

Stone Island
BRANDON M. WARD

Courageous souls they called them
That landed on these shores
But nothing now remains
No houses, boats, nor oars

They must have rowed so fiercely
To break the steady waves
That tried their best to keep
Those fishermen at bay

No, not a soul is here now
But their ghosts, I'm sure, can hear
The whistling winds in the treetops
Above the ocean's blare

Like sentinels the trees stand tall,
Facing the mighty cold
Sheltering all around them
Like those men, forever bold

The river still runs through there
And the meadow echoes cries
Of sadness and of laughter
Of women and children by their side

How could they ever know
The struggles they would face
For they were only born here
With no recollection of this place

No master plan to go off
Just following elders in stride
With a constant rise each morning
In keeping with the tide

Was it courage or necessity
That tossed them on this coast
If we asked them could they tell us
What it was that drove them most?

Maybe faith and hope fueled them
No doubt an abundance they would need
To suffer through cold winters
With hungry mouths to feed

What sent them from their homeland
To make them end up here?
In this cold corner of the Atlantic,
An unforgiving sea of fear

It certainly makes one wonder
In these soft and easy times
When we need not rise at daylight
To commence the daily grind

Of scythe, of hook, of hammer
Of harvest, of hunt and gather
To carve a life so simple
From that island made of stone
That place in Caplin Bay
Now sadly stands alone.

Écrit à

Stone Island, Calvert

(anciennement Caplin Bay)

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Written at

Stone Island, Calvert

(formally Caplin Bay)

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Stone Island a été écrit à partir de la tristesse évoquée par une journée d'hiver fraîche, terne et venteuse en décembre. Le poème dépeint la tristesse pour quelque chose du passé qui a été perdu et presque oublié. L'ancien village de pêcheurs de Stone Island, à l'embouchure de Calvert (anciennement Caplin Bay), à Terre-Neuve, a disparu au fil du temps – un thème commun aux petits ports de Terre-Neuve. La mémoire des gens qui ont travaillé si dur pour gagner leur vie se perd également, car les fondations des maisons et des champs sont envahies par les épicéas et les sapins. Stone Island tente de capturer un sentiment de nostalgie pour un groupe de personnes qui ont quitté leurs maisons en Irlande au XVIIIe et au début du XIXe siècle pour s'établir sur la côte accidentée et souvent impitoyable de Terre-Neuve. Il tente également de préserver certains aspects de ce qui a été perdu à cause des écrits, de mon point de vue limité. Stone Island est une ode à la lutte de l'homme avec la nature pour survivre grâce à son courage et à sa persévérance.

Ma poésie tente de donner vie aux pensées et aux émotions que je ressens, principalement en immersion dans la nature. Ces poèmes explorent les thèmes de l'interconnexion des humains et du monde naturel. Je projette parfois une certaine qualité humaine sur des objets inanimés en fonction de ma réponse émotionnelle à ceux-ci. Certaines de mes œuvres utilisent des aspects de la nature comme métaphore de la condition humaine.

J'aime utiliser des mots simples et des rimes. Mon point de vue est qu'il y a de la beauté dans la simplicité. Admirer la simplicité me permet de réfléchir profondément et d'écrire librement sur ce que

certaines considéreraient comme les aspects quotidiens ou banals de la vie. J'apprécie de partager ce qui me vient sur le moment, dans un court laps de temps, avec un minimum de changements. C'est ma tentative de capturer ce qui est éphémère.

Stone Island was written from sadness evoked by a cool, dull and windy winter day in December. The poem portrays sadness for something of the past that has been lost and near forgotten. The former fishing settlement of Stone Island at the mouth of Calvert (formally Caplin Bay), Newfoundland, has been lost to time – a common theme of Newfoundland outports. The memory of the people who worked so hard to make a living there is being lost as well, as the foundations of houses and fields are overgrown with spruce and fir. *Stone Island* attempts to capture a sense of nostalgia for a group of people who left their homes in Ireland in the 18th and early 19th centuries to settle the rugged and often unforgiving coast of Newfoundland. It also attempts to preserve some aspect of what has been lost through written word, from my own limited perspective. *Stone Island* is an ode to human's struggle with nature to survive through grit and perseverance.

My poetry attempts to bring to life the thoughts and emotions I experience, mostly while immersed in nature. These poems explore themes of the interconnectedness of humans and the natural world. I sometimes project a certain human quality on inanimate objects based on my emotional response to them. Some of my work uses aspects of nature as a metaphor for the human condition.

I like to use simple words and rhyming schemes. My perspective is that there is beauty in simplicity. Admiring simplicity allows me to think deeply and write freely about what some would consider the everyday or mundane aspects of life. I value sharing what comes to me in the moment, in a short period of time, with minimal changes. This is my attempt to capture what is fleeting.