

## Nightlost at Georgian Bay

One of the darkest  
whispers I hear  
is the restless wind  
that shakes us upright,  
only to stare into our own clear waters,  
or fall on rocks to shatter.

This is a land for pagans  
and the rightful ghosts of voyageurs.

I heard their paddles sighing  
in my sleepless night,  
saw chanting fires,  
felt their souls beckon  
in the loon's mad cry -  
knowing we were nightlost.

I cannot count the price of searching  
or the peace of finding,  
so wind will never ask to blow,  
nor tree to bend.

There is a secret company  
of souls I love,  
wordless, ancient, water-borne;  
one of the voices of care,  
that cannot be found  
unless already there.