

DEAD BAY

Do you know what it's like to be able to look over the edge of the dock onto a mountain of king crab piled up in quonset size heaps? We had three and they were like pets, we loved them so. We used to see the glistening bay flipping with herring fins like giant exploding raindrops. We used to wake up to the sound of sealion huffing out their stink-breath and be able to identify a dozen duck calls before even opening our eyes.

Do you know what it's like to look overboard and not see anything moving? There are no fish in the bay; no seal or sealion anywhere; no calling ducks. It leaves a feeling of terrible grief, of mourning as when someone dies.

Do you know what it's like to see the silver glitter of herring scales splashing up behind a trawler? It's a curiosity and a horror at the same time. Can you imagine what it's like to see a mass of dead fish on the shores the next day? Do you know that kind of pain? It's personal.

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