

CHEAKAMUS CANYON

At Cheakamus Canyon only
wild red strawberries
hug the path Even
mountains built in one
eternity never touch at
Cheakamus on a summer's
day sometimes a woman
just wants to be alone
even when she's with her
lover She wants to walk

in his shadow or he
in hers listening
to trees speaking
or to her own feet
crunching sometimes
she likes to squat like
an animal that's lived
there forever and knows
cool moss and its

secret places she wants
to strip to the waist the
way a man does with
nobody watching not
even squirrels then lie
against hard ground as if
ground itself were a domitable
lover thistles sticking
to her skin turning

upward to sky
though her lover
may be watching because
sometimes she just wants
to be with nothing
but mosquitoes
to bite her
upturned breasts