersfield Portfolio

magazine/book filled like a biscuit tin, with very digestible poems, stories and graphics. There isn't too much of any one person and the graphics have a respectable place amongst the poems. Poetry and stories are all contributed by writers living in the four Atlantic Provinces that successfully give fresh credibility to the writing scene in this part of Canada. The world's most treasured poetry (more often than not) originates from localized, indigenous linguistic colloquial harmonies . . . and somehow in reflecting a local (perhaps rural) spirit, along with personal alchemical revelations on the part of the poets we have a very poignant, polybardic portfolio from Pottersfield. Lesley Choyce is the editor of the magazine and when I spoke to him at a reading of some of the poets, he expressed a desire to reach more writers in the Atlantic provinces as well as a wider audience. He himself is a contributing poet with the magazine and a very excellent one . . . all of the poets though, contribute very impressive material and I'm sure we will see and hear from them all more often. Let's hope so.

The reading itself was a captivating evening of poetry read by a few of the Pottersfield Poets . . . the five readers (represented by the poems along with this article) were accompanied by a fine guitarist; Rick Shepard, who also sang a song he had written. Lesley Choyce introduced the poets and also read some of his works. The evening was free of charge with free cider served afterwards. There ought to be more of this sort of evening.



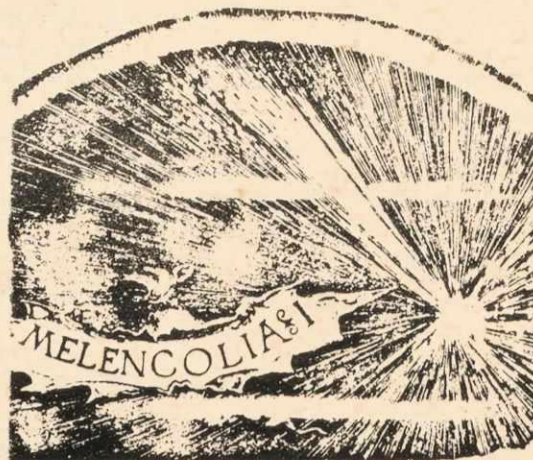
FAST LIVING

"Air expelled in a sneeze travels at about 100 mph."

The Halifax Mail Star—
June 12, 1980

Man — a creature born with biological speed involuntarily hurling atoms of fluid out his nose without effort; faster than the gazelle, faster than a Chevy Impala, and close cousin to a God that sent planets racing arounding firey, short-lived stars.

Lesley Choyce



THE FOREMAN

Guy had
Aaaaardvark
on the back of his jacket
six-foot moustache
drove a '58 Buick whose fine
had begun to settle.
To us
he was
"Heey Aaaaardvark!"
but to the women
he was a demon

whose shouts
snorts and jokes
kept them laughing
while they slit the bellies
of a million pregnant fish.

D. Watters



WHEN THE SKY IS FILLED WITH WONDROUS THINGS

The prowling night
when youth returns
and pulls a drawn brow
to drift from its worried course,
the lined forehead sea.

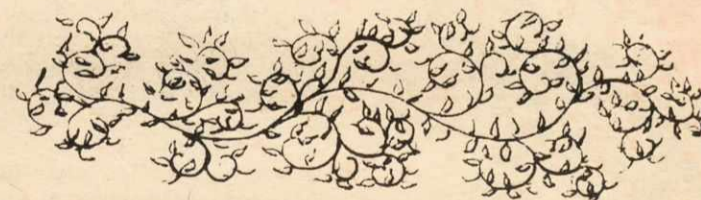
Tonight, disc thrown sky,
There is skill in the gods' performance.
The moon is a constant mark
and myth wins the trophy of the dark arena.

I would fly up
and kiss youth in the crystal lips of a constellation,
bless eternity for its fevered everness,
cheer for the heroes of love
where no echoes of my earthly pleas
will taunt me.

Aurora sweet light
with bending message.
There is lust notion in the virginal muse,
umbra humming the turnings of the heavens' secret.

This night obsession
This mad permission to live

Joanne Light



UNTITLED

So much happens because I'm here
and yet I dream continually
of myself in other places

Walking up a hill I know is mine
yet didn't know I'd seen
I am at home in my own slow climb
muscles I take with me everywhere

Never seeing whose face/which part I'm taking,
there are so many people acting who I am —
the man behind the counter of a Chinese emporium,
the woman coated grey against the rain, across the street
the man and boy under the rented light of a marquee —
I still recognize which one carries the journey.

The weight is physical,
a contraction, then release, a leg that lifts
a foot
and puts it down
just that much further forward.

Judith Penner



EVOLUTION

he is bent
like a question mark
over the sea of fishes
baiting his live heart

a mocking mirror
breath of wind flaving
the glass gives back
the image distorted
his only answer

later
the sea shrinks to a pool
too murky for facsimile
too shallow for victim

Kay Smith