

SEAN HOWARD

BITTER SUITE (THROWN FLAGS)

Halifax, July 2017

I. SALUTE

The leaf
that sweeps its
roots away

II. CRANES

Held pose,
Sunday mime—
the unpracticed
arts of progress

III. IF ONLY (KIPLING POSTCARD)

Memory-joggers, dogging the flag-
draped, open-topped buses (“you

fix your bayonets and charge
. . .”), circling the

Citadel

.

IV. SOUND TRACK?

Bagpipes, canon,
 non, playing war—

“History,” Can-
 ada’s selfie

V. STRANGE MEETING

Churchill’s glare
 casts a shade, circling
 the square—“Good

morning, old chap,”
 doffs a man picking
 cans from the

trash

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VI. PRIDE (CITADEL TRICOLOUR)

The Rainbow in the
 shade of the Maple,
 still under the Union
 Jack

VII. 150 POEMS

“Canada” (I rink
 therefore . . .)—Map-
 le Syrup, True
 Dough

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