

TAKE HEART

A Conversation in Poetry

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

Who says the celebration of St. Valentine should be over? Not Linda Aldrich, who writes that today's tribute to love was composed when she was snowbound and without a Valentine's gift for her husband -- whereupon, she says, "I made a card out of scrap paper and wrote this poem to go inside."

Valentine

by Linda Aldrich

for David

In that fragile turn of time just out of sleep
before memory of what this year has been,
you bring wood to start the fire. It snowed again.
To grind coffee quietly is impossible, but you keep
the radio volume low. I don't know when you first
brought me coffee in bed. My mother died
six months ago. I was preoccupied
and didn't notice the first warm cup, though
once I heard you whisper the dog back into bed
so I could feel the comfort of his head against my feet.
Loss begets loss (or so I've heard it said),
but there's finding, too, and the heart's repletion,
so put the cup down on the table, love.
Let the body of our sonnet find completion.

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