

DEIRDRE DWYER

Stranded

Rumour is a farmer
who throws the crop
over the cliff with the cow.

It's no slow tractor,
not a bicycle or the wind
that carries the high tide in
and news of missing persons.

We made our way
to the end of the road
where trucks were parked
at the bottom of the Cape draped
in summer fog. The fog that bit off
more than the rain
and the headland of Blomidon.

Rumour at the end of the road, its tether
is rubber boots, the trek up the mountain,
the search on the beach.
It's the rocks of the old wharf
and no wood left.

It's farmers talking low
of strategy. They fill their boots
with dense muscles as they knead
and shuffle, as the heavy tires of their trucks
stand on paved earth.

It's the men going off
to find the missing, to revive rumour
that, this time, will be
the anonymous mother and child
found hugging the soft sandstone cliff.