

while riding Rocinante, Autumn 2022

gone is the green of Gatineau Park,
its trees no longer hide the creep of age –
rather, change of colour its complement,
or a fog that shrouds what's Real

like arboreal giants, we had mind
to linger eternally young –
still, comes wind of time that
shakes our leaves so hair falls out

they – it's always this anonymous "they" – say time waits for no one ... as
though by some forward course of nature time's joys, its ravages, come
equally, impartially, as we might suppose ... tell this to Ukrainian mother
who's witnessed her young daughter torn by lightning missile strike from her
bike ... just a young girl with no chance to enjoy the luxuries of time – not
that it matters much to this thing we call time ... or even for Putin, who's
riding his horse bare-chested, and asserts no Ukraine exists

time's chill fills the autumnal air
as I ascend Gatineau hills
on my generation-old bike of steel –
the past became now, time soon moves on ...

while riding my steed of steel
I imagine a small girl's bike,
a mother who weeps,
and Putin who's riding his horse bare-chested

time passes ... a young girl won't know of slow changes to the colour in her
hair ... or, of life's memories that blow with the wind that comes in between



GLENN ARTHUR SWEAZEY's writing blends prose and poetry to create narrative harmonies. One past work includes a verse novel manuscript, *The Lost Papers of Tom Thomson*. He lives in Ottawa where he can be seen riding his bike. He leads a local group of writers, "In the Company of Writers," when they meet twice a month, and he teaches Newcomers' Conversational English once a week at Ottawa's Main Library.