

HENDRIK SLEGTENHORST  
**VANCOUVER**

In the accent-heavy emigrant's taxicab  
We bridge the Fraser River, at the point  
Where the drive train sheared, nine years ago;  
The electric mentality of overwhelm  
Preamble to this reconfiguration.

Place of loss and flight of welcome.

Here at the sea the preparations place themselves  
At the feet of the wanderers, the pale rains  
Clarifications of the skin of history, withering away  
The insensate moments made less with money long past  
And those who never cared to care.

So: goodbye.

My word is renewed, and you cannot follow me,  
For I am back in the last land of my last becoming.