Because...

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Because when you asked about clotheslines,
I realized I hadn't had one in years -
not now, not in my cramped downtown walls,
nor in Africa, where the bats fell
out of the mango tree
backwards, during the day,
working up from the underbelly of the planet
and they gnawed my clean cotton skirts until
they were nothing but ragged holes.
Because I missed the clothesline I had
when I lived in a mountain valley -
loggers' shirts and my favourite blue jeans
swinging across three cliff-edged ranges.
I remember going there each morning,
to unravel the mystery of the night before -
of full moons and coyotes and frozen lakes -
and wait in wonder for the day to come.
Dancing through memory to meaning, to connection,
I would try to talk, and listen, and watch.
Because that is what learning is, and what teaching tries to be.
Because I need more clotheslines in my life right now.
And in the end, when you ask me
what was my question, my framework, my rationale . . .
I will simply point to my heart, and open my hands to the sky.