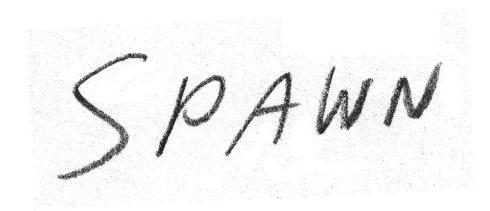


MARIE-ANDRÉE GILL

Translated by Kristen Renee Miller



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THE RAMPART

At the lake, the fish we're looking for is the ouananiche. In Ilnu: she who is found everywhere or little lost one.

if I don't touch the sidewalk lines if I keep on running till I reach the third street light everything will be fine

it isn't real it's in my head it's nothing my strong nails will cling to this disorder the lake eats away a little more cement with bleeding gums

and I want this whole thing over with like that first french on the rampart

(we are everywhere lost)

some benches some pruned cedars and there, looming four cement teepees

engraved:
beaver
snowshoes
canoe, bear
drab cement
drab procession
the story drawn, lifeless

The rampart

suspended in time prams, drunk boys

day and night the dogs

day and night the dandelions push through cracks in the cement

and before us, the lake a luck the lake.

its flashing waves revive humanity one drop at a time on the main street we draw game migrations and curves of the stock exchange in chalk

we cherish the thrill of plucking daisies and count the petals silently to be sure that someday we'll be loved We have plans for you, they say. And we laugh. As narcotic ghosts cling to the storms of our bodies we laugh.