

## Nana Log

Pamela Anne Mitchell

Volume 34, numéro 1, 2018

Focus on Laudato Si'

URI : <https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/1060953ar>

DOI : <https://doi.org/10.7202/1060953ar>

[Aller au sommaire du numéro](#)

Éditeur(s)

Athabasca University Press

ISSN

1705-9429 (numérique)

[Découvrir la revue](#)

Citer ce document

Mitchell, P. (2018). Nana Log. *The Trumpeter*, 34(1), 153–154.  
<https://doi.org/10.7202/1060953ar>

Copyright (c) Pamela Anne Mitchell, 2019



Cet article est protégé par la loi sur le droit d'auteur. L'utilisation des services d'Érudit (y compris la reproduction) est assujettie à sa politique d'utilisation que vous pouvez consulter en ligne.

<https://apropos.erudit.org/fr/usagers/politique-dutilisation/>

**é**rudit

Cet article est diffusé et préservé par Érudit.

Érudit est un consortium interuniversitaire sans but lucratif composé de l'Université de Montréal, l'Université Laval et l'Université du Québec à Montréal. Il a pour mission la promotion et la valorisation de la recherche.

<https://www.erudit.org/fr/>

# Nana Log

---

*Pamela Anne Mitchell*

I'm back

To the wild, wet Olympic Forest.

How many years gone.

How many yet to go.

I sit on the bank of the Dungeness

My son ahead casting flies into its peridot flow

His father now gone

Gone ahead of us

Gone with the years

Years he, too, cast in these waters

While I sat listening, watching, recording

Now his son, my son, our son waits

For the fly to dip; the trout to bite

Our grandson toddling ahead

His hair, his eyes sharply the color

Of his papa's

His temperament precisely the strong, shrill, wild

Of his papa's

Determined, exactly sure of his heart's desire

Trout

Salmon

All that fights for this life

All that excites the soul

Rendering the faith we all long to hold

As his father shared, in response to the question: why not let go?

Because, he said with great clarity

Because

It's still good

It's still good