

## Yellow Bird

François Farceur and I set forth  
Cruising the sub-arctic North  
Enjoying wilderness delights  
While suffering mosquito bites

There's no Calypso steel band sound  
Canoeing in the Barren Ground  
No sunny beach or palm trees there  
Or skimpy polka-dots to wear

We've tasted danger, smelled defeat  
When raging gorges roared RETREAT!  
*Les grande portage tres difficile*  
Make tropic cruise have much appeal

Dense black spruce line every shore  
Water, sky—and nothing more  
Hypnotic in their ebb and flow  
As distant islands come and go

Yet on we paddle, lost in thought  
Which is real and which is not?  
Is that a Yellow Bird downstream?  
Alas, it must be just a dream

STC, April 2007

*(Yellow Bird is a popular West Indies song)*