

# TAKE HEART

## A Conversation in Poetry

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

Waking in the morning anxious about troubled dreams he couldn't trace was not a happy experience for today's poet, Gibson Fay-LeBlanc of Portland. Yet he "took paper in trade" for it, and the description he wrote became today's fine poem.

### Worry Bone

*by Gibson Fay-LeBlanc*

Woke gnawing its remains. Air  
the brackish tinge of depths I had

all night been swimming in. No bird  
song from the vine-covered fence

my room looks out on—not even  
the pigeons' manic calls. I talked

myself down from the bed, a loft,  
took paper in trade for the splintered

bone—human or animal  
I don't know. I'd picked it clean though,

chewed the joint, cracked one end,  
sucked the marrow. Tell me,

Mind, why you ravaged this limb-part.  
Tell me what its owner told you in the dark.

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