

POINT OF REFERENCE

Western Brook Beach, NL

Never mind the river that walks you down to shore
ever dedicated to its faithful pilgrimage of water,
the hard-won shape worn into rock and pebble;
never mind how all of a sudden the earth weathers to
grains beneath your feet, demanding sandals come off;
the ripping sound of waves (louder you swear than
anything you've heard) wash in on the wind as you
trek dunes on a spit slung out into sea;
never mind the tiny shells between your toes
or the sun-fire that bears down, a bishop's hand
on the head, confirming in that moment all things;
and never mind, as you lay yourself for hours in the wind,
those miniscule pieces of earth brushing your face
that have made the same immeasurable journey
from whatever life they knew to this very point
where the four elements twist and blend around you;
rather mind the larger pieces of stone that line the river,
scramble to collect their round, denuded edges,
place them one atop another, an inuksuk marking
this place, your time here, the long way back.

Stephen Rowe