

**Late At Night**

Late at night  
a young man sits  
in our living room  
beneath a print of  
Renoir's "The Box".  
He is a Mohawk,  
city bred. His fathers'  
lands and guiding spirits  
are but intangible mythologies.

The lady in the painting  
is refined. She seems  
transfixed by arias.  
Gord talks on about  
his foremen, shiftwork  
Harley-Davidsons while  
she above, oblivious, is  
swept away in regal tragedy.

We speak aloud,  
at times, our lives  
in distances ungrasped.  
Our eyes may never pierce  
another's mist-enveloped world...

I smile  
and dream a moment  
that I meet them  
touching on an island  
lost to history,  
the charts of blustery mariners.

*Don Polson*