

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."