

Beginning  
in my house--  
for into the room peeps  
not the midwife  
but  
jutting between sun unfiltered  
and earth in transition  
the mountain

**by Liliane Welch**

and departure  
derailed apertures  
tear on the funiculus  
of visions

and again departure and I wrapped  
into the cutting ritual  
a bewitched victim  
stalk  
the horizon of a nuptial wound.

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Your deflected tears, Canada,  
stalk me,  
they do not spare my house  
they root me to the ground.  
The pendular swing of your silence  
makes me hear  
the voice of the British lion  
makes me see  
a French hand put into chains.  
You claw a vacant rack,  
you beg at strangers' doors  
while the American harlot  
skates in your sky.