



"If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

Chinook

For five long months the snow had lain
 Hollowed and heaped on the frozen plain,
 Choking gullies and rising high
 Out of buried bluffs to the leaden sky.

Monster drifts stretched grey-white arms
 Around the buildings on prairie farms
 And only the poles of the telephone line
 Broke the waste with their thin design.

Then, silent and swift in the night it came,
 That warm west wind with a magic name . . .
 Snow fled the hills and the hilltops browned,
 Fallow and pasture showed virgin ground.

Drifts dissolved and their rivulets grew
 From trickle, to stream, into glistening slough
 Where aspen and willow marched down to drink
 Fresh new life from the icy brink.

Silent and swift on the warm wind's crest
 Spring blew in to the welcoming West;
 On a new brown hill I lingered to look
 And whispered the magic name, "Chinook."

Eleanor Chance Long, Regina.

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