

## **Greg MacPherson**

### **"West St. James"**

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I was already on the plane. I met a man from west St.James. We talked about the exposition at Orest's barber shop and St.James highschool. I looked down at Saskatchewan like a yello green tile floor we were standing on.."did you know the west coast is gonna fall into the ocean someday?" (simpler down there) He said," My friend I hope you don't mind but I have to ask you, are you leaving behind something that's not worth coming back to? We're the same collection of thoughts and accidents no matter where we are." (simpler down there)

She was a picture of frustration standing all alone in an empty bus station. Another summer gone. After a 7 hour delay in Saskatoon yesterday. I'm looking out at the clouds and we're flying over a storm and a dozen little farms. There's a fire station at the top of her street and three rinks where... (simpler down there) One leaves for something else to say. One looks around and walks away. One hour from now I'll be looking down at the rocky mountains. (simpler down there)

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