

## In Heavy Weather

The city's ground  
Or landscape,  
I follow

Without pretence,  
Here in the Great  
White North

You say,  
Sinking  
To the bottom

Smelt-fishing  
Now in the Kaministikwa  
River

Floating birch  
Before me, Huck Finn  
Again, a further

River, thud-thudding  
In a logging camp,  
A woodpecker's Jim

Is all I remember,  
Being moose too  
And tramping —

In heavy weather

CYRIL DABYDEEN