

## Bob Rose / from *BOAT WORKS*

Monday evening:

Retreat, after dinner, washing dishes, conversation touching on patterns and free will. Don Cherry's notes in *Niagra Frontier Review* 1965. The Spiritual Man. Trusting, impulsive, blundering.

Indeed, this room a retreat, a quietude, colorful, graced with a beauty I can now call my own.

All day, again, as Friday, at the bark pile. By 12 o'clock it was cleared down to the tracks. A Herculean labor: A pile of bark and wood chips averaging 6 feet high, 8 feet wide and 10 feet deep. By hand. Piece by piece, beginning at the top, with the dry most recent, longer pieces. Digging deeper the leavings grew smaller, more moist, surrounded by the drying silt of the Fraser bottom, the same encasing the salvaged logs penned against the river and the tide.

A high tide today mid-day, the water lapping the mill pilings where Friday the mud had extended for yards, exposing the cedar and fir chunks stuck in the grey ooze.

By hand, piece by piece  
by the arm load  
dumped in the wheel barrow  
sitting on planks. Transfer.  
Inter-twined bark vertically  
arranged, wheeled to the new  
pile around the corner, under  
the mill.

Under the mill, my labor's efforts  
grew  
enormous, by the arm full, by the barrow  
full, the entangled bark re-arranged  
into a new order clearing  
the ancient way, disclosing  
the carriage and tracks.

Today the mill was silent, the toothed wheels hung motionless, log  
cradle, motionless. The river ebbed and flowed with the tides.  
Rain pelts against the tin roof of the boatshed.

Gilchrist logging jack. Gardner Marine Diesel

"Proper Knowledge of the landscape protects love" — Sharon Fawcett

By some agent, I was shown the circuits or conduits which circum-  
scribe the world, the great tubes full of rushing fluid. Okeanos