

The Colonial Times

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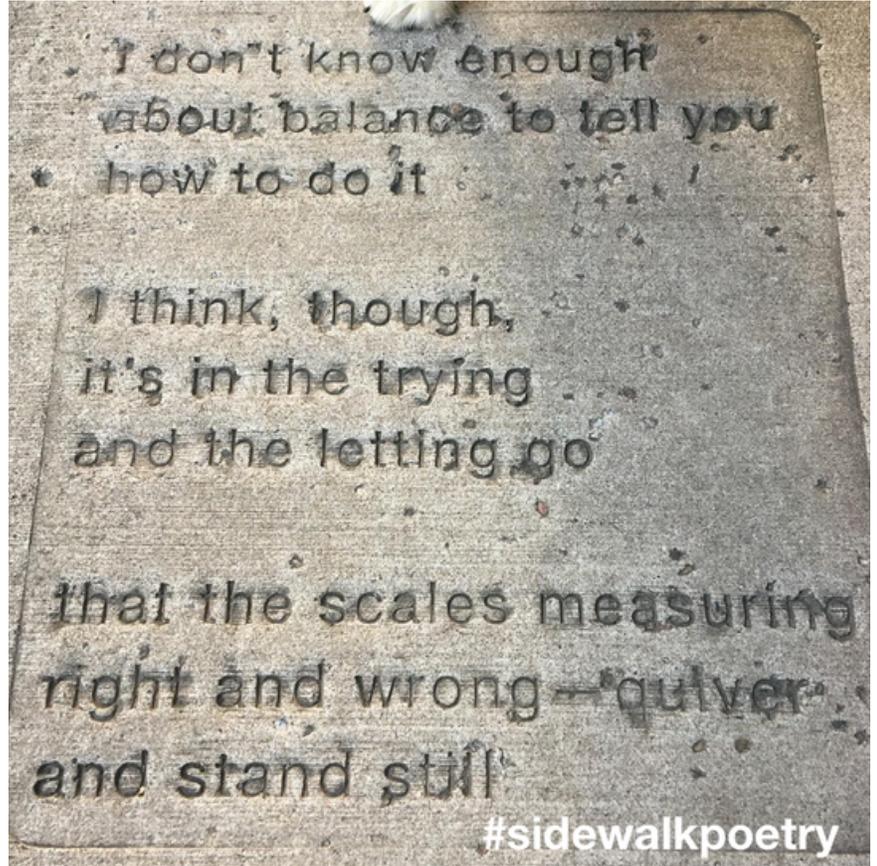
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Hello Friends,

Last November I went for a wonderful trip, first to Paris, then Florence, New York, my grandmother's place in Connecticut, and then home. Why am I talking about this? Well, partially because I've been thinking about that trip and wondering when that kind of travel will feel that kind of free again, but mostly I mention it because I've been thinking about poetry and sidewalks, and how we reach out to people during isolation. On my travels, I found poems everywhere, printed and glued to walls, bus stops, park benches, and folded under windshields. Most of them were in another language so I didn't understand a thing that they expressed, other than a



profound love of language and a desire for connection. I often stopped to read them out loud, just to hear the sounds, the rhythm, of the pieces. During this pandemic, I've seen pictures from all over of poetry written on sidewalks, in windows, and on social media and it touches me in the same way. We are so pleased to be hosting an online poetry workshop next week, and I encourage you to join, to read, and perhaps to share some of your favourite pieces, or your own pieces, perhaps scrawled in charcoal on the sidewalk in front of your house. Consider Poetry a random act of kindness. I love you. Have great week! --Claren

The SIDEWALK POETRY Issue

***It's the last day of National Poetry Month!
Find a way to share your favourite poet,
poem, ditty, etc with your community!***



First Line, Second Line

Tell me again that it won't last forever
How long has it been?
I changed my mind
Stop reminding me of time

Stillness everywhere
Until we find another way
Calendar pages bury my bare feet
Kill no one by chance
So when it ends we are free

--Lindsey Crudele

This poem and a collection of other pieces written about our time in isolation are published by the ARTery and available at this [link](#):

Escape to the reading room with Georgia D.

Instead of entertaining thoughts of weaning, or flirting with fantasies of independence, I have bought myself 600% more reading time by, ahem, just giving up and leaning into my role as milch cow for my 25 month old baby. This non-decision enabled me to sink deeply into this week's selection: Manhattan Beach by Jennifer Egan. While I was thrilled reading it, I can't classify this book as a thriller. I found it to be a rich mystery that allows each character to fully unfold throughout its telling. Set in New York, 1942 nearing the end of WWII, the story follows Anna Kerrigan as she unwittingly follows the murky trail left by her father-- who walked out 5 years earlier, never to return. Anna has come of age in a wartime city and she knows hard work and tribulation and supports her mother and disabled sister. She has more street wisdom than would be considered proper. Her exuberantly youthful path eventually crosses with a powerful gangster's, whom she vividly remembers associating with her missing father- and drawn to this forceful man, whether by fate or simple lust; Anna begins using her own power to find out what happened to him. With lush descriptions of bustling wartime New York and tender portraits of individuals struggling through their own lots, Manhattan Beach was compelling read and one I would recommend to everyone. The little libraries have been closed due to concerns about covid; but if you are interested in reading this book, don't hesitate to contact us so we can put this book into community rotation.

