

Clayoquot Sound

By Teresa Hall

There was a place where I could go
where forests grew; with firs so great
that murrelets came from miles around to
build their nests and eagles flew, watching
from amidst the tallest boughs, while
rivers flowed down misty mountain
waterways to meet the bay.

A place once wild, where natives plied
their carved canoes to challenge whales
that both hunted there and played.

A child could almost walk upon the salmons'
backs, so many returned to spawn in
ancient beds, while bears roaming the shores
fed on such a feast. A spiritual place befitting
to both man and beast!

But oh, when I returned, not a single tree
remained, dead stumps blocking up the streams
and where once the many salmon swam,
there now were three, the hillsides barren
from the logger's ill-gotten gain. Where
once the mighty bugle of the Elk sang, now
only a shattered echo from my footsteps rang.