

# TAKE HEART

## A Conversation in Poetry

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

According to the old expression, seeing is believing. But in this week's hopeful poem for the new year, Robert Chute of Poland Spring shows that believing can be seeing.

### Faith

*by Robert M. Chute*

I've never found an arrowhead,  
one flinty chip of history.  
Young Thoreau, they said, if he walked by  
some farmer's fresh plowed field, could just  
stoop down and pick one up. As if  
the spirit that had shaped them drew them  
up to his attention. Stoney bread crumbs  
no birds will eat, these points and flakes  
led him from the town into the  
saving woods and wilderness, marked  
the path to a wildness which might  
save us all. His faith led him on  
to find what he believed. We find,  
he said, what we are prepared to see.

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