

TAKE HEART

A Conversation in Poetry

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

Today, Claire Hersom of Winthrop offers a glimpse of two people who once sat under the moonlight in a small town, entranced by each other. “It was impossible not to kiss,” she writes. “We had no choice.”

October Moon

by Claire Hersom

I see you every so often;
at the grade school parking lot
the House of Pizza
driving down by the lake near the Legion.

You have a painter cap on,
your expression a half smile,
and if I close my eyes, I can
feel your mouth kissing mine
under the October moon,
the mill stream steady beside us,
me, hungry to pour life back into
a splintered heart.

Under red and gold branches,
windows of the town dark,
we held hands, hip to hip, and kissed
until the world lost its balance.

Twenty years later, you pass me in a car,
your wife and your daughter talking,
moving a hand, brushing hair from a brow
or reaching forward. One hand on the wheel
lifts a hello in my direction.
We smile.

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