

Trip the Light Domestic

Light lives in tiny houses
and never locks its doors: a drop of water,
a sliver of glass, the glint of an eye. Light
likes company dropping by at any hour.
It knows a trick or two, how to set a table

while your back is turned. In Bonne Bay
in late September, light labours to keep the day
long, sweeping the hardwood horizon, burnishing
brass hills, mopping the linoleum pond. After dinner
light shoos our kayaks further out the fjord

and turns in for a snooze, soon reemerging
to sashay behind our paddles, glimmery-eyed,
in the glow of plankton's bioluminescent swoon.
Light won't be fooled, packs a pocketful of
self-defence moves, likes to keep an eye on you.

Wind in St. John's

The wind in St. John's snorts saltwater
in the parking lot by Cabot Tower before cannonballing
down Signal Hill Road as if it's spotted its house
on fire from afar. It sideswipes a police car
and an officer radios *Wind northeast sixty
kilometres an hour gusting to eighty, changing to north seventy
fishtailing to ninety down Duckworth*. The wind in St. John's
hefts clouds like Rambo shoulders ammunition belts.
It cranks up, crumples beer cans in its fists, pisses its initials
in the snow outside the courthouse. Police sirens
goose-chase its trail of sideways seagulls, missing
shingles, puddles slinking uphill. The dispatcher crackles
*Same goddamn nor'easter blustering seventy down New Gower,
shit-disturbing to ninety by midnight, probably gut-rotted
to forty by morning*. The wind in St. John's
doesn't have time for this shit. It's got car alarms
to serenade, construction sites to plunder,
trash to kick down Kenmount. It snaps bras
from clotheslines, shreds power lines like electric
guitars, snuffs out traffic lights. The wind in St. John's
never could sit still. It spun its wheels in Wreckhouse,
blew into town for a gig tossing recyclables off the cliff
at Cape Spear. The wind in St. John's resents its reputation,
all the wind warnings and special weather statements. All it wants
is to give everything a whirl. When it gets wound up
it rip-roars back to Cabot Tower, flaunting the horizon
like a prizefighter's belt. Cops love to chase the wind
into international waters, where it idly shuffles waves,
dizzies compasses like roulette wheels, tosses ships

like so many poker chips. A cardshark, wind needs to risk its neck
just to breathe. All night it fumes and seethes, bluffing eighty
when it's barely fifty, trying its luck at hundred-and-twenties,
going thirty-for-sixty til four in the morning when it crashes, burns,
and curls up on a sandbar, outsnoring the foghorns.