

## Saturday Evening (A Letter to Lawren Harris)

A black fog weighs the earth down;  
even the trees are heavy.

All day I found little time to paint  
with drains to unclog, dogs to tend,  
with eaves to free of abandoned nests,  
soggy leaves to rake.

This evening I am numb with silence.  
Four walls and my tenants withdraw into themselves  
while I sit with a rug at my window.  
Even my eagles soar among the rafters with closed beaks.

I long for the slow folding of William's paddle through water,  
the sudden rise of poles  
against the carbon-hard forest at dawn.  
I still hear the voice of D'Sonoqua calling the midnight cats  
to her breast for feeding.  
I still taste the cedar musk of rain the next morning.

And yes,  
I agree all is part of the same whole,  
all art is the eternal quest to express  
the Soul that dwells within and around us.  
But must I make mine your need to fell  
God as I know Him, pulling up devotions  
rooted in me when I was Small,  
Father's soft-eyed, littlest girl,  
one hand held firmly in his while entering church,  
the other free, clutching a bouquet of maidenhair and lilies,  
the hem of my pinafore down?

Still, as Whitman says, *Delve!*  
*Mould! Pile the words of the earth.*  
*Work on, age after age, nothing is to be lost.*

Lawren, my hand is become unsteady,  
forgive me.  
I am so alone here, such an old fool,  
really.