

## *How He Served*

every dawn, he brought his woman  
some portion of his journey.  
before sunrise, setting match  
to kindling in a pot-bellied Hudson Bay Co. stove,  
slipping down to the sandy  
shore in the summer,  
chopping away overnight ice  
in the water-hole in winter,  
fetching liquid for her  
morning Red Rose tea

and then, surrendering  
the sun of his fingers, he warmed  
her with touches, tracing his  
need along the smooth brown  
skin lines and curves  
of her body.

through the dawns of their lives  
how he served was his journey;  
illustrated many seasons over  
with the flames of devotion  
tenderly,  
he brought his woman.

*George Kenny*