

Geography Lesson

As winter began
to get serious
I saw the rich guy
on our block—Larry
Guff—watching a kid
shovel his driveway.
“When are you are heading out west?”
I shouted from across the street,
on my way to work.
(He owned a Honolulu condo.)
“It isn’t west,”
he informed me.
“South-east.”
From Ontario?
I told him to consult a map
and stomped off.

The next day, the son-of-a-bitch
and his wife climbed into a limo
and headed for Pearson International.

One very cold February day
a postcard arrived in my mailbox
with palmtrees green as my eyes:
“It’s 80 degrees. Got here
without a map.”

BARRY BUTSON