
CANADA CHAPS

you—*we!* and when you left me it was only you and I were *we!*—but we can't come to you, beloved. I can't leave him, he's too young to travel safely to his father. We'll wait, you're coming back to us. You'll come. There's something waiting for you here, remember, something as old as man and woman and as new as you and I. You'll give me all your share in him—you'll give it me as I give all my share to you. And when you hold him in your arms you'll feel me there and all our nights of love in him."

And then her word—her last—in answer to his only letter telling her that he was different.

"We have a son. Ours, yours and mine. Remember. The clasp of his fingers will remake the world for you."

The radiance of the sunset was on land and water. Flaming clouds melted and fused and turned to greys and pearls. The sound of her voice was in his ears. "We're waiting, he and I. He drinks in love of you."

Canada was before him, great and spacious, full of life and possibility. And a new life lay