

The Secret Fabulist Worlds of Amalie Atkins

...in which the needle proves mightier than incisors...

The Gingham Girl With The Garden Shears...

is a bird-fighter, a squeezebox player. A tenacious gardener (a wolf?) in accordion pleats, red and white checkering a backdrop of leaves and green. Understory tangos with overstory, and under every tale a tangle of secrets and teeth, magic, menace.

She croons a weeping tree, wind-blown, overgrowth of cut and stitch, twiggy with fabric and loss (red felt a weave of feelings in the past tense).

Bulrushes in tone rows ping with glockenspiel and tinkling fruit. She sings a song of pick and peek and pecking through reeds the dance of the apple-catching fish-birds.

Stop! Run! Spot the Wolf on his dream-streamered bike. The chase is on through forest and night.

The Birds, The Apple Thief, & The Creature That Bites Like A Shark; How The Wolf Lost His Head & Had It Stitched Back Again; The Fantastic Tale of 200 Felt Apples

This is the story of things that fall from trees in the night. Where sea creatures seek out branches and flight. Where boreal grows hypnagogic and surreal. Where DNA is fingerprinted with needle and thread. Heads roll. The Bolex rolls. Crank the film to light. Earth a blood-red fire of apples.

Conflagration of fibre and spell. Promethean.

Needle talisman. Eye-charm. Splice the Wolf back to life. Apples proliferate and the yarn unravels...

Sylvia Legris' poetry has appeared most recently in *New American Writing*, *Conjunctions*, and *Prairie Fire*. Her most recent book, *Nerve Squall*, won the 2006 Griffin Poetry Prize and the 2006 Pat Lowther Award.