

TAKE HEART

A Conversation in Poetry

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

Here are two poems for summer. Candice Stover of Mount Desert Island opens with a tender lyric about a moment that is, as she puts it, “suspended between sleep and waking. In a second lyric, Jacob Fricke of Belfast takes up the same theme.

Briefly, Enough by Candice Stover

this morning light trembled
through my lashes
as I drifted in and out
of sleep, cheek resting
on my love’s chest

I could follow every breath

a breeze passing over our bodies moved
like another breath, another
kind of breathing, until it seemed
we were drowsing on an open vessel
on a body of water we did not need to name

Summer by Jacob Fricke (for Jennifer Hickey)

I touched the face of midnight once
though it was scarcely noon —
the breezes ghost-like in the grass
presented their perfume.

I fell on fields beneath the sky
and summer was my bed,
the heat and shade for counterpane,
the ground to cup my head.

Then — sweet, sweet, sweet my falling lid —
the skies began to close,
and blank before my sluggish eyes,
a world for my repose.

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