

KANINA DAWSON

## Winter in a Small Town

Sad strange woman  
who walks to visit  
her dog in its grave

the snowmobilers  
have taken your trails  
your cross  
and your candles

left Sorry  
tattooed in branches  
across a deep  
depression.

I watched your hands  
fall like broken birds  
clumsy fluttering  
like the small pulse  
in your wrists  
and throat

You spent an afternoon  
combing the woods  
for bits of bone  
Repacking the hole

Grimace like your hands

held a heart.

I watched you  
kick in their fire pit  
reach for their beer  
all stuck in a snowbank  
for later  
each bottle a fractured heart  
aimed to drive out

the sound of winter  
in a small town

the sound of boys  
travelling in packs.