

THE JOURNALS OF SUSANNA MOODIE
Margaret Atwood
JOURNAL I: 1832-1840
DISEMBARKING AT QUEBEC

It is my clothes, my way of walking
the things I carry in my hand
 - a book, a bag with knitting –
 the incongruous pink of my shawl

this space cannot hear

or is it my own lack
of conviction which makes
these vistas of desolation,
long hills, the swamps, the barren sand, the glare
of sun on the bone-white
driftlogs, omens of winter,
the moon alien in day-
time a thin refusal

The other leap shout

Freedom!

The moving water will not show me
my reflection

The rocks ignore

I am a word
in a foreign language