

**Lake Winnipeg**

On the shore  
I watch  
the distorted months  
pass into waves  
rest  
as wrinkled sand.

In the north  
grain whispers  
birds  
of my heart  
uproot their nests.

Harvests lie fallow  
or crawl away  
to flat sun-watched rocks.

This petal of spring  
crumbles, the pigment  
dissolves  
into a rhythm  
of impatience.

—*M. P. Lanteigne*