



Bois de bout: Dussault

Birth

Take pity on the soul who wanders,
who cries without a human sound
She may be the woman at Kamloops Junction who has
nothing left,
arrived on a late train, no one to meet her

She can't go into town, cries
soft tears & leans against the doorframe,
forty years of pain & goings,
her scuffed feet marking the lino beneath the phone,
Pull the cutthroat money from our pockets,
give her what there is.

& you too. Take pity on the wandering soul
who keeps the bond of being human,
it is a small hope innocent in her handling;
& she, the woman who asks for nothing,
asks a stranger in the washroom for a dime
The purple jacket & no teeth, her mid-century face wrinkled up-

She was like a child not knowing what to do,
she was frightened,
arriving late with no more money for a cab.
Take her sorrow away, a little bit, a bit at a time.
Like a birth, saying *yes*, saying *no*.
I won't forget.

We all love her. We others, the women
watching her ride off to Kamloops in a car, her small
still head with its blunt haircut,
we lived for a few minutes inside her skin with her,
we won't forget,
she took her trust of us into the city

of lakes & dry hills, bravely,
our warm birth ticking in her skin

Erin Mouré

Poem Courtesy *This Magazine* Feb. 1981