

Canadian Studies

CANADA CUBA LITERARY ALLIANCE AUTHORS: PEOPLE, PLACES, NATURE AND TIME

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Abstract

When you read CCLA authors, both Canadian and from abroad, you realize that there is a pleasing convergence of themes. As I journey across the literary issues of the Alliance – from Al Purdy to José Martí, Canadian and Cuban CCLA iconic Ambassadors respectively, along with the poets who have contributed to the project – unavoidable themes stand out. These are people, places, nature and time. The poets' concerns regarding these motifs lie deeply embedded in their roots and feelings. The land and those who preserve and sing to it, and how they see their world – past or present – are always depicted. This paper aims at briefly illustrating these notions by putting together my previous essays on the work of CCLA authors. The poets chosen have left a mark on the CCLA and publications around the world. They have also received numberless awards honoring their work. My opinions here are my tribute to what they have done for national and universal culture.

Key Words: CCLA poetry, people, places, time, nature

Introduction

When you read CCLA authors, both Canadian and from abroad, you realize that there is a pleasing convergence of themes. As I journey across the literary issues of the Alliance – from Al Purdy to José Martí, Canadian and Cuban CCLA iconic Ambassadors respectively, along with the poets who have contributed to the project – unavoidable themes stand out. These are people, places, nature and time. The poets' concerns regarding these motifs lie deeply embedded in their roots and feelings. The land and those who preserve and sing to it, and how they see their world – past or present – are always depicted.

Velázquez, CCLA Vice President and Editor, referred to Raymond Fenech, one of the authors included here, as follows: "*Perhaps that is why his country is always there, in lovely, well-crafted word images, as if to save from the disasters of time what he has seen in different moments and spaces*". His qualified opinion applies to the other four writers and many more poets. They grasp objective reality passing it through the sieve of their artistic minds. Velázquez words it for us: "*Human hopes for immortalizing what is felt, what is lived*". They embrace what is dear to them and attempt to immortalize and memorialize it as they exist in the dimensions that are inherent to them and to all things: time, space, motion; human existence leaving an imprint on those dimensions – or is it *the other way around*? It is Velázquez who wonders: "*Like a grain of sand in the wind... significant in his insignificance*".

Along these forms of material existence move people, places and nature. Poets paint them and describe them. In Velázquez's view, the poet: "*Turns into a witness of the universe*". The idea of people, places, nature and time as pretexts for a poet is also explained by CCLA President, Richard Grove: "*There is still the possibility of a humanistic, philosophical ballade through nature and time and space. This is why we write and read and deliver and consume poetry*".

There is an evident and constant reference to these elements, primordially and especially embodied in Purdy and Martí. This paper aims at briefly illustrating these notions by putting together my previous essays on the work of CCLA authors. The poets chosen have left a mark on the CCLA and publications around the world. They have also received numberless awards honoring their work. My opinions here are my tribute to what they have done for national and universal culture.

John B. Lee and Richard M. Grove's "In This We Hear the Light"

This is a book of poems and pictures produced by two Canadian doyens in both writing and photographing, recipients of a myriad awards and titles almost everywhere. The first thing that called my attention was the title, a warm play on metaphors and senses: the light that can be *heard*, not any light, probably not falling anywhere but on special places the authors know firsthand and were mesmerized by, and the *This*. You'd have to read the book to discern what *This* is. Then came my "criticism" of the poems and my "appraisal" of the photographs. "In This We Hear the Light" is a brochure filled with poetic, cultural, social and human discernment. The poetry within is committed

and carefully thought out; the photographs are exquisite, well-chosen and well labored upon: two great aesthetic minds at work. One artistic manifestation can replace the other, and the reader will accept the swap: the poems are images, the photographs are poetry. Both are X-rays of an island and her people taken by pleased, insightful and concerned-with-reality artists. Both are a repository of feelings, joy, hope, sadness, nostalgia, endurance and grief captured by the authors. They cannot escape the allurements of the country they depict, and unveil their way of expressing all that from a very personal and outsider-who-has-been-inside perspective, which is raw sometimes, but never irreverent, in my view.

Grove and Lee appeal to the senses, the treading into *that* light so they – and the reader – can hear it better. In the poem *In This We Hear the Light*, they resort to verbs like *see, hear, smell, touch*, and make reference to *eating* and food. Their words emphasize brightness as opposed to the “*crumbs of day*”, and regale us with the power of sharing and the spiritual magnetism of simple things and simple people. They also move across other poems in the book alongside tall, revered figures in Cuban history: Martí, Ché, Fidel, Raúl.

In *The Urge*, the use of polysyndeton carries the reader on waves that move and break on the shore, granting them life and a multi-colored appeal to the senses through images in the verbs *shoal, curl, swell, fall, course, caress, work*. There are echoes of an ancient and powerful device, alliteration, in the repetition of *b, c, s, w*.

What is This that We are is a healthy laugh at a deeply-rooted Cuban trait, being late, contrasted against the stern severity of other cultures. It is also a tribute to the lively spirit of the Cuban heart, especially the children's. *Like the Church of the Sea* is an aria of sounds and sights, a harmonization of seascapes and paintings in the reader's mind (let's not forget Grove's digital paintings). It is also a masterwork of cultural allusions that transport the reader from the Cuban Santiago to mythological places and characters.

And for All of That is a two-plane poem of cross-cultural significance. One can feel the strong imagery that calls to the senses through colors: *crimson, blood-spattered, dark rose*. It reflects the poets' open mind, appreciation for and concern with religious syncretism and life in Cuba, combined with the individual glimpses of people they know. In *The Man Who Made Hope*, Lee reminisces days gone by. He is nostalgic perhaps not of the object itself, or the very feast, but of the place, the moment, and the people he shared with.

The book threw light on me. It brought to the surface a different angle of the Cuban mosaic of culture, life, time, death, nature, society and people. It was a snapshot of what visiting friends think of us Cubans and how they see us amidst our social processes. The poems and the photographs sing to the simplicity and beauty of everyday things. They freeze great instances of small and grand things across the island.

The poet and the photographer could not elude the enticing force of the ocean, the depth of the Cuban soul, the joy, the laughter, the modesty, the latent grandeur of Cuba together with our setbacks and challenges. I am positive Lee and Grove were able to pour onto the book “*something more than a bird as a bird and something more than the musings of a mere tourist*”. Language – both written and pictorial, both technical and creative, both inquisitive and admiring – offers the reader a book to read again and again. Most of all, it is the people Lee and Grove refer to, the love and the friendship found in Cuba and nurtured through the years, what opened the path towards the light that we can hear and have in the book.

I am glad I was asked to read the book. I was blessed by *the light*. John B. Lee and Richard M. Grove feel at home. They fell in love with Cuba, her landscape and seascape, her people and the light that comes from them. That is the *This* made words and images in this book.

Kimberley Elizabeth Grove's "The Poetry of Kim Grove" (compiled for the Canada Cuba Literary Alliance Cultural Festival in Santiago de Cuba in January-February 2010)

One reading of the poetry by the Canadian Kimberley Grove was all it took to captivate me and stir clear-cut images in my mind. I called her “The Lady of the Video-words”. Talking to her was also an experience to cherish. The woman and the poet are one. She has an aura of sweetness and calmness that envelops you. I have stated that “*Kim is a gentle Canadian flower, sweet, calm, knowledgeable, she pays attention to your words with committed, welcoming eyes that give you peace and make you feel so comfortable*”.

What I perceived was poetry as an extension of Kim's heart and mind. She chooses her words and holds them as a painter holds the brush: images spark out, flooding the reader's eyes. She is in

love with nature, a theme deeply rooted in Canadian writers, but there is also the human presence as a beholder, or as a key piece in the picture.

When you read Kim's poetry you *can feel* serenity descend upon your skin and snuggle up in your brain thanks to what she offers: snowflakes of silence and quiet or white-vapor scurry-offs, or muffled hoof and paw sounds. These are idyllic-landscape movies she gives birth to and gently taps into computer video-words.

In *Nature's Needlepoint* she plays with images and sounds: "As the rumbling thunder like distant fireworks". Further below Kim goes beyond by activating all the senses: "Bright yellow daffodils worship the sun, while lilacs perfume the air. Roses, lilies and tulips sew more colour into the fabric". Spring is personified, in an intimate harmony of poet and nature: "She adds the hundreds of leaves that will crumple underfoot like worn paper bags. She applies some final touches, blowing away unnecessary edges or redoing ugly patches". Nature is the protagonist. There is also the perfectionist, the dreamer who can bring the view to ultimate exquisiteness. Like worn paper bags is a simile the poet handles so the reader, a stranger maybe, understands the natural wonders using a more "social" acoustic explanation, that of paper bags. Yet, Kim is not a stranger to her scenes; she is the messenger, the bridge that brings together nature and society. The tools are in her hands: she applies dabs across the canvas laid out before her, light slaps, gentle taps, glowing strokes that unfold the landscape for us, fascinated viewers.

In *White Menagerie* the reader watches the pictures or video scenes: menagerie swaying with the gentle icicle breeze or posing photographically vulnerable to a Kim's sensitiveness and sharp eye that takes our breath away. There are oozing shadows and damp fleeting noises in the movies that she wondrously edits and re-edits so winter is no longer unknown to one's eyes. Kim has collected it in cozy glass igloos tenderly allowing the sleet to shower them with tidbits of frost that the reader feels. She marvels at the place she describes, and we marvel at the way she introduces her explorer. She reaches up to kiss the man amidst a glorious setting.

The intricate, sometimes infinite paths of love are explored in *Falling in Love*. The poet knows she will "slip off this thing" that is the red balloon of love, and complains that she "should have got off a long time ago". But there she is, clinging to hope, to the experience, even in the dark notion that it all might take her to "have to live on a far-off planet alone". She is willing to take the risk anyway, so it seems. Questions pop up: How and why did she get on the balloon in the first place? Isn't falling in love a human thing we must never give up, must strive for as many times as is necessary, and are entitled to?

In *Snow* the writer returns to one of her favorite motifs, nature. The poem stands on a simile, "like huge eiderdown pillows". I had already mentioned that Kim is able to translate into images what winter is. This poem continues the "didactic" endeavor of the poet, successfully. The "illusion of sugar covering the earth" reinforces my assumption of the sweetness in Kimberley's heart.

The Challenge is the endless battle of the mind and the physical part, the race against oneself, the test of nature's instincts versus the human psyche. Among the resources the poet wisely exploits are the expressive means of the language that are turned into powerful stylistic devices: understatement ("a small thumbnail of a toad") repetition ("I'd" and "Of how...") skillfully handled to poke at the reader's capacity for patience, placing him in the poet's situation. The poet defends the tranquility of the scene – the patience of the animal – as opposed to the "rush of the city" – her own impatience – and leaves it to us readers to estimate how long she could really stand the test and to check how many would "turn and walk away".

One of the traits of Canadian literature is the observation of nature as a divine force that comes to us in splendid manners. Kim catches these manners and gives us a handful of images in motion. Kimberley Grove sings to her Canada, that white Canada she sees from her cottage, but above all from her artist's eye. It is an array of images neatly, slowly, gently sketched; fine choice of words, divine success. The Lady of the video-words has left us a gallery of images as impressive as the wondrous Canadian landscape they represent.

Raymond Fenech's "Nostalgia"

In my initial reading of *Nostalgia* I most of all visualized a man of infinite suffering, hit by Life but saved by hope and that ceaseless struggle towards the light, as Pablo Neruda, the great Chilean poet, said: "They tell me: you belong in the shadows. Perhaps, perhaps, but I walk towards the

*light*¹. I saw a man of grueling pain but also a man of love, with feet firmly set on the ground, even in his worst. I saw a mortal, bordering the *grim reaper's* realm so many times, yet I also saw a concerned environmentalist pointing at and worried about the relentless action against nature and the conservation of places and values, both material and spiritual. Fenech showed himself to me as a down-to-earth time traveler who sought peace and an escape valve in his naturalistic, committed, soaring poetry that I compare to his own simile, poetry that is "*like a brandished scimitar*".

I admit I was enraptured by Fenech's poems. He took me on a time traveling experience at roller-coaster speed. A cursory read of the book would make us want to separate some poems from others. After we read the whole and know the author, we realize that it cannot be done: the poems stand on their own right as a solid piece. They belong with each other, and with the author. They were carved with Fenech's blood, entrails and experiences of a sensitive poet slit by what he sees and feels, who needs to tell and display things as they are, bared of their delicacy, when not necessary, to present characters and events as they happened. Let's examine some of his poems.

The Dream and the Glory is a piece where the poet is loyal to his principles of writing (present in all his work): "*I like to write poetry in a language everyone can understand, without mincing words, or losing my way in the obscure, or the abstract*"². There is so much truth in the questions that close the poem. The poet is a visionary revealing his objectivity in his writing. Maybe his apparent pessimism is justified by the predicaments in his life; yet as a reader I could also sense renewed strength in him and a breath of optimism in having defeated the ghosts that stalked him, a recurring theme in his book, when he says that he is both "*aloof and alert*". His refuge in the past he knew and loved comes back as a warning of the futility of things like glory, a topic he visits and re-visits in, for example, *Tempus Fugit*.

This Will Never happen to me Syndrome. The narration is rending but optimism is discernible in this strong experimental poem. Fenech voices that "*Now I stand again*" and skillfully displays his strongly descriptive metaphors, similes and literary allusions when he shouts that "*So I will call out my fearsome 300 Spartans to turn this scuffle into a last spectacular tussle*". He wants to fight, he won't surrender. *To Sadness* returns to the happy memories the author is so adhered to. We have this poem to sadness, yes, but he can confront sadness and talk to it in the face. I celebrate that in Fenech. *Light after Dark* is a poem where brightness and optimism vibrate and bring comfort to the reader. Expressive means and stylistic devices, metaphors and similes, are masterly handled by the poet. "*Moon-filled pond*" touched me, as did "*cut by a sword that flashes in the night*". This is not trite imagery, it dwells inside the poet, and he is kind to share it with his readers. But "*and we can see with touch*" is superb. It brought back to me Shakespeare's "*To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit*"³. Both poets play with the senses, a sleight of hand of vision, hearing and touching that is welcome by the reader.

The Swing in the Garden is a nostalgic swaying to and fro the poet's reminiscences. It is a wistful poem, full of pictorial messages, nicely embroidered with rhyme (a device I enjoy so much when I read poetry), like in many other poems in the book and with onomatopoeia (*tick-tocking, choochoo*). I can almost hear the rusty, frictional sound of the swing propped by the words *creaking, screeching, excruciating*, whose sound combinations are known as indirect onomatopoeia.

Tempus Fugit is an ode to Time. Once more Shakespeare is paid homage to: some of his recurring themes were death and immortality. Remember, please, Sonnets XIX ("*Devouring Time*"), CXVI ("*Within his (Time's) bending sickle's compass come*"), among others. Sadness and refuge of a past that is not returning are reflected in this poem. Time is personified, a resource that brings it closer to our comprehension of the author's anguish and state of mind. *The Bird of Paradise* offers epigrammatic lines, a virtue that must be a natural rule in good poetry. "*Life is short no matter how we die*" is one of them for me. He retakes his ideas about glory and the futility of it all when he

¹ Taken from *Palabras de Pablo Neruda (Words by Pablo Neruda)*. Neruda 2004, pp. 34-35 (post mortem).

² The quotations from Raymond Fenech are taken from his biography or his poems in the book I am reviewing, *Nostalgia*.

³ All the quotations by Shakespeare in this review were taken from *Complete Works of William Shakespeare*. Volume XIII, chiefly the Sonnet section, and also from the play *Hamlet*. David McKay Publisher (the year not available).

closes the poem: “*Like human glory – the ever deluding myth*”. It speaks of the vain and fragile character of glory.

A *Sonnet with Some Advice* returns to how fast life flies. Epigrammatic lines captured me: “*Except your smile and let God take the lead*”. Fenech mentions God to acknowledge Him. Still in the cord of seeking refuge in the past and in his childhood moments, Fenech sounds less pessimistic to me in this poem. The fact that he refers to God as a part of one’s life is a comforting sign. He admits that “*If you have health, there is nothing more you need*”. That is promising. Time, age and death breathe on his back; but the poem does not carry that pessimism.

Poppies are not Even in Dreams is the environmentalist blossoming and writing in favor of nature. The heart of a true green regales us with lines that are prophetic: “*The sun is no longer visible as it sets behind the high-rise buildings*”, “*Soon these poppies will not even be in their dreams*”. *Apocalypse* shows the defender of nature and life at his highest. He warns of the danger of devastating the world’s natural landscapes and seas. Onomatopoeia once more contributes to perk the senses of the reader: *whines, whooshes, whips, bashing, crush, blushing*.

Roller Skating down Memory Lane is a trip where time and space fuse in the author’s nostalgia. He introduces a mighty stylistic device, foreignism; that is chiefly used to convey the poet’s desired effects on the reader by placing here and there words or phrases that colour the scenarios being described. It brings the reader to the contexts depicted, enriches the ideas with touches of the atmosphere that is best represented by interspersing foreign terms (the Maltese word *luzzi*) in a poem written in English. The taste then is different, more in line with the story being told and the culture being photographed. This is a resource much employed in literature and film making. What mostly captivated me, though, were two lines that speak highly of Fenech’s ideology and values: “*cars, designers’ clothes and fashion were not important as people’s feelings, family values and virtues*”. Fenech is an inveterate advocate of goodness, and a convinced dreamer.

The use of foreignisms is abundant in *Sunrise of a Fishing Village*. The reader is immersed in the actual world that is laid down for him/her. The moral stature of Fenech and his awareness of the poet’s role cannot be questioned: “*Who cares about politicians and their lies? Who cares about all those self centred snobs who have never seen Pawlu’s fresh lampuki?*”. Fenech is mirrored in Neruda’s words: “*My duties walk side by side with my voice*” and “*I am the man of bread and fish... you will find me among women and men*⁴”. Fenech loves those idyllic scenes of the fishing village, the people. His love pulses for the people and the place that he so much cares about.

Voyage closes the book. It is a personal view of death, perhaps the poet’s intimate longings as to how he wants to leave this world, that brought to me Shakespeare’s monologue in Hamlet’s lips, *To Be or Not to Be*: “*to die, to sleep, no more*”. Same idea in both poets: the peaceful departure, the sense of quiet death, even when we are fully aware of the turmoil inside them.

I have traveled in time and space – roller-coaster mode – across Raymond Fenech’s poetry in *Nostalgia*. I can safely, and gladly, say that even when the poet is branded by awful events in his life, there is hope and fortitude in his lines. Fenech is *human*, therefore crossed and marked by the infinite multiplicity of lifetime occurrences neither he nor us can elude. Life has been severe on Fenech, but along came the gift of a second life, of this compelling bulldozer poetry, the gift of love and friendship, of his talented memory that has allowed us readers to peek into Fenech’s past and tremble. We also realize of his penmanship and endurance to conquer living. *Nostalgia* is a must-read. Be not surprised if each and every one of us is reflected in these provocative, enticing lines, and is taken on a redemption ride to their origins, fears and hopes. After all, aren’t his themes people, places, nature and time? Aren’t we all that?

Katharine Beeman’s “The Lovelorn Hunt for Deer”

Once more the seductive Canadian natural world visits me. I have had this intense experience with other authors like Al Purdy, Kimberley Grove and Richard Grove. This time it comes to me in the fine wordings of Katharine Beeman. Her book “*The Lovelorn Hunt for Deer*” pays tribute to Nature and other sacred things: Canadian menagerie, family, memories, extraordinary learning, and love at the center of it all. Beeman relives and eternalizes for us deeply-seated mementoes from her own life. She was fortunate enough to grow in a context that marked her forever. The poems collected in the book speak loudly of her indelible adventures in the forest beside her next of kin.

⁴ Taken from *Palabras de Pablo Neruda (Words by Pablo Neruda)*. Neruda 2004, pp. 34-35 (post mortem).

Deer hunt is teeming with images and colors, wild flora and fauna. The poet carefully pencils her words depicting noises and movement. Alliteration flows easily from the poet's hand. It throbs in every stanza, blending in harmoniously: "*breast and belly breathing*", "*pokes out and putters*", "*huge and hopeful*", "*flickering and fernness*". The very pulse of the forest is swaying graciously and miraculously before her "*consciousness*".

Evening hunt is adventure itself. The powerful excitement of the beholder surrenders the leading role to Nature, to the forest, to the trees. They vibrate with life and surround the poet, who is a supporting actress. They offer her the ultimate prize, the star: the DEER – beautiful, untouchable – *gone*, to bestow on the poem endless *encores* for both poet and reader.

Becoming deer is to my eyes a heartfelt environmentalist's poem. It is the never-ending dilemma of killing for survival or profit. The poet warns, through the words of the "*dead and angry creatures on the wall*", of the fear and the tears. The poet proposes a stepping into the animals' skin for a minute, feel what they feel, state what they would state were they given the chance. There is rhythm in the poem, propped by repetition and Beeman's seasoned insight to understand and describe for the reader the underpinnings of Nature and its worth for us.

Gateway is a poem of biblical significance to me. It is a mature product that reveals our connection to – dependence on – Nature, where, in the poet's own words, "*... poems began*". The second stanza evokes the welcome teachings of the Bible, "*... as we are taught let us teach...*". I was conquered by the closing metaphor, "*timeful forest leaves ripple in the light*". I daresay the imprint of the ripple has stayed too with the poet after so many years. Superb.

Snow hunt unfolds an enticing landscape for the reader – or listener! It is a snapshot that "*freezes the moment*" after the poet paints the scene from ground to pines, to the air, to the sky then down to the "*gleaming ground*" and back to the trees. Again we enjoy the play on colors, the feast of images and motion and the personification of Time, who covers the entire episode and lays it down for the reader. Beeman is witness to events in which you see – in my own humble words – "*Nature and Human racing...*".

Ghosts of grass is like a millpond setting to my brain. Despite the "*Whiny hum*", I feel silence conquers the scene and the poet's senses. By extension, the reader is captured by the grass-ghostly images and the mute metaphors flickered by Beeman. A place where coyotes and wolves prevail would give an entirely different impression. But, the way the poet gently and awesomely lays her words; it is altogether the other way around, even when she speaks of "*viscous sound*". The "*gravity of fog*" and "*the green smell of balsa*" masterfully contribute to the poet's attempt to walk the reader down the "*brown-ghosts-of-grass forest*".

The lovelorn hunt for deer, the poem that entitles the whole collection, pops at me like a hunter's manual to know how to "*enter the hunt*". It is interesting that "*lovelorn*" is added to the title. A "love affair" between hunter and hunted? The hunted totally adamant to be caught, to love back those who hunt it? The poem discloses for the reader the places for deer hunting, the odds and ifs of finding and catching an animal that "*may be... anywhere*". Beeman re-visits her experiences and shares them with us. The poem moves swiftly across nostalgic reminiscences, rhetorical questions, alliteration ("*learn lore and lure, the lexicon...*") that involve me and "threaten" to turn me into a skilled deer hunter, even when we, humans, are "anathema... to deer". Onomatopoeia also embroiders the poem, "*Rattling antlers*" appeal to the senses; "*like a broken heart*" shows the cracked sound of a heart that suffers...

Memories of my mother is a magnificent play on rhythmic words and phrases. Why do these lines bring to me the First Nations' life? Beeman remembers and misses those days "*so vivid and clear in my mind*". But, alongside her memories of the very act of fishing, a special memory stands out, that of her mother, who "*taught me*"; whom she loved "*with a whole heart like never before or ever since*". The tribute to family.

Salt and tobacco is a song ticking away in the poet's homage to her family, father's turn this time. The culture and the folklore of fishing, the smell of tobacco, the taste of salt, the vision of wiggling worms. Everything neatly arranged through the poem, which the author enjoys and recalls and epitomizes in her "*Sheer happiness*" and the refrain that dictates the rhythm of the poem, as fishing dictates the rhythm of a life Beeman had and consecrates in her poem.

The silly song... is not silly at all. It is a wittily structured chant to a time-honored practice, engineered with repetition, onomatopoeia – direct and indirect –, pun and use of capital letters as compelling stylistic devices to display energy, movement, sound, stirring, bustling, scurrying. You

name it. The poet amidst all that wild involvement in living, as Becky Alexander puts it, “*To live the space and realm of forest life*”.

Katharine Beeman *back-covers* her splendid book with a haiku. The greatness of Nature descending in those “*slashes of light*” to bless her family, her recollections and her love. Stephen Mead clarifies for us what Beeman regaled us in her poems: those instants are “*Before all else*”.

Katharine Beeman travels in time with her poetry. She needs that trip to be a magic round ticket that will grant her endless voyages to and fro over and over again. There is honoring to and love for those sacred things I mentioned at the beginning. There is, in James Cockcroft’s words, a “*Love that never understands end*”. Beeman learned how to walk and find her way in the woods, but most of all she found her way in life, and learned how to cherish those moments and how to share them with us.

Conclusions

The authors and poems analyzed have common elements presented in the title of the paper. It is the reality we live in and the persons we live with what pushes us to the struggle of life. Richard Grove tells us: “*Even with all of these natural pleasures that stimulate my experience of land it is the people that I share it with that truly make it more than land; for me it is the people that make it Home Land*”.

Human values are nurtured in human relations, and from there emerge our attitudes towards each other and nature itself. Poets contribute their share; they are magically endowed with the gift of words and images that reveal for us the best – also the worst – of it all. But then it is their duty, as Velázquez states, “*Perhaps, after all, one of the tasks of the poet is recording... for posterity...*”. The poets in this work have looked at and been a part of people, places, nature and time, and have molded them into unique pieces of art worth keeping always and reading more than once.

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