

December 6

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Fourteen

too many dead,  
more than fourteen.

Clotting

snow melts

into half-ploughed  
sidewalks

like spilled  
black milk,

like dark milk.

Nothing finds

its likenesses,

nothing

aligns.

Each had a name  
they called

them each  
out loud.

Annie, and

Barbara.

Nathalie,

Anne-Marie,

Michèle, and

Barbara.

Annie,

Sonia,

Maryse,

Geneviève, and

Anne-Marie,

Hélène,

Maud, and

Maryse.