
**The Master Of Iapetus –
A Poem For Hank Williams**

DES WALSH

*Geological Survey of Newfoundland and Labrador, Department of
Natural Resources, PO Box 8700, St. John's, NL, A1B 4J6*

‘...we find no vestige of a beginning,
no prospect of an end...’

JAMES HUTTON 1726–1797

That noted gentleman farmer
found granite penetrating
He said so himself,
humming tunes as he walked
the sedimentary rock at Salisbury Crags,
his grey shales tilted between Dunbar and Eyemouth.

Would he have the same turn of tune
if he saw your rocks, Hank?
Would Hutton's heart beat the same rhythm
for Newfoundland as it did his Scotland?
He'd walk your Tablelands
humming Harry Hibbs' tunes just for effect,
we know that now...
he would see why we call this home
he would understand our love of rock and water
know why we caress each stone
each pounding wave,
know why we are who we are...
like Robbie Burns who was 'bred to the plow'
we are born of this place,
of this relentless coastline
and this heroic sea...

So now, over 200 years later,
The gentlemen fiddler from the Southside
Calls out to the world, calls out across Iapetus
Echoing off Hutton's Unconformity,
booming off his granite grave
“Get up, Jim, and get over here...
I got somethin' to show ya' and
Yer' not gonna' believe it!”