

# TAKE HEART

## A Conversation in Poetry

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

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.

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