

TAKE HEART

A Conversation in Poetry

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

In this poem for November, the late Maine poet Theodore Enslin considers the relentless and mysterious purposes of his neighbors.

Vespers

by Theodore Enslin

That time in the early evening,
a cold sunset gone—
colder than I remember
a year ago
 at apparently
the same time—
the time when cars
go by, one after another.
Purposeful, not speeding,
just to get home.
My neighbors are tired
and hungry

 For what
do they hunger?
beyond a break in the day,
in from the cold?

 A warm dinner.
What more do they want?
Where do they turn?
Words fail.
They cannot tell me.
If they could
I would not hear them
going past
 down
this ordinarily quiet road.

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