

North

To visit the place again in recollection

Fishing with your father and brother
and seeing year after year
all the fish
slowly going somewhere else

Sun reflected on a ruddy lake
Waves softly lapping at the waterline

The noises of insects,
less each summer.

A jaundiced, foetid algae rising to cover
the surface of the water.

In the distance, some days
the whistle and holler of a train as it went by.

The rustle of plant leaves touching.

The tapping of peeled birch bark
against the trunk of its mother

The wind feeling as if it were alive.

Fat, shimmering leeches in the shallows

For their hunger,
cruelty in sprinkled salt

Only the teeth left in you, still.

Crushed aluminium beer cans
in the bottom of an empty bin

Dirt drive paved over with gravel

A cluster of whitish stool fungi
grown on a log
left out in the rain too long.

Would have been used for fire.

Sweet raspberries, hard to reach.
You'd stick your hand in the bush
and hope you'd miss the vines.

Dirt skidding down the slope,
into a hole.

Lichen on the roof tiles.
One day to win the war.

Below,
the sun-bleached timber deck
stained with grease from the barbecue.

Lemon-scented mosquito-repellent fat wax cylinder candle

Wick burnt to a snub

Here lie the tubes from burnt fireworks,
red and blue and explosion-coloured paper coils
jutting out at all angles
from the sand

Out comes the moon.