

ROBYN JEFFREY

DIVINING ROD

You couldn't wait to leave. Found your excuse:
a child of your own and a husband with work
in the tar sands, far away from St. John's
and neighbours who sat on doorsteps and watched
as creditors seized the couch from your house, carted
table and chairs away, then crossed the street to ask
How are you?

You're no Lot's wife. Still, you find yourself victim
to that old cliché, a kind of rocking in the belly
that makes you feel ill each time you drive up
to your company home, and the monotony of prairie sky
makes you yearn in disbelief for colour-blind houses
packed tight on Gower Street, for red and pink clapboards
staring down the fog.

Here, even the earth rejects your roots. Your backyard garden
a scrap of cracked dirt you can't coax a flower out of
not a black-eyed pansy to gaze at through your window
as you try to ignore your need for the harbour, its waves
fracturing the water's surface, each one rising a little different
from the rest.

Narrow bones like willow branches always pulling east—
you couldn't help yourself.

Now, as the ferry approaches shore, you whisper
under your breath, *Nomad, what took you so long?*

