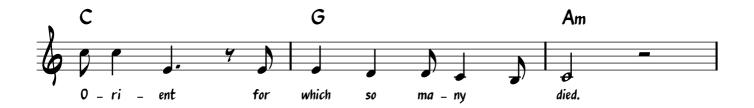
The Northwest Passage

Stan Rogers















Three centuries thereafter, I take passage over land
In the footsteps of brave Kelsy, where his sea of flowers began
Watching cities rise before me, then behind me sink again,
This tardiest explorer driving hard across the plain.

And through the night behind the wheel, the mileage clicking west, I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson, and the rest, Who cracked the mountain ramparts and did show a path for me To race the roaring Fraser to the sea.

How then am I so different from the first men through this way? Like them, I left a settled life, I threw it all away, To seek a Northwest Passage at the call of many men, And to find there but the road back home again.