

# TAKE HEART

## A Conversation in Poetry

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

Carl Little writes that today's poem began in the backyard of his home on Great Cranberry Island, where he discovered a small pine behind the shed.

### Young Pine

*by Carl Little*

The white pine that happened to grow  
needles-to-clapboard at the back of the shed  
looks as if it is hiding

from the cops or a gang,  
or is simply playing hide-and-seek,  
a nine-year-old girl, say,

with gentle boughs  
hugging the corner of the outbuilding,  
trembling in a breeze, hoping

no one notices her until  
she can reach a size where the house owner  
won't consider her

spindly enough to be cut down.  
Lithe, small, hidden,  
the young pine is beautiful.

Someone should embrace her  
as she grows toward the roofline,  
save her from the saw.

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