In his poetry Thomas Moore of Brooksville often writes about people and places in Maine. Today he concentrates on Episcopalians in a nearby coastal town.

**Summer Episcopalians**  
~notes from an introvert  
by Thomas R. Moore

They are more self-confident than I,  
and even though I’m one of them,

they rattle me when I overhear their spiels  
in deli about imported Swiss before  
choosing Champagne Brie, or when  
the women, white-haired, blue-blooded,  
chat so self-assuredly in coffee and tea,  
their crisp tennis dresses showing  
their pedigree with baskets full of organic  
pears, natural chicken thighs,  
and English breakfast tea. The men  
are clean-shaven with jaws that say  
prominent, sailing tans melding  
into winter’s Merlot seas. Their  
faces are almost names. I dodge  
into canned vegetables and flee.

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