

Streets

Nostalgia from walking over cobblestone streets:

streets that have stood the test of time, that have seen heartbreak and celebration. Like us.

I feel connected to the ones who walked here before me, allied in an unspoken fight for – or against – something, or someone.

I belong in this place. I belong with these people.

The young boy who scuffed his heels while eyeing the confectionary on the corner, the women, dressed to the nines, out for a Saturday afternoon tea.

The long forgotten smell of drying cod on the waterfront still lingers in our noses, reminding us of the depths of our history.

Deeper than our deep blue surroundings, this is what knits together our unique fabric.

Burlap, fish nets, and the pink, white and green.

We are here – hanging on for dear life – and I remember.