

How He Served

every dawn, he brought his woman
some portion of his journey.
before sunrise, setting match
to kindling in a pot-bellied Hudson Bay Co. stove,
slipping down to the sandy
shore in the summer,
chopping away overnight ice
in the water-hole in winter,
fetching liquid for her
morning Red Rose tea

and then, surrendering
the sun of his fingers, he warmed
her with touches, tracing his
need along the smooth brown
skin lines and curves
of her body.

through the dawns of their lives
how he served was his journey;
illustrated many seasons over
with the flames of devotion
tenderly,
he brought his woman.

George Kenny