

Ekphrastic writing

peace Liard regional show 2020

Adrift in a drift by Shannon Craig
Second Distinguished Award

SOLASTALGIA by Barbara Swail
Chosen Award





SOLASTALGLA by Barbara Swail, Dawson Creek
Chosen Award

Adrift in a drift

Shambles. A wreck. Adrift in a drift; sinking and shifting, on a hillside of sand.

Look left; a branch, just visible above the silt. My arm swings out, but passes through a shadow.

Fingers stretched wide and falling back down into the dirt.

Look right; is that a light far off in the distance? A light of hope, of happiness; the end of the tunnel?

No. Only a line of fire burning and razing everything it touches. It's drawing nearer and I've made no progress. Sisyphus struggling on and on.

Look down; my home is gone. The stairs up to my room lying flat in front of the hearth.

Look up; only darkness. Perseverance is pointless. My strength caves in on my hopes and my dreams. I feel the ache in my shoulders, my knees and my chest. The grime underneath my finger nails becomes unbearable.

But maybe it's only a momentary fog. An early morning mist that must inevitably clear.

Push harder, push further. One last dive, and break through up above the clouds. Lungs full of fresh air. Flying as high as Icarus but our scars won't burn.

Shannon Craig, Fort St. John
Second Distinguished Award

Peace Liard Regional Arts Council

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