

9-27-2018

Season of Fires

Rina Garcia Chua

University of British Columbia Okanagan

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Follow this and additional works at / Suivez-nous ainsi que d'autres travaux et œuvres:

<https://scholars.wlu.ca/thegoose>

Recommended Citation / Citation recommandée

Garcia Chua, Rina. "Season of Fires." *The Goose*, vol. 17, no. 1, article 43, 2018,
<https://scholars.wlu.ca/thegoose/vol17/iss1/43>.

This article is brought to you for free and open access by Scholars Commons @ Laurier. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Goose by an authorized editor of Scholars Commons @ Laurier. For more information, please contact scholarscommons@wlu.ca.

Cet article vous est accessible gratuitement et en libre accès grâce à Scholars Commons @ Laurier. Le texte a été approuvé pour faire partie intégrante de la revue The Goose par un rédacteur autorisé de Scholars Commons @ Laurier. Pour de plus amples informations, contactez scholarscommons@wlu.ca.

Season of Fires

The Finlay Creek wildfire near Peachland is still pegged at 1,500 hectares as of Monday afternoon. Fire information officer Heather Rice says crews are witnessing increased fire activity this afternoon as winds pick up in the area. She says residents can expect to see new plumes of smoke due to the increased activity.

—*Kelowna Capital News*, 2 September 2017

In Peachland, across the Lake,
behind your head as we sit
for dinner in the *El Dorado*,
the white smoke flutters
on top of you like a halo.

It forms a harmless cloud;
around us, the festivities
continue, with drunk
men mistaking me for
a waitress; lithe women
in their summer dresses
and mascara sticks
in the toilet—giggling
and growling, “Let’s
find ourselves boys.”

Above us, the sky’s pink;
it makes you high, I know,
so I take photographs of
the crevices of clouds,
the Canadian geese diving
into the warm waters, and
you perusing the menu.

We walk the marina at night,
hearing the buoy hit wooden
planks beneath our feet.
I cajole you to go to the edge
of the dock—*there’s no one here*,
but you say you won’t cross
that line.

I'm a rebel, I declare, tiptoeing
the planks with the stealth of a
ballerina. Beneath is only dark
water. You say there's fish there.
I can only guess which kind.

That afternoon, we parked by
the beach and you suggested
we take a walk by the shore.
You walked; I ran to the water
as fast as I could, kicking off
my shoes and feeling the sand,
waves, tides crawl on my skin.

You are from the islands;
a sharp reminder as you reject me
when I beckon you to join.

In Peachland, the wild animals
are scampering away from
the blistering heat; the fire
fighters are dousing the area
with what little water the Valley
has; people are watching the
news, waiting for the knock
on the door that will tell
them *it's time to go*.

I never hear that knock
on the door. It's never time
to go for me. Or maybe that's
my rebellious nature always
wanting to tip my heels to
the deep corners of the lake,
or run into the forest in the middle
of the night until the burning
gasps in front of me.

It's either the water or fire—
I want the elements to devour
me completely, a feasting
on my unburdened desires.

RINA GARCIA CHUA is currently doing her PhD in Interdisciplinary Studies at the University of British Columbia Okanagan. She is the editor of the first anthology of Philippine ecopoetry, *Sustaining the Archipelago*, which was released by the University of Santo Tomas Publishing House in February 2018. These days, she enjoys hiking in the woods of British Columbia as much as she relishes swimming in the warmer corridors of the Pacific Ocean. She also wants to try ice climbing next winter.