

# TAKE HEART

## A Conversation in Poetry

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

Today's sonnet, traditional in rhyme and experimental in meter, was written by Dawn Potter of Harmony. In it, she describes the hard-earned joys of her Maine homeplace.

### Dog in Winter

*by Dawn Potter*

Up the boggy headland, frozen now, where a stone fence  
Submerged in snow and earth-sink hints at pasture  
So long vanished that the woods are convinced  
Grassland never existed, two bodies climb — one fast,  
Black, doe-agile; one slogging and foot-bound  
Like a superannuated tortoise. Guess which is me.  
Easy to badmouth my grace but oddly hard to expound  
On the postcard beauties of our workaday scenery —  
Giant pines draped with frosting, wisp of chimney cloud  
Threading skyward, and behind the frosted window  
A glorious wall of books, lamp-lit; a dear bowed head.  
In tales, common enchantment always merits less than woe,  
    And perhaps I should collapse on the stoop like a starved Jane Eyre,  
    Pleading heat and mercy. But I earn my joy. I mean, I live here.

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