

ALEX NASSAR

Halifax Harbour

I have a photograph of you
throwing a stone into Halifax Harbour.

Your body is a moment of aggression.
Neck veins swollen, a sneer
on your face the second before explosion.
Eyes burning onto the water
where you think the stone will land.

It is your concentration that I love.
It is the importance of throwing a stone
that is now so foreign.

While our friends adventured off
to colleges and universities—
distant towns with distant women
who feared the brutality of their speech—
we threw stones into the Harbour,
strolled the streets on aimless missions
to fill our days and nights.

We were the ones who couldn't
understand the point of mapping tangents,
or the sense of peccing inside a fetal pig.
We became young men of lesser vocabularies
who silently used our bodies
on ice rinks, in bars, violently in bed.

with older women who marvelled
at the reckless strength of our smiles,
the savage power of our hands.

But now we are reduced—
you stand frozen in that rage of movement,
and I've become a blurred finger on the lens.