

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, “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.”

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.

PAUSE, HEAR, LISTEN, LOVE.

We ski, we run, we board, we bike
Swimming, camping overnight
Laughter, movement, firelight
We pause

Music in my ears downhill
Water rushing, never still
Footsteps crunching leaves until
We hear

Watching wildlife first hand
Across the lakes, mountains, land
We learn to respect, to understand
We listen

Eyes are closed and mind is open
Songs of nature have awoken
Everyday spending time unspoken
We love

Georgia Butler, 2023

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“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.”

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COMPANION PLANTING

You are eager in your journey,
Ready for the hunt with a basket in hand
Encouraged by the first light frost of late fall.

If you have a moment before you go,
I will tell you to look for stalks of red and white flowers
Because the Candystick cannot grow alone.

There are conversations below the surface,
A comestible kinship rooted in the richness of the earth
Branching out to neighbours in need.

Pine mushrooms, prized and eaten,
Form a network in the forest floor,
Feeling the beat of your footsteps while you search.

They have grown with the Douglas Fir and Western Hemlock,
A tangled buffet from which others are welcome to feast
Each mightier with this connection.

The Candystick flower, sweet in name but not in sugars
Siphons sustenance from the trees
By way of a mushroom intermediary.

Look for these merry emblems nestled by their companion
So that you may pick your prize
And feast like the flowers and the Firs.

If you have a moment before you go,
I will tell you that this is true for me and you,
We cannot grow alone.