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# Arrowheads

Andre Narbonne  
*University of Windsor*

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## Arrowheads

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There were arrowheads in the farmer's field across the way  
buried in the ploughed earth.  
The furrows yielded none to me.

I hunted in the hot sun,  
crossed the newly tarred road bursting  
black bubbles with my toes.

My pockets were empty of prizes,  
my mind on divination,  
the slow breeze marigold sweet.

Thin clouds bled  
white rivulets on a blue bed.  
Crickets dogged me.  
The day held electric songs like  
the sound of power wires  
touched by the impulse  
to confess.

I was woven into the attitude,  
The field grown larger and  
living, searching for history  
in a neighbour's field,  
I found what  
I found.

Andre Narbonne