

BY NATT BEGG

Walking to Pitt Meadows

In through
clumpy forests
grates over bare streams past
woody salmon summoning shacks
out to
boat parts for sale!
Flag-flying bungalows,
hummocky, thatched with pine
needles:
Poco.

Gone down
off the piled till
through a low cattail marsh
crowding the slaked muddy dredge
spat up
by the Fraser
gagging on river boats,
tin-roofed shacks and floating piers,
wet grass.

Dirt stops
concrete rides up
to the six-lane screamer
banded by low walls and railyards
shunting
me out, shuffling
through dark troughs and paved hills,
boys' slime games in a great car park,
empty.



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