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Concession Road

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SUSAN HOLBROOK

Concession Road

The neighbour leans against
his tractor wheel, crimping
a Sprite can, watches the unmarried
lady tear at Queen Anne's Lace,
leave the milkweed standing.
The tire griddle-hot against his back.
Maybe she just needs to be told
it's a weed, that she's pretty. "For
the Monarchs," she explains, then squints
at the other unmarried lady pulling
into the driveway, shouts "Did you get
butter?" and laughs as the car groans back
up the gravel road. Friends, sisters,
roommates, cousins, sisters again. Then,
after two years, he finally gets it
by the root, and all afternoon
in the shuddering cab he thinks about
butter and how much he loves
doing the oral, and what the good-looking
ladies do in their house without him.

Sometimes she wishes it would rain and
rain, as it did when she lived in East
Vancouver, the clove smoked, monkey
treed, polyamorous Drive, where relatively
speaking she was a square, where twice daily
Lisa Robertson was yanked down the slick
black street by her horse-dog.