Those who live on or frequent certain Maine islands may be familiar with
the wheelbarrows of this poem, available for hauling luggage. But the fresh
observation of today’s poem by Elizabeth Garber of Belfast gives them a new
look.

Island Transport
by Elizabeth Garber

Just off the long granite-bermed dock
the wheelbarrows wait under birch shade
in feathery grasses. They are beamy,
like oxen flicking their tails, ready
to haul with hand-hewn oak handles,
hammered leg braces, and oiled axles.

Hours after summer people propelled them,
loaded and wobbly, across the island,
they have settled beside the Big House.
The wheelbarrows are painted sky blue,
aqua, salmon, like cheerful aprons with
roomy pockets. Wide-hipped, they linger
like chatting aunts. They would shuck corn
or snip peas off the back porch if they could.