

Veda Hille, Artic Adaptations

you could lose your voice in a landscape like this
an old testament kind of place
the annual habit annuals are scarce
warm-blooded creatures must disperse
too arid for maturation low relief and minimal protection
keeping all tissues close to the warm soil
the insecurity of separation
here in this northern canadian station
thin strips of land like paper cut out
all about the water the water all about
a great distance to have lasted
an effective safeguard against disaster
too arid for maturation low relief and minimal protection
keeping all tissues close to the warm soil
the insecurity of separation
here in this northern canadian station
a river beauty a fireweed city
walk a little ways ground sinks under me
and springs back once i'm gone
if you leave me, don't leave me long