

Just Beyond Call If You Need Me

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.