
SPRING IN THE MARITIMES

for Margaret Avison and
M. Travis Lane

It rained.
Days at a time
the sky
was gray:
gray earth, gray sand, gray clay,
gray rock and gray river,
gray covered bridges.

New Brunswick looms dark
on the country's horizon
bleak as abandoned slate quarries.

In Halifax and Hantsport
the gray sea meets gray rock
and does not tire of eating at stone:
life eats away at bone.

We wither,
shrink on our frames.

In these lands
the weavers use their hands
to spin poems, talismans
against gray winter.

Somewhere there
the women weave their words.

Like storm winds off
the Nova Scotia coves
they voice
all things we're made
too mute to say,
too graceless to believe.

Sharon H. Nelson
Montreal
