

Will Gill – Cape Spear

Sometimes you feel there's so little meaning in the world. It's all just an endless black mass of chaos and nothingness; an empty ocean you could never bring yourself to even try to comprehend, much less understand.

Hope, that most treacherous of emotions, sometimes rears its gleaming head through the surf, pokes its white eye back at you from afar, while you flounder and suffer out there in some bleak vast expanse, treading water, trying not to drown, lungs filling mouthful by mouthful.

In the poem "Black Rook in Rainy Weather", Sylvia Plath describes finding meaning in life through the act of waiting for the "rare, random descent" of the angel. That is, the miracle of poetic vision in the face of a seemingly ambivalent or indifferent natural world. In *Cape Spear*, Will Gill has taken this accurate description of the artistic life to its literal and logical conclusion.

I don't know how many people have died off Cape Spear, but I wonder if those who have saw the lighthouse, and whether or not it made them feel any better about how fucked they were.

When my grandmother died, I sat by the bed in the home and smoothed the hair down on her head, held her hand, said soothing things, sometimes just noises, because she was no longer able to speak and I wasn't sure she could hear me any longer. When she died, I wondered if her last moments in the world were shot through with random flashes of whatever illuminated moments of beauty, tenderness etc., she'd witnessed while not on her death bed. Because there are such things as beauty and meaning in the world. And those things, as Plath suggests, and Gill shows us, are worth waiting and living for.

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