

MIRAGE

Hot green shimmering spaces trick the eye in her:
See my hair
skittish as a mare in wind
Share my youth
casual as a hundred miles further West
Her sign wants Saskatoon
and she stands by the road
like an apple waiting to be picked
while tires drone out
a road reduced by middle age to distance
and a load behind schedule falters
at seeing her alone, squeezing
age into a lump down his throat.
See my body, open as the day
dare to look through my eyes into your past.
Lies, tricks distance plays sometimes
on this grain rippling prairie
mile on flat mile heading westward, away from home.