



**Lesley Choyce**

## A Woman With Good Intentions

Pulling out of Canadian Tire  
I spot the dazed sparrow in the middle  
of the highway,  
his life whittled down from  
open sky to the thin black strip  
between solid yellow lines  
that race off in two directions  
in parallel imprisonment.  
He is alone, after meeting civilization  
head on,  
always a mistake.  
Parking outside the cut-rate  
legal clinic, I get out  
and gingerly wade through grudging cars  
to the spot, then stop  
praying against flight;

hungry black tread all around.  
He allows my hand, we retreat.  
A lady comes out of the Dairy Queen  
with advice—  
there's always somebody out there  
suggesting the wounded are better off  
dead,  
reminding of invisible internal injuries  
and the ultimate cruelty of letting things  
live.  
I refuse to give in to her banana breath,  
her charming insanity swaddled in  
kindness  
and the victim, still sporting one red  
bulging eye  
returns to the harness of his wings, takes  
flight,  
soars above the Pizza Delight, circles the  
Esso station  
and springs free from the grip  
of reason.

**Rick Janson**

## The Evaporation of Saints

So many are lost  
in bright sun and wind  
and government.  
I have met five in my life,  
all are dead as saints must be.  
Each was brave enough  
to disbelieve violence  
to grow green life from bedrock  
and to avoid taxes  
for a while.

You never meet a happy saint.  
They all suffer as they must  
for all of us.  
Through their grief  
we are permitted to go on,  
to do what we do best,  
to conspire new methods  
for destroying  
the saint  
in all of us.