

The critic Hornsey remarks that "Despite its melodramatic overstatement ~~At this point~~ ...the poem expresses the stultifying effects that the social and political events have upon the creative imagination. The poet wishes to write an ode to spring but is prevented from creative ~~flight~~ negative images of "Jackal, cormorant and kite."..."she is unable to receive creative inspiration from the passing of winter because, as she observes, "Whilst horror whistles down in Spain/Who can announce a Canadian spring?"

A somewhat similar short lyric of my own might be relevant to read here. It is simply called "Spain":

When the bare branch responds to leaf and light
Remember them: it is for this they fight.
It is for haze-swept hills and the green thrust
Of pine, that they lie choked with battle dust.

You who hold beauty at your finger-tips
Hold it because the splintering gunshot rips
Between your comrades' eyes; hold it across
Their bodies' barricade of blood and loss.

You who live quietly in sunlit space
Reading the "erald after morning grace
Can count peace dear, if it has driven
Your sons to struggle for this grim, new heaven.

That is not so typical of my response to Spain as others that I will be ~~reading~~ ^{reading here} at a different time ; but Hornsey makes an interesting comment .

"It is notable that along with Bruce's 'Deep Cove' the other poems (in New Frontier) which most directly view their world as being out of harmony with the natural order of the universe are those written by women. Livesay, Day and Taggard all see their environment as evidence of a world which has fallen from order into chaos. Their poems imply a more comprehensive awareness of the role of the revolutionary, whether he be poet, politician or soldier: that of aiding in the restoration of social harmony between men so that the world of man's creation may again be congruent with the greater order of the natural universe."

In July/August issue of New Frontier there appeared a most unusual long dramatic poem by Kenneth, Leslie, a poet from the maritimes who is only ~~getting~~ ^{receiving} his due now that he is dead. His poem, "The Censored Editor" is the most ambitious of any poems written in Canada about Spain. It would be rewarding to have several voices doing a dramatic reading of this, but