

Theme: Togetherness
Kate Heskett

Meet me at the Lake

There are days
 when I wander
 to the lake's edge
Just as the sun
 sinks behind the mountain
 out of sight
 casting my face in shadow

When the mountaintops
 glow
 rose gold light

Reflections in the water
 catch my eye
A mirror image
 connecting lake and sky
 space and time

Travels in a ripple
 a shimmer
 across the surface
 reaches my feet

And you are there
 where you cannot be

Standing beside me

Taking it in.

Theme: Listening
Victoria Crompton

The Eve of Destruction: December 26th 1980

Garibaldi Townsite
Listen to the echo of its death knell.
Listen to the sound of winter rain
Thrumming on the roofs,
Splashing onto roads,
Hissing down frozen banks and into the river.

Offering little resistance
The snowpack hemorrhages recklessly
And runs to the river like a deluded lover
Into the arms of a madman.

Listen to the dam keeper:
“Open the floodgates, we’re losing the dam!”
The cost will be heartbreaking.

Swollen and angry,
The river rampages through the canyon
Ripping trees from their moorings,
Gouging out the riverbank.

Listen to the boulders tumbling with the flood
Crashing, groaning, thudding,
Bourne along a corridor of chaos.
Recruited by the river into a fellowship of destruction.

The townsite huddles on the riverbank
Where surging floodwaters undercut and excavate.
Listen to the creaking and snapping of timbers.
Otte’s cabin slowly lists and slides helplessly
Into the crazed Cheakamus.
Bobbing drunkenly, it dissolves into the night.
The contents included a Christmas tree
And two shiny new bikes
With red satin bows on the handlebars.
But not the Ottes.

Other cabins tip towards the river,
Seeming to peer anxiously after the runaway,
But hesitant to follow.

Listen to the residents in the sad days following,
Cleaning up, packing up, facing up
To the end of an era.

Stand on the banks where once there was a road
Cabins, gardens, laughter, children playing –
A community.
Listen to the sound of silence.