



Prince George Coffee Shop

He slurps his black coffee
and stares, deep lines etched
around basset-hound mouth
hands, calloused and dirty
have punched brick, held babies
fished in pockets for matches,
pulled crab traps, swigged whisky,
deboned salmon, swung bats,
stroked and fed animals
and strangled that girl
on Hwy 16,
ten years and three months ago -
the one nobody
is looking for anymore

— *Kelly B. Madden (Comox Valley)*

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National Poetry Month 2021
Poem in Your Pocket