## Bob Rose / from BOAT WORKS

## Monday evening:

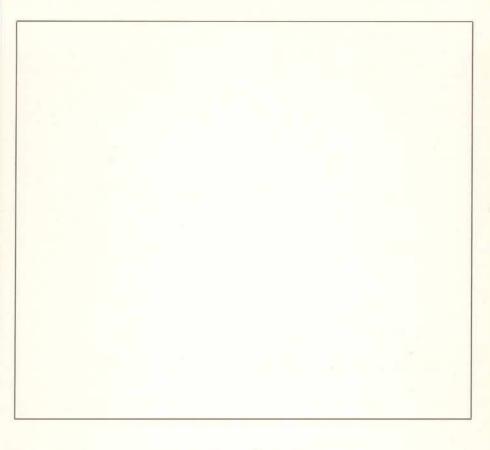
Retreat, after dinner, washing dishes, conversation touching on patterns and free will. Don Cherry's notes in Niagra Frontier Review 1965. The Spiritual Man. Trusting, impulsive, blundering.

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 circumscribe the world, the great tubes full of rushing fluid. Okeanos