

POETRY

## A Random Selection

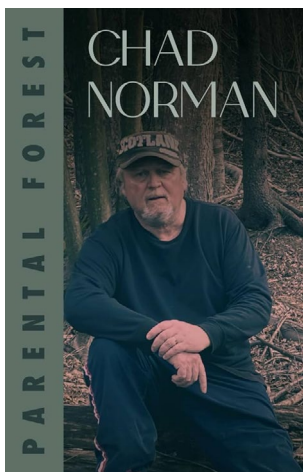
Chad Norman



Mwanaka Media and Publishing,  
2022 (available on [Amazon](#))

### Artist Statement

The two poems presented here were both written with gratitude for the freedom of expression I enjoy in Canada. “How To Know I Am A Human” is from my new manuscript, *A Life Between The Brackets*, which addresses several themes and topics I stay close to, including the natural world, climate events such as wildfires and hurricanes, and local and global politics. “The Erosion Of Borders” is from my 2022 collection, *A Matter Of Inclusion*, which investigates the decisions people make to leave their homelands to begin new lives in Canada. It is my most overtly political work to date.



Ace of Swords Publishing, 2024  
(available on [Amazon](#))

### About the Poet

**Chad Norman** lives and writes in Truro, Nova Scotia. In 1992 he was awarded the Gwendolyn MacEwen Memorial Award For Poetry (the judges were Margaret Atwood, Barry Callaghan, and Al Purdy). His poems appear in journals, magazines, and anthologies around the world, with one recently selected for inclusion in the Lunar Vagabond Collection as part of a time capsule scheduled for a Lunar Codex lift-off to the moon in November 2024. His most recent book, *Parental Forest*, came out Spring 2024 with Montreal press, AOS Publishing.

 <https://www.writersunion.ca/member/chad-norman>

 <https://www.facebook.com/chad.norman.96780>

 <https://twitter.com/ChadNorman18513>

HOW TO KNOW I AM A HUMAN  
for the families in Ukraine

Under a sky deciding to be blue  
a yellow piece of plastic  
becomes trapped  
in a neighbour's fence.

When the world provides  
it can be a soil or a soul  
each brought in the silence  
between the shells the sea  
does not know, a shoreline  
of crimes and tidal sadness.

Here in the tiny body I live in  
only protest to a war is allowed  
to be a voice, who I can be now,  
one face in a mirror unbroken  
unable to smile or say hello,  
or be known by the family  
seeking some form of border  
holding a child, what was once a life  
two could share, husband and wife.



## THE EROSION OF BORDERS

I cannot speak against the man  
or show any allegiance  
towards a far-too-old belief  
he leaves his war-stolen homeland  
to steal anything in mine.

I will not think against the man,  
or stand with those fearful  
of the amount of jobs available  
he hopes just one becomes his.

I must not move against the man,  
or try to forget the steps  
into the shoes now on feet  
he will wear to be a dancer.

How could I hate him  
when he has his own dance,  
has no fear about hugging  
the men in his worried family,  
even kisses them either  
saying hello or goodbye?

I could not miss the chance  
to offer a daring welcome  
when he passes me on a street,  
the eyes of his children  
full of his indestructible promises.