

POEM

Hunger

(FROM WILDLIFE REVIEW)

*Well, folks, I'm not really
starving,
But I'm hungry. Wait! Let
me explain.
I'd like to be camped 'neath
a spruce tree
Eating moose meat and bannock
again.*

*I'm hungry, there's no use
denying,
For coffee that's tainted
with smoke.
Some folks are quite sure
that I'm lying,
And others just think it's a
joke.*

*I long for the waterfall's
thunder,
And the bull elk's bugling
call;
For the howl of the wolf on
the hilltop
And the honk of the geese in
the fall.*

*It's a hunger that cannot be
sated
By the best food a chef can
prepare,
It's a longing for moose meat
and bannock
And the smell of woodsmoke
in the air.*

*Some say that I'm mad, I
don't blame them.
It is just that they can't com-
prehend
How I long for the wide open
spaces,
And to follow the trail with-
out end.*

*The candies and cushions of
comfort
Are just fine for some kind
of folk,
But give me some moose
meat and bannock,
And the smell of the camp-
fire smoke.*

—By GEORGE L. CLARK