

Trap Line

by George Vukelich

The winter man works
through this slough
trapping the mink
and the muskrat too.

This is lonely windswept land.
Windrowed ice and frozen sand.
The man will leave
a deep shoe track
packing out pelts
upon his back.

When the ice fields rot
in widening gaps
the man picks up the
steel jawed traps
and spring floods out his trail.

The man will return
in waders or boots
to watch Canadas resting.
Blue teal.
And the coots.