

The Last Goodbye

Something had drawn me to the beach that night. Something in the wind had called me; something in the waves had sung to me.

I walked until the sun had set, searching. Then she appeared before me on the dune. She stood perfectly still, nothing moved except her hair that swung out behind her on the breeze. She was nothing but a silhouette etched against the pale sand, yet I knew who she was.

It was a Sending, I knew, her last goodbye.

'It is over,' I heard. It did not come from the figure before me but from a larger voice, a non-human voice, from the wind, the waves, the sand, and the air. I said nothing, voiceless with shock and fear.

'My struggle has at last ended. I am Free,' the voice said.

'I am glad for you,' I answered out loud. But my voice too was swept away and seemed to come from the night sky.

'Are you?' It was a whisper hardly heard.

'Of course I am. I loved you!' I cried.

'I'm sorry, I know you did. I'm just so tired of fighting. I didn't mean to argue with you that day. I was so tired, so tired . . . ' the voice sounded more like her and tears came to my eyes. I could still see her, wasted with illness, sunk into her pillow that last time.

'I know. I know you didn't.'

'That is what I came to say. And to say goodbye.'

'I won't see you again, will I? I'll miss you.'

'We all go to the same place. We will see each other again, in the end. Now I must go.'

Suddenly I realized that she was gone and I was possessed by the unreasonable fear of watching her go, of seeing her leave, of seeing where she 'must go'. So I turned and ran, my tears blinding me and my heart pounding with fear.

I looked back once and saw her there - a black silhouette against and still glowing clouds of twilight with her hand raised in farewell and her hair flowing like a banner across the sky.

By

Heather Neustaedter

DEADMEN'S HARBOUR

The grasping sound of the crashing waves,
The hidden treasures in the unknown caves.
No ships of old enter her harbour today,
All sea-faring men stay away, from the cursed Bay.
Pieces of the wreck cease to exist no more,
Nor do the beaches clutter and lay upon the shore.
Long, long ago came Fundy's tales of glory,
Within these lines unfolds Deadmen's Harbour story.
One calm day, the bandits came to the Bay,
Long tiresome travels called for overnight stay.
The Captain ordered the anchor to be dropped,
The lotting of the piches for one night stopped.
The crew laid back to get some rest,
The next day they would resume the quest.
All was calm, no majesty's ship in sight,
The Captain said rest, to all a peaceful night.
The night was clear, the moon was high,
No danger lurked within the water not sky.
Then a shot came suddenly from the day,
The gunner's arm had hit the mark.
The pirate ship now under the Navy's fire,
A fierce battle, the ship would now require.
The ship felt the hard impact of the canon,
Yet the ship the men would never abandon.
The captain awoke with the first deadly blow,
But he would never give up or let her go.
He awoke the crew with a demanding yell.
Bless those Navy henchmen, bless them to hell
He ordered his men to fire the gun,
And yelled the battle had just begun.
The navy got closer, soon close enough to board,
The battle would now rage on by sword.
His men were brave, they fought hard,
They stood for the ships eternal guard,
The battle swayed towards the attackers,
The navy were to be the inevitable victors.
The men would not surrender, would not bend,
Their life belonged to the ship 'til the end.
The captain was the last to stand.
He stood firm, with his sword in hand.
When victory was the navy's, they let him be,
He would follow the ship to the bottom of the sea.

The general gave the order to disembark
"The old captain is stubborn, food for the Shark"
Yet in a way he felt the captain's pride,
And in a strange way he too died.
The eyes full of hardness, yet no despair,
The Captain's spirit would now, join the air.
The General pulled his ship far enough away,
Then fired one last shot the captain's way.
The ship must sink, the pirates destroyed,
T'was this reason the general was employed.
Employed with the duties all captain's had,
To be carried out firm, good or bad.
Legend has it, all men were lost,
The ship went down, her treasures lost.
The harbour was polluted with bodies of men,
Whole would never pillage or lost again
The Captain's body was strangely never found,
And on a foggy night it does astound,
To hear the captain's ghost crying vengeance
Roaming the desolate harbour, seeking revenge

Joseph Hillman

Photo by Randy Goodleaf

