

LHUDE SING O CANADA

October, 1970

The cold enters us
expecting no resistance,
knowing we are no tropical virgins
requiring wooing or rape.
He has lived with us before,
and knows our restless dreams
for some southern lover
will soon pass—
knows that,
despite our curses and complaints,
we are loyal to this harsh marriage,
bound by citizenship
and a grudging love.

THE HOMESTEAD QUARTER

Absurd,
to gravel the road
to the farm.
When the house,
the barn,
the fences
grow smaller
and smaller
each year I come home,
soon
that gravelled trail
will lead to only
an acre
of grass.