

## Lake Vostock

in Antarctica Lake Vostock waits  
under 4 kilometres of ice  
it keeps archival silence

USA  
UK  
France  
Germany  
Japan  
nations who nursed scars  
from wars waged on each other sit  
scheme strategies to probe frozen  
waters for clues to evolution in  
sediments sunk into a bed  
about the size of Lake Ontario

200,000 years biomolecules have hidden  
in sub-glacial rocks and mud  
they keep their secrets to themselves  
histories written in traces of ice  
to be retrieved as core samples  
studied,scrutinized  
measured,documented  
filed,catalogued

facts set on shelves  
countries set alongside each other

minds set on mulling  
mysteries  
markers  
millenniums  
meltdowns  
maybes  
motions  
mergers  
magnanimities  
miracles

## ABOUT Barbara Phillips

Barbara lives in Toronto in Canada.  
Barbara Phillips is also the author of  
**Tympanic Mysteries: Love Is A Tympanic  
Mystery**, as well as **Shadows In The Echoes**,  
**Confessions of a Sybaritic Puritan**, and **Blue  
Sails Haiku & Not**.

Her work has been published as well in various  
print and electronic publications, such as  
*Transparent Words*, *Caught In The Net*, *Ygdrasil*  
*A Journal of The Poetic Arts*, *Poemata*, *Verse*  
*Afire*, *Quills Canadian Poetry Magazine*,  
*Canadian Writer's Journal*, *Poetry Canada*  
*Magazine*, *Malleable Jangle*,  
*Hammered Out*, *Bywords Quarterly Journal*,  
*Zimmerzine*, *Poetry Super Highway*, and  
*Writer's Hood*.

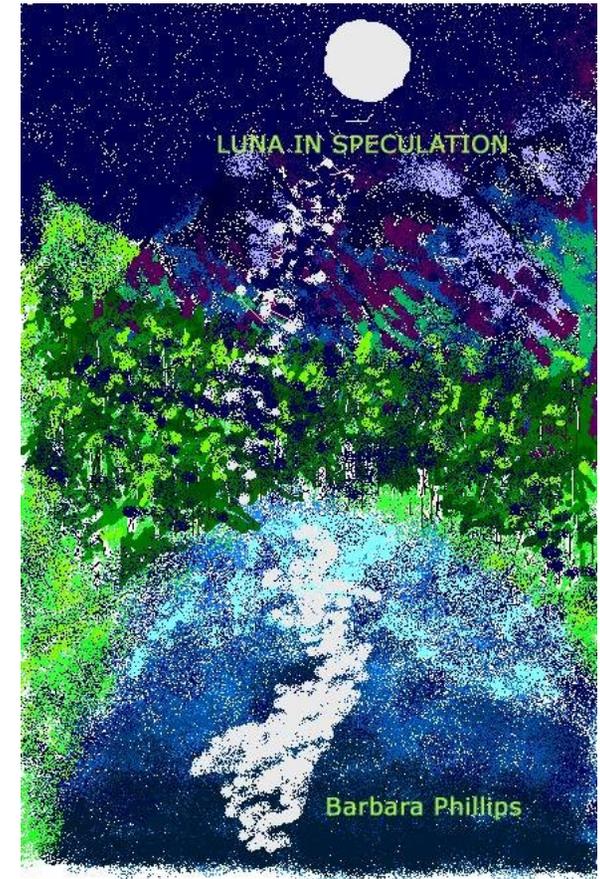
Her work has appeared in  
anthologies such as **Oval Victory: The Best of  
Canadian Poetry**, **A Time Of Trial: Beyond The  
Terror of 9/11**, **No Love Lost**, **EOA And West:**  
**London Poems Part II** , **Seeds6: An Anthology of  
Poetry**, and **Handprints On The Future**. She has  
been a featured poet and was a recipient of the Ted  
Plantos Memorial Seed Money Fund.

### The PK Poetry Leaflet

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# THE PK POETS #2: Barbara Phillips



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## Milkshake News

the mother of stars sends announcements  
from 26,000 light years away  
to the 40-foot radio telescope  
on Kitt Peak, Arizona where three men listen  
John M. Hollis, Frank J. Lovas, Philip R. Jewell

previews of life are brewing  
preparing for planets yet unformed  
stars are emerging from gaseous clouds  
getting ready to dress in dustings of light

in the nursery at its center  
the Milky Way spills sugar  
combines carbon, hydrogen, carbon dioxide  
forms glycolaldehyde molecules  
for nucleic acids, base for DNA  
to earth comes sweet milkshake news  
galactic happenings forecast births

at breakfast tables people read  
impatiently skim pages

into cups of coffee they stir  
one more spoon of sugar

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## Belly Dreams

Belly sighs to dreams of lake yesterday  
when you and I kissed knowingly  
as flames enticed air  
into sinuous pantomimes  
painted crazed heat signatures  
on skin of deeply silent night

## Shadows End

there are shadows at the end of the garden  
under branches of trees grown to ambush  
proportions that spread rumours

I can't hear what they are saying there among  
shrubs and beds over run with pink  
phlox and delphiniums leaning like ink-stained  
amazons among daisies that have no place  
to hide as they speak to each other in white-shine  
flashes about boughs that break and twigs that snap  
when light leaves chase thunder fractures  
along paths lost in gloom opaque as dust  
behind mahogany claws of the grandfather clock

and I remind myself to stay out of shadows  
dark as forests smothering truths buried in secret  
ruins crumbled by roots writhing  
at the end of the garden

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## Sphinx

Heavy with moist turf's summer perfume  
blossoms dream in dewy cocoons,  
wait for morning light.

On the bench, you and I lean against each other.  
We are intimate ancient souls  
familiar with each others' rhythms, under the  
canopy of trees, spread in benediction.

The harvest moon rides  
through silver-threaded clouds.  
We talk of nothing in particular  
under the hush of leaf murmurations.

In the dark evening the lake is a sphinx.  
Waves near our feet rock themselves  
to sleep, stroking moonlit sand.

## Knead Words

words knead implicit implications  
raise improbable  
possibilities shifting need

modified mask obliquely  
obliterates inconsistencies

inquisitive inquisitors  
puff probes insistently

air slithers surreptitiously  
negates impropriety  
validates shibboleths  
evades inveiglers handily

invigorates invincibility  
invites neogenesis

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## Falling Stars

The stars are falling through the night  
dazzling those now suddenly anemic  
fainting into soaring sweeps  
falling stars ignite a silent  
light show safe from scalpers.

Messengers from ancient eras  
sent by ancestors to earthlings faceless  
ripping through sedate constellations  
to awaken bold sensations rejecting  
maps fond to astronomers hugging  
telescopes with hearts anonymous  
broken arrows stitching skies to wombs  
in rhythms smoothing away loss  
smashed through a universe by envy tossed.