

TAKE HEART

A Conversation in Poetry

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

This week's poem from a past column was chosen by Margaret S. Davenport, who writes: "In Rangeley, we love our loons, listening, picturing, and anxiously counting them." The poem reminds her, she adds, that like the loons, "we also dive under, to catch that silver fish of an elusive dream."

Listening for Loons

by Gary Lawless

i
wild roses down
to the water
one loon alone
northeast of the island
cedarscent

ii
water lily or
loon white
on the water both
bright
flowers flowers
on the surface of
this world

iii
like loons we dive under
dive under and
come up somewhere else

iv
every night now
i listen for loons
to hear their voices
to leave this body
to return to stars

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