



the tugboat

the modern day Marlon Brando (some days his lover)

or best of all the log the one that got away

I want the water to touch me wend me down the river

leave me to float in the moonlight

### Copper Woman Dreaming

If I were a colour would I be burnt sienna?

Surely I would be an earth tone.           Matte perhaps.

But then there is copper and I do love a little glisten in my colours.

I could see myself multi-coloured                threads in a Métis sash

again earth tones, some copper and with the tassels I will keep track of time, mark days.

If I were a vessel would I be a pitcher? Full        round at the bottom

a wide spout.   White like my dishes or would I be glass?        More delicate

like a vase        narrowing at the top then opening again

                  to facilitate the outpouring of love   of wine   of water.

I could be cloth, worn loosely around the swaying hips of a bare breasted woman.

Colourful        purple lime green        patterned        but not floral.

Next life I want to be a piece of jewellery        one worn daily by a woman of the woods.

Made of silver   moonstone        and

obsidian.                Mirroring the light and the dark

                  her evenings in the forest.

                  Perhaps a hint of amber for the sacred fires within.

Whatever I am let me adorn the beauty of a woman.    I want to be next to her skin.

A thing of beauty.        I hope she will touch me often and with fondness.

And when she dies may she leave me to a grand daughter

hopefully a daughter of a copper woman.