KANINA DAWSON

Winter in a Small Town

Sad strange woman
who walks to visit
her dog in its grave

the snowmobilers
have taken your trails
your cross
and your candles

left Sorry
tattooed in branches
across a deep
depression.

I watched your hands
fall like broken birds
clumsy fluttering
like the small pulse
in your wrists
and throat

You spent an afternoon
combing the woods
for bits of bone
Repacking the hole

Grimace like your hands
held a heart.

I watched you
kicked in their fire pit
reach for their beer
all stuck in a snowbank
for later
each bottle a fractured heart
aimed to drive out

the sound of winter
in a small town

the sound of boys
travelling in packs.