

# TAKE HEART

## A Conversation in Poetry

*Edited & Introduced by Wesley McNair,  
Maine Poet Laureate*

Maine natives and tourists have long been attracted to the taste of lobsters. But in today's spring poem Richard Foerster of Cape Neddick asks us to consider the allure of fresh, sauteed fiddleheads.

### Fiddleheads

*by Richard Foerster*

Only the first scrolls inscribed  
with the long winter's undeciphered  
lore, only the tight-harnessed  
coils volting up fully  
charged from peaty earth would do:

tiny crosiers straining to hook  
the sky; spring's furred lace-  
wings before the sun has a chance  
to spirit them with flight. Arrested

potential I demanded with each  
flick of my pruning knife, or  
woodland crofts feathered wide  
in August with spore-laden tracery.

How the future seemed to lie  
there before me, curled and delectable.  
Already the virgin oil sizzled  
in my mind till I was sure  
the skillet would whisper hosannas.

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