



In Heavy Weather

The city's ground
Or landscape,
I follow

Without pretence,
Here in the Great
White North

You say,
Sinking
To the bottom

Smelt-fishing
Now in the Kaministikwa
River

Floating birch
Before me, Huck Finn
Again, a further

River, thud-thudding
In a logging camp,
A woodpecker's Jim

Is all I remember,
Being moose too
And tramping —

In heavy weather

CYRIL DABYDEEN