

CARA-LYN MORGAN

GEORGIAN BAY (II)

This blue
his fanned crest, tipped wing, the jay
its sudden flare of bold in the misted green. Cypress
and towered birch
casting crooked shadows while rain pools
on the slackened plastic of our tents.

We string wide tarps tree to tree, tent out
our village, unlace heavy boots and press
the wet wool of our socks to the spitting fire's edge.
Cedar branches pop sap into beads of flame, as we drink

the last shiraz, and drift off
nylon tombed. Outside the lager bottles
clink in the untamed paws of raccoons, licking
back abandoned sips. Ridging the silence
with animal sucking.

LUMSDEN

fat rain. beyond the brazen fields
there is thunder.

the cows muddle up the hillock, breaking
their fast on soaked clover

old bells call
from around their heavy necks.

we have come to the place
where the dead lotus open

petal out in ghostly fog and offer
the wet cavity of their hearts.

fisting blood, the gate of ancient bone
prayerful quiet pulling back, pulling.