

Spring 2026 I (Suspension)

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

I've been hoarding patience.
Even if eventually pathologized
it is impressive in some circles.

I've been watching dusk descent
over the houses across the street.
At least if the neighbours achieve tranquility

I am continually confronted by promise.
I will worry less. This is my morning resolution.
Echolocating the espresso machine

down the corkscrew of the back stairwell.
With the leering crescent rippling
in the warped glass. There are bats

suspended from the frame like black lace.
Those swaddled bodies humming
with presence of mind on the other side

of the kitchen sink. I am envious.
Patience is a skill I practice weekly
in an office on Churchill Row. At night

I lie still and let the information
circulate through narrow pathways
in my mind. Last week a bat

maneuvered between the roof and siding.
We called the park ranger who plucked it
like a fruit from the window frame.

Its brain then shipped to Ottawa for testing. Briefly
we enveloped ourselves in the romance of fear.
For six days we appreciated everything. The news:

nothing. So the animal died for the sin of shelter.
We made ourselves a fiction of a burial in the ground
behind the Provincial Vet Lab. Used this as a tonic

for sleep. We lay down and the clocks leapt.
Spring pushed up through the ground
like thumbs between our shoulder blades.