



Doug Schmidt

No Hat, No Gloves

She will not sit down
in the first seat, pretending
she can still afford the luxury
of choice.

We lurch —
the ineffectual hands startled,
search and bruise, as she loses
balance into the seat in front of me.

It is a sweet, sharp smell, almost
imported from unwashed, unchanged
rue St. Denis and I wonder if she knows?
I wonder if I will

Ogopogo Popping

father never stopped at roadside stands
his warm slick hands
somehow held firm on the wheel
we drove on and on

oh it was hot

mother changed the ice in banff
vinegar jugs warm like dad's hands
we'd share the water the four of us
stuck to the seats in the back

we never complained
(dad said the campsite
would fill by three)

WELCOME TO PEACHLAND'S TRAIL-R-INN
park among the cherry trees
no picking please

we burst out barefoot
across the gravel ooching our way
to the beach
and vinegared relief in the water

it was so cold

IT had been seen the day before
now dad was on the shore
four popsicles dripping on the sand
we splashed towards him

ogopogo pops a foot long
they never stayed on the sticks
you always lost half in the sand

IT had been seen the day before
the ogopogo on the okanagan
second only to that serpent
somewhere in scotland

dad told us
mother didn't want us in the water

that night something took a bite off
the roof of the trailer
mom and dad never heard a thing

we drove away next morning
dad apologized with ogopogo pops
we sucked he drove
up and away from the lake

YOU ARE NOW LEAVING THE OKANAGAN
please come again
and a serpent wrapped around the sign

we sucked
down below
a shiny underbelly
and a smile in the water

we spilled juice on the seats
sucking for all it was worth

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Short poem winner: Kim Henbest
Short poem runner-up: WH Riemer
Long poem winner: Norm Sacuta
Long poem runner-up: Astrid Blodgett