



untitled site-specific installation, big bluestem grass (*Andropogon gerardii*) Karen Abel



## rural route millennium

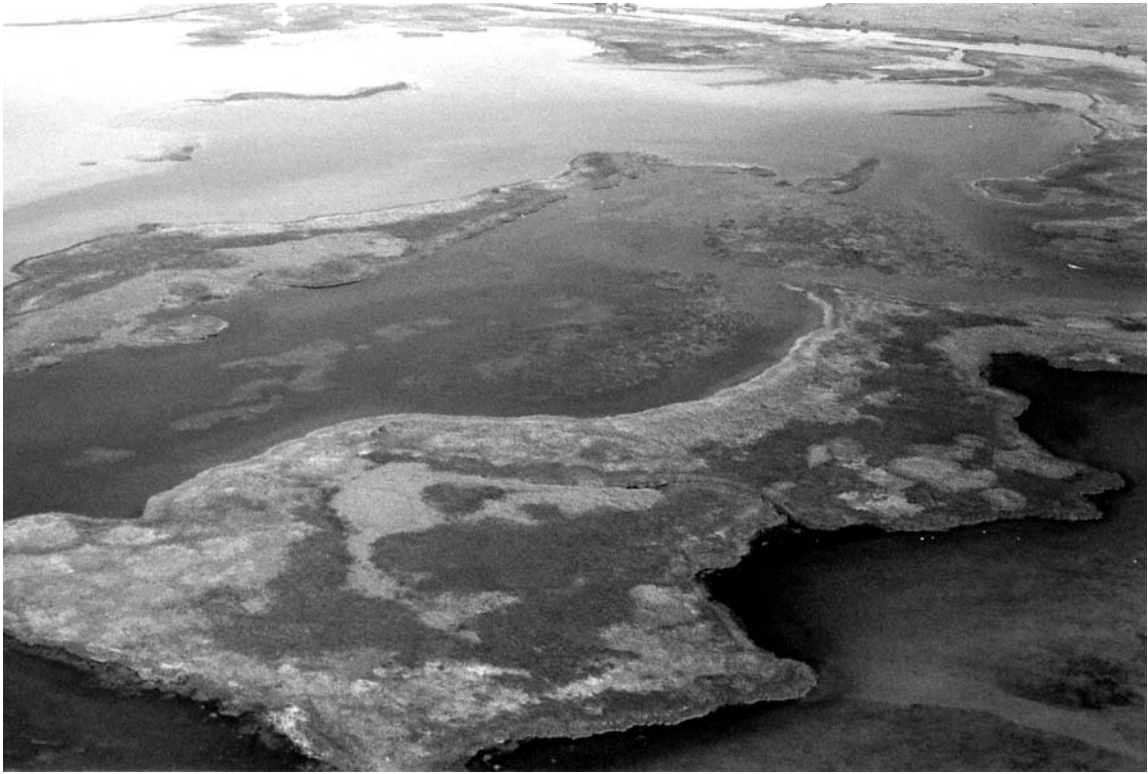
by sarah pinder

the quiet explosions of fireworks from town  
pop hollow and high  
in sugared colour above the empty pasture  
where we stand together

the dog is whining behind us  
running half moons into hard packed snow  
through frozen shit and hay  
and just as I'm about to turn around to calm him  
I realize that my grandmother can't hear  
the rusted rattle, the keening  
maybe not even the dynamite blasts  
in our sky  
she stands pigeon-toed in purple duck boots and  
the brown barn coat  
her hands, limp out of the pockets

she gazes up patiently  
woken from her blue-lit lay-zee-boy  
and waiting for the sign to turn away  
the hand at her shoulder to give direction  
back up the plywood steps  
through the undershirt ghosts  
frozen on the clothesline

her slack-jaw static eclipses  
the smeared, streaking lights  
my grandmother  
between channels  
tilts like the satellite saucer on the lawn  
tentatively, towards heaven



Untitled, Aerial photos, Walpole Island First Nations, Karen Abel