

LISA BIRD-WILSON

City Slicker

on the road
to blue water and yellow hills
the remnants of winter
take one last turn
at blowing the smoke of March snow
across the road to catch in the high beams

each gauzy tendril floats from the invisible nostrils
of a two-pack-a-day-er
to twist under my car's grill
one after another
pulling me in

so that I overshoot my turn
and plow into the ditch
the front end of my
smart red sports car
packed to the top of the radiator
with hard white snow

and I have to walk in my impractical boots all the way
to the band office
and ask the chief to pull me out
with his new truck and boss tow rope

from then on he begins to call me
city slicker
I find it a bit bold, a bit
to put me in my place
the gentle teasing of the Cree and the Saulteaux

he has one piece of advice that sticks:
it matters who you marry
old school, he assumes all women will
or want to