



Winter Moon (It's getting ridiculous)

The Trans-Canada lays ahead
like immense shadows,
ungoverned shadows
on Lake Superior. Sault Ste Marie
waits patiently in the distance,
a good distance, but
with the promise of
a shower and a warm bed.

As large flakes of snow
explode on my cheeks
I realize that
I've charmed my last ride
for the night. I

shrug my shoulders
against the frozen air,
frozen air that's chapped
away my knuckles,
and pitch my tent.
My solitary tent.
My last remaining friend.

As the blood slowly
makes amends with my
toes, help myself
to one last smoke,
one last green memory,
and unconditionally surrender
to the winter moon.
A lustful winter moon.
For tonight, this is my
piece of planet Earth.

—Matt Stewart