

## this time

up the long hill into Corner Brook  
sun breaks out and the traffic is suddenly  
thick. brake-lights exclaiming. instant  
festival. cars on the shoulder. crowds out.  
women bare-armed dangling purses gaze  
down on the riverside road  
the guard rail gone  
into the gorge  
the rapids.  
all  
over long ago.  
but the hole  
holds them. still seeing the  
this-is-really-it  
plunge  
the rare journey.  
sealed in. spun black  
in that icy water.  
everyone twittering bright  
at the edge of something to worship. the spot  
the plain old earth  
gulped somebody down.

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