

TAKE HEART

A Conversation in Poetry

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

Though childhood is sometimes seen as a time of innocent lightheartedness, it has its own sorrows, as Edward Rielly of Westbrook shows in today's poem.

The Lost Seed

by Edward J. Rielly

Burying my dog was easier than plowing
a field, harder than planting an Easter bulb
for spring blooming. We expected no great crop
from this digging, this planting the seed
of childhood, barks frozen in the slightly open mouth,
the feet that ran to call now slower than molasses,
warm petting-flesh flat and hard, life to leather.

I dreamed, though, there might be some bloom,
yellow or purple, leaning its fragile head into sun,
a thin stalk green-leaved, touch of perfume.
I watched, instead, the summer come and go, winter
fall white and cold, other seasons, an eternity
or two: and the hard silence unbearable at times--
a hand aching to be licked, fingers stroking air.

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