

## Double Bed

Like a blacksmith  
who can strike no more

finding our way from separate distances  
we hear in a heartbeat the long day's journey

and a message of stone congealed even more passionate  
than our brief encounter in that green place

which reached to the northland station  
half-way around the globe we fire

the mass with each other until it melts to a new horizon  
though we both are travelers different in nature

*Translated by the author with Stephen Hogan and Daniel Webb*

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OSADA HIROSHI / JAPAN

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## What the Young Canadian Indian Said

We aren't the children of the golden age.  
We cannot live chasing buffalo.

Wild berries, horses and shadows disappeared.  
No maps show our country.

The world was simple a long time ago.  
The River Saskatchewan, Lake Winnipeg—that was all.

It was the time of good youths.  
One day it all turned to dust, as did the prairies.

Do not say you miss what's lost.