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WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL

POETRY FESTIVAL

5th Annual



"Canada's Unofficial Poet Laureate"

*His poems about our peninsula, its lakes,
shores and islands rocked our young nation
and earned him acclaim as Poet Laureate of
the Lakes.*

JUNE 24TH
WIARTON MEETING PLACE

Festival Program

Master of Ceremonies - Harriet Maconaghie and Pam Crawford

The Campbells Are Coming played by Steve Wolfe

Reading of *Indian Summer* by Evan Grundmann

Welcome: Festival Founder, Paul Kastner

Background on Campbell and the Festival

Words/Proclamation: Matt Jackson, S.B.P. Councillor

Recognition of Student Artwork: Cliff Bilyea, Festival Director

Performance: Lauren Best, Poet Laureate

Presentation of Awards to Youth winners:

Anna Park reading *The Beautiful Calm Waters* (Grade 1-3)

Taylor Legge reading *Relieving These Secrets* (Grade 9-12)

Performance: Caleb Hull

Readings by five finalists, Adult Category

Intermission / refreshments - 15 minutes

Performance: Larry Jensen and Rob Rolfe, Poets Laureate
2015-2017

Readings by five finalists, Adult Category

Announcement of Adult Category Winners and Presentation of
Awards by

Ron Balsdon, Wiarton Rotary Club
and Laura Strangway, Caframo

Closing remarks

William Wilfred Campbell, 1861-1918

In his lifetime, Wiarton-raised Wilfred Campbell was an internationally famous poet. At his death in Ottawa where he was working as a Civil Servant, he was lauded as Canada's Unofficial Poet Laureate, Poet Laureate of the Lakes and as one of seven noted Confederation Poets.

He began writing published poetry at age 14 and went on to publish five volumes of his poetry, five historical novels, ten dramatic plays and three non-fiction books.

The University of Aberdeen, Scotland conferred upon him an honorary Doctor of Laws degree. He was a Fellow, and a president of the Royal Society of Canada, Editor of the Oxford Book of Canadian Verse and a sometime columnist for several Canadian daily newspapers.

His early poems were accepted by significant periodicals in the United States and Canada. One of them, titled *The Mother*, was read aloud in the House of Commons by Prime Minister Sir John A. Macdonald and later in the Senate.

Married, he and his wife, Louisa, had four children: three daughters and one son. His eldest daughter, Margery, married George Grey, a cousin of the 4th Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada, who gave us the famous Grey Cup. Their son, Harry, Wilfred's grandson had two boys, Richard and Philip, who unexpectedly inherited the Earldom. In 1963, Richard became the 6th Earl Grey and when he died, his brother, Philip became the present 7th Earl Grey.

That he'd posthumously become the great-grandfather of two Earls would have greatly satisfied Wilfred. He was an ardent lover of the British and their Empire, penning many so-called rather embarrassing Imperial poems, which contributed to his early neglect in the years immediately following his death.

Today, his lake poems are being re-evaluated more favorably. Wiarton proudly remembered its famous son, erecting a memorial cairn to him in 1937, and a successor in 1967, which stands today in the town's Bluewater Park. In 1938, Ottawa proclaimed him A Person of National Historic Significance.

Born in Kitchener his parents were the Anglican Rev. Thomas Swainton Campbell and Matilda Wright. Wilfred, at age 11, was the second oldest of their five sons when the church posted the family to the Northern Mission of Wiarton, pop. 200.

Growing up, he became a school teacher in Zion and Purple Valley to earn money to attend the University of Toronto, Wycliffe Divinity College and shortly afterwards Episcopal Theological College in Cambridge, Massachusetts. After he graduated, for five years he served parishes in New Hampshire, New Brunswick and Southampton, Ontario. In a temporary crisis of faith he left the church there and became a federal Civil Servant.

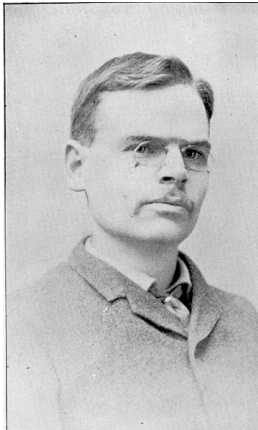
A poet's mission, he said, should be for the betterment of mankind, a duty to express high ideals, and be of value to society.

Our annual festival during his June birth month is built on the premise that William Wilfred Campbell, one of our own, needs honoring as an important historical and cultural Canadian figure.

Previous Winners

The Finalists

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Lucy Bacon | <i>Yeats' Garden</i> |
| Elizabeth Bazeley | <i>LOONS and Revival</i> |
| Faye Annette Bender | <i>Miles of Diamonds</i> |
| Carol Chitovas | <i>Hope</i> |
| Shane Fera | <i>Quiet Corners</i> |
| Dieter Heinrich | <i>The Elephant in the Room</i> |
| Caleb Hull | <i>When I'm Gone</i> |
| Anne Duke Judd | <i>Night Passage – Lake Huron</i> |
| Suzanne Selby | <i>The Vegetarian Vulture</i> |
| John Smallwood | <i>He Said/She Said</i> |
| Lynn Wyvill | <i>Progression</i> |



| | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| Anna Park | <i>The Beautiful Calm Waters</i> |
| Cindy Matthews | <i>If I Could Take Words</i> |
| Shane Fera | <i>November's End</i> |
| Taylor Legge | <i>Relieving These Secrets</i> |
| Ferelith Hoffman Taylor | <i>In This Place</i> |
| Lynn Wyvill | <i>Jilted</i> |
| Donna Bain | <i>The Pool</i> |
| Rita Baker | <i>Love Story</i> |
| Liz Zetlin | <i>Lesson Five: Learning to Sing</i> |
| Louise Chase | <i>Horticulture</i> |
| Dieter Heinrich | <i>The Vanishing</i> |
| Faye Annette Bender | <i>High On a Mountain Top: Who Am I?</i> |

The Beautiful Calm Waters

Anna Park

I see rough rocks beneath the beautiful, calm waters,
With green leaves in the corner as if it was in trouble.
And with its light coming from the leaves of green,
As the black gloomed in the other corner,
And the white in between,
Like it was trying to separate them.
I would hear the droplets of the water,
Dropping time to time,
Into endless wet abyss.
But, I have a wonder,
If any has found the dark wonderland.
If true, I would want to find where it is.
I feel a calm feeling to let out my angry thoughts,
For I feel happy and very calm.
I see rough rocks beneath the beautiful calm waters,
The beautiful calm waters...
The beautiful calm waters...

If I Could Take Words

Cindy Matthews

If I could take words, I would.

I would fold them like cool moist rags,
Anchor them to your feverish brow,
Chain your ankles and wrists with them.

Words ~ fetter, gnash, seethe.

If I could critique words, I would.

I would clutch them to me all night long,
Plaster them like a salve,
Wrap your bones and skin in them.

Words nudge blisters away.

If I could print words, I would.

I would rake them through hair,
Carve them with a Sharpie,
Tattoo your membrane in their fervid blood.

Words, slick inside the ear.

If I could create words, I would.

I would stroke the dense thread count,
Stitch every gaping wound,
Fuss over you with jazz, silk, and thyme.

Words ~ murmur, breathe, flee.

If I could take words, I would.

November's End

Shane Fera

everything is lines
drawn in the sand
outlines
scrawled text
falling in
line

and i walk it, yes
so i can touch both sides
but each in turn grabs hold
and tries to rip me from the other
back and forth, terrific force,
a body made for movement,
yet a mind unready
for such unreasonable shifts

it has a price, and i pay it well
a greedy addict
i'll pay until my pockets, turned out
and lint gone too, remind me
of everything i had before i gave myself
to muse, who underlined my passion
and left me begging

Relieving These Secrets

Taylor Legge

My gaze leans out the window
And subconsciousness
Does a pirouette
On the perimeter of my mind

The ever so calm wilderness
In a mirage of plants and emotion
Sweeps past my window in a blur

And it looks like if I wanted
I could mold the forest together
And rest it in my palm

But I know of all the forest's secrets
Banging in their chests
Aching to be heard

I want to stop the car
And get out
I want to hear them

In This Place

Ferelith Hoffman Taylor

Solemn, limestone cliffs
rise up to frame
at water's edge and
looking down
on deep-blue depths
peruse this rocky path
I take.
Water like cold satin bathes
as I enter
this ancient garden
carved by glaciers
primeval, living still.
A summer sky
lies gently down
keeping silent
joining water and
as a leaf I float
 moved only by
each passing wave
cradled in this bed.
High above
images in green
take shape and
rise from rocky crevice.
Ancient cedar
gnarled and bent
forever musing
for our languid souls
gifts
from times long past.
I am made whole again
here, in this place.

Jilted

Lynn Wyvill

Mid August lilies
romp up troughs
of ditches; gloat in
transplanted status
by mailboxes and
casual gardens.

Sweet peas leap
across fence rails,
toss sensual musk
in humid air. Lavender
spikes bend with the
weight of bees.

I ache to stall
progressing summer.
Flail arms at black birds
clustered on telephone
wires. Tape shut milkweed
pods swollen in anticipation.

*Haven't we just begun this journey?
Why hurry to the climax?
I beg you, slow ejaculations.
Let me savour your kisses
and promise of unending love.*

Even as the hawkweed dusts
The hillside in smoky haze,
I cling to tails of retreating
birds and sigh with regret,
abandoned at the altar
of summer romance.

The Pool

Donna Bain

The cool, clear water gently caresses my body
Each stroke, each pull of my arm a release
I kick my feet to an unheard rhythm
Seemingly erratic, yet melodic to my water-filled ears
The ripples non-existent, as am I, in my solitude

My breath comes in huge gasps, in, out, then in
I feel the approaching pool edge, I open my eyes
Sleekly turn with perfection, stride unbroken
I smile; a great accomplishment in my despondency
In my pain, in my lethargy, in my oneness

Time is of no essence. It has no meaning, no depth
I glide unfettered, bound only by my heavy heart
Unanswered questions afloat around me. Ignored.
I want not the bother, not now, not here
It is only silence I crave. Be still my thoughts

I move swiftly through wet folds of shimmering satin
Oblivious of those watching who are envious
Of my weightlessness, my freedom, my speed, though
Not desirous of my pain, my fears, my hopelessness
These are not cast off so easily, these chains of despair

I rise, rivulets of water snaking between my breasts
Like blood oozing from a festering wound
There is no healing this gaping hole in my heart
Exposing the incessant presence of an undying love
That sickness and disease has rendered a mere memory

Glancing back at the unmarred surface, so immaculate
I imagine my existence in the same unflawed vein
Without the suffering; without the indecision
However, one set of wet foot prints mark my departure
Proof that I remain; that I am real; that I am alone

Love Story

Rita Baker

Watching the pendulum
swing away from me
I am afraid to stop
lest weight gain impulse.
Touch lightly, pendulum,
and return.

I saw you at the edge
of your Niagara,
Innocent of the depths,
lured.
I should have held a branch
in case you fell.

You touched a wounded heart
binding yourself to it.
beating with it, knowing
the pain.
Come free of the wound
with my balm.

I lost a dream
in the sands.
You found the place,
helping me
To dig up
a poem.

Lesson Five: Learning to Sing

Liz Zetlin

*It happens, like magic says my teacher
when you relax and stop trying.
Sound spills down your face
and rumbles the room.*

So, I'm trying not to try,
to sneak up on myself with song.

*Imagine you're biting into a peach.
Where the golden flesh arrives
behind the teeth, that's where
the sound should be.*

I give it a try. Since it's winter,
earmuffs replace the peach. Fuzzy black
poly-something only muffles and chokes.
I try a Bartlett pear, the fleshy part beneath the thumb.
My teacher redirects each sound.

*Try not to sit on the sound
in the back of your mouth.
Keep your tongue lazy.
Don't let it rise up.*

I feel like I imagine a baby might feel
attempting to crawl, if the mother said
"put more pressure on your right knee,
lean forward a bit, tilt your head down,
lead with your left big toe, don't
let your arms get the way. Now,
pretend you're a cat and crawl!"

I recall the peach, the earmuffs, the pear,
the torment of sound hitting my soft palette.
*Screech like a little girl, she says, only more witchy
and higher in pitch – and demonstrates: gimme that gimme that.*

I'm so exhausted by metaphor,
by trying, by trying not to try.
But then I remember something I read:
even the Albert's lyrebird takes
six years to learn its dawn song.

Horticulture

Louise Chase

If I were to say
Master Gardener
to describe my neighbour
she would turn
as crimson
as the rhododendron
blossoming in her front yard

It is a false modesty
however
when every June
she does not relent;
moves about the corner lot
like a cyclone
yanking at ivy
with more might than magic

I can almost hear the vines snap
from where I sit
behind double bricked walls
one house away
motionless
all brambled up in stories

You have to establish a routine
she echoes
start with hardy plants
consider where the sunlight falls
limit shade-friendly flora to the north side
keep pruning

and never mind the weeds
I am told,
They make good compost.

The Vanishing

Dieter Heinrich

I want to go
beyond the sprawl
beyond the end
of the engined world,
beyond the lawn mowers
and the leaf blowers,
to the vanishing land
where quiet holds

Where the moose of silence
stands hulking
motionless over us
hearing only breezes in the trees
and the whispers of rivers
that slide smoothly by the
shushing libraries of pines

I would walk among well-rested hills
that slumber solidly against the sky
offering in their hollows
mossy pillows
for the passerby
wishing to rest
a moment with the Earth,

Far from chatter
about what-all
in the city,
I would dwell happily
amidst the small sounds
I keened to as a child

The clacks and yips
of the chipmunk kingdom.
the underbrush rustle
of tiny lives
running wild

High On A Mountaintop: Who Am I?

Faye Annette Bender

High on a mountaintop one with the sky,
reaching out to touch a cloud
peacefully floating by

Breezes singing softly, purely a heavenly lullaby
Feeling infinite yet tiny
Asking who am I?

High on a mountain dreaming I can fly,
To the music of the spheres,
I dance with butterflies.

Beautiful creature choirs I hear
And distant drumming from the skies.
Trees are swaying in the wind
Our movements harmonize.

We stretch, and bend, and shake, and sigh
Great Spirit sheds a tear.
Lights flash warnings from on high
The thunder drums draw near.

High on a mountain, cleansed in the storm.
Crunching colors on the ground
red, and orange, and gold all round
The air now grows less warm.

As the snow begins to fly
I follow bear into his cave
To sleep, to see, to know.

Wisdom found, remembering, the answers that I crave
Visions, scenes, insightful dreams,
journeys of my soul.

High atop a mountain the sun now growing bright.
The snow begins to melt again, shorter grows the night.

Green is peeking here and there and in his cozy, sheltered den
Stretching, slowly wakes the bear and ventures into light.

Standing on a mountain reaching to the sky.
Searching prayerful echoes ring amidst the awesome sight.

Terrestrial-cosmic meeting place, a temple purely formed.
Grace to last and views so vast, with natures art adorned.

Great Spirit brings an answering of freedom, majesty and might
when from this noble steadfast king the king of birds takes flight.