

The Wind

Downtown St. John's there is a lady
who wears perfume of ocean brine,
has seagulls in her hair,
has made a home of the streets.

She pulls a fiddlers music further
every time she breathes,
stretching it like taffy
so when she dances with the sea
she will have company.

There is no dipping lilt
that the lady hasn't heard.

She will converse
with all the people
who pulse
through the heart of her city.

When she travels,
she carries culture.

She carries Newfoundland.

She carries it when she goes
where she goes
because she can.