“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