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# SOMETIMES I FIND MYSELF WEEPING AT THE ODDEST MOMENT

sometimes I find myself
weeping
at the oddest moment
an unexpected voice
mon oncle André
calling Christmas Day
wishing me
a Merry Christmas
and I am
that little girl
walking across the lake
with her grandfather
to check on the snares
and traps he has set
in this frost
exploding moon
in surrounding islands
the frost is biting
and he motions I walk
in the shade
of his warm body
soon he claims
we will be
in the thick of brush
and we will make a fire
to warm our bodies
drink le thé muskeg