

Senior Division, Poetry

Beth Follett, St John's

Wild Garden Sculpture Path (an excerpt)

— for John Hofstetter

Keels, Newfoundland

48.6068° N, 53.4043° W.

Population: fifty-one

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Suddenly here is shale — purple, blue, pale bone
on biscuit clay, running alive to the sea — blue flag, Scottish
lovage,
trembling rocket, wild sorrel, all abundant in the sun.

Here is happiness (or some
other emotion too far exceeding its cause).
Here am I reconsidering time, being, my very freedom.

The first sculpture is scripture. Copper pipe drilled into
driftwood,
pedestal for a stone, fixed to a rocky outcrop — as if the
sculptor
wanted equinox fixed to absence, as if stone were to be lent

an airy roost, to be aligned with, equated to, the sea.
He is mindful of changes, changes,
change, the beach: the tide, its waves

draining, moaning, in and back and to and from the ancient
strike/slip shoreface, so he slyly understates sculpture/scripture
to appear naturally, as if by accident, here and here

and here, as if secret against the rock walls, among the
tuckamore.

Here a rusted spiral bedspring encircles a driftwood branch.
Hoop to catch the moon.