

John K. Samson **"Longitudinal Centre"**

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This Spring made Winter an insulting opening offer
down the passing lane
It's getting harder to negotiate
Thawing out and icing up again

Past the [midwhere?] circle of Provincial flags flagging
in the front yard
Tired of trying to make us think
That it hasn't always been so hard

The sky looks seasick on the boxcar's sway
Where the Atlantic and Pacific are the very same far
away

So the sun pulls me out and then lets me in, I'm a
vacuum-powered cord
In the back of that van full of kids
Cleaning carpets for the Lord

And I make a little list of sounds I've found, it
comforted us in the past
The roar of the rumble strips
And the Mennonite meter of the flood forecast

[Haddow?] wind strums on those signs that say
The Atlantic and Pacific are the very same far away

Steer this boat around the snow plow spray
While the Atlantic and Pacific are the very same far
away

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