

POETS*pause*

was created by Joan Baron,
commissioned by the Resort
Municipality of Whistler in
2007, to enrich and continue
the ongoing appreciation of
the arts in Whistler.

The artist, Joan Baron,
wanted the visitor of this site
to experience this inter-active
sculpture that creates a
“larger than life” memory of
Whistler. One that can be
touched and remembered for
years to come.

“Let the massiveness of this
sculpture, “LOST IN SOUND”
encourage you to pause a
second longer, as you allow
the resonating sound of the
chimes, the location and the
poetry to capture you.”

The poetry is contributed
to this site through a local
competition. Find yourself
with words and participate
by entering the competition
when the call for poets is
announced.

Enjoy this pause.

Lakesounds

A barrel, perched on softening ice, splashes into Alta Lake.
Harbinger of spring, it sails jauntily past the Point.
Check your watches! Valuable prizes!

Then, summertime and summer people –
Hikers and fishers and revelers,
Announced by the train’s wail and clatter,
Welcomed to lodges and cabins
Clustered by the shore.
Here’s the raft from Hillcrest,
Ferrying raucous guests
To meet the train.
Welcomes and farewells,
Promises to write, to come again,
To remember.

Highway and playground,
The lake is connective tissue.
Here’s Barnfield on his milk-run,
Delivering to the lodges.
His dugout thuds against the wharf.
Hurried footsteps on rickety boards
As the boy runs to help unload.

The zing-whine as the line curls and settles,
The treacherous fly dimpling lake-skin.
The triumphant ratchet song
As the fisher reels in his trophy.

When starlight spills sequins onto the lake,
Music and laughter drift into the velvet night.
Glasses clink and dancers spin and sway.
How young we were, how beautiful, how clever.

Summer cools and winter’s work begins.
The ice saw’s steady grind and rasp, grind and rasp,
Harvesting winter’s chill.
Blocks so heavy 10 men load them onto sleds,
Grunting, directing, cajoling.
Then a sharp whistle to the horse –
“Go on, pull!” Leather creaks
As he leans into the harness,
Heading to the thick-walled icehouse.
Sounds of scraping skates and shouting children,
Fade into winter’s gloaming.

Frozen paradise, until –
A barrel, perched on softening ice... ..

