




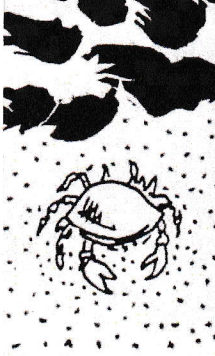


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In my house, on my beach,
or from my kyack,
I watch the Bird Islands.
Five-million come back
to nest on high ledges
above where waves break -
murre, razorbills, puffins,
gulls and kittiwakes.

Plus zillions of land-birds
zoom past in the air -
loud bluejays, red robins,
and crows everywhere.
Add finches and grosbeaks
and redpolls, and more
small, scrappy, fat juncos
than I can keep score.



The forests have black bears,
the Barrens have moose -
(In fact most the Island
the mooses are loose!)
Look hard and you'll see a
few grey caribou,
or fieldmice, brown rabbits
wild mink or a shrew.





Black Bear


These are just SOME of the
creatures you'll see
if you join in hiking
this Island with me.





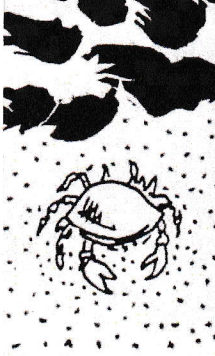


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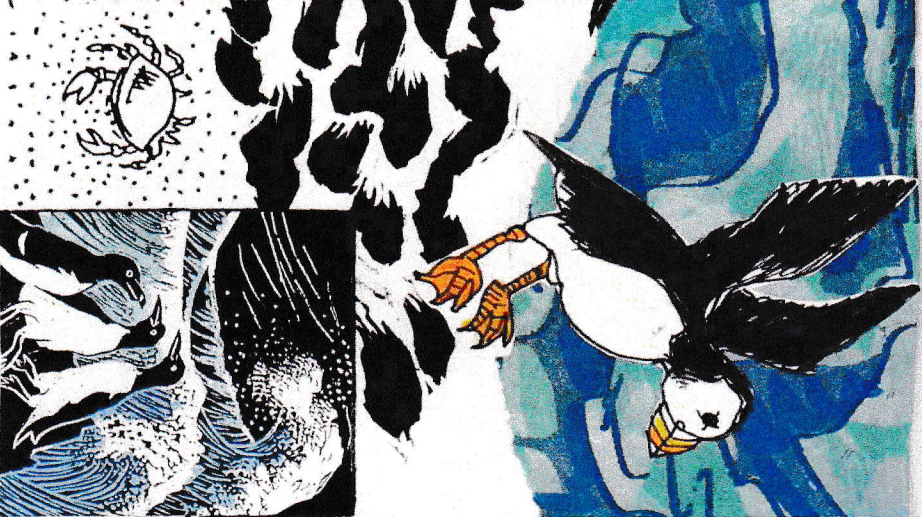
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beach.chant





beach.chant

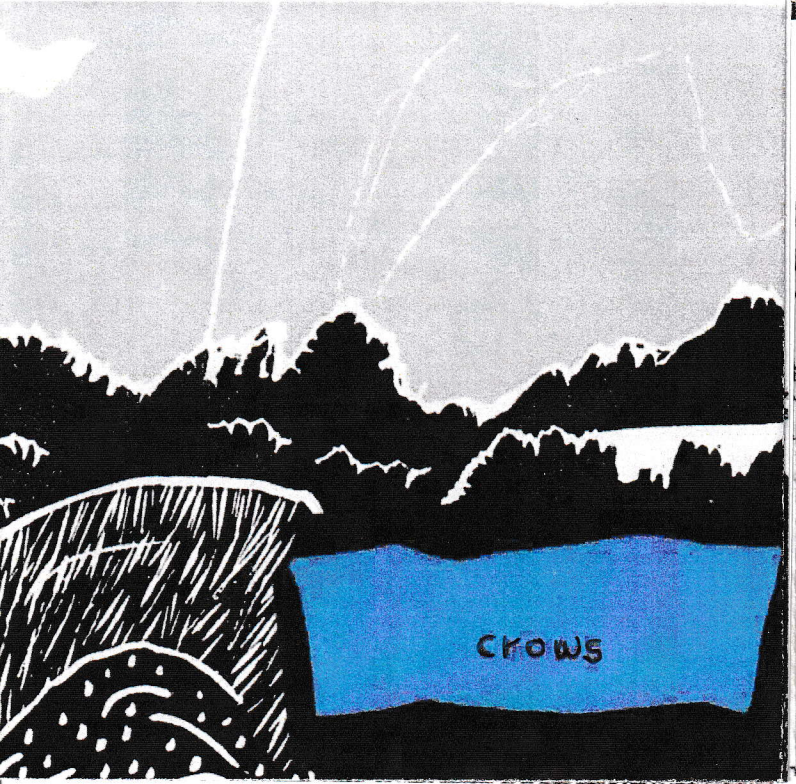


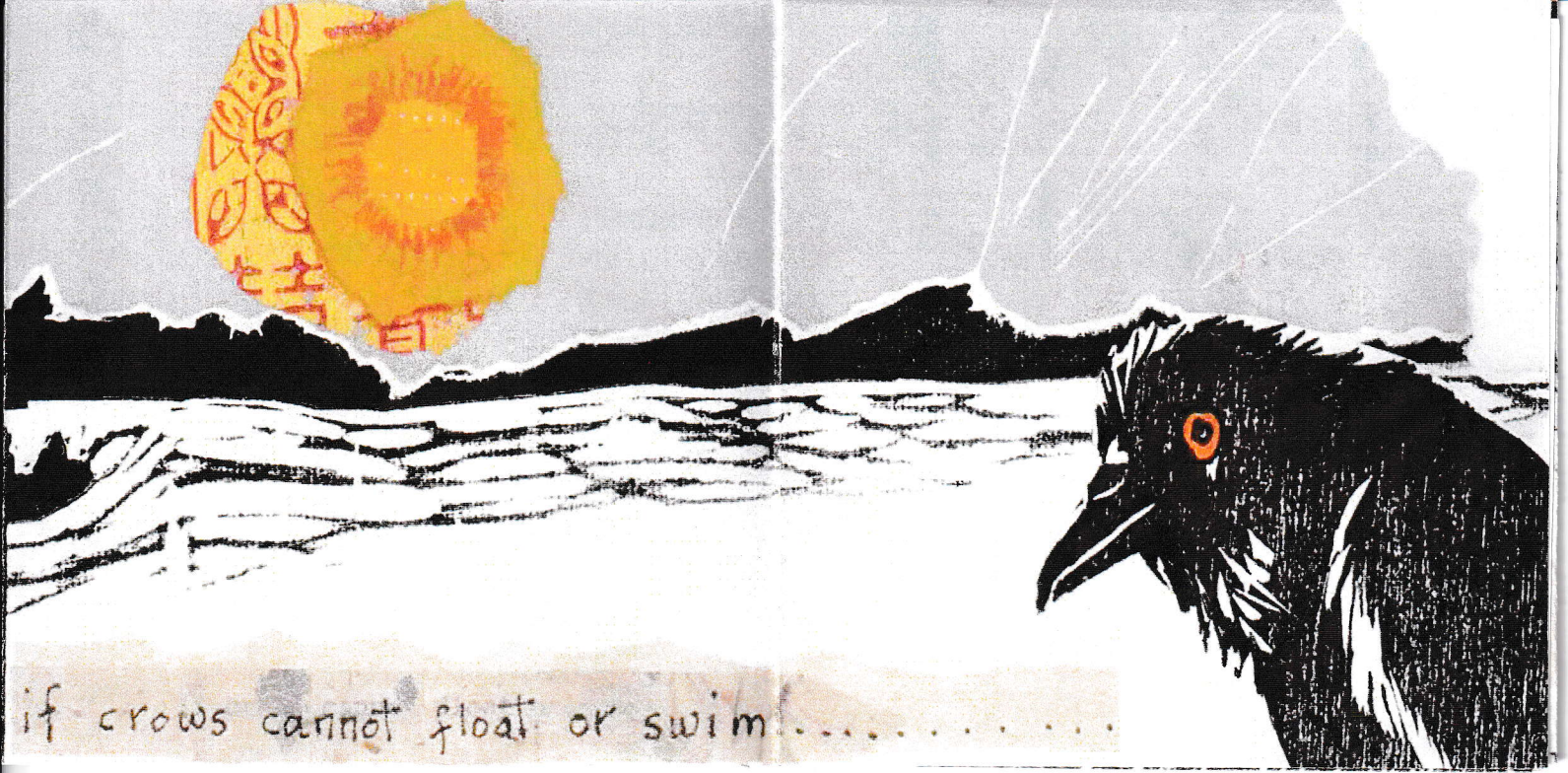


I walk on my beach on a summery day
underfoot pebbles click and slide out of my way,
I kick at the waves and they fly in the air
making diamond tiaras that land on my hair.









if crows cannot float or swim



And certainly
don't have boats.
And if crows are therefore
fearful
of crossing over water.....





how
do they
reach
the Islands
?





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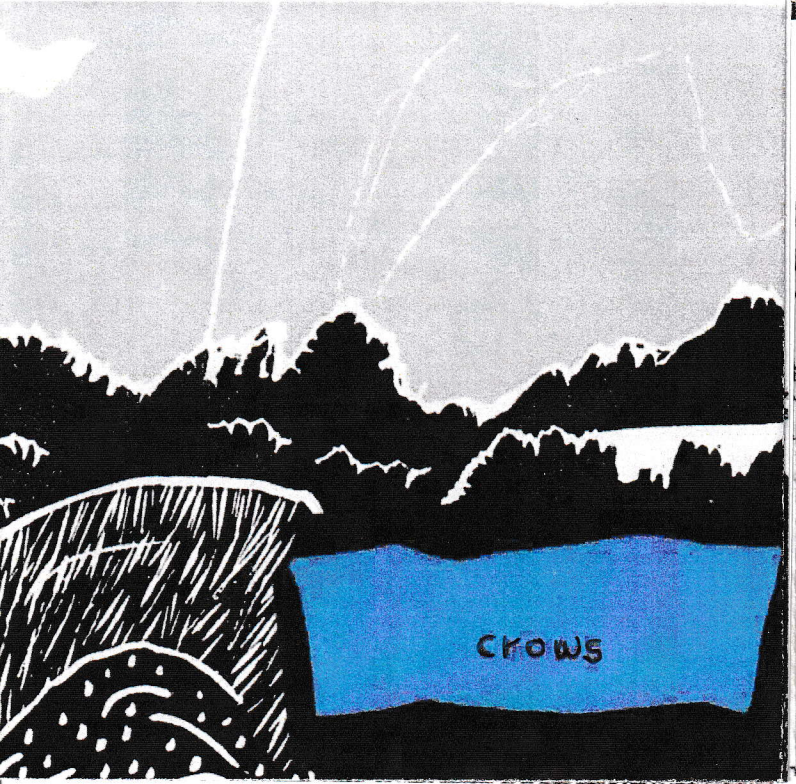


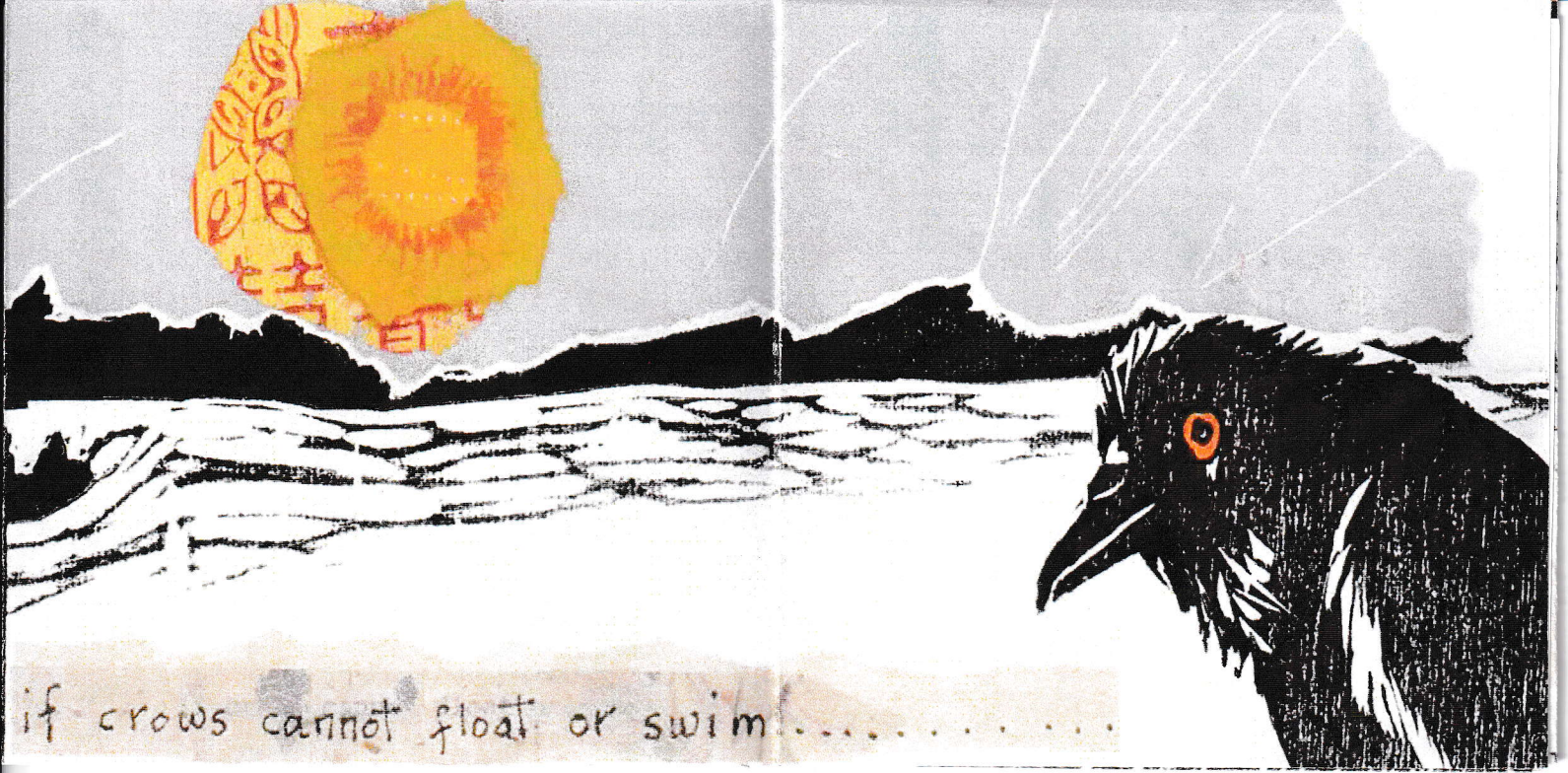
A sand-dollar's rough but it has its own star
A clamshell looks rumpled from digging down far
but inside are rainbows, white, yellow and brown,
While snail shells, like whirlpools, go round and around.



© Meredith Bailey 2000







if crows cannot float or swim.....



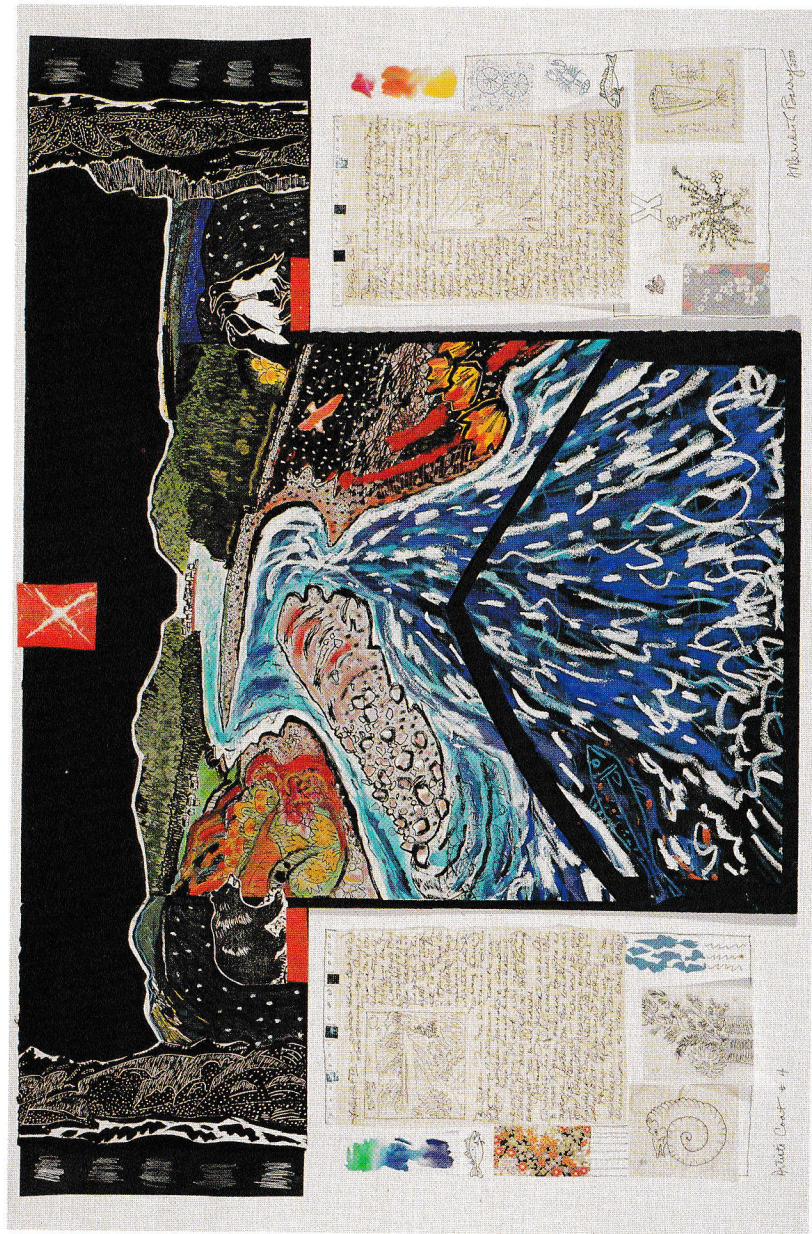
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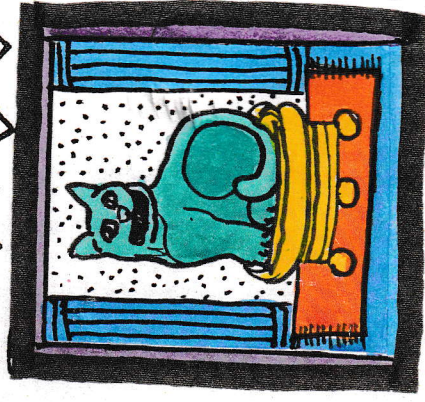




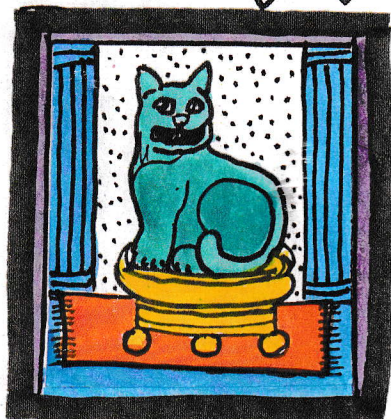
BUT ~~WAAAAA~~



a cat for all that!
with Bawuf, NF 2001



cats is cats



cats is cats

is 'dogs' and
ts is 'dogs' and
parrats,



is 'ere 'Tortis' is
ct, and there.



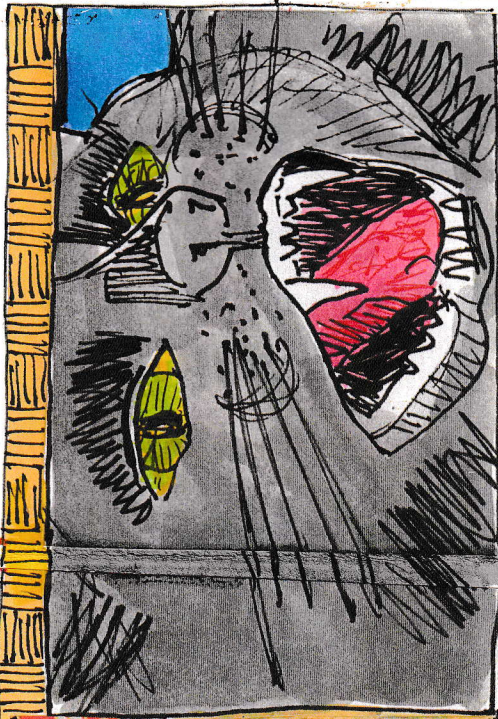
ain't no charge
(punch)



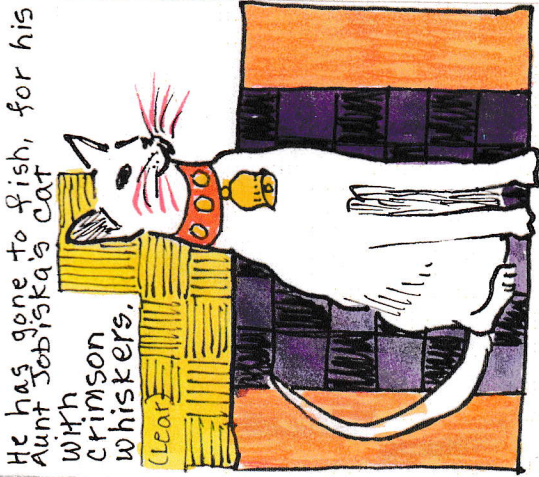
harmless, necessary cat. (shakespeare)

I'm not one o' those as
can see the cat 'i' the
dairy, an' wonder what
she's come after. (Gelliot)

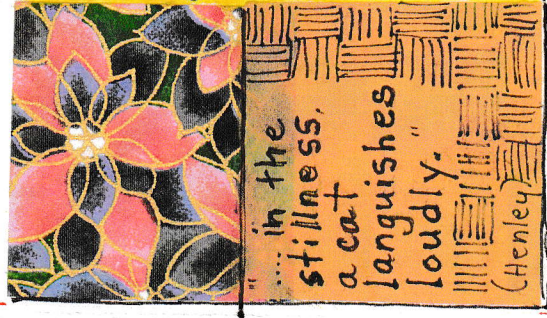




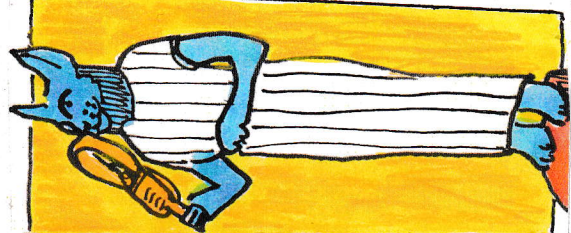
O, Trotwood,
want to
a cat.
r do swing
(Dickens)



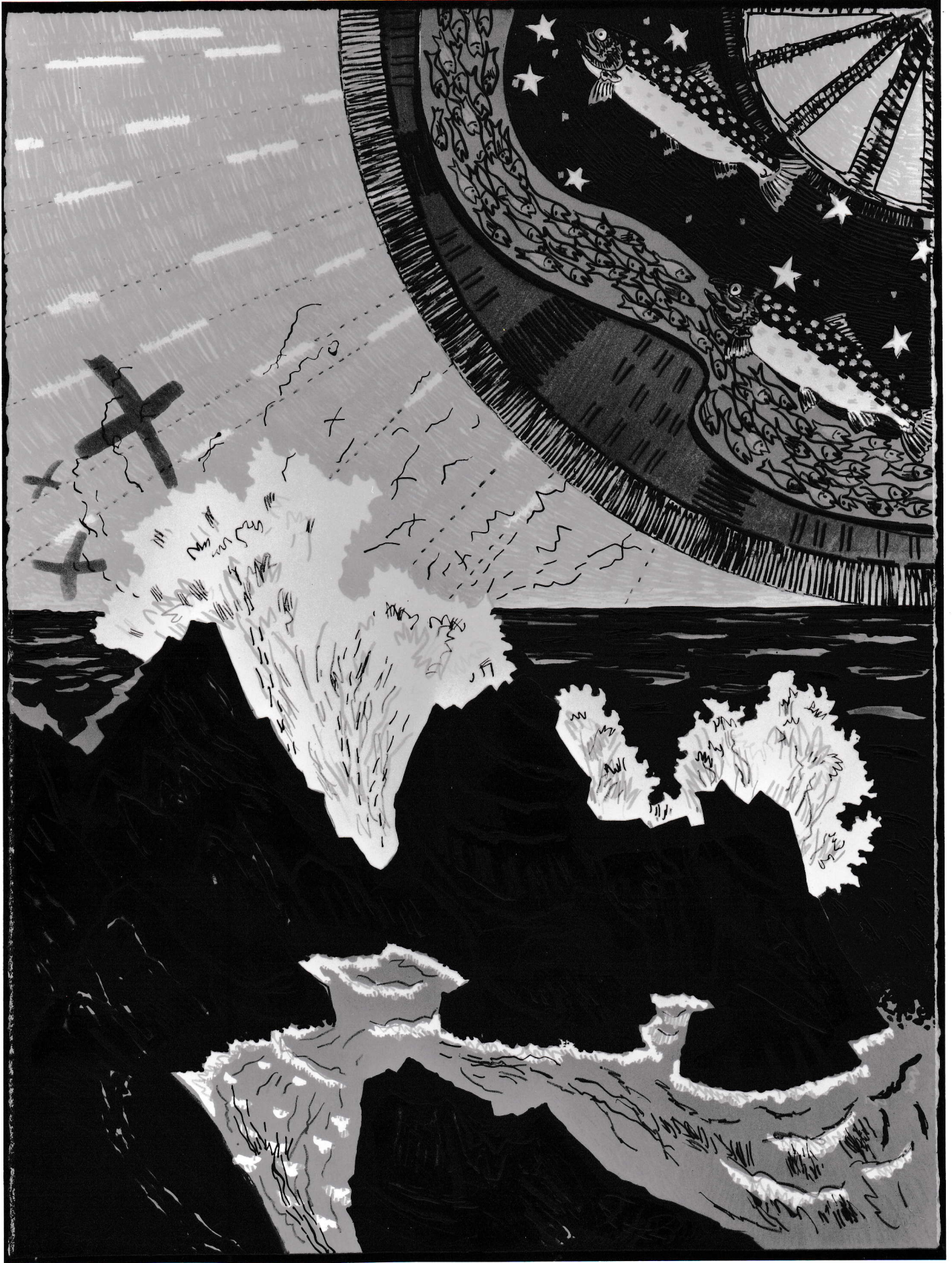
He has gone to fish, for his
Aunt Sobiska's cat
with
crimson
whiskers.
(Leat)



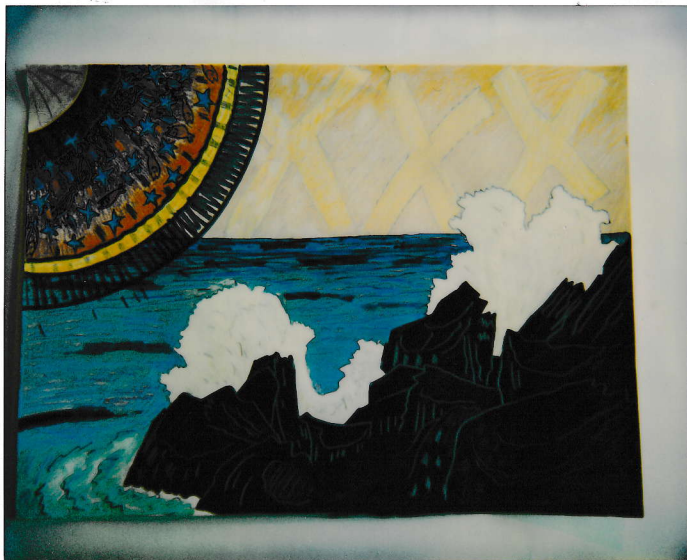
... in the
stillness,
a cat
languishes
loudly."
(Henley)

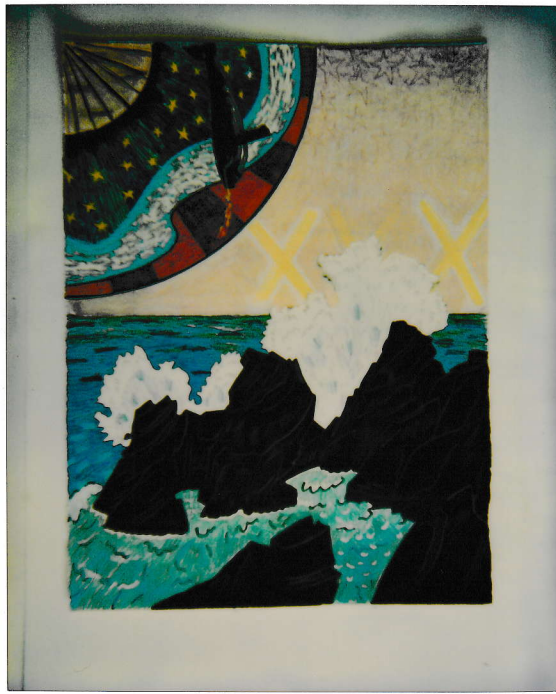












ANNE MEREDITH BARRY

Recent Work

"Whale Song #10," 1989, oil & mixed media on canvas, 72 x 48"



OCTOBER 14 – NOVEMBER 4, 1989
Opening: Saturday, October 14, 2-5 p.m.



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