

UVic Diversity Writing Contest 2013, Second-Place Poetry Winner

By Frances Woodcock

Heart and Bone

My heart
an oyster shell
cracked open to reveal
moist and tender flesh
and just how tenuous my
claim to call this island home

My heart
found home where
raindrops hang from cedar boughs
and wolves and cougars nightly prowl
Eagles fly on endless quest
crying out that I am guest

My bones
are only truly home
upon return to Albion
Isle of flint and barleycorn
standing stones and rosey thorn
where to my marrow I belong

My heart and bones
have different homes
Not so Toq'qamax child
Her bones and heart
not cleaved apart
but fused to granite isle

For her
heart and bones
are housed as one
For me
heart held here
bones far flung