

LA CHAUDIERE

The state of our town

When winter comes, with winter weather
Laura knits our town together.
In the frigid February air
Our town becomes La Chaudiere.
Her socks warm extremest parts;
My poems warm extremest hearts.
When you travel the world around
You find warm spots just like our town.
A piece of a mountain, a tiny river
Warm the heart and assist the liver.
My inner eye sees through an open door
Potatoes in a hardware store.
I smell the river in the air;
My toes and nose know La Chaudiere.

La Chaudiere: in French, "the warm place", typically a snug room with a fire, or a cellar furnace room.

Michael Troy

February 24, 2009