

## FORGETTING TO FILL UP IN SASKATOON

We ran on empty for an hour,  
three boys in a borrowed car,  
miles away from anywhere  
but these dead farm towns  
without street lamps or oil.

Just burnt out gas stations  
and the low moans of cattle  
shifting in the dark.

Dry as December, we coasted  
all the way home, whispering prayers  
and holding our breath as if to lighten  
the load till the faint lines of the city  
rose at the edge of our view,  
like the far off fires of a familiar shore,  
and we pulled ourselves in  
as weary men, tired of the sea.