

Saturday Mornings in Fredericton

That tree shakes in the storm like a dog out of a lake.
The street awash in grey. Did you see that?

The cherry-red beads of brake lights, far away.
Flash, and they vanish. Red bulbs on a string,

across the road. I slept beneath the window,
thinking of people in some far away place.

It looked like this, in another time. It was those people
on the wallpaper downstairs. Those little pastel garments,

the hunting dogs, alert, after some long-dissipated scent.
I roamed, in dream, through the city while you tossed

and turned. I woke, turned down the bed linens. Turned
eggs in cast iron. Thrust open the kitchen window,

interrupting a robin craning over her nest.
I've always been a student of the neighbourhood.

The grand bending trees. Teary-eyed upstairs windows.
The serenity of the season. Early, before work,

I've come to know some silent friends. We rise before the light,
pass on the sidewalk. On Saturdays we get to work,

carrying out the contents of the market
in armfuls, in woven baskets hanging from forearms.

The immense energy of the red cabbage, coiled and ready to spring.
All of those mushrooms in waxy heaps, soiling paper bags.

Two leeks upright in a string bag: ballerina's legs on pointe.
I stood on George Street, where you waved

from the upstairs window. There was something in your hand.
I was reminded of that Robin Blaser poem about the lion,

with the lion drawing of a man inside of its body.
What was that red jewel of light, cast from its paw?

A flag flaps on a neighbour's awning.
The yellow lion in its red field. I wave, and continue home.

Sometimes we do things not knowing we are walking
down the long echoic corridor of a poem.