

Drumheller

Bret Crowle

Teenagers, with shiny new pocketknives, driving daddy's borrowed truck (the pickup with the wobbly wheels) to the lake just outside of town. Beer cans clatter and clang, metal rims and caps tap asphalt, roll into the ditch, and wait for labour workers to pick them up while on the clock. These teens are intent on whittling wood, stripping it down, bearing old oaks with initials of relationships intent on only lasting one, two, three years maximum. Inside, beetles have long since scratched their own love notes into the bark, but no one notices these. Tilt your head back and let the robins sing their songs and flutter to follow

the near silent droll
while earth fractures, splits, opens.
Tulips bleed through dirt.