



EDGE OF THE  
**WORLD**

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REFLECTIONS FROM TOFINO, CANADA  
JENNY ABEGG // PHOTOGRAPHY: FOREST WOODWARD

She said,

I'm searching for the edge of the world,  
The place where it all ends.  
Once found I'm sure I'll have it all.  
Possessing every morsel of beauty,  
I'll know every soul worth knowing,  
Every lesson worth learning.  
No taste or sight left uncovered or unclaimed,  
I might be content at last.

You see, I want it all; I want to get there.  
I want to arrive, stay,  
And let this search come to an end.



She said,

I think I found the edge of the world,  
The place where it all drops off.  
The forest turns to sand turns to surf and there it is:  
Nothing. The edge.

There is a lush jungle gym of trees here,  
And as the sun breathes its last warm breath each day,  
The forest is filled with magic light:  
A spotlight to illuminate our play.

There is an expansive track of sand,  
It beckons me to run wild and free.  
Nestled between endless forest and endless nothing,  
I want to build a fire,  
And stay awhile.

And then the surf, the waves that play:  
They speak abruptly, in stilted rhythms and dissonant consonance,  
Enveloping and then retreating: a reluctant lover,  
With a tender heart.

She said,

I thought this would be the edge of the world,  
A place where I'd finish this race.  
I want to stop searching, I've been at it so long,  
I want to feel complete and at last at rest.

But these infinite trees and grains of sand,  
This eternally ephemeral crashing of waves.  
Edges collapse to reveal more of the same,  
Each one perhaps IT! ARRIVAL!  
Yet brief, and revealing a lifetime more.





She said,

There is no edge to this vast world,  
Or sign that says I've reached.  
I'll never get 'there',  
In fact, there is only 'here'.  
I'll know only in part,  
Hear just a sampling, behold merely a fraction,  
Possess little.

And in that, find enough.

So I might stay here. Or walk down the way.  
Whichever path my footprints leave in the sand,  
I want to continue to love extravagantly,  
Give thanks daily, listen intently,  
Observe with wonder,

and be present, knowing I'll never arrive.  
Forgetting my hurried search for entirety,  
For completion,  
I realise the infinity in each moment,  
The abundance of each piece.

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