

Sid Marty / THREE POEMS

THE HUNTER

Maybe looking at a dead bird
in your hand, you think
it is a metaphor of autumn
For you appreciate the symbols
and the burning bush of the seasons
as you throw it in the bag
there with the others, dead
Their throats are stuffed with rose hips
they have gathered in the coulees
For all the land is bleeding
and the pyres of the year are smoking

Maybe you remember, how like a baby
a plucked bird looks
All beasts look the same
under their thin veneer

But the land is under your feet
And you have the means to reach
into the sky, so you go on gathering
the birds out of the air

And those that are crippled
are timid in the grass
They are beautiful
as you take them up

to feel their captive wings
quivering in your heavy hands

AT CRAIGELLACHIE

At Craigellachie a phallic tower of stone
remarks each locomotive horn since men drove steel
through these scarred canyons

But women are everything

Wind in the trees, the passage sings
of survey gangs and powder monkeys
blown to bits by tamping
nitro with a crowbar, bad jokes
in the pride of the builders
Pride of men

But women are everything
Wind on the winding curve
Wheels that catch the shoulder
Margins of passage are narrow
and the forest falls into the streams
forgetting the travellers

Women are more, are all of these

May it always be
Land of hope and sorrow
Flesh at the edge of our dreams

HARVEST

Raking leaves and Coyote
floats by the house
a ptarmigan in his mouth
Hapless fool hen, she
clucks and trembles