

REMINISCENCES

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I'm walking on the land.
My shoes feel heavy
as they carry the dust
of other roads.
Pretending lightness,
I carefully press
my feet on the gravel,
tracing the rocks with my soles.

At the lookout point,
the Otonabee absorbs the sky.
Translucent clouds tattoo the dark waters
where a mirrored image of myself

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dwells in the abundance
of a parallel world.

Sudden ripples of a skipping stone
interrupt
this forged sense of belonging.

When I look up,
geese already flying south
take me to another,
more familiar,
shore.

With reminiscences of salt
on my mouth
I continue to walk.