



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

