

Introduction

by Jon Potter

Jon's intro to the Poets' Corner reading for National Poetry Month at Rockport Public Library on April 2, 2015:

We, the members of the Poets' Corner here at the Rockport Public Library, are happy to welcome you to this poetry reading—a celebration of Poetry Month. Here we have our two founding members: Jim Ostheimer and George Chappell. Other members: Eileen Hugo, Bill Eberle, Paul McFarland, and Trina French. I'm Jon Potter.

Jim's been writing lots of years
His poems always garner cheers.
Three books of them are published now
And more keep coming—who knows how?

And George, of course: M.A. –Fine Arts,
M.A. in Folklore, too, wins hearts.
Some poems live within a book—
A Fresh Footpath, (go have a look!)

Bill's amazing and so smart
His poems plunge out from his heart.
He, too, has lots of books of these
Your center's center they will squeeze.

Of course it's great that Trina's here
Who joined our corner just last year.
She's filled with energy and fun
You'll love to hear the thoughts she's spun.

Paul's the master balladeer
He'll give you gripping tales, no fear!
Of fishing, and the sea, you know?
They roll right out, above the salt below.

Not sure where Eileen is hiding today
She may be in the bookstacks, I can't say.
If she is here, be sure to smile and wave
Her poems, as you'll see, are worth a save.

And then there's Jon, who's yapping now
About his poet friends; I'll stop I vow!
I've done a pile of plays and stuff
But love my poems, though they're rough.

We've got a chapbook—it's alive!
We'll read ours from it, bit by bit.
Hey you could grab one for a five;
The library will benefit.

We'll read in order, as it's done—
The contents page—page number one
Will show you who, and where we'll go
And you can follow us, you know?
And don't forget we all have got a turn.
You'll hear our work before we all adjourn.

Ok, I'm done.
Now: for the fun!



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Cover Photo

Rockport Public Library, Maine
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photo by Ben Blackmon

BALLADS

Bering Sea Fever

by Paul McFarland

There's a Hell bent breed who just feel the need
To take to the northern seas,
And earn their keep on the briny deep
In the face of an Arctic breeze.

In God's master plan, what brings a man
To risk his life on the sea?
And what fateful wish just drives him to fish
In places he oughtn't to be?

A man must decide if the pull of the tide
Will take him to tropic or pole,
And most will agree that the wild Bering Sea
Is the place that will tug at his soul.

And he'll drop it all when he feels that call
Of the cod and the pollock and plaice
And a site on the deck of an old rusted wreck
Will put a big smile on his face.

As it's breezing on in a cold gray dawn
On one of Alaska's bays,
He'll have some doubt as the trip stretches out
For a few more storm tossed days

And he never fails to curse those gales
That are spawned in the Arctic climes,
And he doesn't want much but to be back in Dutch,
Just tipping a few at these times.

But he'll stow his mug and bite off a plug
As he answers the skipper's call
And he'll grab his gear as he starts to veer
Through the galley out into the squall.

It might be a set of hooks or a net
That waits in that freezing spray,
Or it might be a pot that's a fisherman's lot
On deck on that miserable day,

But he'll bend to the task, and he'll only ask
That the Gods of this windswept sea
Put fish in the hold, and when they are sold,
Make prices as high as can be.

A four week broker or a greenhorn joker
Are the only things that he fears,
While a harsh command from an old deckhand
Is music to his frostbit ears.

It's a tough old life with needle and knife
While fishing up there near the pole,
But he mends that twine so the folks can dine
Back home on filet of sole.

And so if he still gets a rush and a thrill
When a big fish comes over the rail,
Then he'll fly to "The Rock", and go down on the dock
With his bag and be ready to sail.

BOSTON MARATHON (Age 50)

by Jim Ostheimer

Some training is required to run!
Snow not fun in January,
also February and March.
Essex woods are scary.

Water unavailable en route.
No girls with cups,
past Essex to Ipswich-
must add push-ups.

Turn back to Manchester, MA.
Eighteen mile round trip.
Some runs are less.
Cold, you lose your grip.

Mid-April, feeling good at last,
to Hopkinton for start,
early gun, in pack.
Past Wellesley, Rodgers wins: all heart.

Begin hills, some walk already.
Brain revolts, says to walk.
Try to keep running, very hard.
When I walk, I talk!

Run some, finish strong.
About five hours to finish.
Hot shower helps a lot.
Two beers make me greenish.

FATHER'S SHOES

by Paul McFarland

It's time I offered recognition
For a family tradition,
And so I'll now invoke the Muse
And write this rhyme on Father's shoes.

This pair of shoes we have today
Was left when Father passed away,
And Mother went and spread the news
That we could borrow Father's shoes.

She keeps them in her closet still,
And there they sit unused until
Some youngster has a good excuse
To put those shoes back into use.

And as we go from year to year,
The styles all change, but we'll still hear
That someone's son will want to use
Those old brown worn out pair of shoes.

At family weddings we take pride
To shod the groom on Father's side,
And it's been said that you can't lose
If you are wed in Father's shoes.

Now younger boys all come and stare
At those old shoes they'll someday wear,
And each has visions as he views
Those old beloved pair of shoes.

These lads will often speculate
On when they'll reach that special date,
And they cannot believe their eyes
That they will grow into that size.

But years will pass and later on
When feet are grown and boyhood gone,
There'll be snug fits, and I suppose
Some will stuff paper in the toes,

But when laced up and shined with spit,
You'll hear them say, "A perfect fit."
And if they're asked, they will refuse
To part with those old pair of shoes.

And when my grandsons graduate,
I'm sure on footwear we'll debate,
But when it's time for them to choose,
I hope they'll pick my Father's shoes.

FIRST BLOOD

by Paul McFarland

He, on the battle line, now stands
With shaking hand and racing heart,
Awaiting there the first commands
That bring this conflict to a start.

Determined that his cause is just
In this strange land across the sea,
He's loathe to kill, but knows he must
For sake of life and liberty.

He now awaits those fateful words
With fellow comrades, dressed to kill.
In moments now two untamed herds
Will charge and ply their deadly skill.

What enemy will raise its fist
Against this young man's righteous cause?
Who's waiting in that morning mist
As nearer this engagement draws.

He hears a distant battle cry
Across that barren no man's land,
And now he rises up to die
As he obeys his last command.

For as he rushes to that call
On trembling legs with heaving breast,
The warriors 'round him watch him fall
As crimson oozes through his vest.

He feels the tension in the ranks.
He tastes the fear in this gray dawn.
He hears the rumbling of the tanks.
Then in a heartbeat he is gone.

How many of this fellowship
Will never see their battle flags?
How many men will make that trip
Back home zipped up in body bags?

And as his life now slips away
As he lies in that foreign mud,
The Gods of War will note this day
That his, in battle, was first blood.

SERVICE STATION – CLOSED

by Paul McFarland

One Sunday while out on a drive
And thanking God to be alive,
I spied among a stand of birch
A lonely, rundown, country church.

I stopped beside that gravel road
And up a grown-up path I strode,
Intent to find what was in store
Behind that church's oaken door.

I thought it just a trifle odd
To find this little House of God,
That Sunday morning, warm and
splendid
So closed up and unattended.

As on that door I gently pried,
On squeaky hinge it opened wide.
A portal to a time where trod
A people more in touch with God.

And as I entered that old shrine
Whose maintenance was in decline,
I felt the presence of those souls
Who used to fill those Christian roles.

And years ago some congregation
At that rural byway station
Heard about divine reward
From some young agent of the Lord.

But gathered dust upon the pews
Was one of many silent clues
That hinted of a fruitless search
For hungry souls to fill this church.

An echo from some ancient prayer
Came tumbling down a creaky stair
That led to where a rustic choir
Once filled that church with heav'nly fire.

And as I listened, I heard soft
And plaintive tunes come from that loft,
And they brought back to me a time
When this old church was in its prime.

The altar stood in disrepair,
While shafts of sunlight filled the air
That filtered through those colored
panes
To shed some light on God's remains.

And as I stood there in the gloom
Of Heaven's country anteroom,
I wondered if we could restore
God's House to what it was before.

And as I turned to take my leave,
I wiped a tear upon my sleeve.
It seemed a shame that there should be
But two souls here - just God and me.

THE FAMILY CAMP

by Paul McFarland

At night when acorns pound this roof and loons break into song;
When winds are moaning in those pines that stand so straight and strong,
'Tis then I hear those muffled voices from some bygone year
Of loved ones who have spent some night so long ago right here.

And if I listen carefully, I'll hear on windy nights,
Familiar sounds from bygone days when I turn down the lights.
And I will lie there in the dark recalling memories
Of those Thanksgivings spent out here before the winter freeze.

How many anniversaries have we observed right here?
How many birthday parties do we celebrate each year?
Those joyous sounds have echoed back and forth between these beams,
And penetrated these log walls and all the cracks and seams.

So when that night wind wraps its arms around this special place,
And squeezes these old cedar logs in its strong cool embrace,
I hear the past awaken with a song and children's laughter
Falling down to where I sleep from some old dusty rafter.

And as the Sandman does his job, my heavy eyelids close,
And firelight shadows dart and dance as I begin to doze.
And as my thoughts go drifting off, and sleep arrives at last,
All gathered 'round my bed, this night, are loved ones from the past.

FOUND VERSE

FRIED CHICKEN

by Trina L. French

“Chicken,” I say!
What a treat!
I love fried chicken
From my head to my feet!

I make the best, you know,
On this side of the Mississippi.
Give me your best shot, show
 down.
I double damn dare you!
I’m still the Best; you’ll see.

I’m not bragging; just telling how it
is...
See, I grew up in Texas,
And fried chicken is serious
 business.

I learned how to fry chicken
From being a young girl and all.
So, I know how to do it
And what it takes to beat all of
 you all.

I say, “BRING IT ON,” if you dare!
I make the Best Fried Chicken
Be it today, tomorrow, and any
other time of the year.

Through it all, we will have fun.
That I will guarantee!
I am still a Texan!
And the other *thang* we do best
 is hospitality.

Friend or Foe at the end of the day.
I hope you let me call you friend,
‘Cause I will always ask you to stay,
Be it today through the end.

To have a cheer and to tell a story...
All along while you are eating my
World’s –Best-Fried-Chicken in
 all its glory.

Thank you for being a sport
and giving it your best shot.
Just remember this—
that my fried chicken is the best,
and, forget that! Never and not!

Ladder

by Eileen Hugo

There is a door in the floor
where I go

when the atmosphere is close
I breathe there

when my eyes glaze over bored
I revive there

when I am sad and feel alone
I have hope
in a ladder that brings me up.

You won't know when I am there
I'll just be quiet.

UNION FAIR

by Trina L. French

Have you ever thought about going
To the Union Fair?
Where Agriculture
Is in the center of the square.
The cows go *moo* and the ducks go *quack*.
The chickens go *cackle-cackle*.
See all the animals either by walking or just sitting back.

The Maine Blueberry Queen Candidates
Are waiting their turn...
To *walk the walk* and *talk the talk* out there on stage
And hopefully become the chosen one.

The list goes on and on,
And on and on, on all the fun you can have.
By going to the fair alone with yourself,
Or with family and friends, and maybe even with Mom and Dad.

Whatever your fancy,
Call it what you may.
Make sure you make the effort
That today is going to the *Union Fair Day!* Have Fun!

X-ray

by Eileen Hugo

Send me an x-ray of your heart,
you say you have one, let's start
with proof. If it is very small use
a tiny envelope. If it is big
send it in a box; I'll expect tiny,
followed by large box of apologies.

FREE VERSE

April

by Bill Eberle

Dried leaves
flutter across retina

Spring gusts
pop stop move along
crawl catch scurry scurry
duck walk
jump twirl hold
lifted up and up
flying
returning

Blur
burned image
receding
winged body's sudden arc
up
impossible to see
details
vibrating

Consciousness
ready waiting
like a patient dog
there in the great oak's

shadow
for more

Glowing ending dream
unfurled eons
light to years
to moments
emblems
crumbling icons
last breath let out
exhaled remembered
first breath
once again
fluttered

Dried leaves

pop stop across retina
awareness
flying
returning
waiting

For more

A ROSE FOR JOHN KEATS

*In Memoriam, Col. Thorstein Larsen, 1897-1976, U.S. Army
by George Chappell*

In the Protestant graveyard in Rome
someone had put a rose on the stone
of John Keats, dead for more than a century.
We saw that rose in 1944
after the costly Allied battle
at the beachhead at Anzio
and wondered who might have braved fire
from Hitler's armies to grace a grave.
Who we are is unimportant.
What mattered was that we were there.
We found tank treads
that chewed cobblestone roads nearby,
and knew we'd never know.
We took a photo of the rose and left.

ASPARAGUS BED

by Jim Ostheimer

My crazy brother Tony and I were assigned the task of digging the new bed in August heat sixty-eight years ago: a veritable trench forty yards long and three feet deep. The plan had been to bring us together.

We dug and dug, frequently hitting limestone. A pick was added to extract chunks. We also found white quartz arrowheads, and less-common black flint ones.

We became a team after a few days, pretending we were trenching in the war. When accused of not following the straight line, we responded that the limestone caused us to wander.

At the end of the project, I don't remember our marching off singing "Hi-ho, hi-ho, it's off to work we go," but we just might have, because we had done one hell of a job!

being touched

by Bill Eberle

she touches me
I mean when we're sitting
next to each other
she touches my shoulder
the back of my neck

when we're home
she comes over
or reaches over
and touches me

here's how it feels
I feel her love
in her hands

I feel her love
flow onto me
from her hands
when she touches me

I never have felt that
before

love
recognizable
familiar
and certain
in the texture
and perception
of my own skin
when touched
by someone
who loves me

now I feel it
all the time

can look at her hands
and see it
feel it

CAUGHT!

by Jon Potter

“It’s free!” she said, and grinned a grin.
“You put your pen away.
The words will flood the page so fast!
It’s sure not work; it’s play.
Be careful not to rhyme the lines,
It doesn’t work that way.
And watch your rhythms, too, you know?
No rhythm is ok.
The only thing you need is words;
Just write down what you may,
Or if you want a goodie, try
An image. It will stick and stay.
And if you want, some sound-y words
Which echo meaning, say—

Oh God! I’ve read what you have done.
Free verse you claim? Nope! I’d vote ‘NAY!’”

DANCING ACROSS THE SKY

by Trina L. French

Dancing across the sky
 is where the pleasures lie.
Walking across the space
 is where to embrace.
The moon is bright
 and shining through.
The stars look fabulous
 sparkling all over you.
The drops—rain
 washes away the pain.
The blanket of fog
 is amazing on its own.
The ground in nature
 feels your heat and groans.
The coolness of the air
 whispers in your ears.
The darkness of the night
 is there to hold you ever so
 tight.

The waves of the waters
 come crashing in.
The sand on the seashore
 is your friend.
The pounding of your heart
 is the message to life.
Listen to it!
 And, don't give it strife!
There is not time
 in space travel.
Nor are there footprints
 anywhere in the gravel.
The blustery of the winds
 cleanse the soul.
One's self
 is forever new and old.
The gatherings of the minds
 meet everywhere.
The connections to the Universe
 are forever there.

**First comes love then comes marriage
then comes Eileen and Charlie with the baby carriage**

by Eileen Hugo

There was no bridal shower
no bachelor party.
There were no photos of the wedding.
Some family members attended
there were no guests.
The service was held in the downstairs
church on a Friday night.
No flowers, no favors, no reception
no wedding announcement.
We stumbled forward anticipating
wedding dinner for two
and a bed.
We got a flat tire
and a laugh when
he signed into the room
and left me in the car.
Startled when the desk clerk said
“Don’t you want to go get your wife?”
We got hilarity
as champagne erupted
wetting everything.
He never promised me a rose garden
but I have one.
and I have fifty years of dancing on the
edge of hilarity.

IMMIGRANT CHILDREN

by George Chappell

Suppose the children at the gate spoke French
instead of Spanish or Portuguese,
and wanted to cross at Houlton, Maine,
rather than the line in Murrieta.

Would the natives in Maine protest buses
of French-speaking children and their mothers
to deport them back into Canada?
President Kennedy warned of this fear.

oceans of kisses

by Bill Eberle

oceans of kisses
sensitive neck
a thousand secrets
and ticklish ears

sweet soft shoulders
held
in eloquent tracing
and quiet saying

whispered touch
floating selves
linking
leaving
returning
inhaled and exhaled
in twined breath

silence
and waiting

mouth quintets
skin caravans
delicious crossings
with smooth easy
finger paths
kisses upon kisses

oceans
and discoveries

discoveries and
wet crossings
delectable surfaces
mouthfuls and horizons
with lights
lines
soft shadows
dark eyes
temple to cheekbone
chin to lips
and body
partings
claspings
landscapes flowing
forever
to same places
new places
hands coming back
to endless beginnings

wise backbones
who remembered
brought us here
to promised journeys

oasis to oasis

STILL LEARNING

by Jim Ostheimer

My exercise walk is two miles in light snow.
It contained spectacular beauty and fear.
Two miles is quite tiring- a marathon!
With fatigue I lean further and further forward
past my center of gravity, and then—splat!
Getting back up was extremely difficult.
By the fourth time I considered 911.

At home, snow-covered and badly shaken,
I had a story to tell, I thought.
Her response was to say I was stupid,
and not to listen to me.

This morning it was hard to rise.
Old bones were a bit sore and ached.
Perhaps I should be a window connoisseur
of newly-fallen snow!

The Poem I Asked For

by Eileen Hugo

I asked him to write me a poem
I thought it would tell me of devotion,
secret longing, praising my charms,
describing my assets.

He wrote me a poem
of devotion and admiration
heartfelt esteem and veneration,
bereft of passion and desire.

Not the poem, I asked for.

I sent for a rewrite
red marks upgrading passion
burning images to fuel the fire
correcting his metaphors
hoping to quicken his tempo.

Waiting for the poem, I asked for.

RONDEAU PRIME

THE WALKING CLASS

by Jon Potter

Both early, late, they amble, on display
Their tiny dogs leashed tight to mittened wrists.
The dogs sniff hydrants, trees, are strategists—
The walkers chat and hoist the dogs away
For this is exercise; one must not play.
The walkers cannot walk with hedonists
Both early, late.

So carefully they step, the walkers' way,
Around the melted snow each dog insists
Was plowed for them, no real dog resists!
(Dogs? Don't persist with walkers—any day.)
Both early, late.

TIMELESS DEFENSIVE SYMBOLS

by Jim Ostheimer

Timeless defensive symbols appear at once:
the B-52's contrail high in the blue sky,
bald eagle low, ready to pounce.
Timeless defensive symbols.

Bald eagle follows a thermal up high-
small luncheon sought, perhaps an ounce.
B-52 also death for yesterday's eyes.

The contrail will endure after both trounce.
I'm left wanting to say goodbye.
They have both flown or jounced.
Timeless defensive symbols.

RONDEL

PERFECT WEDDING

by Jim Ostheimer

What does a perfect wedding require?
A beautiful bride and handsome groom.
Blue sky that could go no higher.
Equally blue water in a lagoon.

A beautiful bride and handsome groom
family and friends look toward the water.
Equally blue water in a lagoon.
Bride and groom arrive by water as they oughter.

Family and friends look toward the water.
After rings and things they kiss.
Bride and groom leave by water as they oughter.
Cutting cake she has to eat a mess.

After rings and things, they kiss.
Everyone dances—even oldsters can't abhor.
Cutting cake she has to eat a mess.
A perfect day at Manteo's shores.

What does a perfect wedding require?
Blue sky that could go no higher.

MAINE

by Trina L. French

Camden, Rockport, Rockland, and Maine.

Travel! Where do we go from here?

Mountains, lighthouses, waters, where?

Owls Head. Spruce Head, where's the plane?

So much to do this is insane.

Choices, choices, go far, go near.

Camden, Rockport, Rockland, and Maine.

Travel! Where do we go from here?

Downeast, Up North, Golden Road vein,

Woods, parks, moose, peaks, lakes, ducks, or deer.

Arts, eats, treats, Isles, seasons, to share.

Schooners, skiing, autos, and trains.

Camden, Rockport, Rockland, and Maine.

SESTINA

SUMMER'S END

By Jon Potter

The last of summer's heat has grabbed the day.
The energy and edge of autumn's time
Is shoved and pushed into a far-off week.
The doors and windows screened and open wide,
The shorts and t-shirts still are on display,
The beaches, with some old-folk, filled right up.

The kids are stuffed in school. Curious. What's up?
The boxy rooms and swarming halls all day
Just block the end of summer's fine display,
And clocks and bells lock tight the happy time.
Inside it's wrapped and tied; outside it's wide,
Familiar, always new, shifting every week.

Those folks who trot the walks with dogs each week
Forget the twist of cold. (It's coming up.)
The sun, the pristine sky, they all smile wide,
Forget the heating bills to come. This day
The looming grip of icy winter-time
Forget, for miles, the autumn's bright display.

The geese are flying south; their v's display
Their sense of what may come within a week.
The wrap of darkness tightens all the time,
And tourists vanish, like they know what's up.
Yet still this hug of warmth, this summer's day
Just frees us from the narrow cold. It's wide.

The orchard-owners scatter crews quite wide
A few create their shiny crop's display—
A way to celebrate this happy day
Before the frosty fall will seize the week,
And quickly crates get filled right up.
The scents of apples flood, embracing time.

Then shadows pull from houses, trees: It's true
The breathing warmth which makes our world so wide,
The warmth which pushed that needle way way up
And held the season in its last display
Releasing as the dark forecasts the way—

Enough still left to glorify this day.
Though when it's time to shift a year's display
But get a wide-eyed stay within that week,
Our spirits rise to celebrate the day

SHAPE POEMS

LIFE'S PATH

by Trina L. French

LIFE'S PATH	
START ○	
Add?	
Water?	
Terrain?	
Rocks?	
Sky?	
Color?	
Weather?	
Field?	
?	
Spot?	
Milestone?	
Darkness?	
Lightness?	
Story?	
<i>Trina L. French</i> FINISH □	

← You →
← Why →
← Where →
← <i>What</i> →
← WHO →
← When →
← How →
<i>Trina L. French</i>

the change time reels

by Bill Eberle

The spirit and/or void can have me
whenever it or they want or chance rings
I welcome the difference and non existence
or other sense all that time brings
and wonder now in this place about my human heart
and the love it feels
curious, hopeful too if deep feeling will survive
new part or non part
and the change time reels

wedding poem

by Bill Eberle

and if you wonder how you can possibly
be happy over and over
again and again
achieve each time
the forgiveness of forever

the gestures of eternity
are born from simple will
and the love in us all has always been
and will be
for always

Permission is granted by the author to distribute and recite
“wedding poem,” attributed to the author, at any public or private wedding.

SHORT SESTET

FISHERMEN'S MEMORIAL AT PORT CLYDE, MAINE

by George Chappell

The monument looks more like a vision
of a steeple top in the clouds,
a ghosted scene near rolling surf,
bringing home unseen fishermen in shrouds
who were lost in storms on watery turf
while earning a living away from crowds.

A black granite stone keeps vigil on shore,
inscribed with eleven names of the lost
from a village known for hardy folk
with courage to venture in boats sea-tossed
going a way they must to invoke
the catch for which they wrest a fatal cost.

Families of fisher-folk lost in oceans
remember with gratitude that their kin
died honoring a tradition as old
as life itself, when humans shed fins,
emerged from their primal aquatic hold,
yet knew one day they'd have to return.

And, still today they go out in their boats
from dawn through the day, fog and wind,
stand at the helm and look to horizon.
When their bodies drift back to land
winds sing a *Kyrie eleison*
for mercy to others gone out again.

SONNET

NOBODY TO GO HIS BAIL

by George Chappell

A case against murder is seldom sure
despite prosecutors' passion in court.
Police show evidence that seems so pure
to convict one based on a news report.
We want to know the truth, weighed by justice,
and hear debates as old as Solomon
whose wisdom offered balance with cutlass
to divide what the people called common.

There was a case on a coastal Maine farm
of a man thought to kill a twelve-year-old
girl because facts said he had done her harm,
since a rope in his truck the tale foretold:
twenty-five years he protested in jail
but not one judge would ever go his bail.

TERZA RIMA

GONE FOR A ROW

by Jon Potter

The oars just glitter in the morning sun
Bright amber, each with leather sewed in place.
I set them in the locks to start the run.

A dip or two to clear the float, find the space,
Then lean forward, drop them down just right,
And lean back, pull them through with grace.

The boat slides slickly in the harbor's light
The water's calm, the soft tide's flooding in;
My rhythmic pull and breathing both unite.

Quick glances forward, left and right, to pin
Where boats and floats might need a turn.
A bit of muscle starboard, port, avoids chagrin.

The wake of lobsterboats then rolls the stern
Like baby's cradle, smooth and slow.
It floods the shore; its foams return.

Then trees begin to bow with new wind's flow
Flat water ripples up to little waves—
The water's music in adagio.

It's time to feather blades; each wrist behaves,
And time to give the pull more power, now.
The boat is slowing: determination saves!

I cross the harbor fast as waves allow
Boat tipping, dipping, rocking, squashing foam.
Then turn with tide and wind astern: we plough.

The tide lifts and carries, wind shoves home.
The oarblades work like sails; I'm flying fast.
My strokes are pushed: a sped-up metronome.

This row recalls a pattern, one precast.
The gentle start, life's pressures quick contrast—
The struggle, roughness, then quick end at last.

Fairy House

by Eileen Hugo

Fairies gather at the base of the wood
shadows flicker against the moon.
I would catch Miss Fairy if I could

and she would sing her eerie tune
just for me and me alone
in concert with the ebon loon.

Miss Fairy on her mossy throne
extends her voice up to the sky
to bless me with her mystical tone.

Good luck and peace are surely nigh
when you catch a fairy on the fly.

VILLANELLE

COLUMBUS'S LEGACY

by George Chappell

Living at one edge of my new homeland,
owning a shore of the Atlantic sea,
I rolled in dreams across a space so grand

where Spain's explorers set sail on command
because the queen was lured to find trade free,
living at the edge of a new homeland.

Indigenous folk, an unwary band,
greeted the sailors in their roaming spree
to live at the edge of a new homeland.

Mariners showed coins, glittering in hand,
shining sun-bright in exchange for a fee
to own certain the edge of new homelands.

Perhaps the sailors chose to see firsthand
and offered to make a convincing plea
to live at the edge of an island strand,

with no desire for any to disband
in the way adversaries tend to flee,
living at the edge of a new homeland
grasping a shore of the Atlantic sea.

EDGES

by Jon Potter

The edges cut us lightly, deep, most days:
The lift of eyes, the twitch of smile both slice,
And head-shifts stab down fast- no ricochets.

Words might be mumbled, sounds, a worn-out phrase—
They will not sheathe the blade; the moves suffice.
The edges cut us lightly, deep, most days.

We move within a riddle, social maze
Beliefs just clamp us tight within their vice,
And head-shifts stab down fast, no ricochets.

Beliefs start dull and blunt, or groups' clichés.
Confront them and the blades get quite precise,
The edges cut us lightly, deep, most days.

The twisted logic knots and tangles, stays—
The false and true together: nice tight splice,
And head-shifts stab down fast, no ricochets.

A noose, a blade, both keep their group's cachets.
Best cut dissent away? Yes! Keep it nice.
The edges cut us lightly, deep, most days,
And head-shifts stab down fast, no ricochets.

About the poets—

George Chappell
Founding Member

George Chappell has been involved in writing for most of his adult life as an English teacher and a journalist. A recent recipient of a Master of Fine Arts degree from Goddard College in Vermont, he also has a Master of Arts degree in Folklore from the University of Pennsylvania and a Bachelor of Arts in History from the University of Maine in Orono, Maine. He is a graduate of Moses Brown School, a Society of Friends high school in Providence, R.I. He lives in Rockland, Maine, where he participates in regional poetry workshops and teaches the creative writing workshop for veterans at Togus Hospital. He is the author of *A Fresh Footpath: My New Life in Poetry*, a collection of poems from his master's thesis at Goddard. He is a widower, formerly married to the late Inger (Larsen) Chappell of Baltimore, Md. He has four sons, eight grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Jim Ostheimer
Founding Member

A Yale graduate, Jim has been a writer for many years; he won the Thoreau Medal as a freshman at the Middlesex School, and won a large number of awards in the Arizona state poetry contest for his free verse. Jim was a pilot in the U.S. Air Force, and has been a long-time competitive one-design racing sailor. He has published three books: *Blue Yonder*, *Witness*, and *Harbor Lights*, (available through Barnes and Noble and Amazon.com.)

Bill Eberle

Bill Eberle was born just after the end of World War II in the fall of 1945. He has a B.A. in English from Hamilton College and has worked at many occupations and avocations including board game design, programming, database design and development, photography, art, sculpting, poetry, book design and free-style dancing. Bill began writing poetry more often than occasionally in 2003 and has self-published 10 PDF books of poetry available on the published books page at wcePublishing.com. Three books are also available as eBooks at Amazon.com and BarnesandNoble.com. Bill is married to Dagny Ernest and lives and works in Thomaston Maine.

Trina L. French

Trina is a graduate of Central Washington University, in Ellensburg, WA, and currently lives on Spruce Head Island. She has been a Maine resident in Knox County for nearly thirteen years. Trina began working with short stories and poetry ever since her school years in Midlothian, Texas She enjoyed writing for her Middle School paper, and also wrote for the local news at Channel 10 in Ellensburg, WA while attending the University. As a member of the Poets' Corner, she brings her enthusiasm and life experience alive through the poetry she creates and shares with the group she calls friends, fun, family, focused.

Eileen Hugo

Eileen lives in both Stoneham MA and Spruce Head ME. She served as the Poetry Editor for *The Houston Literary Review* and has been published in various small press publications including the anthologies *Southern Breezes* and *The Baby Boomer Birthright*. Most recently, she has collaborated with 9 other women from Midcoast Maine to produce the anthology titled *A Taste of Ink*. In addition to writing poetry Eileen spends as much time as possible in Maine at her summer home. Eileen has just finished her twenty-fifth quilt. Watercolor painting and gardening are also part of her recreation. Eileen attends a workshop at the Farnsworth gallery led by Kathleen Ellis and the Poets Corner at the Rockport Library. At home in Massachusetts she belongs to the Middlesex Writing Group.

Paul McFarland

Paul McFarland is a Camden native who attended the University of Maine at Orono. He taught high school math in Littleton, New Hampshire for ten years. For the past forty years he has lived in Lincolnville and worked at O'Hara Corporation in Rockland. He has dabbled in poetry, off and on, for most of his life. His favorite poet is Robert Service, and his poems are well rhymed and metered.

Jon Potter

Jon Potter, who lives in Rockport, has been writing for many years, principally for the theatre, and has published over sixteen plays. He has written two textbooks, one for new English teachers, and one for producers of Commedia dell' Arte comedies, and a novel called *We Will What We Will*. He has also published some poetry, in *Maine Stance and Stanza*, (Julie Bragdon, ed.), the *Goose River Anthology* and the *Rockland Courier-Gazette*. Jon has found the inspiration of working with other poets at The Poets' Corner remarkable, challenging, and enormous fun.

Thank you