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**ANDRÉE  
LACHAPELLE**

sheets of ice on the river  
as we leave the city  
slowly  
slow and cold  
there can only be a future  
filled with plenty  
when nature has already  
taken that much away

*Andrée Lachapelle has worked as a graphic artist, web designer and a photographer. She lives in Toronto.*

**DONA STURMANIS**

**Mother surmises on Dad's demise**

"You did a good job."  
the home nurses told me.  
They wanted to move him  
to a hospital to die.  
I said no:  
My husband will die  
at home and I  
will be his doctor  
and his nurse,  
as I have been  
for fifty years.  
My son-in-law and I  
sat at the diningroom table  
the morning he died,  
drank coffee, smoked  
cigarettes,  
looked over at his body  
til the cremation people  
arrived.  
His beret,  
His Haida-carved paddle,  
To take him across the river,  
went with his body  
into the final fire.  
It was really that simple.  
Let's get rid of that bed, I said  
to my son-in law.  
The one in which he had  
slowly  
disappeared over two years.  
I had sat there and watched  
him  
become an outline of a man.

After he died,  
I was hungry, so hungry.  
I ate everything he could  
not.  
The afternoon  
they took him away  
my son-in-law & I  
had Welsh rarebit  
at an English pub.

I went to live with his wife,  
my oldest daughter. "Eat,"  
she said and I did.  
Fresh orange juice,  
Bagels with cream cheese.  
Tuna melts and mushroom  
soup.  
Rainbow color salads,  
crisp to the teeth.  
Melons, sweet melons.  
She fed me herbs. I told my  
friends  
she was experimenting on  
me.  
I didn't want to eat,  
but I was so hungry.  
I didn't want to be fat  
but I was so thin.

I ate until the outline  
of my woman  
became filled in

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