

Greg MacPherson "Churchill"

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It wasn't so cold yesterday. I walked along the river path down where the water starts spinning like car tires. I wore the sweater my father wore... the one he got from his girlfriend before he quit his job and met my mother. There's a train that runs from here to Churchill MB. I never knew that Churchill was so far away. There's a woman on the bridge from my street... I just nod my head, I don't think I remember her name. There's a whistle that blows everyday at 4.

I met my brother yesterday outside the place we went to school and he said he thought I should be running out of patience. We walked for hours until it snowed, out past the cemetery gates where you can stand and watch the plains taking off. There's a face that looks exactly like yours does. "It's all I've got" he said "it's really not that bad." There's a reason why I'm here I can't remember. The past few years have been the shortest years I've ever had. There's a whistle that blows everyday at 4. The sound of train cars loud as the crying from the house I live next door to.

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