

ANNE LÉVESQUE

Inverness Hospital

All day we laboured.

He in a small field below me
Cutting pale hay with a scythe
Swath
After swath
After swath

I stood at the window

The ocean and sky
Heavy and still
Full to bursting
The cars in the parking-lot
The houses and streets
The man with the scythe

All day he continued
Stroke after stroke after stroke
Foot by foot
Centimetre by centimetre

We laboured all day.