

Lara Gilbert, age 19

Letting Go

Shadow blue mountains layered like waves
On an ocean frozen in time
Unchanging ripples define you.

I am nothing.

You are the epitome of innocence, acceptance
You endure, and your immensity in its shades
of blue-grey
Looks paper-thin from my place here
But I never doubt your substance.

I could slide into one of your crevices and disappear
between your overlapping curves
It would be cold but not painful
The sky would be my skin
and the blue green grey of your spectrum my eyes
My movement would be through the waving of trees
and the winding of ice water down your slopes
the refracting splinters of light would be
my laugh, my wet dance of life your whirlpools
my senses not existing because I would be
what I feel and see

I am the taste of sweet new buds the small
of pine under snow the touch of moist moss
My skin the sky stretches to meet you my mountains
my shadow I touch myself the essence of you
and feel the scream of life from somewhere
inside us finally
escaping

October 15, 1992
(facing north)

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