

## **For Your Pleasure**

Black tie, evening gowns  
blue jeans, funky dresses  
people in line for the symphony,  
theatre, a rock concert  
or Leonard Cohen.

They stroll through a museum  
view beadwork, paintings,  
watch historical documents.  
Walk from painting to painting  
stall to stall at an artisan sale.

Sit in awed silence  
the cat ballerinas on stage  
tap their feet at a fiddle dance,  
admire colorful regalia and  
chant with the pow-wow drums.

Their commissioned sculptures  
command a street corner,  
choirs at the symphony  
commemorate veterans.  
A tapestry of Canada Geese  
feed in the prairie fields.  
One of the group of seven  
in a medical building.

Artists.  
Working as waitresses,  
ushers, bus or cab drivers,  
shovel barn manure. Others  
are lucky enough to have a spouse  
to pay their rent.

The muse nibbles and nudges  
their fingers  
guides them  
to a coffee shop, a studio,  
to listen to the urge

to leave to you  
a re-creation  
of life.

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Parliamentary Poet Laureate**