In today’s poem Gary Lawless of Nobleboro, guided, as ever, by the lessons of the wild, observes and listens to loons.

Listening for Loons

by Gary Lawless

i
wild roses down
to the water
one loon alone
northeast of the island
cedarscent

ii
water lily or
loon white
on the water both
bright
flowers flowers
on the surface of
this world

iii
like loons we dive under
dive under and
come up somewhere else

iv
every night now
i listen for loons
to hear their voices
to leave this body
to return to stars

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