

POETS*pause*

was created by Joan Baron, commissioned by the Resort Municipality of Whistler in 2007, to enrich and continue the ongoing appreciation of the arts in Whistler.

The artist, Joan Baron, wanted the visitor of this site to experience this inter-active sculpture that creates a “larger than life” memory of Whistler. One that can be touched and remembered for years to come.

“Let the massiveness of this sculpture, “LAKESIDE COUPLE” encourage you to pause a second longer, as you allow the huge arms of the chair, the location and the poetry to embrace you.”

The poetry is contributed to this site through a local competition. Find yourself with words and participate by entering the competition when the call for poets is announced.

Enjoy this pause.

Matrilineal

Be a Child of nature.
Feel nurtured.
Held and comforted.
Pressed against bosomed earth peaks.
Feel cared and provided for.
Assured the bounty
there is for you.

But be a Child of nature.
Raised.
Among reeds, birdsong.
Formed by tall grass, tree shade.
Have years etched by streams.
Lessons learned in stone skips, morning dew.

But be a Child of nature.
Feel protective.
Determined your upbringing receives
all due respect.
Revere the eldest.
Strive to keep. Dear
in heart for as long as able.

But be a Child of nature.
Of nature, a Child.
Be filled with awe, wonder.
Be filled with curiosity, contemplativeness.
Be invigorated to run from one flower to another as if each is
the next greatest thing.

Be a Child of nature.
Of nature, a Child.
Be open to whimsy, magic.
Be open to grounding, balance.
Be called to hear each different croak and bark of the closest frog as if each is
a message just for you.

Be a Child of nature.
Of nature, a Child.
Be mindful of silliness, joy.
Be mindful of connection, empathy.
Be excited to spread your arms wide like the birds overhead soaring as if each is
showing you how to fly.

Be a Child of nature.
Act like one.
Ask questions like one.
Talk like one.
You have permission. Though,
you didn't need it. You have it.
Nature gave it to you
the first time you called
Her Mother.



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“Let the massiveness of this sculpture, “LOST IN SOUND” encourage you to pause a second longer, as you allow the resonating sound of the chimes, the location and the poetry to capture you.”

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believe me when I say

I would be translator-
ear to the hum & gurgle
of the rolling river
eye to the shimmering
droplets, all tiny suns

a whiff of river lily
sweet and lemony
tongue quickening
to the coolness

there is a hymn
in the whirl of water
but no words
for what the river
says