

The Journey

(About the WWII Evacuation)

*We watch the ocean drift.
A boat of refugees.
Tundra leaves the sight.*

*This vessel traveled swells.
We walk on paint dirt.
White ocean angry thrash.
We are at a strange land.*

*Rain drops heavy
An echo roof top.
Our soul seems alone.*

*Island of many trees.
Large towers close-in.
We cannot breathe.
Smallpox lives in winter*

*Haste sleep becomes familiar.
After two snow seasons
We return to our native land.
Thievery in our homes.
Invaluables, also our culture,
Diminishment.*

June McGlashan