

ESTEVAN, SASKATCHEWAN TRANSPORTATION COMPANY BUS STOP

ANDREW SUKNASKI

three of us walking the empty street where the bus is parked
we enjoy the silence and fresh evening air
while the driver has another coffee
before carnduff the end of his route

finally the old woman in a babushka
protecting her from the flowering cold
stands beside the coke machine by the depot
while I edge over closer
to ask her how far she's going

'I going bienfait spen tenksgeeving dare
veet ole veedo fren'

I tell her
'I'm going there myself'

'you knoh peeple dare?'

*Estevan,
Saskatchewan
Transportation
Company Bus Stop*

'no I'm just going there
to find someone who can tell me
about the three miners
who were shot during the estevan riot of '31'

'oh....'

she says quietly
turning slightly away from me
in the cooling silence
to gaze into the southern sky
where dark clouds
knowing no country drift south
through her evening dream