

Spring 2026 II (Enclosure)

Fawn Parker, Poet Laureate, City of Fredericton
For National Poetry Month (April)

My library books are overwintering.
Ruffled by the agitating breath of the radiator.
The microcosm of my office exhausts me.
Who is counting all of these deer
in all of these poems? Roaming slyly
through *Moortown Diary*.
It goes unopened for weeks.
Then, a twig splintered by a hoof.
The abstraction of fear encroaches

even from the antique velvet chaise.
We draw in our mind the image of the hunter
because we are doing the work of association.
We must rehabilitate against terror
by peering in. I don't work this way.
I am an anxious, mothering architect.
I will soon retire. I've written nothing
you might call a poem. Only lines. Lines—
split in their wobbly middles. Never mind the deer.

All my animals are safe in a sheaf of inaction.
I read fitfully. I have a system:
I don't dog-ear. I write the numbers on a slip.
I am building a database of untethered reference.
Columns of numbers and their shadows
of meaning. The algorithm of the idea
is composed of meat and electricity.
The animal concealed fully
behind the tree trunk doesn't exist.