***Dream in the Key of D***

It was an English river, the Severn or the Wye -

eskered valleys where you holidayed

that summer of the floods, wore day in day out

a bomber jacket picked up cheap in Winnipeg.

There was the water, grey and rapid

a regiment of sedge before the sweep

of tailored lawns, then the hillock

where you stood gazing over

at a zinc hotel, on its balcony a telescope

I didn’t need to look through,

your profile and your smalltown stance

were already limned in tight close-up.

You scanned my outland shore, squinted hard

against the shredded light and recognizing nothing

turned, Canadian foot soldier striding back up under

the gilded oaks, the cinereal elms.

***A Minor***

Once in a film

a blonde woman

caged in frames

saying ‘every man has your voice’

and in your absence

I would hear

like the ghost of a crucifixion

your gold grain

russet tones

in the salt inflected

invitations

of men whose names

escaped me

until I was not listening

to your voice anymore

but to its shorn undertones

bleached, scaled, bereft

of lights and edges

yet still alive somehow

the imprint of a resurrection

there inside this half-

hearted conversation

I am having

with my latest

metaphysician

when you walk back in from out of

snowfields

high desert

a floodlit landing strip

to ask the colour of the word

revenant

its syllables one intimate

long-drawn violet drawl

across the minor key of A.