



Monuments,  
they scatter this town

A homage to all the fish  
that passed through their gaping mouths  
into their cavernous bodies  
to be melted or salted or frozen cold

Monuments that hold the stories  
of the old people here,  
their hard working bones  
and great plans that were momentary

Stories that were wiped on the walls  
and now seep through the floor  
until these stories become part of the earth  
from which they came

And lie buried  
soggy with snow and sea water





Someone else's memories are a strange thing to sit with  
The way the smell is not your own  
But not far off one you know  
The tiny boxes with writing in a hand and a language  
You don't understand  
And yet you know mostly what it says  
Or might say, if this memory was yours  
When the furniture and the tea cups  
Have been told to you in a story  
So you feel like you could know them  
In a funny kind of way - but you don't  
As you touch and turn over each piece left behind  
Like it was from your own family  
And finally you realise this is not your space  
It's better you leave some of these things alone  
Because someone else's memories are a strange thing to hold



On the first official day of summer it snowed the whole day  
So the ground was white where it had been green  
The men in the wood shop across the street lit a fire  
And filled the harbour with the smell of smoking fish  
People in the town lay low - for the man who died yesterday  
The boat in the dry-dock was gone and I never saw it leave  
Up on the point, the drying cod hidden in the shipping container  
Swung in the wind to the rhythm of dripping water and melting snow



I hitched a ride to this town  
With a woman who had a beautiful heart  
And missing front teeth  
Her car smelled like horses  
And she had loaves of bread and cat food  
Piled on the back seat  
We had no words to share  
Even though we tried  
We just pointed at the horses  
On the road beside  
The dappled grey beauty  
With his jet black mane  
And the chesnut with blonde hair  
Facing the blue-grey sea  
She dropped me home  
In her little white car  
That was rusted through  
Where the petrol went in  
I said I would walk from the turn-off to town  
But she didn't understand  
And it didn't matter, in the end



Over nail soup, women spin me tales of how they used to make things with their hands. And others tell me how they played under looms and learned to embroider from their father. Spinning their faith and weaving their life. There was time when what you wove was how you spent your days. The warp is what you were given and the weft is what you would do with it. They knew how to make something out of nothing - like an alchemist