

by Ryan Young
Anned

and we waited all summer
for him to arrive
and we smelt blossoms
on the quiet breezes of summer
and we feasted
on yellow zucchinis and bread
and we thought of those in bed
who were dreaming of their destinies unbounded
and still no sign of him

and we spoke to each other
one on one sipping black coffee
underneath a ceiling of Bach
in a cave of violins
reminiscing about fat old loves
examining our awakening sexualities
under mind's eye microscopes
and still no sign of him

and we built a hardwood canopy of poetry
to read by when the light blinded our eyes
and willed our hearts to act
while the crickets spoke to us
through little tunnels in the sand
speaking of icy deaths and celestial events

and we bathed in berry juice and sang
but he never did arrive that summer
that summer in Ste. Annes

