On the way from Minot to Jamestown, U.S. 52 bisects a patch of wetland where the winds of autumn have stolen all the green from its reeds and sedges and the drowsing marsh awakes draped in the yellows and russets of early October.

Going south from Minot one could savour the black honey of a spinster’s breasts as afternoon drowns behind storm clouds and the moon releases its winter birds. Here the crows of appetite carry pieces of light to illuminate the bridal chamber.

Half an hour south of Devils Lake wedding bells ring out over herons motionless as sentries. While reeds enfold the ribbon of pavement connecting this world to the next, the James River wraps its sombre cloak around the City of Grace.
THANKSGIVING

The yellowed maple guards the backyard and won’t permit the wind to enter.

Thick frost covers the roof where squirrels scribble the history of old Québec.

The young no longer remember the suffering of their parents, the struggle for a language.

Autumn winds sing through reeds where darkness spreads from long roots.

Night rides out of the Longfellow Mountains and the rough-legged hawk ushers in the stars.