

then finally  
blackout  
wondering....

hell

who's gonna buck  
15 carloads of....

One Christmas Away From Home

timeless Ernest in his hairy  
buffalo robes  
who drove a sleigh in  
old-Quebec  
in 5 below zero weather  
& loved it  
was truly a  
snowmad saint  
with a toothy smile  
& smelled of  
mustyfur

          he was 'old French'  
from 'wayback' said he  
& all bundled up  
he stood  
at head of sleigh  
talking to his horse  
then me  
then horse (poor frozenthing with icycles  
          hanging  
                          on his nose)

& a beard of  
frosted slobber  
good horse he was  
said Ernest  
good coat too  
                          buffalo fur  
said he pounding  
his chest  
good weather for  
sleighride  
                          just right  
i nodded  
& after 2 hours  
of trotting through  
coldglazed city



