



Photo by Deborah Munro



Lynn Strongin

IT'S A QUESTION OF STEWARDSHIP

YOU ARE a cameo in night
Rising a fright a child had in the woodshed,
a byte from midnight
one of Peter Schuann's Bread & Puppet figures. Those wide cheekbones
slim bone cameo putting an appearance, a tracing, next-of kin:
Far from minimal. Minimal is a mirror catching the figure in steam then becoming
riddled with holes
Like lace. You are the real deal: the whole thing that shafts the heart
Alight a paper lantern.
I am a mother waiting for an adolescent to come home from movies

Is not wings
But party dress Death blessing.

MOST MORTAL

I caught you with your feet up

*I am filled with foreboding a storm sky over the prairies
& crackling ice*

Winter wheat. Little is going our way, a hockey stick

Glowing spectral gray

No schoolmaster's child

This is the year the money died, carried in burnished coffins, buried. Sleek wet
rain turns leaves over. Rise & shine I am the door

A week to have the blues musically:

Green eyes iron gone all the way

Book stores are shuttering moths are blowing:

Some one is writing it all up

I will cross over

Narrow as needles

Coals glowing in a steam, iron

I study the Old Age Pension

Allowance possible for her who is mine:

common law partner

Greeting it all almost down

Then feeling it slip

Like the crown

From the boy who played child of the May

Then was called away.

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