

THE SNOWFLAKE AGE

"My whole life, whether *it* be long or short shall be devoted to *your* service...but *I* shall not have strength to carry out this resolution alone unless *you* join in *it* with *me* as *I* now invite *you* to do. God help *me* to make good *my* vow." Queen Elizabeth II, *Nelson Daily News*, February 7, 1952

She said looking through the monarchy of pronouns
Her halftone face profiles the moment

On *our* kitchen table headlines mourn the proper
Object of *our* common vale of memory and becoming

Dots of quiet morning snow outside the window 724
Victoria Street then Kootenay Lake the mountain

Mist-hackled town's companion traced as Elephant
You take on the words new news so *we* too

Mark *our* time momentarily collected public
Memory longs for *its* own kind of peacefulness

All day soft snow hushes the valley but
For the truck chains clanking up Stanley

The sovereign *We* "... seemed for a moment
As though the heartbeat of a nation stopped"

That day *your* other *you* as white as the snow
Fell over the town and drifted into the bank

Of memory just like the city bus *I* always needs
Another pronoun for the *we* is speaking middle

Voice Dominion over CKLN radio's hourly news
Sanding in progress up Josephine all clear tonight

My Tenderfoot to King's Scout posing *who*
Is the *many* might be the mercy of *whose* light

Or how to function as the subject of *what* long
Moment caught within *each* sentence

Let's not forget – between – the words the traces
We'll line them up for *their* long parade

The street's been plowed for *their* cavalcade

I Me You

Your They My We

this rime of snowy faces