

Billy Little / TWO POEMS

Ardent Iceholes

all the way up the river
tiny little salmon trout
leap out
and kiss my zipper
as I hack another circle
in the crust
maybe I'll never learn chinese
or smoke 3 packs a day
but I won't forget
your shattered spectacles
on the muddy bedroom floor
beside the glistening leg hold trap
if I live forever
or fry my tongue for a sandwich

The First Canadian Pope

always wore his mackinaw
when he was alone
in St. Peter's Basilica
it was chilly
and hard to heat
and besides
with his pocket size
fibre glass fishing pole
dangling in the holy water
microscopic hooks
baited with the essence
it felt more like his favourite trout stream
in North Saskatchewan