

Leave-No-Trace Camping in Cedar Cove, Newfoundland

*then it drags the stones of the beach back, rattling them,
all the bones people have left, skulls
empty of pleasures,
ownerless teeth.*

—John Steffler, “The Sea Gangs In—“

Trees, brother-bent together,
mourn the cove
against a storm closing in, loud
as the gates behind Adam and Eve.
Ripped shore: looseness—small sticks—feathers rise,
then it drags the stones of the beach back, rattling them.

Rain—cold
shot from a rifle
casting us to our knees,
this night will trumpet
the walls of Jericho, shake
all the bones people have left, skulls

ringing lost rhythms.

Then dawn bursts itself open
—the sight of it!—
The reddest plum bleeding its light
on a black sea: we are humbled, but
empty of pleasures.

Glass crashing overhead
to a landwash swollen,
its stone and fleshy greys foaming at the mouth—
heaving itself up at us, leaving us
all small, falling together like
ownerless teeth.

Andy Woolridge