

# Fyre

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ALBERTA SERIES #5  
above/ground press

**Catherine Owen**

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# FYRE

Catherine Owen

ALBERTA SERIES #5

above/ground press

"Owen's talent is profound, deep and demanding... the poems in FYRE offer a rich, bracing challenge."

-- George Elliott Clarke

## 2 fires

The gum-rutted edge of the knife  
sparked – Victory Square’s old coils  
spreading stone in the hot pond the suite became  
– not popcorn as the byline read – but crack,  
shattering the housecoat & cat image  
:innocence. Seconds took the cantilevered  
frames, spun possessions to charred  
replicas in Pender’s heritage navel.  
Iggy Pop & Dal’s Orchestra, Ms. T’s  
and the steam room, views  
from an émigré’s paintbrush, Rutger’s  
negatives, Fred’s tiny birds.  
The hostel wall sliced clean as black  
cheese, bunks rayed nude to the weather  
as thousands of eyes stare smoke-wise,  
register the uninsurable landscape.

\*

The kindling snickers, infernos,  
skips from bromed crown to sapped  
root, gallops its desert over Okanagan  
mountain, the valley’s rut, takes the town  
in its wisp of indifference and chucks it refugee  
from board & plank castles to flee  
the mounds of smoke rolling towards them, the fires  
that cannot be fought at night.  
The next day & the next, its mass  
of recklessness gathers, turning black  
the briefly tamed crop, stick and parched  
the acreage though bombers parturitioned  
with floods loosen drop after drop,  
silver, into the unseen extent.





## Glosa 1

Drawn from quotations by *A. Alvarez*

You fell as if a stray, rescinded thing  
The day you left the ward alone - the  
Whiteness of the halls, sepulchral, the lair  
Of the room where the watcher-king hung  
From your thinnest mind-thread, deaf  
To pleas, unheeded, nor even all tears  
But continuing to swing, like a mule  
On a fishing line, gray, base, shrieking  
*Of one truth you must always be sure –  
Suicide is a confession of failure*

You asked for a smoke, but they  
Had taken your pack, your nipple rings,  
The book you had stolen on Communism  
“The king is the opiate of the king,” you said,  
Before the burst of Spring, a year ago,  
But no one could understand your vision,  
They had taken that, and your rockabilly clothes  
Your grandfather’s hat, his memories too –  
Christ, it was like the birth of a chasm –  
*Suicide is an act of exorcism*

You called your mother up, lodged  
Between two mountains, your father's  
Abandonment, a noose of recent grieving  
And now this – junk loosed from its square  
Dominion, set waltzing inside the needle,  
The Cock n' Bull claiming  
Your back, dragged out to the gasp  
Of sirens – o the sweet throne widening to receive  
You, no longer low among the living –  
*Suicide is a closed world, unforgiving*

You woke and knew your reign was lost,  
Forfeited, the red carpet of the blood  
Rolled up and the mind's last totem,  
The old king, trumpeting you up to the parapet  
Where, walking on the sylvan thread, you  
Would be royal, would be lord, would be Satan.  
Stepping to the ledge, you would regain  
That cold decree of bone foretold  
By snakes unroiling in the garden –  
*Suicide is making sure you will not be forgotten.*

## Sestina 1

You fell as if a stray, rescinded thing  
Bloom of winter's last blood  
Like a needle's haft you fell  
Your mind filled with smoke  
With old kindling of tears  
Stoked by the words of the king

He was not any common king  
His hair a powdered fell  
Bound within robes of blood  
About him a strange thing  
Hovered – like a scent, like smoke  
Invasive as tears

Or the wound's ruck of blood  
He followed you through the room's thick smoke,  
Into the tub, where tears  
Crept from the tap, fell  
In sounds hard as the king's  
Scepter; you couldn't hear anything

Else, just the scepter that fell  
But not at all like tears –  
“it is only the way of the king,”  
he said, “to lead his people of blood  
to the parapet – it is the only thing  
he must do, your life is but smoke

compared to this task, your tears  
small pieces of the nothing  
you have become, your sad army of smokes,  
your allegiance to the normal king.  
He fell,  
haven't you heard? His blood

lines my reign, he is smoke  
to my burning – I am the only king  
now and you are a thing  
undone.” There were no more depths for tears;  
there were no more lengths for blood  
; night stayed; but he lay where he fell.

## **Pieces of Retreat**

*Sage Hill, SK, 04*

1.

### **Walking the labyrinth in the dark**

The way in seems simple at first, stone  
exclaims the entrance, stone swerves its Cartesian  
patterns in concentric white and grain, but  
as you pace through it becomes  
obscured, grass purls over the edges, blurs  
the perfect notion of form. And it is night,  
the center-point indistinct; resolution lost.  
You imagine deer coiling into the crux,  
feasting, spoor small dark tumuli  
between the lines, friars with their necks hooked  
to prayer, dervishing to silence.  
Always before you reach the end, you find  
you are returning; the stars only low  
their own clarity, the moon craters a beam.

2.

### **Lucien Kemble's Christ on the Cross, 1954, while in Montreal**

So raw a pagan could believe  
in his suffering, thick oiled pain clumped  
on the canvas, the nails disappearing  
into night. Just after he has uttered  
"It is finished"? Or before  
the vinegar'd hyssop? A racked swastika  
of tree limbs; loincloth snagged on his groin  
like a kite; cross rising its blood  
against him. Behind, the thieves' crucifixion  
marked by floating black X's. No  
figures shadow them. There is only  
the unknown; its thin requests for paradise.

3.

### **The Tribe**

Nothing to do with the teepee on the hill,  
our survival has not primed its hardness  
over fires of such paucity, wind  
gutting the chinks between branches – “there’s  
only two left,” Brother Dominic chuckles,  
“necessity urged the rest into the hearth.”  
Society’s heart-wrecked really, feel  
it here, time filched from the melee,  
lulling over land humped with cacti,  
cricket-sewn, hawk-lilted. How we have  
let our lives slip to this indifference, whooped  
it back in a fortnight; words here mattering –  
Shim; maculate; hematite; tarn  
mattering as much as misunderstood  
dances or dances understood so well  
that they were banned from the body’s mouth.

## Haikus to remedy grief

don't think about him  
or if you must let it slip  
through the mind's water

\*

think about him slow  
as a dream that melts away  
with the clock's loud fire

\*

quick – think about him!  
don't let him roost in your mind,  
preen his wild sleeping

\*

think about him lots  
after all who can ignore  
a face schooled by rain

## **Innocence 1**

That autumn, my son and I fell in love with the same boy. They were eight at the time, though Fabien appeared to have bypassed childhood, arrested somewhere between a hood and a holy man. His head was shorn, exposing a scar like a shaky hyphen at the nub of his skull; his lips were sensual as Byron's. He used my first name with the precociousness of the vulnerable. My son often said, "Adopt him!" luring him away from his mother's freckled vacancy, his Kraft Dinner of siblings with the promise of Quizno's after school, a new pair of pants. "He needs us," Reid would urge, his small face tipped by light like an aching fern. For a month, over tea on the weekends at Robin's, the boys chatted religion, chanted the poems they had composed in class. Afterwards, they stuffed their shirts with leaves, laughing until they rolled down the hill at Willingdon, all their leafy hearts spilling out. When Fabien disappeared, Reid wailed for nights. "We were the only ones that understood him," he cried, "we should have saved him before it was too late."

"It was always too late," I said, stroking his forehead's taut roots, imagining we would have sat for hours like this, he and I, our hands rounding Fabien's skull, marbling its raw stone.

## Innocence 2

Orange slices sliding into the white vat on Celine's cutting board.  
Jams globbing off knives onto burnt pores of bread.  
Coffee gloating in the pot.

But this is later.  
I haven't woken up yet from not dreaming of you.

\*

"Gîtes du Plateau, Montréal." Last night I took the train from Toronto, the Styrofoam cup express, and arrived to your absence. if you'd only known how nervous I was at the thought of bunking with five other girls in a hostel! I bedded down on my lilac sheets amid warm snores, feet propped firmly on my gear, fearing to go shoeless.

But when you steered clear of my dreams and, even more, when my eyes parted with the luxury of figs, slowly softening into morning; and the girls, like faint laughter, were lifting pyjama tops over a flutter of nipples, accents lilting oh, *regarde ma petite ourson!*; and a bout of snowed-in light slanted across the ceiling,

I was childhood again for a moment,  
its redeemable excess of sweetness.

### **Innocence 3**

*for Ingrid*

The summer she stayed with us, our Lancashire cousin, you were too young to remember. She was my age, about to enter high school, its world of finely wrought tortures. Half-Indian, her features had thickened into fullness, breasts as fierce (I later thought) as Rodin's *Iris*. She wore a hairnet to bed to contain her wilderness of black curls and within a week I was given the honour of snapping its snare over her head, entrapping each wiry tendril. We slept together on the floor and she touched me like a seamstress, measuring my flesh as if wondering whether it was fit for the slow needle of new pleasure. By day, the thread that connected us was sheer as fingers on the body before names engrave their wounds.

**Innocence 4**

*for Deirdre*

And then he turned from where I lay on the bed, wet  
with his pressure, to you, faint shoes swinging on the radiator, but  
no, this was never innocence.

## **Fragility 1**

*for Karen Moe, Corazon, Vancouver, 2000*

All night, the traffic light on First, which hangs outside your window with its cluster of hard fruit, drips its hues on chairs, candles stripped to their flounces of wax. The last drinker falters on the couch, saliva silvering his lips. *Hey, you gotta go now, it's over, you gotta go.* Slow prowls around the rooms, picking up mugs and scallop-lipped ashtrays, slipping CDs into their scattered cases. Snail-dark whorls on the floor mark the revolution of bodies. Your tip jars a fist, gripping the reason you remain open until 4, glinting bits of lives traded for beer, pizza, weed. A moment you hover in the orb of green, clad in a surgeon's shirt and thong, feeling your mind grow as pale as your skin. Books, like towers of Inuk stones, wait behind your sleep for the strained light of noon. Strange shoes beside your bed turn their scissors towards the door.

## **Fragility 2**

*Music, defenseless against our sorrow, is perhaps our only mourner...Fine particulates of powder float around your tuxedo. You paint your lips in rage, turn your lashes into battlements. "After I came back from the desert, I had to rock n' roll, only that rawness was sufficient, but the blues now, the blues has time sewn through it." A white carnation in your buttonhole settles on my mind like a cloud. They will crowd in there tonight to hear you bray Billie & Ella with your cabaret rasp, leg cocked on a chair, Cuban cigar cleaving the victory sign of your fingers while the double bass rumpuses and the drums battabat but after they disperse you will drink Cabernet and nearly weep over each hesitation, every lost note. Your face will tear its beauty to a mask, unable to attain *that boredom with which they sang the stupid tropes of love.**

### **Fragility 3**

Palimpsest rivaling the girlie calendar tacked on a black drape, your body, disengaged from its archetypes, is loose, pink, spattered with moles around the shoulders, puffed soft with hair. *Positioning is everything*, you say, leaning towards the camera tilted on its tripod, *I mean, look at Lord Rochester. Without the particular context of his era, he would have been little more than some lecherous loser. Libertinism requires its gilded chairs.* Blue lights pour heat over your poses. Now She-Doggy; now Poopsie; now the clown-police, tits peekabooing through fingers. Props lie scattered: constable hats, roses, strand of magisterial pearls. *What I'm trying to do is see them in relation to each other, like a puzzle of patriarchal disaster, I guess. Fleshing them out of nightmares, which are the reality one faces, irreverent, yet wanting to court life, needing to.* The lens's eye now spun to the wall. And you in a dressing gown, face washed raw, yet still bearing certain traces.

#### **Fragility 4**

It was with a *rope of sand* he held you you told me later, recalling Herbert's phrase. *After I knew I would die, there came a calm of complete immunity, all of his weapons shimmering with water in the scant Arizona desert.* Cacti like dulled green lights, a clotted sky and shrimping the VW van with its crew – one bound woman and Our Captain (indiscreet hairline; scrawny penis; predilection for Spam & wine) - the mountain. You had planned to top its summit, burn relics of a lost marriage amid the rocks and needles. Tiny inferno of eight years. Instead, after the trial, you were heading back home with more gestures of abandonment, even the teddy bear given to you by the court less a comfort than a closing door. That you could laugh (your raucous, unsettling laughter!) when recounting how you had said to him – *Our Captain, if you must keep raping me in the desert, couldn't you at least vary the scenery?* You, un-killable, as the dew that tears through arid land.

**Instances: from Francis Bacon's Novum Organum**  
*for Frank Bonneville (1974-2003)*

**1. Solitary [a sudden ghazal]**

*One should locate bodies that either have nothing in common except one quality or have everything in common except that quality...prisms are unique in that they exhibit colour but differ from other bodies such as flowers that have their colour fixed.*

Ghosts keep me warm tonight.  
What else do I need?

Through the sieves of a million poems,  
your body falls. Too many buildings

on my eyelashes! Yet the blossoming  
continues insistent: magnolias, hyacinths,

memory. I listen to the echoes  
you have left in my flesh – scratches

on the vinyl black of youth. Lights  
traverse the hard landscape. A dog.

A child. A dog. Walk by me.  
If I broke your absence into pieces

there would be slight,  
this common shining.

2. **Clandestine (Instances of the Twilight)**

*When nature is in its lowest degree of power as when iron  
is found which does not attract iron.*

Waves, unassuageable. A you-storm.  
stark against the pungent wall of dancers,  
banal prophets, gyring to funk.

I look for you most in the places  
I hated to find you: frat bars sad  
with lonely-eyed drinkers, gutted

taverns, flophouses on Hastings, clubs  
hopping in time to gilded E-pushers.  
You spurned such sham intensity yet it

lured you to a shadow of your whirlwind  
until I held you lurching against a basin  
weeping deaf as a child inside sleep.

Not loving you slumped over a table,  
yet now, not seeing you anywhere,  
the dark scalpel of your eyes visible

through the thickest weft of people  
: lights filing across the floor, sound  
flailing incomprehensible; to every shape

but grief, my body stubborn,  
rudimentary,  
unreconciled.

### 3. Instances of Companionship and Enmity

*in which a body always exhibits the nature being investigated or never, such as "all flame is hot" or "air is never consistent."*

You never took pleasure in any of this  
: lilacs browning, irises purling flimsy  
through the wire rind of a fence.

Even a Dorval sunset left you indifferent,  
a little huff, before pulling out a cigarette  
and whining about some residue of memory.

Then you jumped, and the world,  
siphoned through your ghost, went flat.  
I walk in the Fall of you now,

the earth divested.

\*

your eyes knowing it was your eyes always scoffed

your eyes in their green unripened cages where

every year a smaller & smaller bird shone

knowing it was your eyes always in the bar

someone would be drawn to your lids'

inexplicable weight & the night of your irises

your eyes always dropping, then burning open

#### 4. Deviating Instances

*When nature turns aside from her ordinary course  
and produces individual oddities. Under this heading there  
is no need of examples – they are so plentiful.*

flame-lit thing thought rare  
didst once – O’Keefe & bone perhaps  
Carr & the pith of red cedar Artaud’s void  
Sartre’s void Kerouac’s mind in rags  
the road smoke tripping upwards a silk snail

the stratified lunar eyes  
writ once – Flaubert’s rank apples perhaps  
needles for Burroughs boys  
for Genet that shimmering pitch of flesh  
just beyond the reach of the pen in Paris  
Tangiers the train tilting on the limbs of rails

what can I give you you strange air-borne  
common fathomless seed for the way you turned  
unbidden and rooted ruptured  
the movement of the line on the page  
thought rare flame-lit  
where Bizet leapt up from his Carmen  
wailing

## 5. Instances of the Road

*those that escape the observation rather than the sense, as in the very sowing of the seed...and how and when the seed begins to puff and swell and to burst the skin and put forth fibers, at the same time raising itself slightly upwards.*

Two shiny semi-rings: one's ball slightly tarnished, the other with a gap that lived inside the cut nub of your nipple.

After the funeral, your mother scabbled through a drawer of dried flowers & cards to retrieve a tiny bag, zip locked against spillage:

two rings spooning hard into each other's spines and around them like the strange oddments in a room, stray coins, an unclaimed lottery stub,

a metro ticket to St. Laurent & Guy.  
*He would have wanted you to have these, she said, it's all they gave me at the hospital*

And I, who hadn't touched him in eight months was allowed these small marriages of steel, putting them in the box that had held an heirloom, now

lost - knowing no one would receive anything else of his – the bass guitar stolen, negatives left on a bus, screen-play erased and the rest rotting on some Ontario road –

time rooting your body to its relinquishing.

## 6. Instances of Refuge

*the use of analogy to compile instances when the senses fail us, for example in the comparison of pneumatic bodies with dust.*

If I loved you, it  
was not with the me  
that is now, your death  
closed cities, sealed  
regions.

If I recall you, it  
is as a strange  
disruption, a man  
asking for change  
at the height of a rainstorm.

If I knew you, but  
I failed at this strained  
task, as a woman  
who seeks the wilderness  
in stone.

If I had a chance, but  
this is weighing  
ash in the same hand  
as breath and calling  
them twin.

## **The Strangest Things in the World**

*By Thomas R Henry, 1958*

1.

*It is a shy animal of the cane brakes*  
With milk in its eyes, there is no plague in it.  
Nor is there avarice as fairy tales warn.  
There quick – and there, sweet.

2.

*Lacking everything, it has an “I am.”*  
While we learned it merely lived for us to own  
Without heart, without eyes, even without brain –  
O soaks up, devours.

3.

*Blue flowers as if beds on transparent ice*  
Roots fishing lines crooked inside the salt sea.  
Where is the soil we were assured makes gardens?  
Cold water; pure seed.

4.

*Female termites have large brains and hard dark shells.*  
You thought you were the only armoured primate.  
Now they must determine the width of the beams.  
Then a house gnaws a house.

5.

*The sea creature sheds tortured tears when in pain.*  
At first you cannot tell it is crying, then  
Its forehead quivers. Who says you own sorrow?  
Vast and bare, weeping.

6.

*Jet black worms with cast off heads live in red snow.*  
Suicides, their blood sculpts them terrains of hope.  
A mind is not thus required for happiness –  
Just this contrast, stark.

7.

*The opossum's suffering helps it endure.*  
Centuries, it has learned to curl into balls  
Of fur and longing, soft all over, silent.  
Fear nixed? No. Not fear.

## **Muse**

**i/ cot**

whose vein was whose river  
never asked in the afterlight

the soft door in the gut  
swung

and an eye green as a beating heart  
did not blink.

we moved into the alleyways of our minds,

the narrow sleep of scaffolds.

There were no vows &  
no iron violences

blocking our way to loss.

**ii/ stroll**

Trees cannot sleep for long,  
ruptured by Spring  
- ash lining eyelets of flowers.

I pass you in the hollows of the neck  
and you know me by the way I place  
one foot        in front        of another

on the vein's wavering tightrope.  
Who can belong to such a practice? Or  
such a world, frozen in its religion of war.

My appetite you call escape is not without its mottoes.  
One of these invokes the fruit  
that cannot ripen outside

the fracture.

### **iii/ rift**

This is the spring we did not earn.  
You arrived on my threshold – a  
snowdrop's sliver of white against  
the pliant grass, crocuses butting  
their easter into the sun.

I want to start again, define  
the cold exigency, the ache of must  
at the beginning. Yet in the sky, the hole  
widens and our whole blood-need runs into it

until the seas rise and rocks melt  
from the pressure. You speak your name  
in the blur of seasons and it is  
foreign to me and familiar

as the outcry of the heart at words.

#### **iv/ portents**

Unbreathings, here & there, sought  
indefinitely: the eye without its luster,  
the journey without its end –

(last night, she left a note in the studio:  
space has ceased to engage me. is  
language a final enclosure? If so, then

book me a passage on the tiny,  
violent cruise of its blood). Papers  
in a vortex on the desk.

Light spurting everywhere. Indefinitely.  
The way I cannot catch her meaning,  
her body's illusiveness a cage for each

placement of the teapot, pencil, my own  
stark notes: I want you to come to bed.  
I want you to be still for a moment.

Simple pleasures are all I asked of her.  
Unbreathings, sought in the crabbed  
veins of her script, is what

she leaves behind her, bequeaths  
to the universe willingly while I lie rigid,  
silenced, in the compass of this hunger.

v/ **summons**

*Best Western, Arizona/03*

the iced rattle of a cart down the hall and the sun's light  
dropletting a pine tree –

writing of these and not to you,  
driving down Route 66, scrub-roughened hills, cacti gone black  
at the joints, rot too in the succulents,

writing of these and not

the war, the silk ruckus of your flesh between the sheets, the  
homeless or the plague's outbreak in Toronto

(faces shaded blue beneath dust masks),

not called to these but unreasonable leanings towards  
small bloodless images:

shed antlers in a field for instance, aggression etched  
& gentled in necessity's coral reach.

**vi/ guise**

the impeccable self, the one grown in the mind  
like a yeasty fungi, the impeccable self, under

certain rigid conditions, bows  
from the waist to its image. its waist has thickened,

an irredeemable offense, lessening the dark sharpness  
in the way it struts the streets, as if a specter, insolent -

entirely opposite to the fatness of the masses.  
the masses seem indifferent, dimming the sparks it

could have lit from a squandered, attentive gesture,  
causing one to scrawl, in white heat, between the lines –

I am utterly lost, yet, by all, desired. Desire a last cheat  
now with a slag heap around its middle, frayed unbidden

numbers clinging to the impeccable written figure until  
its clambering is ponderous, lacks the nonsense by candle-

light, the cortex (yes) of roses.

**vii/ revoke**

They say even the taste for it can wane, as  
a paralytic raising his hand to blunt a tear

has only the memory of the gesture left, the  
thought still hovering, untranslatable.

Something sours in the sap of the thing,  
so that bird song becomes mechanic,

a mineral, negotiable sound, or else  
a fear sifting in from a dream where

you are gone and nothing remains  
but the features other people have donned

like the lie of a Corps Humain  
I have drawn.

**viii/ slumber**

Reciting to the happy dead – blood's  
surfeit among us in the squat shadows  
the tulips cast, a slight oil limning  
plates, faces plaid and un-haunted –

what am I here for I ask

- the crows long fled to the woods  
in arrows of darkness,  
a man flattened out on the asphalt  
his insufferable eyes sealed.

The street assumes its evening shapes,  
strangers assembling like windows,  
each left to bid for the other  
down alcohol's raw aisles –

who can still reach me I call

- sodden rims of mouths yawning ;  
my black land breaking before them  
while their veins hum *killer you the killer*  
*you the killed*

**ix/ clausus**

*12th Avenue, Vancouver/03*

She has taken to staring at grapes:  
big, chaste bowls full of them, each skin  
gripping its light.

Flies are not her preference, yet she gets them,  
ones & twos mostly, the silver ping of their bodies  
preening amid the branches.

When she opens the door again, it is dark.  
Apples indistinguishable from stars. Eyes  
taking flight everywhere until a rawness clings to her:

stooping to grab the paper, getting a pot  
to slop water on the half-dreamed garden.  
The bowls hold her with the kind of loneliness

that resembles hunger. She catches herself  
thinking about modesty or old fashioned gestures  
like reverence.



**xi/ cicatrice**

this kind of light, this only,  
glare off a seam in the day  
without deadlines, without dirt

asserting itself like death  
in the crevices. the bright rising  
from scars, marks from birth

raddling the flesh in thin, crooked  
roads to nowhere but the past, or  
cuts from other criminal, normal

moments. Don't ask for lightning  
or for the luminous song from Parnassus.  
You will inscribe between the margins, write

on the edges of darkness, and spill  
your own kind of glowing, though slow  
and silent around the glimmers.

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**Catherine Owen** has been publishing and performing poetry since 1993. Her work has appeared in periodicals such as The Dalhousie Review and Poetry Salzburg. Titles include: Somatic – The Life and Work of Egon Schiele (Exile Editions 1998), nominated for the Gerald Lampert Award, The Wrecks of Eden (Wolsak and Wynn, 02), shortlisted for the BC Book Prize, and her new collections, Shall: ghazals (Wolsak and Wynn, 06) and Cusp/detritus (Anvil Press, 06), both longlisted for the Relit Prize, while the latter made the shortlist for the George Ryga award for socially conscious literature. A selection from Seeing Lessons, on the pioneer photographer, Mattie Gunterman was recently nominated for the CBC Literary Awards. Her poems have been translated into Italian (Caneide with Joe Rosenblatt, 05) and Korean. She has a Masters degree in English (Simon Fraser University, 01), collaborates with painters/dancers, practices photography, and plays bass/sings in the blackmetal band, INHUMAN.

**Sydney Lancaster** is a visual artist living and working in Edmonton, Alberta. The underlying theme in her work to date is that of transformation, its relationship to cyclicity and destruction, the interplay between the constructed world and the natural world, and the way in which humans perceive these realities. Ms. Lancaster is currently working on a new series of mixed media works that extend these ideas, to include an examination of the mythologies created in the construction of identity through culture, personal history, and modern technological environments and tools.

Number \_\_\_\_\_ of 200.