

Falling into Landfall

Landfall Cottage, Brigus, October 2015

Falling into Landfall is falling out of time,
time measured by wallpaper shreds,
ticked away like years in the guest book.
"Thank you for a lovely time."

Two hundred years of time but nothing marches on,
nothing marches here.

Sit on the bench by the front door,
look out over the harbour.
Watch time stand.

Still.

House of life, repeatedly revived-
fecundity.

Rockwell Kent dancing naked with his family
in gardens where pears now drop, blushing, from the
whales flirt shamelessly in the bay, trees.
a wanton abundance of blueberries.

Paintings breed while your back is turned,
canvases bursting out of cupboards.

You won't get lost on the fairy path into the past,
out to Landfall:

listen for the call of the waterfall.

Flashlight bobs on the curving path by stone
and always the figurehead to walls
guide you home.

C. Wilksh
Oct 2015