

Laurelyn Whitt

NAVIGATOR

Caught in flight

between removal
and relocation

a woman is tethered
to a wolf; he tugs
her gently
by the sleeve

they slip swiftly
over wild grasses.

If we can only be
what we are
where we are

what is she?

rendered
in liminal space,
everywhere & nowhere

trying to return
as she tries to leave.

Who will they be
when they get there?

a low whimper,
the wolf's ears
flicker,

forward/back.

CAIRN-KEEPER

First a single stone
white, pear-shaped
inexplicable

resting on a slate-grey slab
in a clearing.

Then more, many
varying in size, in colour
and shape, in stability;

a grove of cairns
huddling the ground,
flanked by pine & cedar.

*

Stillness becomes shape,
density; a presence,
moving out
from within. Palpable:

the hush of pine needles
as they fall to earth,

of wind that shifts in the cedars.

Here is hallowed ground;
approach gently, circumspectly.

*

In such places, on such days
listening is all that is possible.

Waves of mist lift &
settle over the stones

coliths of memory;
relinquished but alive
given up, given over.

They do not cover or contain;
they are composed.

I stand in a grove,
listening to cairns

being listened to.