

TAKE HEART

A Conversation in Poetry

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

Today's favorite poem from a previous column comes from Sally Boggs of Bridgton, who says that it "presents a poignant view of death, not just as a final departure, but as a joining with the natural world."

Some Clear Night

by Gary Lawless

Some clear night like this,
when the stars are all out and shining,
our old dogs will come back to us
out of the woods, and lead us
along the stone wall to the cove.
There will be foxes, and loons,
and a houseboat floating on the lake.
The trees will lean in, a lantern
swinging over the water, the creaking of oars.
Now we will learn the true names of the stars.
Now we will know what the trees are saying.
There is wood in the stove.
We left the front door open.
Does the farmhouse know
that we're never coming back?

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