

MOLLY CROSS-BLANCHARD

Seine River

For the solemn hour of the burial, an owl perched against the background a dozen yards into the poplar forest, eyes afire, jaw hard-set, brooding, a strong angry Indian face hung like a proud banner; it departed on the path of the mid-day moon, scanning the Seine River—this silent river—its frame of poplar logs the graves of the Ojibwa; then returned in anger to the place where Alvin Boshkaykin was buried, to contemplate this thing that had happened in the front yard of Tom Blackjack's thin little government house: a parchment treaty, half-hearted and unfinished; a case of beer and some wine; a knife wound in the throat; their dreary gravel road; Alvin Boshkaykin in a simple grey casket, in a clean white t-shirt, LOVE in bright red letters.