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Transit

Susan Holbrook

University of Windsor

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By Susan Holbrook

Poetry

Transit

From the April 2013 magazine

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Shambling through sand in Patagonia and Columbia wear, we queue up for a rare chance to be wowed. The Sky

News guy twiddles the azimuth knob, lures us with the roulette of glimpsing a Venusian ring of light or black drop for which we’ll each steal a few extra seconds by playing dumb at the eyepiece, then circle back to the end of the line again.

We watch the shot sun without looking at it just as we can watch without looking at our backlit children, hunched over the shore.

We call them repeatedly to a turn at the scope but they hunker at the lake’s wet lip, Mylar glasses flung, because they can catch it next century, something like water already trickling quickly from the pebbles and shells in their hands.

Susan Holbrook was a finalist for the 2010 Trillium Book Award for Poetry, with Joy Is So Exhausting.