

CANADIAN FOREST

Like a dethroned emperor
Trapped in majestic splendour
(A rambling shack in the forest)
I ought to be getting outdoors.

Past the big spruce and reeking hay
A stumbling path takes me down
To a seat behind the wall
That encloses no city.

Although sickly and pyjama'd
Chocolate keeps me going strong.
A bottle of water lies there,
Left by a previous visitor.

Countless billions of green leaves
Patch up my wounded eyesight.
I faintly resemble Sibelius
Putting the quavers together

For a Nova Scotian version
Of Whitman. Paper enough,
I'd say, to write one poem on.
No male nurses will appear.

Karsdale
24 August 05.