

THE PRISON OUT MY WINDOW

As I sit in the winter sunlight streaming through my window,
I watch the chick-a-dee's gathering around the feeder,
Coming and going, flitting here & there,
Earlier it was the moose on the edge of the field,
Feeding on the dogwood,
Their movements governed by an internal drive that we can only guess at.
The animal kingdom operates according to its own rhythm,
Governed by nature.

My country is defined by nature,
The vastness inspires the imagination,
The original people lived according to nature's drumbeat.
The earth's tears flowing across the land brought change,
The silver snake stretching across the land brought more,
The sweat and toil to create a life in harmony with the elements.

To this my grandparents escaped, fleeing before the curtain fell,
To build a life beside a creek,
To build a life of hardship & toil, growth & prosperity, truth and freedom.
Truth stared at you in the fall as you looked at the harvest,
Enough to carry you through the long, cold months?
The freedom to fail marching you forward like no other.

This country came to be through the efforts of her people.
A strong, silent force.
There were necessary course corrections along the way,
But the compass always pointed true.

During my lifetime I know that our people were working together,
Marching with time towards better.

Now I look upon a land I do not recognize,
The vastness of our landscapes,
The wildlife within it,
Continue with the flow of life as before.
The land has not changed,
But the direction of travel of her people has.

The moral compass is spinning wildly.

Are we directed by forces outside ourselves?
Are we governed by those that want to destroy?
Is the hate and division that spews forth like a volcano
A temporary eruption, or will it remake the land?

I mourn for what was, and what could have been,
Staring out my window,
Locked in the prison of my country.

OH CANADA, Strong but not free....
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