

Intimacy isn't a definite, discrete thing – it is a pattern
an instinct
as unique to the weaver
as the place they occupy –

Slightly wet
and wisping
the knitted ends
of a spider's
sheet silk
float in the
warming air

a
carpet woven

a
repetition interlaced
compounding trails

their lightness against the grass
the fingerprint of past bearings
a mirrored beacon, a spider's darkroom
efflorescence for direction

billowing in the charged air
to catch a branch
a breeze
untethered by morning

and spider's enduring skill
for weaving

Fourteen thousand threads
twist, contort, and
bind

Some fibres
pull, others
braid and bunch
attracting each other
opening
cavities dry
for moisture
lain and layered –

graphite tears from a pencil tip
carbon over carbon
rolling across a desk
in front of a child's silhouette
their pencil's reduction
losing against filaments crossed
finely
tells of removal
distance
and hope

where angled scratches on

Paper

speak of evergreens
against a late evening sunset
that hide an imagined town
lowering
just ahead of a falling sun

Home Is the smell of black and white spruce in a late August sunset home is an early morning wind through swaying trees home is burnt trunks and branches years old viewed through a bus window home is a souterrain house long forgotten in the hills behind a Walmart home is a homestead fallen behind grass and feed home is a cemetery erased by floods home is gravestones overturned and sunken home is dozens of mason jars lined up by a stove in July home is blueberries across the lake home is blueberries in freezer bags home is crushed and bent cigarette butts in a coffee cup under a canopy held down by steel wheels home is hands rooting through dirt for potatoes home is coyotes playing outside a horse farm at night home is a contracting barn roof scaring your nephew at night home is a childless mother calling her cat in starlight home is a litter of kittens appearing unexpectedly under a trailer porch home is a long dirt road from the highway to the lake home is a circle of Elders' homes with no Elders in them home is a charred hotel at the side of the road home is a misplaced diary home is a river home is a river split and emptied into marsh home is grass encroaching on a wooded lake home is pencil scratches standing in for the smell of black and white spruce home is home is a memory of trees you've never seen home is Muksim's house built into the hill home is a road leading into the woods on the hill behind the Walmart home is a marriage record from 1917 home is learning your first Cree word home is learning any word that isn't in English home is a rolling carbon graphite point scribbling relatives down as fast as your Uncle can say them home is a pattern revealed your children home is a chipmunk darting behind a sleeping dog home is eight white geese scaring off predators home is a garden home is a garden in your uncle's home is the memory of your grandmother's

garden home is stories about bears shared over cigarettes under a canopy in the yard while geese listen home is Walmart running out of mason jars in July home is stories of a vicious cane-wielding Chiâpan home is an entire community walking a body to the RCMP while an angry bear stalks them home is the lines a boy follows on the way to his relatives' houses home is a story told in trusted company home is the memories that extend beyond church pictures home is a carpet woven by movement home is a confluence of stories that continue home is a **Low Hum** home is tributary home is a lake home is rainfall drumming on a brown trailer in canyon creek in summer home is a nephew frightened by the noises a barn makes in the cooling summer evening home is the dogs that sleep through the noises a barn makes but howl when they hear a scared nephew pacing home is the curiosity of horses when a nephew visits home is stories told from a kitchen in August home is the way a family forgets beauty in terrible things home is the way roots find space in soil home is where they used to hang fish home is a lake that spawns slow meandering rivers home is where the waters collect before **Dispersing** home is a place we used to gather home is all these things as rivers and creeks scatter a lake's body home is never a starting point