



the canoe

michelle baker

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Pine Needle Roadhouse Press
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They had a name and they had names.

*The river had a name too
as did the water in it
and the boat upon it
and the ocean that caught them....*

1912



38.8432 degrees N, 76.5436 degrees W

On the shallow shores of an eastern bay, a village slept a dreamless sleep. They rose with the sun as they always had, ate their breakfasts, shined their shoes, baked their bread, and read their books. Laundered clothes, cleaned boats, painted barns and cut hair. Smoked pipes, baited hooks, wrote letters, shared jokes, warmed bottles, changed diapers, tilled fields, dug gardens, washed hands, ate dinner, made love, fell asleep and rose the next morning to do it all again.



41.46 degrees N, 50.14 degrees W

In the icy vacuum of a night at sea, a ship sank and with it one thousand, five hundred and seventeen voices. The heave and moan of brittle steel and Faberge rumbled to the depths of Poseidon's lair. A lone pillow drifted in a white linen mantle trailing along as a feathery wing. And those who lived to tell the tale about the cresting waves and rising cries consoled themselves in the still and unforgettable silence of a city lost at sea.

