

1-1-65

On Discussing Canada with the English

You say you hate the prairie, the long stretches
of wheat - corn & timbers, wind-blown flowers
You say you hate the yellow cow-herd who
pokes

the cattle from the grass in twilight hours.

You say you've never seen the people served

~~and eat~~ ^{you} from the cluttered roads & houses

thick with cars,

and eat spare dinners, with phlegmatic

people,

of Yorkshire pudding, good roast beef & ham

You tell me that the prairies are depressing
and that you find such solitude & bare;
you say - but no... I say it's too

disheartening,
Such falls as these.

I've listened to these ~~monotonous~~ before.

Time heard the same words spoken, you,
already

by fumbling lips, unkindling & unknown -
Ah! God - the very thought makes me

unsteady