

## BOY OF TWO MONTREALS

*Glen Siebrasse*

The people live in blue-veined houses  
an empire of neighbours  
crouched to the wall,  
here, they sell out their lives.

Above them, breasting the hill,  
Saint Mary's mountain,  
the brick by subtler book  
is stone, the lampposts genuine,  
grass swaddled in burlap,  
protection from the roadman's salt.

Westmount and Saint Ann's,  
queen and the village dunce,  
keep to their separate countries  
save when someone, suckled  
of the river and the hail  
of shadflies in August,  
displaying his art like gold bugs  
between thumb and finger,  
should excite the court  
**and cause majesty to reach down**  
with wax and cleansing stamp.

But these are minority men.  
Rather I see,  
without display or the tricks  
of legitimate poverty  
(rats at the Waterloo of tomorrow's supper)  
men, satisfied in the gains of the office week.

So with their sons,  
born of no simple hunger,  
without device to register want or satiation,  
depart from their middle village  
and in the Anns  
argue for adoption, the ragged child of Marx.  
Ah! To believe again in the Brotherhood,  
and lose on the soapcrates or revolution  
all wondering pain.

So have I, child of the middle kingdom,  
read of these wonders—  
societies where art may promenade  
without baggy pants;  
gawked like any suspended yokel,  
and stamped my feet in a winter line  
to give them my dollar.

Now the balding years force me to graduate,  
If indeed I show the outward signs  
of adult, slightly tired body,  
this nature must communicate to my designs;  
and I, leaving behind the drama  
go  
to build a house  
in one of the middle lands.