

I came in search of stillness. Instead I met with the movement of the wind.

This was once a refuge for the shell-shocked.

When the surf knocked the pebbles did they hear clink of metal cartridges? When the wind snaked through the crevices did they hear the whistle of a shell as it sailed toward them? As trains approached did their ears ring long after the vehicle had passed?

On windy nights hidden in this fragmented structure,

half shelter, half house

I feel at the mercy of the river.

The sound of brakes on steel sharpens my consciousness. The growl of wheels vibrates against the wooden walls. I watch the wake of the winds path along the river

and wait for the ringing to stop.