

GILLIAN HARDING-RUSSELL

## **OUT OF SWIRLING DOVES**

— for Michelle Sereda and all those artists lost to us on the road  
during a Saskatchewan winter

The wind swept white wings  
in silent dunes across the road  
the forecast not for a blizzard  
though it had begun to snow

in silent dunes across the road  
she could not see the centre line  
though it had begun to snow  
the car ahead in a grey fog halo

she could not see the centre line  
the snow baptising the countryside  
the car ahead in a grey fog halo  
she swerved across the desert sands

the snow baptising the countryside  
one road, one lane, no room for another  
she swerved across the desert sands  
listening to her friend above the radio

one road, one lane, no room for another  
coming towards her, so little space to navigate in snow  
listening to her friend above the radio  
they talking of their gig in the town ahead

the snow sepulchral, so little space to navigate  
in the white-out, she couldn't see the car ahead  
they talking of their gig in the town ahead  
her coffee carry-mug in hand, she gesticulated

it was bad weather, she couldn't see the car ahead  
she was trying to follow... where was her lane?  
her coffee carry-mug in hand she gesticulated  
'It was a Saskatchewan winter'

she was trying to follow ... where was her lane?  
a smudge of car ahead ... blind as faith  
'it was a Saskatchewan winter'  
Out of nowhere a grey fog haloed

the smudge of car ahead ... blind as faith  
hard to tell ... a star in blue-light waves advancing  
or redshift's retreat ... out of nowhere a grey fog haloed  
with twins of moons or suns for headlights

hard to tell ... a star in blue-light waves advancing  
through swirling doves ... those silent dunes across the road  
with twins of moons or suns for headlights growing  
white feathers as it continued to snow.