

We Walked Miles

We were hunting together
me, a little boy about
eight or nine
we walked miles
into the bush silent
to each other

I watched my side
he watched his

We'd sit
He'd smoke

I wait
listening to his lungs
growing old
his bones heavy
in the morning air

he showed me how
to carry a gun

I always walked beside him

At camp we were silent
he drank beer
we ate
went to sleep

The only thing I ever heard

was the tradition
of
wind being born

He called last night
he told me he was dying of cancer

the uranium was bursting
out of his body

there was no silence

there was only talk

about hunting

-David Groulx