

A LETTER FROM GRANDPA

by Simon Tibbo, Corner Brook – Junior Division Poetry

Now listen here, my son,

If the mainland is callin' your name
Then go, I say. Go! Move away!
For there's a reason you're wand'rin' astray
And for sure 'tis that ol' econ'my game.

But let me tell you, my boy,
There will come a day
Long before your hair thins an' 'tis gray
When your 'eart brings you home filled with joy.

'Cause you'll miss it. By God! Won't you miss it.
All the valleys, bays, hills, coves, and trees,
Streams, lakes, rivers, moose, bogs up to your knees.
You'll set foot on home soil, drop, and kiss it.

Goodness knows you'll be starved for a bite
O' Jiggs Dinner home-cooked in Nan's kitchen.
So we'll drive down the coast (quit your bitchin',
'Tis but a three hour drive) for the night.

Once you get talkin' from the folks from out home
You'll be speakin' just as quick as before,
And dropping H's – yes b'y, that's for sure.
Your friends won't know 'tis you on the phone.

When this day comes, by the Jesus don't forget
To fill your bag up with shorts and a sweater;
Our seasons mean nothing to our weather.
Be ready for warm or cold, dry or wet.

And I knows son, right now, this sounds crazy,
But I reckon once you're gone you'll believe me.
Time away from your homeland ain't easy,
An' you'll long for the bay where 'tis hazy.

Good luck on the mainland, all the same.
We all love you dearly, and pray
That the job that you find gets good pay.
Just remember, one day, home will call your name.