

TAKE HEART

A Conversation in Poetry

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

Rachel Contreni Flynn of Gorham writes of today's poem that memory is a slippery thing. "To this day I swear this alarming event happened," she says, but her sister, the poem's other participant, has her doubts.

Hunger for Something Easier

by Rachel Contreni Flynn

I suppose now you'll deny it all:
there was no wild pig in the woods,
hair up on his back like barbed wire,
eyes sunk and runny in crusted tunnels
along the snout. And we didn't run
through red brambles, banging our legs
against stumps until we flung ourselves
into the thorny arms of an apple tree.
You'll say we didn't stay shoved up
against the bark breathing bright spice
and pitching green fruit to frighten away
the pig. You'll never say you were afraid
or that I held you and you held me
and we crouched on the thin branches
until night slunk in, and a hunger
for something easier turned the pig away.

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