***Today I Should Be In Medicine Hat***

Inside the oak tree

There is a white birch

Inside the sallows

There are cottonwoods

Inside the gale’s force

There is a tornado

Inside the magpies

There are cardinals

Inside the Simmentals

There are bison

Inside the breakers

There are drifts of snow

Inside Dun*dalk*, County Louth

There is *Dun*dalk, Ontario

Inside the Mournes

There are the Rockies

Inside Iarnród Éireann

There is Canadian Pacific

Inside the Arans

There is Haida Gwaii

Inside the coracle

There is a kayak

Inside peat bricks

There are maple cords

Inside the Wellingtons

There are mukluks

Inside the tarn

There is quicksand

Inside the lough

There is a lake

Inside thole

There is grit

Inside you

There is Ringhaddy

Inside me

There is Medicine Hat

Inside one story

There is another story

Where they bleed together

Those two stories

Someone is sawing a fiddle

Someone is striking a drum

Someone is saying Béal Feirste

Someone is saying Hochelaga

Someone is building a famine wall

Someone is felling timber

Someone is boarding a coffin ship

Someone is born Métis

Someone is saying *émigré*

Someone is saying *come from away*

Someone is touching down

Someone is kissing the ground

Someone is clearing customs

Someone is texting *home*

And the border lines are shatter zones

With our migrant names inside them