

tuned to source out possible danger. I heard it before I saw it—the soft trickling of water meandering over rocks. Following my ears I found the spring and threw myself into its freshness, gulping until the dryness in my stomach was replenished. Sitting in the middle, the coolness bringing me to life, I began the task of working caked mud from my hair and body, washing away the dirt of my grief downstream.

Only when I had finished scrubbing my sarong against one of the bigger flat stones and had hung it to dry did I sit and eat a banana from a nearby tree. I probably would not have been able to force the banana down had it not been for the 20 or so small blue butterflies fluttering around. I watched them admiring that their colour was a blue brighter than the sky, and they were so tiny I wondered what they did in the great rains. I would join these blue butterflies. The land would be my new home for there was no way that I would take to the water any time soon.

I had witnessed the anger of the spirits and I would stay put. I would become a land dweller until my people came for me. But I didn't know when that would be.

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## JANE TASKER

### Love Notes (A prose poem)

They were love notes, she told him. He watched her fingers stroke the ivories, one by one, her head bent close to the keyboard to catch the last whisper of sound. She would play three of four notes this way, then pick up her pen, and ink in the little tadpoles of music. Love notes for him, she said.

In the three months they had lived together, she had filled only one page of music, but this she played over and over, each note striking Henry's heart like a tremor. Sometimes the music was wild and passionate, sometimes so slow and elegiac that Henry would see the delicate strokes swim before his eyes and rest his hand on Elena's shoulder half in caress, and half in muted plea.

When he returned to the flat that day, there was nothing of Elena left except the single white page with its cryptic markings. He snatched it up and rushed back to the street hoping to hear some trace of teasing laughter, some returning click of her heels.

It was silent.

Henry stared down at the pavement. A street grate welled into darkness, its grills like the sieving maw of a whale. He crouched down and began to shred the sheet of music, dropping note by single note between the bars.

*Jane Tasker graduated from York University with an Honours B.A., summa cum laude and an Honours M.A. and is currently teaching Elements of Writing Style at Ryerson University. She is indebted to her mentors: Dr. Frances Beer, Dr. John Unnau, and Dr. Naomi Diamond.*