

## FoundLand

This isle and land  
That has never been lost,  
Has been found, found and found again.  
For all their bluster  
Sea and waves,  
Fog and ice  
Did not overly deter.  
The first laid no claim  
Their soft glyphs  
Of red ochre fire pits  
Gentle as a wet bough  
Erasing footfalls in the sand  
Ere long, longboats and longhouses  
Completed a great circle  
Though they all returned to the bog.  
Cabot, de Gamma, Guy, Gilbert, Cormack and the rest  
Their caravels, galleons, planters and muskets  
Threw forward, a strong braided rope  
Worn by the indentured waifs of the West Country and Erin  
A line of bondage that chaffs us still.  
The extinct made poor servants  
But good fodder for tales of the noble savage.  
You know the names of those who pulled on that hemp  
A cordage made smooth and stronger by the damp centuries  
The head tax and the thumb on the scale at the merchant's store  
The innumerable little dorps  
Tenanted by whispering and taciturn casualties  
Cogs in a fish gut greased mill  
Keening women lamenting loss with vulgar regularity  
This the place where the fishermen gathered  
Gathered and withered  
With the weathering  
They were bent, bound and beholden  
Denied modest drops of medicines and mercy  
And when a welfare was offered to the people  
These same lords  
Came down to pronounce

'Our sealing ships and tin cans will get you through the winter'  
Live proud with your rickets and hard tack.

The grandchildren of a fearful Victorian underclass  
Murmured as one, "Enough of the bastards!"  
And found common lot with the Canadian Wolf.

We have not been wronged  
No truth and reconciliation nor reparation  
Can even that score.  
From a foreboding place  
To short years after  
"Canada's Happy Province" would not be in complete jest  
Terra Nova  
New Founde Land  
Newfoundland and Labrador  
What she was will be never again  
The past is well broken  
Now unfettered  
There is more ahead of us than behind  
Could it ever be any other way?