

I walk the river with my little dog
and the late women of this town.
They blow into me like a prairie breeze
and speak the language of the land.
It is lean and the shade of canola and corn.

The women are tired
for they hauled water
and bore sons and daughters.

They tell me of two loves to come:
One will beat my heart like a drum.
A man of the cloth will empty himself:
There will be twins.

The women are sudden and gone
like the wind.