

# Ekphrastic writing

Peace Liard Regional Show 2021

Peace Liard Regional Arts Council

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Atlin Lake 1 by Frances Obie

Poem by Shannon M. Craig



Atlin Lake 1 by Frances Obie

## My Own Little Rock

A drop –  
And one final gasp before  
my breath disappears  
into the waters around me.  
With a lurch of fear;  
it's gone.  
Like the floor on an  
unexpected step.  
It splinters away from my ribcage  
with the glacial waters filling my lungs.  
Lapping at a silence that stretches for miles  
through a fog as thick as lead.  
Wave after wave pooling around me  
freezing into cuffs on my wrists  
and my ankles. Anchored to  
worry and sentenced to fear.  
On the jagged shores of  
my own uncertainty.  
Slicing my thoughts  
into unfinished fragments.  
Unattached and drifting  
like my own little rock.  
Built as a refuge –  
Borne as a prison.

Shannon M. Craig, Fort St. John  
Honourable Mention