

Frog Hollow Press proudly presents #2 in our Dis/Ability Series

## *Tantramar Vespers* by Christopher Snook



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### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Christopher Snook was born and raised in Nova Scotia. A Senior Fellow at the University of King's College, Halifax, he holds graduate degrees in English and Theology. Ordained in the Anglican Church of Canada in 2005, he spent more than a decade in parish ministry before returning to full-time teaching.

His poetry has appeared in numerous journals, including the *Literary Review of Canada*, *Prairie Fire*, and the *Cordite Review*. Poems are also forthcoming in publications that include the *St. Katherine's Review* and *The Listening Eye*.

### COVER ART BY BRENDA POWERS

Brenda Powers paints at Vicuna Art Studio, a non-profit studio for art instruction operated by Ridge Meadows Association for Community Living in Maple Ridge, British Columbia.

### NEUTRAL BAY, NEW SOUTH WALES

The full throated thrum of the service trucks  
and i am swimming in frangipani  
with sprays of white aster against green foliage  
on the stone walls of Neutral Bay, the odour

of rubbish bins like stale piss behind  
the bus shelter and the relentless high  
speed arboreal rat-tat-tat of the  
cicadas. The young carry the sun about

in their bodies, bright-seared and deathless,  
savouring mangos like edible stars and  
five-dollar-a-cup coffee. The continent  
is prodigal of wonders—pouched animals,

billed beavers, shaggy trees dropping their skin  
or iron-barked; and not these only but  
urban stylites like latter day saints atop  
their third story Thai restaurants and weeping

from the first bitter sip of ale, through  
the spring roll starters, weeping over their  
minced chicken salad and cheap bubbly.  
The cicadas' hum is the cantus firmus

of a city at song, chanting the hours,  
the blessed bodies, the sacred hearts of Neutral Bay.  
The service trucks stop under a window where  
the stylites meet to weep the city aflame

from the inside.

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