Today’s poem about dividing the spoils after a divorce comes from Donald Crane, who lives on the Down East coast above Milbridge.

Divorce
by Donald Crane

She got the path to the spring house through the asters and fireweed and the orange “touch me not.”

The grey smudges that are deer at the far edge of the pasture at dusk.

The broad leaves of the rhubarb plant where early in the morning the swallowtail butterflies lie motionless with their wings spread to dry.

Redtail hawks overhead; jays fussing in the apple orchard gone wild.

And from the kitchen window; the faint haze in September over Tunk Mountain 20 miles away.

I got pigeons and starlings in the Bangor city park, and a job stacking boxes at the Mall.