

# Two Sisters Visit Dieppe

*Mary Ann Losee*

We leave the town at noon  
For a beach of white pebbles  
And small, clean bones. The wind  
Whips our sensible skirts, and sun glints  
From the bronze plaque, marking  
This place where a thousand Canadians  
Died crawling up from their ships.

At the end of the pier,  
A fisherman, arced  
Like a hunter's bow, struggles  
To bring in his catch.  
England is too far to see.  
The edge of the world is water.

Dropping a franc in the telescope,  
You swing it around, you examine the dark  
Green land. *Look, there's a line of silver—*  
The railroad tracks are quite clear.

Down beyond the Seine,  
We have grasped the metal bars, we've gone flying  
Through the underground of Paris.  
And near dusk when the sky is still burning,  
We've returned to the buildings,  
To the stairwells that smell of mildew  
And dogs, where women stare out of the peepholes,  
And children lean into the walls,  
Searching their pockets for keys.

Our words fill the hallways and trainyards.  
We have tried to be understood.

Your sleeves are white sails. There's so much  
We might say. Look up—  
Let me take one more picture. You smile  
For the sky, for the camera.  
Each wave rushes nearer our feet.