

## WINTER LANDSCAPE - HALIFAX

*By* DOUGLAS LOCHHEAD

A bright hard day over harbour where sea  
in chips of white and blue speaks and toys, while  
flurries of gulls spinning in wide deploys swoon  
in sleigh-rides giddy and cold off government wharf.

At Devil's the sea spans a winter's drum,  
a hollow ballad and boom for sailors' throats  
courting their winter mermaids battened down  
somewhere off Scatari and heading home.

Now in December the wind leans rude and hard,  
snow heaps and hides in the cormorant rocks,  
and at the Citadel commissionaires  
clap hands, stamp feet, turn backs against the cold.