

Sex In Canada

Billie Holiday sings
and you wash my hair
in the deep kitchen sink.
Your fingers move like a charm,
and you kiss my neck.
It's toasty in this, your family farmhouse,
because of the old wood stove.
It must be 20 below outside,
snow four feet deep.

We go upstairs to the study,
your professor father's place of escape,
and we make love on the narrow wooden bunk,
hand-built by your father,
an ex-farm boy, now intellectual.
It's warm enough to be naked
with no blankets, stove pipe running
right along our bunk, and you push off
from the log wall—
off and into me.

There is no place like this
in my family.
Warm, well-loved, hand-built.
Welcome to the farm, you say
when I arrive, covered in wet snow.

Hot cinnamony lasagna bakes in the oven.
The next day, we make some maple syrup—
such deep, hard work that I fell asleep
at the kitchen table, holding a sieve.
We keep out some of the sap, drink it straight.
Taste the coolness, you say. Taste the winter.

This is it.
Some of it I've never even imagined.
I'm gonna have some kids with you.