

From *Long Walks* by EONS (2016)

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The first time I heard these songs was on a canoe trip Matt and I took a couple years ago. He'd recorded some demos in his kitchen, and decided not to pronounce them 'written' until the character – a man captivated by time – had experienced all the seasons at least twice. "I'm not sure why twice," he said with a shrug. "I guess once is too short. Three times is definitely too long."

We were parked in the middle of Arrowhead Lake, talking amongst the loons and the liling of the water, and he said he wanted to be as still as possible so the lake would mirror the sky – a serene, unworried reflection of the moon and stars. I wasn't sure why he was so insistent about it, until, after a period of highly focused stillness, he whispered, "That's perfect," and jumped in.

He came up by the bow, wiped his eyes, smoothed back his hair – and asked me, as though hours of conversation had passed while he was holding his breath, if I ever thought about the recollection of forgotten moments. I told him I did, and he described a memory he'd had while biking on Toronto Island. He was getting ready for Poor Pilgrim Island Show 07, planning the day from Franklin Storybook Garden to Ward's Island ferry docks. "I had a map of the island with me," he said, shoulders peeking above the water line. "And as I was writing on it – thinking about who was going to play where – I got such a feeling... Like déjà vu, but not for any particular event. It was like streaks of events, layering behind my eyes like transparencies in the path of a light..."

A loon called. We grinned at each other, silently agreeing on the magical timing of its soaring vocal across the lake. Matt plunged himself back into the water, and another call came, followed by a stereoscopic flapping of wings. "Crystals of history," he said, coming up on the other side of the boat. "That's what it was. Crystals of history, loosening and reflecting." He told me how the feeling clung to the day, determined to turn small things into everything: fallen feathers, dead autumn leaves, a trail cut through vines – "all tingling with meaning, like clues to something."