

North Country
By George Vukelich

There is wilderness in every man.
Some part of him that can
remember
the glacial stream in the morning light
the chain of lakes in the summer night
Jumbled rapids and harsh rocky walls.
Boiling white water and impassable falls.

Places where hemlocks shut out the sky.
Places where loons shout out their cry.

So, in summer we come back to see
the face of the eternal north country

We are her children who went away.

Softened now by the city, the wheel,
the machine.

We remember the days when we
were as lean
and hard and clean as this land.

We come back as sons to the ancestral home.
Older.
And wiser.
And sickened by chrome