

## OCEANLEAVING

handlining lifeways  
of those who came before

I am lost at the Centre for Newfoundland Studies

on edge to know the limits of our momentary  
language or make peace with blue abundances

find myself exhuming s/kin

from electronic landwash  
to whispers in the deep

past-present of a showgirl's soul and back again

this world cannot account for our oceanleaving  
gracious one

whose shadow in the hands of a weary man  
stays nowhere, unfathomable hours, and yet

how else to imagine that you are endless?

middle of December, bellowing then

your photo finds me from some paper  
on the lower east coast and shows me

a grief that grows wider interurban—

an afterlife of longing, weight of this island,  
and the love of a trans girl hold us

out of time

there is nothing left to write  
but outmigration's echo

my spirit with/holding

the depth  
I cannot tread