

FUNDY

ESTELLE FOX

Fundy's tide is in my every vein.
Fundy's town was mine since I was born.
Fundy's fog has blown in from the sea
Weaving veils of misty pearl for me.
I have sat on wet wharves listening
To the lurch of water underneath;
On a shelf of wave-worn rock have made
Driftwood fires to toast new dulce and cook
Perriwinckles flavored with sea-brine.
Fundy's waves have kissed me in the sun.

Fundy's lore is part of my own past.
Fundy's shore has known me when a child
Building castles on the tawny sand,
Gath'ring pebbles, fashioning with care
Wreaths of seaweed for a mermaid's hair.
Growing up, I first saw Beauty's face
In the moonlight over Fundy's tide,
Watching vessels make their pathless way
To the far horizon. Here with love,
Fundy, child of ocean, I would stay.