

GONZALES BAY—EARLY MORNING—LOW TIDE

By Joey Scarfone

WHY WE LIKE IT: *It's Creative Nonfiction but it's also prose poetry and could easily have gone to Hezekiah. Joey's artistic instincts are titanic and he is one of those rare talents who is at home in many media: graphics—see #1 in the TOC—poetry, photography, painting, music...the list goes on. We're just thrilled when this 'Renaissance Man' from Canada's west coast sends in something to read, look at and oooh and ah over. Gonzales Bay is almost like cinema verite on the page...he deftly captures the not only the goings on in the early morning life of the bay, but the spirit underneath it in prose that is the very definition of non-self conscious. We can't help but this quiet meditation...*

Five stars

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There's the same hummingbird that greets me every morning. He leaves his perch, hovers in front of me and then returns to his nest in the cedar tree.

There's Watchfull Willie with his metal detector. That's not his real name....it's just what I call him. I figure he's a retired police officer and spends his time beach combing.

There' two eagles taking their watch in a fir tree that looks more like a giant bonsai plant with it's broken branches and sparse ferns.

There's two paddle boarders heading out to what looks like another couple who are snorkelling. They must be young and strong to withstand the cold ocean water. Reminds me of when I could swim in the ocean.

There's a dog fetching a stick just off shore. He can't get enough of “fetch the stick”. His owner non-chalantly munches on a sandwich as he takes the stick from Fido and throws it back into the ocean.

There's the houses that were built on the cliff a hundred years ago.

There's “Kayak Kenny” wheeling his kayak down the ramp. 82 years old and he can still launch his own boat. God bless you Kenny.

There's a crow staring at me as he sits on the guard rail. “Got anything to eat man?” “Not this morning” I reply....besides.....we're not supposed to feed the birds.....it alters their migratory patterns. “You think we're crazy enough to migrate” the crow said. “Fly 2,000 miles for some scraps in South America”? “No thanks...I'll take Canadian pizza any day.

There's the Olympic mountains peaking out from the fog bank.....so big they have their own ecosystem.

There's happily married couple having a breakfast picnic. They even brought their own table cloth for the small picnic table. Egg wraps, coffee.....enjoy the view.

There's more paddle boarders heading to the shore. 'Getting busy now. I think it's time to go.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Gonzales Bay is a very picturesque place in Victoria. It is a small beach but extremely alive with wildlife. I go there regularly and leave inspired every time.*

AUTHOR BIO: Joey Scarfone lives in Victoria, BC where he owned Lazy Joe's Vinyl Emporium—a store devoted to classic vinyl. He devotes some of his time and all of his interest to poetry and music.