TAKE HEART

A Conversation in Poetry

Edited & Introduced by Wesley McNair, Maine Poet Laureate

Today's column features three poems about arrivals that celebrate spring in Maine.

Spring Thaw

by Ruth F. Guillard

Night, early April White rivers of rain, snowmelt Roar over the rocks Scouring the steep slopes Tripping over grey boulders Hillsides echoing

Every spring I wait For this sweet sound of release The earth rejoicing.

Loon Return

by Carol Bachofner

Long ribbons of loons descend through a cleft in the spreading morning; resplendent in formal attire, they dip into icy meltwater ponds. Beautiful, eerie laughter heralds oncoming spring, breaks the boreal winter silence with its return.

Growing Lettuce

by Henry Braun

I have broken soil and run a line in the blackness with my finger and dropped the flea-like seeds in too thickly.

Even so, even so, the lettuce comes, standing room only, as a favor to a first try and is a shy green.

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