

LITTLE~ TRAVELLED ROAD

A Little-Travelled Road
 Bill's Eats: a trailer
 twenty-five, thirty
 miles from anywhere,
 flypaper, an electric fan,
 a jukebox, Hank Williams singing
 Your Cheatin' Heart, the locals,
 farmboys and their girls,
 all eyes in possession
 of absolutes outside
 my definitions
 of ignorance and knowledge.
 Everything except the music
 stops when I open
 the screen door
 and if I'm still here
 when the song ends
 nobody will play another:
 there will be no sounds then
 except the fan humming, vegetable oil
 sizzling, the Niagara roar
 of root beer
 in the throat of the stranger.



The Dream of the Bright Blue Train
 Children, I tell them, you must watch
 for trains.

One approaches now.

They are blue as the sky almost never is.

Their eyes are golden.

Observe also

how fast they grow from something
 small enough to push under a sofa into
 something big enough to straddle and ride.

In another moment this one
 will be bigger than your house.

When you jump, remember
 to go left or right

and not backwards or forwards.

The Dream of Two Voices

I hear two voices talking
 about me. One says:

Is he asleep? Are you sure he's asleep?

And the other says:

Yes, yes, if I've told you once

I've told you a hundred

times, he's asleep.

Then we'll have to wait, the first

voice says. We'll have to wait

until he wakes up. Then

he won't know that we're here.

Alden Nowlan, as writer in residence at UNB, is always happy to talk with students of UNB, St. Thomas, NB Teachers College or high schools who are interested in writing poems or fiction. It's probably best to telephone him first at either his home or his office."