

## Lorri Neilsen Glenn

Lorri Neilsen Glenn is a writer of Métis and European descent living in Mi'kma'ki. She is a former Halifax Poet Laureate whose most recent book is *Following the River: Traces of Red River Women* (Wolsak and Wynn).

### Watch

the clock tick-ticking to four and scramble down the back stairs  
into the spring sun, your binder sharp against your ribs, a weekend

in May and the prairie air is dry, sweet caragana blossoms along  
the road ready to pluck and lay on your tongue, and you, itching

to move tonight, abandon your body to the funk of James Brown,  
his brand-new bag and maybe that mockingbird song, anything

with a beat that throbs, shudders your chest like an ancient drum,  
sinew and promise in an awkward circle with your clan of misfits,

outsider-familiars—actor, writer, painter in the making—how you'll  
gather later in the back corner of the school, shake out the furrows

of winter, oblivious, ecstatic, sweaty, green as spring, years away  
from knowing what is crouching in Eddie's brain to rise and bring him

down, how Claire's river of a laugh will be dammed too soon, or  
that Margie will be found curled like a bear in a den piled high with

music scores, newspapers, rotting food on the keys of her beloved piano.  
Kiteh. What happened to Theresa on highway 11—no, you don't know,

no, because now, all you have is here, the dust rising from the street as  
tires peel from the gravel lot, the shock of forsythia in Mrs. Harnett's

yard and you, running under a high sky, kisik, ahead of your shadow,  
the liquid trill of a meadowlark rising from the field across the tracks.

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