

The Landscape of the Heart

Sometimes the heart's dam
wants to spill the overflow
and flood its
constriction.

This is when
one needs to walk
the Meewasin trail,
the Wascana Park.
Somewhere to listen to
the magpies, sparrows,
geese and doves.
To watch the wind excite
the trees while the orange splash
of orioles display their brilliance.
To watch the swell
of deep clouds move gently
across the heavens. To smell
the earth's fresh rain.

We need the solitude of the parks
to be at peace, to watch strangers
walk hand in hand, catch
snippets of their stories,
laughter or tears.
To picnic with our families, maybe
throw sunflower seeds or bannock
to strutting pigeons.

I think of the crowded masses
walking the concrete highway
where dandelion¹ spoke alone
through the cracks.
Where caged birds may be
surrounded by hungry souls
wanting a bit of wild.

¹ To laugh with the author, originally spelled "dandy-lions"

And still I am privileged to inhale
the cherry blossoms, mock orange,
purple lilacs, the spruce and pine,
these ancient spirits
breathing for all the earth.

I want this for the frozen eye-lids,
the bruised hearts. The deaf ears.
I want dirty fingernails rimmed with soil
connected to the heart and soul,
to remember we all once collected
pebbles. These small hard concretions
that attached themselves to our hearts.
Sometimes we find this place.
In a simple walk
through the park.

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