

TAKE HEART

A Conversation in Poetry

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

In this month of harvest, Thomas Carper of Cornish offers a sonnet about the literary harvest of Emily Dickinson.

Her Harvest

by Thomas Carper

She stitched her life together. Folded leaves
Of manuscript, gathered and bound with thread,
Become the harvest of her days, the sheaves
That would survive long after she was dead.
We turn the pages, following where her hand
Recorded, as though glintings on a brook,
The bursts of thought that seem still to command
Untold attentions everywhere we look.
And yet we feel we never quite arrive
At the illuminations she achieved;
Her restless poems are ever more alive
As further revelations are received
When we seek for new meaning in what lies
Beneath the words that pass before our eyes.

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