

**Dusk in Montreal, Four A.M.  
in Moscow**

by [Veronica Ashenhurst](#) in the [February 2023](#) issue

The bone-sore truth was that I envied them:  
Two young friends sailing on their will, strong legs  
Upright, unlike mine. Dawn's lace above them,  
Rose facades in back. The friends linked hands, posing  
Wordless before the lens, their fanning white  
Dresses stained blood red. Quick, thirty seconds  
To protest a vain conquest—*snap, snap, snap*—  
Before police bear down with rods. No one there  
Dares call the war a war—nor talk of shells  
And shallow graves. The chief brooks no dissent,  
Yet the women in the photo surge like ships.  
Later, I grasp that they might envy me—  
My legs won't take me to view twilight's close,  
But still I type. No vengeful state surveils me.