

Bent

An old woman bent like a lowercase *f*
walks down the middle
of the road. Her eyes are hidden
by brush-fired hair or buried somewhere
in her pocket beside cigarettes and a bingo dabber.
Her knuckles, like the sun-baked mud near Rabbitskin,
are deep enough to carry bear tracks.
Her crepitant knees echo far and linger.

She walks the road that leads to river and light,
past mobile homes and homes less mobile, past the co-op,
towards the Mackenzie and across to the fire on Manitou—
then further down.