

LOUISA HOWEROW

## Linked Voices

last night I woke to bugle cries  
swan silhouettes  
against the Arctic moon

the shore ice had crept out  
to lie uncertain  
over black bay water

I waited at the window  
hand on chest afraid  
to sleep without atonement

of missing something perfect

I'm here to help you fill  
the three-page form  
start here with maiden name

date place of birth  
baptismal  
papers doctor records

lacking both  
the government requires one  
to find a guarantor

a testament to one's existence