

Audience

They want me to stop talking out loud to the stones,
a harmless discourse, I argue,
but the language of youth changes vernacular in the hours of age.
A young man's ambition
bounces off deaf ears of granite
but the solemn report of an older soul
rattles hard against the tempered rocks
along this shore.

An afternoon sun that some would see as copper
is a softer fuse to light up the volcanic refugees
here wet with winter sea.
But a human voice in a failing light
is another matter altogether.
Still, an audience is a necessary thing --
and some would say these cold boulders are easier to please,
more ready to keep an open mind,
than all the citizens of Halifax
or cities further on.