Ignace is a coffee shop squat by the side of the Trans Canada, a bank of payphones inside the door on the left. Dim light, only one phone working, no answer.

Ignace is seven hours east of goodbye; is still raining slick with the memory of wet blotches carelessly left on the shoulder of your khaki T-shirt; is a hole in the pit of my gut, the faded postcard that looks like it's been here since last time, twenty years ago, when I insisted on driving your dad all this way just to hold on to the hours.

Ignace was where the railroad took him to work, leaving me nine months pregnant and scared senseless — was a dank motel room, a last kiss, a stupid idea that turned out okay only because I could follow a semi back west through the snow, faint twin lights enough to keep up with the highway's unexpected twists and

you hiccupping softly in the dark of me.
Ignace is another tank of gas; is checking the chains on the U-Haul I’m pulling away from the life you will have; is the vacancy you will never stop being.