Tom Sexton of Eastport writes that there are certain vestiges from past settlement in our region that give him “an intense sense of loss but also a sense of possibility, of endurance.” Hence this poem which, brief as it is, took him “several years to write.”

The Granite Stoop

by Tom Sexton

I walked past it from time to time
in a wood that had once been cleared
for a family farm before the Revolution.
Oxen hauled it inland from the coast.
A still visible depression in the earth
marked where a house once stood.
There was a clear spring not far away
and the worn slates of a burial ground.

I remember that the stoop was as tall
as a two year old. How many generations
coming and going at dawn and dusk
wore the ladle-shaped groove in its center
that spilled heavy rain from its lip
and held the icy stars when it was cold?

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