

April in Haliburton

Send me out to the shed,
I'm weary of this dusty afternoon—
winter sun on a faded quilt
and the tedious hiss of the heater.

Send me out to the shed,
 into an evening damp with clouds,
 across stepping stones rough with
 shattered pine cones, bits
 of bark and dead leaves.

I'll lean on the broken doorframe
and gaze into the darkness.

I'll stare at the rusted rake for a while,
and think of the autumn;

I'll bring back whatever you ask for.

— *Joanne Stanbridge*