

Green Cathedrals

Sean Arthur Joyce

—for Colleen McCrory

You walked the mossy footpaths
of grizzly, elk and deer
and knew them as brother, sister,
mother and father of us all.

No chickadee's song or caribou cry
went unheard from a shrinking oasis
of lichen-blessed forest.

Chieftainess of clans ancient
and warrior proud
you fought the good fight of love
and left no weak or wounded behind.

You held millennia in your hands
soaring skyward in green cathedrals
somehow untouched by man.

Walk on, walk on Colleen
your spirit treads soft and strong
the hallowed slopes of Valhalla
bursting with lupine and fireweed

skips lightly over the human storm
darkening the waters
of your beloved Slocan.

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