

GEORGE BOWERING / Nechako Spring Morning

Think of blood on the ivory keys, how the fingers continue to play.

Don't imagine the big thump as the elephant fell to the hot dry ground.

Silver imports skedaddle between clumps of cedars along the steep north shore.

She makes the turn and stomps on the gas, bringing a smile to the face of the blind guy in the other seat.

An arpeggio floats over the very north tip of Lake Okanagan, her elbows rise.

Don't walk diagonal across her lawn if you don't want to become a poem.

Poems last longer than a tank of gas, birds sometimes fly with snakes in their beaks.

Look, she grips a pair of scissors too close to everything you love.

She's a saint for five minutes every morning—that's how she gets called lyrical.

If violin players get to wear spike heels during Respighi's *Fontane*, she gets to slither while she walks.

That was supposed to be something about jukebox music, car radio music, black keys.

I mean laughter you hear in the other room, and don't you wish you were telling *that* one?