



Surreal Seclusion: Helpless to Time

Description

Author's Memo

Culturally, the isle of Newfoundland is a special place. The people have a strong affinity for their home, and a pride in themselves. Those who leave, often spend the rest of their lives missing it. The love and lore of Newfoundland and Labrador is there for the people to understand and explore. But for many, who simply fly over, this mystical place is just a small blip on a map. Doomed to lose its international airport status. Regardless, those who touch down on this little island are captivated by its charm. And those who come from away often stay.

As two authors/playwrights exploring this small island on the East Coast of Canada, we write to share our own experiences and perspectives. With each verse, we hope to expand horizons and broaden perspectives while highlighting the beautiful cultural depth and localized strength of our island.

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Although the folklore of Newfoundland is often centered around kindness, kitchen parties and sea shanties, we can not remain ignorant or oblivious to serious cultural and environmental shifts the island has faced. An aging population has left Newfoundland stranded in time and lost in the fog. With many leaving, and fewer arriving every day, the history of the island is constantly at risk of disappearing into the sea. The ones remaining are left to tackle the frigid winters – getting worse with climate change, an economic crisis brought on by oil, and the systemic injustices placed on our indigenous. The word “sorry” runs rampant through this island, but we are not surprised, nor do we see plans for greener grass.

When kindness is currency, an apology is good faith, and you'll find both when you visit this place. We hope the reader gains a deeper understanding and appreciation for the strength, resilience, and shortcomings of this island.





By Erik Mclean for Unsplash Newfoundland and Labrador

Direct Downward Descent In An Upward Motion

The fog inhibits us

Fly over, fly further

Captive, inventive, survivors

Fly on

Inlets outed

Tickles left without a laugh

Notes left unplayed. Lean in?

Music

Red flames flicker

Swirling through the frigid October breeze

The lantern's door cracked ajar

But kerosene burns bright to those

Who never forgot their way

The Radio sputters, it reels

Beer battered fingers sop

Up the grease. Staining the wood with the fingerprints of generations

Forgotten, left behind?

Broken? Still music envelops you

Locked in time,

And yet flights delay their descent into comfort

We'll wait, we have things to innovate.

Alan cries, Ennis dies

Shanny shouts for his Newfoundland bys

The first to call

But last to rejoin favor

Home

Cobblestone

Place to roam.

To Be Sorry (Little Ways To Let You Know, Valentine)

I am sorry.

Not for the action I just performed but for saying it again.

I have loved and lost some memory shareholders.

Old friends make amends, hand rested on shoulder – at what cost?

I'm sorry.

Oops.

There it goes, out of the mouth like a loose cannon.

If an apology was food we'd never see famine.

The gates open and "sorry" takes the lead.

But "sorry" doesn't cut it when there are hungry mouths to feed.

I am sorry.

I am sorry for thinking too much.

Overthinking, I think, is a crutch.

One has to wonder if thunder came first.

The sound that we hear after lightning, a burst.

Energy, breaking through the silence, all bark and no violence.

I'm sorry.

I know you are tired, because I am too.

Running in circles, who knows what to do?

We've been here before.

Feet walking these floors, we close the door.

Only to open it again.

We are back at the start.

Only fatigued and hurt in the heart.

I am sorry.

For a future slip of the tongue, I seek future forgiving.

To the future daughters and sons, I'm sorry for living –
– this way.

This way has gotten us in trouble, a daily double.

To say we didn't see it coming – a lie.

The day is coming – we die.

It is darker now than when I got here,

A round-a-bout of fear and jet fuel.

To live this life and see this life – cruel the stain it leaves.

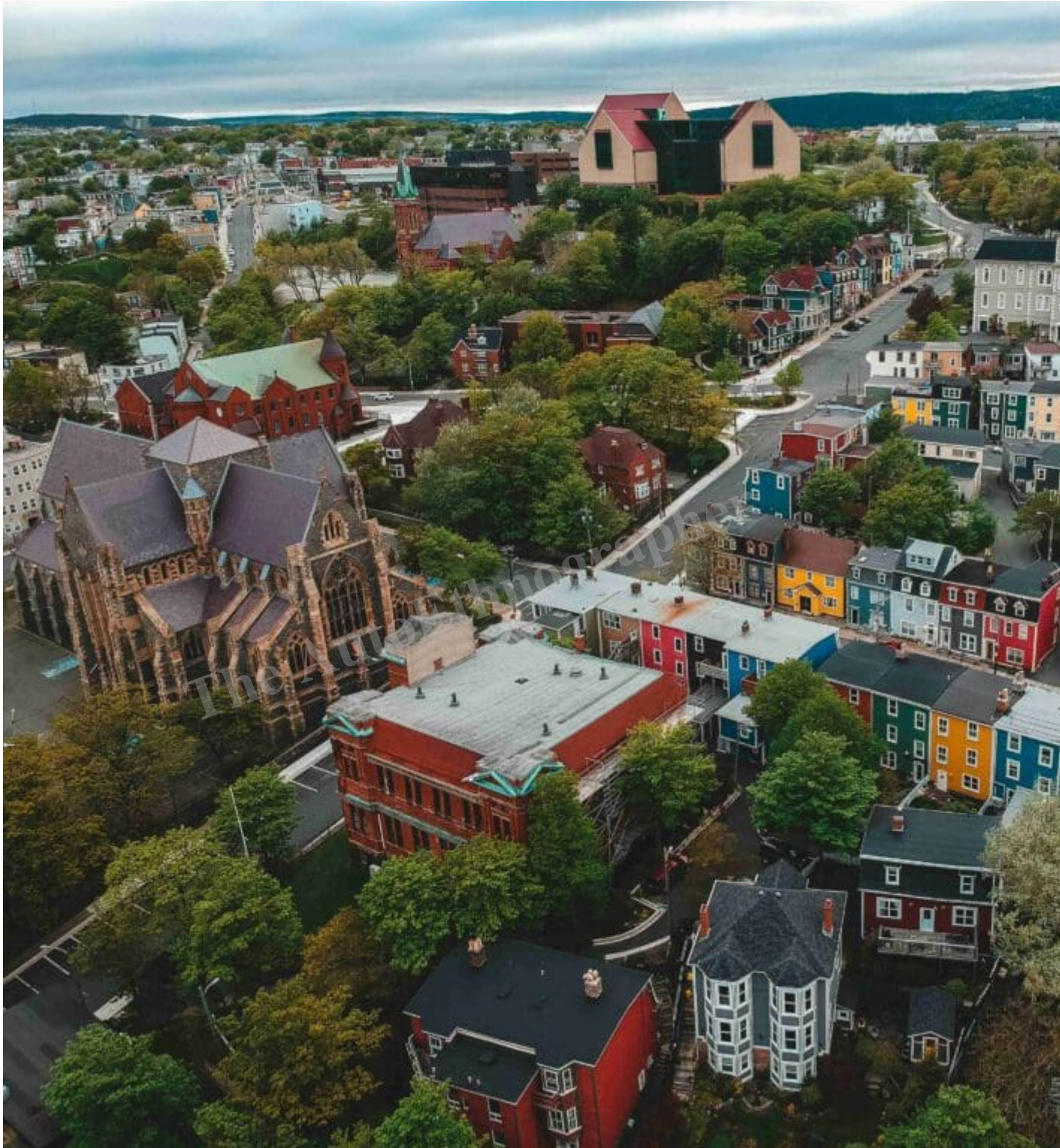
I'm sorry for the rotten ones – the ones who don't believe.

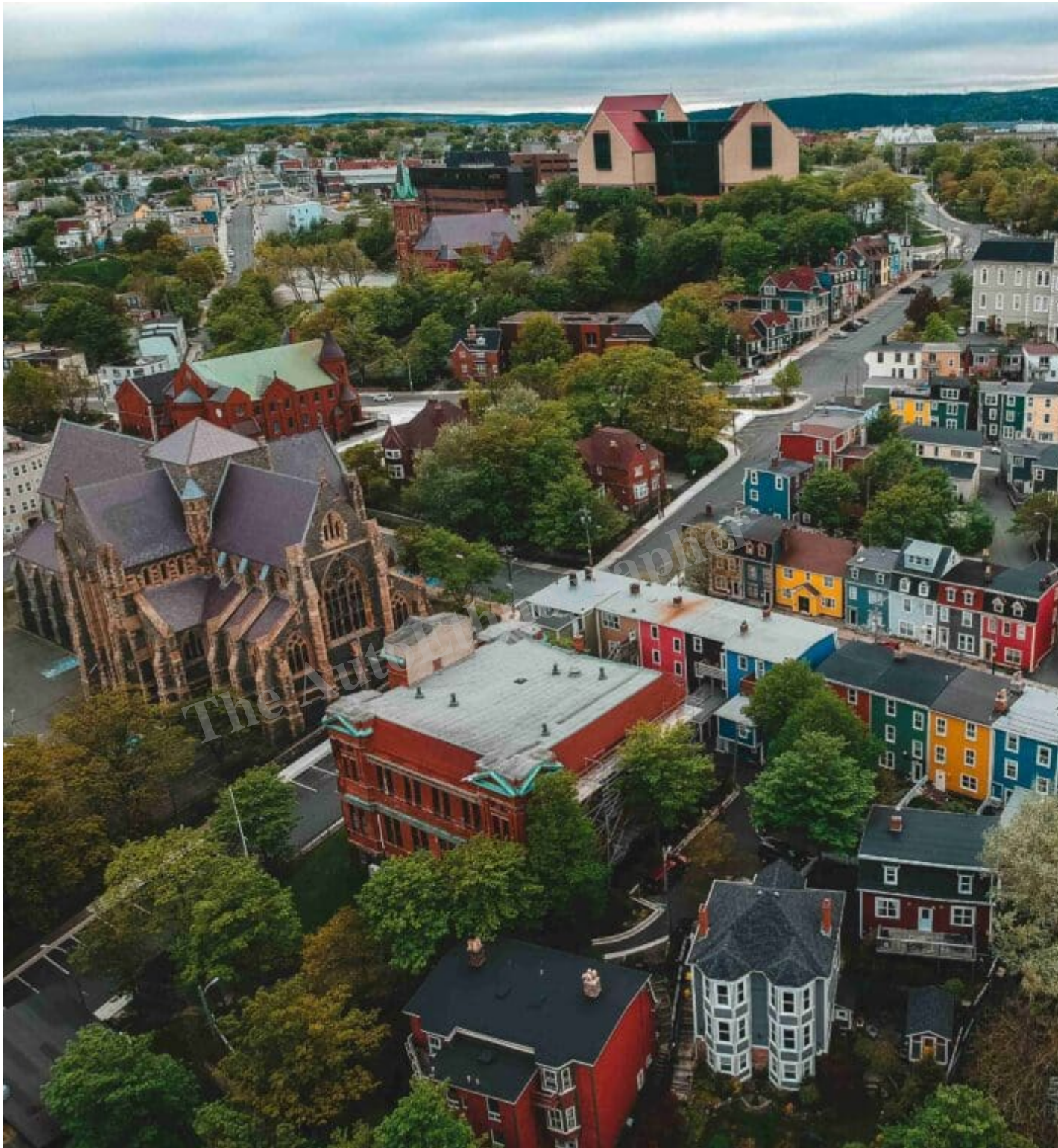
I'm sorry that this writing may never reach the masses –
never read to boys and girls in elementary classes.

I am sorry.

I am

human.





Newfoundland houses by Erik Mclean for Unsplash

Might Look Like a Kitchen Party, Love

City of strangers becoming good friends.

Some think an island looks lonely, please look again.

Masked in the evergreens – atop sands and limestone – abandoned in sea

lies a home where kindness is currency.

Where many roam streets – smiling at any they meet.

Simply searching for – “a time” .

The Welcome mat shines

brighter than the light on the cast iron lamp post outside.

Listen through the cracked open door – On purpose, I’m sure.

the music they’re playing – feet stomping the floor.

The scuff of generations powering those toes

Of long lost kitchen parties, jigs and odd shows

Unspeakable things – laughable now – who knows?

Smog VS Easy Time: Pollution for Purchase

They’re talking about –

Secret Solutions.

For all of the –

Same Old Pollution.

The same old noise.

The girls and boys say,

“Talking’s fine but try to walk at the same time”.

They’re talking about –

Secret Solutions.

For all of the –

Same Old Pollution.

Forcing the hand of a

New Revolution.

Young words are not lost on me,

Is tomorrow too late to be better for them?

Do they see a sword can't compete with a pen?

Maybe it could, a thousand years ago.

But that was then and this is now.

Welcome to the twenty-first century.

I hope the kids remember trees.

The AutoEthnographer

Ferries In The Beautiful Brush

The salt box houses line the hills.

Wind beaten soldiers planted firm.

Rotting, tilting, colorful.

Think. Think.

I think I thought I saw a sparkle

A shimmer of light

A gleam in the smile of a skipping rope child.

Smiles, stories and songs.

Fallen in deaf ears and painted.

Hiding scars but the rot is rotted through.

It's in the wood

Tainted

Sickening the soul

Soup for dinner that spoils.

No one to feed

A phone call unanswered

The first one forgotten

Numbers are lost

And fairies fly from shore to shore

Shedding salt and rolling in the fog

The laughter audible

It swoops down gobbling the McDonalds fries

Clap board stands

And oak doors close

Open at will

Always, the salt box houses line the hill.

Credits

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An Image of by [Erik Mclean](#) for [Unsplash](#) Newfoundland and Labrador

Newfoundland houses by [Erik Mclean](#) for [Unsplash](#)

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1. All Content
2. Autoethnographic Literary Nonfiction
3. Autoethnographic Poetry
4. Volume 4, Issue 1 (2024)

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The AutoEthnographer