

# MONDAY NIGHT

ISSUE 14 • 2015

14 | rob mclennan

configurations: pinhey's point,  
*for Stephanie Gibbs*

to talk about it as not anguish but small  
Phil Hall, *The Small Nouns Crying Faith*

Everything hurt. I was burning. It won't stay in the past.  
Kate Greenstreet, *Young Tambling*

1.

Swath, of water-table, water-logged,

the log house, where  
foundations lay. Horace Pinhey's journal: potatoes,

seasonal. Hamnett's sons, an imprint. Augment the house, this barn, this  
limestone castle.

2.

Kitchen-ruin, stone impatience,

fire-bled, the hearth remains, a hard

confession. 1865: faith, he daily wrote,  
potatoes. St Mary's Church, deemed private,

inaccessible. Original: a thicket-branch

of prayer. Wind whispers: shush,

# MONDAY NIGHT

ISSUE 14 • 2015

3.

Two centuries of calm.

Hamnett Kirkes Pinhey: two hundred years  
behind Samuel de Champlain.

Slipped past, his famous astrolabe

misplaced. History responds: I have  
been away.

4.

Neighbours: officer gentry, citing conflicts

with Napoleon, Ireland, Mysore; fought,  
one hundred days.

March Township: merchant Pinhey buys  
his waterfront, ten

thousand acres. Drawn,  
the county Carleton, unspooled

and slowly flattened. Rolling hills.

5.

To the barn door: nailed,

a province. Bone, a bonfire  
of completed sets. 1820, 1825

constructs the family cabin. Digital

capture, a long standing pen. Says,  
I have money now. Listless, crawling up

the ruin.

# MONDAY NIGHT

ISSUE 14 • 2015

6.

A body of water.

At first: two hundred acres, a thousand less  
than he requested. Horaceville,

named for first-born (which  
came first?). A practical

first flight: into his tens,  
into his hundreds.

7.

Pre-dating roads, a house as stone  
as surrounding lands; shale:

light dust of topsoil. A high bluff.

Lessons learned

by every homesteader: arrived, with fifty-seven  
crates of clothes,

fine china. The shoreline mirror dull  
and tender.

8.

The point a finger,  
river-side, an act

of shadow. Silver teapots

I remember, clearly. Words like bodies,  
float along. A play

of echoes, glance. The point  
is made. My love

is not the end of anything.