## TAKE HEART

## A Conversation in Poetry

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

Dear reader, in case the common black ant has seemed too ordinary for your attention, consider today's poem by Lynn Ascrizzi of Freedom, who shows us ants as we have never seen them before.

## Ants

by Lynn Ascrizzi

This morning, after last night's thunderstorms and torrents of rain, I watch black ants hurry along damp boards, on the open porch.

I love their hasty, stop-and-go movements, how they hug and kiss each other, antennae to antennae, as they meet.

I used to think it served biology only—this habit of touching feelers—just a simple relay of tribal codes, a way to broadcast top headlines of Colony News, with up-to-the-minute stories of "fatals" on thorny stems, obits on moles and grasshoppers, toad alerts and forecasts of frost.

But now, I see their mutual affection, the joy in each wired greeting, how each belongs to each and to the whole, how communicating is part of love—how love loves to communicate.

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