Uncle Evan from Swansea, Wales, Visits a Town in North Ontario

after the winter
my storm-shaken house
now under a blue slate sky
the day winding down
one grey jay calligraphs
lines of pure poetry
while her mate
punctuates them
"smart and brazen"
I tell my uncle
"and they're known
to ruffle some feathers"
sniffing the air
he "tastes" freshly split maple
looking into the sky
into the silence that follows
the two Whisky Jacks'
boisterous departure
Evan licks his lips
summons the rise and fall
of his Dylan Thomas imitation

My ark sings in the sun
At God speeded summer's end
And the flood flowers now

Evan's final retort: "See!"

– Neal Whitman*

**An American poet, Dr. Whitman is Professor Emeritus, School of Medicine, University of Utah, USA. Email: neal.pgpoet@gmail.com*