

ties undertaken merely to avoid boredom gave no glow of accomplishment, and hobbies or weekly socializing at the local senior citizens centre proved unsatisfying. Eventually I realized that pursuit of the usual materialistic goals and superficial values, Jung's "program of life's morning," was unfulfilling and unsuitable for this stage of my life journey.

There are several stages in adjusting to life changes of any kind. I plodded through them all when I retired. For almost three years I wasted physical, mental, and emotional energy trying to find an escape from what I perceived as a trap. Only when I re-framed the situation and saw the trap as an opportunity being presented to me by fate – whether I wanted it or not – was I able to once again take control of my own life.

The quiet of the countryside is no longer an enemy to be battled; it has become my ally. It provides me with a pleasant setting in which to write, to study, to prepare a genealogical record for the younger family members, to learn a musical instrument and perform in a local concert band and, best of all, to meditate and steadfastly seek the wisdom it is the business of mature individuals to acquire and preserve. Within the very real limitations imposed by my present life situation, I am able to choose what I will do or not do. Finally, I am able to accept that I am probably where I'm supposed to be, doing what I'm supposed to do, in working out my personal destiny.

Like Phoenix rising from the ashes or Ulysses setting out on yet another odyssey, I continue to seek, to explore, to experiment, and to believe in my inherent value as a unique human being whose personal history is worth recording.

¹Rollo May, *Freedom and Destiny* (New York: W.W. Norton & Co., 1981), p. 127.

²Barry Broadfoot, *Ten Lost Years: 1929-1939* (Markham, Ont.: PaperJacks, 1975).

³Betty Friedan, *The Feminine Mystique* (New York: W.W. Norton & Co., 1963).

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AU COEUR DE L'INSTANT

une blancheur d'oie
un gris de perle et un noir
de loup font l'hiver

de la mer
la clameur du chant des hommes
aux lèvres des flots

bruit ravissant d'eau
l'hiver au bout des glaçons
coule goutte à goutte

tragique triangle
toujours entre l'un en soi
il y aura l'autre

pays de l'enfance
abrite l'herbe foulée
dur chemin de femme

nul n'avance s'il
ne laisse des pas derrière
lui et son chemin

mille fois ma vie
s'éveille à couvrir le jour
d'un temps incertain

il n'y aura rien
rien qu'un ciel bleu et du vent
pour taire ta peine

le corps immobile
rougit à vue de soleil
comme fruit d'été

je suis bien là-haut
mais je suis mal en dedans
me manquent des ailes

Célyne Fortin
Montréal, Québec

Ces poèmes sont tirés de la récente publication de Célyne Fortin, *Au coeur de l'instant* (Montréal: Éditions du Noroît, 1986).