

## Steve Reinke

### Bunny Rabbit's Bride

A woman her daughter and a lot of cabbages. A bunny rabbit comes into the garden and starts eating up all the cabbages. The woman says to the daughter: Go and chase bunny rabbit away. The little girl says to the bunny rabbit: Shoo, shoo bunny rabbit! You're eating up all our cabbages. Says bunny rabbit: Come little girl, sit down on my bunny rabbit's tail and come with me to my bunny rabbit's hut. Little girl doesn't feel like it. Next day. Bunny rabbit comes into the garden and starts eating up all the cabbages. The woman says to her daughter: Go chase bunny rabbit away. Little girl says to bunny rabbit: Shoo, shoo bunny rabbit! You're eating up all our cabbages. Says bunny rabbit: Come little girl, sit down on bunny rabbit's tail and come with me to bunny rabbit's hut. Little girl doesn't feel like it. Next day. Bunny rabbit eating more cabbages. Woman says: Go chase bunny rabbit away. Little girl says: Shoo, shoo bunny rabbit. Says bunny rabbit: Come little girl, sit on bunny rabbit's tail and come with me to bunny rabbit's hut. Little girl sits on bunny rabbit's tail, bunny rabbit carries her far away to his hut and says: Cook up some green cabbage and millet seed while I go invite the wedding guests. And all the wedding guests come flocking. Bunny rabbit says: Serve up, serve up, the wedding guests are merry. Bride says nothing and weeps. Bunny rabbit goes away, bunny rabbit comes back and says: Serve up, serve up, the wedding guests are hungry. Bride says nothing and weeps. Bunny rabbit goes away, bunny rabbit comes back and says: Serve up, serve up, the guests are waiting. Bride just weeps, bunny rabbit goes away, bride makes a straw doll and dresses it in her clothes, puts a wooden spoon in her hand, sits it down by the millet pot, and goes home to mother. Bunny rabbit comes back and says: Serve up, serve up! When there's no answer he hits the doll on the head. Cap falls off and bunny rabbit sees its not his bride. He goes far, far away. He's very sad.

Steve Reinke, a final-year student in the Faculty of Fine Arts, was awarded the President's Prize for Poetry in 1983.

## Claudio Duran

### AND THAT MUSTY (ANCIENT) SMELL . . .

And that musty (ancient) smell of books arrayed, one by one, on the library shelves used to bring the oceans of epochs to the lengthening of the midday meal. Both room and board were available to us. We walked down the corridors two by two. The time to end it all had just arrived. The dead, still hours of the afternoon and the musty (ancient) smell of books in our hands.

### TRAVELLING BY TRAIN TO CAMPANARIO

To Reginaldo Duran  
in memoriam

Whatever the end of my learning will be, or the rigorous methods in my ideas, or the calm in which I convey my teachings, or its language or place, the black colour of the train engine will be always in my blood, slowly making its stop in Monte Aguila.

### ANCIENT DWELLING PLACES

These names now echoing in my memory Buchupureo, Polcura, Toconao, Traiguén these ancient names belonging to my people, whose rituals are the stones and the rivers, the sea, the sky, the snow, the wine, and the coastal range. These names they gave to towns, farms, lakes, these names are within my soul as May showers falling among green hills among hills, these names calling me endlessly by my name.

Claudio Duran is a Chilean-born poet who came to Canada in exile in 1973 after the military overthrow of President Salvador Allende. He is now a Canadian citizen. Duran is a professor at York University.

He has published two books of poetry: *Homenaje*, a handmade book illustrated by the Chilean painter Taitiana Alamos, published in Chile in 1980, and *After*

### FACING THE GATINEAU RIVER

To Marcela

The line of the hills, the one which can be seen in your brown eyes, that line that goes along the river, through your hands, through your breasts, through the shores of your feet, that line of trees, that line—



*the Usual Clients Have Gone Home*, a bilingual edition published by Underwhich Editions in Toronto in 1982, translated by Rafael Barreto-Rivera. A new bilingual book, *After Silence*, with Chilean poet Jonás, is going to be published soon in Chile by Alta Marea. Translations for *After Silence* were done by Margarita Feliciano.

in a place with a plastic tree  
a stuffed swordfish on the wall  
mirrors

she carries her ketchup wrong  
you're supposed to lay it down on your tray  
and it breaks upon the rug

she tries not to step on the spot, she falls  
into the tree  
and it tips

they let her stay, she clears tables  
she can clear a table  
(she timed herself)  
in eighty seconds flat

### MONDAYS

Duck visits Emma  
in the big stone house

Duck and Emma change diapers  
rub the auburn top of the baby's hair  
weed the garden

sing  
walk into town to get a book or drop  
something in the mail  
sweep and dust  
talk quiet  
sleep

### DUCK

a man phones, he saw her  
in a donut shop  
with his wife, and please tell her  
say to her  
ask her

Duck sits with a child  
tracing circles on his back  
all night, a woman asleep in Duck's bed  
a hundred circles

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