

Poets' Corner 2019 Chapbook

Poems by

Lois Anne

George S. Chappell

Catherine Dowdell

Bill Eberle

Laura Freeman

Eileen Hugo

Chuck Marecic

Paul McFarland

Jim Ostheimer

Dana Wildes

Cover Photo

George Chappell reading
during Poetry Month, April 2017
at Rockport Public Library

photo by Dagny C. Ernest

*

this year's Poets' Corner Chapbook

is dedicated to

George S. Chappell

co-founder and member
of
Poets' Corner

*

George Chappell

We'll miss our friend on Thursdays
As we gather for some rhymes,
But we'll remember when he graced
Our presence at those times.

'Twas there he'd lay before our group,
In his distinctive style,
Some verse that tugged upon your heart,
Or summoned up a smile.

He was an athlete and a scholar
In his younger years;
A poet of some acclaim
And quite respected by his peers.

Now there are many folks out there
Who'll miss this kindly man.
His life was inspirational.
Deny it, he who can.

We know that he'll be looking down
On us from day to day,
Critiquing those few lines we write
Since he has passed away.

Now when we meet on Thursdays
With the poems that we all share,
There'll be a gray-haired spirit
Who'll be reading with us there.

Paul McFarland

Table of Contents

Poems

Lois Anne	still early november	1
	STILL	2
	Magdalene's Garden	3
	AUTUMN HAIKU	4
George S. Chappell	Back Into the Wild	5
	Tonight I Dream a Gotts Island Sunset	6
	Two Quaker Veterans, Side by Side	7
	Walking Down Grace Street in May	9
	Shadows <i>and</i> Finding Peace and Sanity	11
	My Surviving Love (An Eco-Poem for Fran)	12
	Self-Will Gets Me Only What I Desire	14
Catherine Dowdell	three poems	15
	Breathe	16
	Spring Morning at South Station	16
Bill Eberle	I don't know how	17
	I believe in death	18
	snow	19
	mobius seasons haiku <i>and</i> onset haiku	20
Laura Freeman	a few words a few seasons	21
Eileen Hugo	The Old Cellar Hole	23
	Absence	24
	Ah, The Slings and Arrows of Outrageous Fortune	25
	May Pole	26

Chuck Marecic	The Wild Rocket of Istria (for Joce)	27
	A Cautionary Tale <i>and</i> One Haiku	28
	Koan for Our Time <i>and</i> Crna Gora	29
	You May Not Believe This <i>and</i> Two Tankas	30
Paul McFarland	A Visit To The Old Farm	31
	ESCAPE FROM CHRISTMAS	33
Jim Ostheimer	PLEASE GOD	35
	FAILURE <i>and</i> WHAT PURPOSE	36
	COLD WAR MEMORIAL	37
	COMING HOME	38
	NEW YEAR (ALONE)	39
Dana Wildes	too late?	40
	the word of the Lord...	41
	War is coming...	42
	What Falls to Poets	43

About the poets

All poems are copyrighted by their authors.

printed on 100% recycled paper

still early november*by Lois Anne*

morning comes too soon
and cold and quiet
no birdsong, no traffic sounds

staring into the starkness
it smells like winter
but not yet

the river runs through time
logs and other debris
float along with memories

of youth and other seasons
spent as if they were each the last
and might flow on forever

STILL*by Lois Anne*

Awaking 3am cold as ice
Like swimming in Baffin Bay
Or standing before the hanging judge
And it's like walking across invisible ice
And talking between words
Like swimming between words, icebergs, and both Niagara Falls
Trying to get home

Where crows land and peck seeds and gnats in the front lawn
While you bend to tie your shoes and
Fall to your knees
Screaming the most holy words you know
Crying out for the unfathomable

Looking up to a patch of grey autumn sky
Framed in scarlet, golden and myriad greens
Remembering your birth, your mother's cries, your father's pride
And how cold the room was

Magdalene's Garden

by Lois Anne

Roses, nettles, blackberries,
Barberry, hawthorn, buckthorn,
Gooseberries, pomegranate, flowering quince,
Kumquats, firethorn, oleaster,
Raspberries, silverthorn, black locust,
Honey locust, natal plum, and holly

When you wear the plaited branches
They remind you
You're still among the living

AUTUMN HAIKU*by Lois Anne*

Harvesting basil
The last of the season
I leave some just in case

In a sea of greens
Looking up, one golden bough
Glowing in the sun

Scarlet yellow green
Fluttering, then hanging limp
Waiting for their fall

Back Into the Wild

by George S. Chappell

Two caged hawks stared at the crowd
gathered in the field, anticipating when
the birds would be released.

These birds of prey had been
in captivity all winter,
healing from injuries:

one had suffered a broken wing
and one had buckshot
embedded in its feathers.

When the cage door opened,
the hawks, lifting their wings,
flew to the top of nearby maples,

and looking down at the field,
with curiosity,
realized they were caged no more.

Tonight I Dream a Gotts Island Sunset

To Fran

by George S. Chappell

Tonight I dream a Gotts Island sunset,
that we can see each evening through the trees
when the sky is in a state of undress.

That sunset is one of your favorites
and becomes my selected rocket site,
even when we are not on the island
and I can see it in my mind's highland.

My dream does not make me a copycat,
but who needs nearing the aristocrat
of touch as two lovers can endorse
when they are away from the source.

The sun is not down and the sky not gone,
ray by ray, turning purple into mauve,
the finale moves over Cadillac
and a long shadow spreads on the bay's cove.

The mountainous silhouette has been there,
moving westward night after passing night,
as artists tried to catch the ebbing light,
of the majestic picture in the air,

and the time wrought minding hovering gulls,
sunsetts and fathers with feathers
swooping at low tide searching for their food,
wishing we could come near.

For as long as the sun sets.
and even longer,
they will soar while we ponder,
and we will never be alone.

Love
George

Two Quaker Veterans, Side By Side

by George S. Chappell

November has to be the hardest month for American
military veterans because of all the hullabaloo
about armed service and wars to end all wars,

about which we have so many.

Despite my religious belief as a Quaker,
opposed to all war in general,
I served because I thought I had to.

Maybe it was wishy-washy of me not
to take a stand, as some of my friends did,
and maybe I did not have a clear conscience.

Should I or should I not, kill another person?

As a poet, every November 11, I'm invited
to say something about veterans.
Today is not different.

Today I want to talk about two friends,
one who served in Korea and had his
teeth shot out, but who reclaimed

his life, and the other who lived
a life as a pacifist opposed to all killing.
Both men were courageous.

One was Hooper from Baltimore, Maryland.
and one was Paul from South Vassalboro, Maine.
Both lived long, committed to their beliefs.

When I was young, I looked up to Hooper,
the kind of man I would like to be. He
was smart and gentle and loved his family,

and showed that love by his actions.
I, on the other hand, preferred a life
of chaos and turbulence, and exhibited

that turmoil in my movements.
There was no rest in the lives
of my wives and children for my instability.

Yet, I knew something was wrong
with my life and tried to find
a role model to look up to.

Paul was a friend who projected peace,
from the moment I met him. He was truly
a gentle man who stirred you with his presence.

Both these men are gone now,
but they continues to inspire
with remembrances of their examples.

Walking Down Grace Street in May

by George S. Chappell

After cold early days of spring,
when it seemed summer would
never arrive, I walked into town
from my house and took
in the sights along the way.
Official buildings were ahead of me,
looming in the background,
a few gulls, fugitives from the
ocean beyond, flew overhead,
squawking incessantly, looking
for food, no doubt.

The old rhyme about May flowers
went through my head when I
noticed how pretty everything
around me seemed: the pink lilacs
dominated the canvas against
a backdrop of fresh, green
leaves on the trees, which just
yesterday had looked bare and
dismal, making the street
look bleak and the houses
dilapidated. Shakespeare's
famous line about "bare, ruined
choirs. where late the birds
did sing," had come to mind.

I wanted to get to the bank
before it closed at the start
of my journey, but I soon
got lost in my reverie
surrounded by leaves
and lilacs. Soon I would

reach my destination and
be able to gaze at the harbor
with its new moorings just
east of my bank. I wanted
to take my money, buy a boat,
and sail away past the islands
in the bay.

On the way back, the sun shone
from the west, warming my body,
wrapped in a spring jacket.
Walking up the hill to my house
at the top of Grace Street,
in my yard, I could see
my freshly planted garden,
another reminder of May.

Shadows

by George S. Chappell

*That there are shadows,
I may bring light.*
When one is down and out
it helps for another to give
comfort to the down-and-outed,

helping not only the helped,
but also the helper.
Once I stood in darkness
of spirit, feeling sadly, lonely

and dejected, until a light
shone in my dark corner
revealing all that clustered
to complicate my mind,

and a strong western wind
blew the untidiness away,
leaving only light and clarity
to enable me to go forward.

Whenever that mess threatens
to reappear, I feel an existence
to guide me in out of the corner
to help me light the way for others.

Finding Peace and Sanity

by George S. Chappell

I sauntered southwest
over busy roads;
breezes blew
to cool a hot sun.

Where to, where to?
I asked myself,
the traffic rushing
by, gulls hovering above.

The motors moaned,
both big and little,
and stop lights flashed
like dashing parts

of a trace of light
in a northern sky.
Yet I felt comfort
among all the cars.

Far down the street
a siren sounded;
a fire truck moved
its shrill blast raging.

I turned to where the sea
ran into the shore;
my heart knew a sensation of
bliss.

All the cars and trucks
in all the world
hummed in my mind
that flawless day.

Self-Will Gets Me Only What I Desire

(Villanelle)

by George S. Chappell

Self-will gets me only what I desire,
Self-will cares for no one else's thought;
If I knew other ways, I'd tell the choir.

If you should holler when I open fire,
if we should forgo love in face of naught,
Self-will gets me only what I desire.

What do you for caring in me require,
declaring how much love my heart has brought?
If I knew other ways, I'd tell the choir.

A mountain rises in the evening fire
of moonlight, as lovers have always taught,
If I knew other ways, I'd tell the choir.
I think love sharing would speak to inspire
to guarantee our love the way we ought,
If I knew other ways, I'd tell the choir.

Fancy if the lovers want to require
all the feelings that can ever be bought;
Self-will gets me only what I desire,
If I knew other ways, I'd tell the choir.

My Surviving Love

(An Eco-Poem for Fran)

by George S. Chappell

Unabashed, I have only you in my world
and care for your children and grandchildren
because they are yours, as much as I know
you care for them, too, like a congregation

of true sparrows who follow their mother.
My loneliness here is an imagined
wilderness for want of being with you,
memories a cue of your spirit to prompt me.

You and I are beyond middle-age, although
you retain the sweetness of face you've had
all along, judging from the photographs of you
in all your galleries of a lifetime.

It is already late for the planet
as seas rise to flood lowlands in cities;
your sparrows, and mine, too, can be taught
to escape from the dangers in process.

In our world of hate and disorder we
all face a common foe of survival
and the answer is universal love.
Otherwise, our sparrows and we will perish.

Even so, you are miles and miles from me,
and I can only touch you in my dreams.
I see your radiant smile that I cherish
so much on your pillow across from me,

to sustain me while you scrunch down with me,
looking at the clock to steal a moment,
before each of us states our existence
in the cosmos and separates ourselves.

I get up. I make breakfast. I go to work.
I leave a message of dearest on your phone,
just for good measure. Being and action-
what we have to save our hearts and sparrows.

three poems

by Catherine Dowdell

the tide was very low and
the sea was very flat
as I stepped out on the water
never to come back

kelp-haired razor reef
lurking below at tide's high
betrayed at tide's low

eddies and torrents
disturb the west-south-west flow
of chimney's white smoke

Breathe

by Catherine Dowdell

Words fall
Brittle
 to the ground
when I use them
to encapsulate
this fine
summer day

Spring Morning at South Station

by Catherine Dowdell

bodies flow
channeled through exit doors
emerge & merge
into cold gray

umbrella blossoms
pop open

I don't know how*by Bill Eberle*

I wrote "I don't know how
I will live without Steve Burke in my life"

and everywhere my friends called out

finally we lay down and our hearts ached and our chests hurt
we pressed our hands down on them
to calm ourselves and to keep our hearts in

...

I dreamed I was at Steve's
and the best horse had escaped from the old barn and from the pastures
and I followed down where Route 1 is along a road that is no longer there
to discover a land of frozen rivers and impossible ice peaks
I saw him galloping and went after him
and when we were together we somehow climbed up one peak
and slid down to stare across a fast moving river at an ancient building

we turned away and crossed black ice in valleys
and up a steep slope I did not know how we could climb

at one point he carried me on his back
but I climbed off because I knew it was too steep
and dangerous for him
and we struggled on together up and down

when we returned to the house and barn
everyone was in Steve's house

all was a confusion, which I joined

when I woke the great horse had escaped again

I believe in death*by Bill Eberle*

I believe in death
it peeks around the next minute
the next hour
not for me but for my heart
for those I love best and most
it waits to strike me at my core

I believe in death

it's proved itself to me
again and again
with irreversible blows

take me I say and leave them
let them live
let them live once more

the answer is like a cold winter night
silent and pure

the answer chews at my heart

I believe in death
it's taken who I am
and twisted
twisted
my present into my past

.

I believe in death

how could I not
when it nudges me
with its great maw from below
and then rages down on me
taking away chunks of who I am
carries them off to non existence

like phantom limbs
I still feel
each one

snow*by Bill Eberle*

this morning
the snow sifts down relentlessly
beautifully

piles up
and changes the world again
to
white light
and
forgiveness

my spirit
sifts my losses
father mother
sister daughter friend
unending sorrow
on my every branch

the white world outside
is a comfort

speaking perfectly
for all I feel

inside

mobius seasons haiku*by Bill Eberle*

fall spills sweet time out
 winter stops it perfectly –
 until finally

spring reels time back in
 summer rides its latest wave –
 then we go again

onset haiku*by Bill Eberle*

the onset of dawn:
 darkness overcome by a –
 horizon of light

onset of twilight:
 day retreating behind a –
 shadow of itself

onset of the fall:
 bounty replaced slowly by –
 less and less 'til none

onset of the spring:
 barren landscapes yield a bit –
 each bit a bit more

a few words**a few seasons***by Laura Freeman*

Sated, summer lies
in magentas and purples

Blueberry meadow

Radiant gold glow
Autumn lies on Summer's breast
first leaf she casts off

November leaping
across the street
in playful

chittering of leaves

Even black islands
hunkering down on the ice
are gray today

Settling on ledge rock
like a sigh

drinking in ocean light
eons danced

Too late I notice
my frozen limbs

Snow shards
scrape away color

Empty canvas

The Old Cellar Hole

by Eileen Hugo

In the old cellar hole the granite is dark
a magic place where fireflies play
in the center a tree and the song of a lark

I found this place at the end of a park
on a warm and bright summer day
in the old cellar hole the granite is dark

greens growing below the edge mark
wild white violets and ferns sway
in the center a tree and the song of a lark

near the hole is an old tin ark
the bottom dissolved by metal decay
in the old cellar hole the granite is dark

the chiseled stairs are strong and stark
down the stairs a place to pray
in the center a tree and the song of a lark

inside amid ferns to a sound I hark
to the song of the lark as he holds sway
in the old cellar hole the granite is dark
in the center a tree and the song of the lark

Absence

by Eileen Hugo

He was noted by his absences
plays and games missed.
His presences were followed
by noise and confusion.
He demanded instant reconciliation
some beer and their attention.
They hardly knew him and they tried to hide.
He tried to be a dad, wrestling with his son
hurting him in the fun asking his daughter
if she still played with dolls. She is fourteen.
From their hiding place other noises
mother resisting the joy of his returning
the jangle of him rifling her purse.
The door slams mother gathers the children
from behind the couch.

Ah, The Slings and Arrows of Outrageous Fortune

by Eileen Hugo

I am the most prolific President
in all history yet they try to bring me down,
no one understands me.

I tell the truth or a least
what I want the truth to be at that time.
The blond she lied but we paid her.

I twitter to the American public
they get me," You're fired!" I never said that
"I want you to resign" I say that a lot.

This witch hunt is the biggest in history
except for Salem where they actually
executed the witches. They won't pin me down.

I'm too clever. The Master of the Deal.

May Pole*by Eileen Hugo*

Gossamer ribbons in pastel shades
pale sky blue is mine
pink yellow green loose, fluttering.
May Pole Song on my lips I sing out
the beauty of the words as if a girl again.
I wrap my words and blue ribbon round the pole
covering pink yellow and green
into rainbow memories.

The Wild Rocket of Istra

(for Joce)

by Chuck Marecic

We spread out across Petar's fields
 searching for wild thyme and ripened quince.
 Tomorrow, or the next day, a man would come to plow
 so that Petar could sow his winter oats.
 Soon the thyme would be lost
 buried under clods of red dirt and shoots of green oat grass.

You chose the near field and I wandered toward the far edge of Petar's
 fading dream of Istrian olives and grapes—already tangled
 in too much Croatian bureaucracy
 for even an Austrian.

Thyme

Thyme

Time

You were less interested in it than in those yellow quinces
 fallen beyond the reach of Igor's donkeys and sheep.
 As you strayed from the field into the bush,
 I, like a bloodhound, a prospector, a pilgrim
 paced the red earth
 in search of thyme
 coveting thyme
 beseeching time
 abandoned to the circumstance of now and misunderstood directions,
 until I lost sight of you, then found
 a patch of wild Istrian rocket at my feet
 that some feral jackass had nearly trampled.

A Cautionary Tale

by Chuck Marecic

I found a field mouse
squished dead on the road.
How did he get there?
God only knows...

He wasn't very old
or young, thin or fat.
One thing's for sure
he weren't killed by no cat!

As flat as a pancake that
little fella did lay.
Mashed by granny, a drunk,
or a cart filled with hay.

I hope he'd ventured at least
across that road for a snack,
and only met with his maker
on the way coming back.

Though I wonder where on earth
that little guy did roam,
it only matters, I guess,
he was "too far from home."

One Haiku

by Chuck Marecic

Tell me old poet,
what is the point of freedom
if you live on salt?

Koan for Our Time*by Chuck Marecic*

There is nothing I can do
that is as important as
anything
you do.

Crna Gora*by Chuck Marecic*

Amidst these hills of
leafless trees
even the illusion of solitude falls away
birds chattering beyond the
fading din of incessant automobiles,
train station marginalia,
roosters crowing against hillside demesne,
and a dog,
curious frustrated or
otherwise distracted with an
inner boredom
ennui,
barking furiously to himself;
occasionally the breeze
rattles beech saplings
insolent leaves clinging to branches as if
reluctant to abandon the sweet
juice of summer that had once
coursed lustily through veins
pulsing inside a robust vitality
undermined by an inauspicious expectation
of a verdant immortality
nevertheless expired.

You May Not Believe This

by Chuck Marecic

You may not believe this,
but once
I, too, was beautiful.

Yes,
like a rattlesnake
shedding its skin
is beautiful;
like a spider's web
caught between last night's frost
and this morning's sunlight;
like wax from a fifty-nine cent candle
dripping onto a second hand table;
like smoldering ash from an all night fire.

Yes,
once, I was that beautiful.

Two Tankas

by Chuck Marecic

Feisty cockerel
scratches about garden paths
searching in earnest
for something or other to
fill the empty spot inside.

Wondering through life
with only pen and paper
chasing butterflies
from rose petals to notebooks
of chimeras and dreaming.

A Visit To The Old Farm

by Paul McFarland

The road I drive is blacktop now.
No dust cloud on this summer day.
The farm is gone, no ground to plow,
No cattle left, no fields to hay.

And cars can pass now, two abreast,
And travel on without a hitch.
Where years ago, they'd be hard pressed
With one pulled over in the ditch.

Back then while driving down this road,
That barnyard smell was in the air,
You now see lawns, all neatly mowed
Where farmland pastures once were there.

And as I cross that old stone bridge,
I think of Mom and Dad who gave
Their lives out on this windswept ridge,
Now turning over in their grave.

The old cow barn is caving in.
Its rock foundation in decay.
For when they died, their next of kin
Had all moved out and gone away.

The neighbor's farm is also gone.
No calloused hands or arms, well-tanned,
To crank the tractor up at dawn
To venture out and work the land.

That thirty acre field out back
That winter fed a herd of cows
Will see no more the old hay rack
Deliver to those big hay mows.

The woods, once held behind rock wall,
Are pushing now into that field,
And alders and the gray birch sprawl.
A hundred years of work concealed.

And as I walk that grown up path
That leads to my old swimming hole,
I easily can do the math
That sent these lives out of control.

The tax bill on this dormant farm
Was more than common folk could stand.
But city folk saw rustic charm,
So they came here and bought this land.

But now they spend their time in town;
The farm work that they do is rare.
The livestock fences all came down;
The barns all left in disrepair.

No garden plot to plant in spring;
No wood to split with ax and maul.
No back porch poems or songs to sing;
No crops to harvest in the fall.

I turn and leave my childhood place;
A teardrop forming in my eye;
A look of guilt upon my face
Because I'm here, just passing by.

ESCAPE FROM CHRISTMAS

by Paul McFarland

This Christmas will be different from the ones we've had before.
Those countless gifts of Christmas past, this year, will be no more.
Each year we spin that same old yarn of how we're cutting back,
But every year old Santa seems to bring a bigger sack.

We search the house until we've found that artificial tree.
We gave up on the real thing back in nineteen ninety-three.
Then with some lights and tinsel and a mood not quite sincere,
We decorate that imitation spruce another year.

When Christmas Eve arrives and all the kids are put to bed,
Right after all the Christmas poems and stories have been read,
'Tis then the wife and I arrange, around that Christmas tree,
Those many gifts that we had vowed, this year, were not to be.

And then we sit back and relax and drink some Christmas cheer,
Preparing for the onslaught that, next morning, will appear.
And then as we predicted, just before the rooster crows,
The kids come piling down the stairs some naked, some in clothes.

They tear right through their stockings, and they're on their sugar highs
Before I get a chance to wipe the sleep seeds from my eyes.
And then we have a fight to see who's passing out the gifts,
And when the quarrel's over, we decide to go in shifts.

Now each is keeping tally of the presents that they get,
And when this mayhem's over, there'll be tears, now you can bet.
It seems new clothes for presents have not been too well received.
The young ones in the family seem to be the most aggrieved.

New underpants and new tee shirts have all been thrown aside,
But there is not a single toy now that has been untried.
I take a look around me at the mess that has been made,
And then out to the kitchen through the mess and culch I wade.

I open up the cupboard, and it's then that I must choose –
Some coffee that will wake me up, or grab a drink of booze.
Before I can decide, I have been summoned to referee.
A conflict that is taking place beneath the Christmas tree.

It seems some untagged present is the reason for this row.
But once they find that it's just clothes, there's peace and quiet now.
The kids all finally get into a really weird routine.
It's just about the strangest thing that I have ever seen.

Now some are wearing headphones, and there's some with video games.
There's iPods and there's iPads and some others with odd names.
The room is wrapped in silence as these children are obsessed
With all those many mindless games that I, for one, detest.

But I now say a thankful prayer to those computer geeks
Who've brought a much sought after calm that this old household seeks.
So I slip from my chair before I wake up from this dream,
And sneak down to my man cave with a bottle of Jim Beam.

PLEASE GOD

by Jim Ostheimer

We have said many prayers for
our young grandson Ben these
past few days. He is not yet
seven and needs your help.

Ben has a brain tumor
which he doesn't know about.
He will have surgery
In the next few days.

If he were old enough to know
how serious this is, I believe
he would promise to live a life
you would be proud of. Please,
give him more time.

.....and from Ben

Mama and Papa are afraid.
I have not
been feeling well and now they
whisper that I have a brain tumor,
whatever that is.

Please help me this week
when I am afraid.
I have never been in a hospital
at night. Mama and Papa need help
too, parents aren't always brave.

My piano playing will have to
wait, I guess. Someday, when I am better
I would like to play for you. My little sister
Emma says hello.

FAILURE

by Jim Ostheimer

My resolution was to write a Sonnet
I have spent twenty hours, at least.
Will keep trying however long it takes on it.
So far Sonnets for me are a beast.
Da da does not yet work.
Perhaps my hearing is impaired.
I have come to a serious fork.
For which I was not prepared.
There are some who find it easy.
They can write one each day.
Worst of all they make me queasy.
It's time to ask what do you say?
Another form might substitute.
The answer might be an institute!

WHAT PURPOSE

by Jim Ostheimer

Everything out my window has a purpose.
My purpose is to enjoy it all!
Many eons ago I might have been considered a
Dainty meal. Now that I have toughened up, less so!

COLD WAR MEMORIAL

by Jim Ostheimer

Let's have a memorial for those who won the cold war.
(The only war we have won since World War II.)
The crews in Air Defense fighters, missile silos,
Strategic Air Command bombers all of whom
protected the country from air attack.

Pima Air And Space Museum in Tucson, AZ
Has all of these artifacts in their museum.

The calendar can certainly handle one more holiday.
Especially for the living.
This holiday would give Hallmark Cards
another opportunity for poetic profits!

COMING HOME

by Jim Ostheimer

My husband, my dearest Robert,
how I have missed you
since you went to war.
No one to share my love,
to smile when you smile
or absorb my anger when
the children have run wild.

We have prayed for your return,
wept that you stay safe,
felt the need for you,
realized that a father,
a friend, a lover, must not
be taken from us again.

You may have changed
since we parted and so may we.
Please share with us
your shadows and we will
fill your void with the
brightest and the saddest
of our lives since you departed.

Welcome home a thousand times,
dear Robert, my friend.

NEW YEAR (ALONE)*by Jim Ostheimer*

As usual, asleep before 12:00!
No one to wish HAPPY NEW YEAR to
or the depth of the new snow fall.
Meals, what to have and how to cook it?
Money for groceries and where and what.
Zach, litter box, and food and remember
to say "mommy loves you" before closing
the bedroom door.
Share joy of Patriot win.
Anticipate poor reception to weekly poem.
"Not as good as Jon Potter."
Someone to tell about a new book.
Reminisce about good times.
How selfish am I really?
Don't forget to say "I loved you."

too late?*by Dana Wildes*

tell that
to the two brown down-soft loon chicks
floating on wind-rippled Kidney Pond
as their mother calls out clearly

tell that
to the pair of red pileated woodpeckers
swiftly soaring from spruce to pine
leaving large bore-holes behind

tell that
to the moose calves wobbling together
and leaning against one another
for balance that comes later

tell that
to the one-year-old coyote exploring
the hillside's grassy fields for mice
or other small fleet furry prey

tell that
to the gray fox toting his bushy tail
like an astute flag of cleverness
carried with haughty pride

and tell that
to the masterful bald eagle in flight
overlooking the vast wilderness
while gazing into eternity

the word of the Lord...

by Dana Wildes

drones floated far above the massacre
dropping canisters of gas on the mass
of Palestinians, protesting from within
their thin strip of allotted open prison

and still they came, raging at that fence
unarmed; arms swirling, slinging stones
at bullets, fired into their falling bodies;
into lower limbs, shattering their bones

just as Jews experienced decades ago,
encaged behind tall barbed wire walls,
at times attacking guarding Nazi guns,
around those caustic Holocaust camps

IDF snipers have lost those memories
as they aim their scopes, opening fire
upon the dying hopes of Gazan youth,
holding them at bay for a bloody day

ah, what if David should deign to appear
challenging Goliath without a mortal fear
"for the battle is the Lord's" claims David,
even as his stone strikes the giant's head

would the story play today in another way
with such topsy-turvy history who can say
if "David" is now said as "Ibrahim" instead,
will the word of the Lord still carry the day

War is coming...

by Dana Wildes

I detect the bullets whistling
and running men falling, out of breath
I can hear the bombs dropping
and the explosive closing in of death

I foresee the infernos of flaming
diesel geysers erupting from our ships
God, our men are now clinging
to their fiery rafts with grim death grips

Underground in hidden caverns
men stare at the green glow of screens
while deep sea monsters turn;
loosing deadly missiles on our dreams

The men in caves can then tell
the other Demons to awaken and arise
as the Word resounds thru Hell:
a final day befalls the halls of the wise

Like a million voracious bats
the flying killers will turn day into night
Like a trillion murderous rats
attacking, nothing will defeat this fright

What a finale this show will be –
the Earth will tremble and then implode;
the Sky burning with Holy intensity
until smoke chokes all that can explode

Alas, Winter will overtake Fall –
the men who built *doomsday machines*
incinerated; once and for all
unable to push buttons that ruin dreams

What Falls to Poets

dedicated to George S. Chappell

by Dana Wildes

what falls to poets
has always fallen
to poets

or perhaps
to philosophers
or to priests
or god forbid
to politicians

for what falls to poets
is all that is fallen
by its nature

dispassionate philosophers can dissect it
pious priests can pray about it
piteous politicians can use it

but only poets can reflect it
compassionately
because poets themselves
are fallen

and by the unique character
of their work
poets refuse to deny
or to modify
life's experience

alas
a poet alone qualifies
to see through lies
with tiger eyes

About the poets

George S. Chappell (1937-2019)

Cofounding Member

George Chappell was 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 had 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 was a graduate of Moses Brown School, a Society of Friends high school in Providence, R.I. He lived in Rockland, Maine, where he participated in regional poetry workshops and taught 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; a second book of poems, *When Souls Walk Away*; and a third, *A Smattering of Stanley, Poems and Memoir*, published in 2018. He is a widower, formerly married to the late Inger (Larsen) Chappell of Baltimore, Md. He had four sons, eight grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

In his last years, George shared his love and life, as well as work, with his dearest friend and poet, Frances Mary Vigeant.

Jim Ostheimer

Cofounding Member

A Yale graduate, Jim has been a writer for many years; he won the Thoreau Medal for writing 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 New Hampshire and Pennsylvania Air National Guards. Jim has been a long-time competitive one-design racing sailor, qualifying for the Olympic Trials in Solings. Jim also played lacrosse for thirteen years, eight years in schools and five in Clubs. He lives in Rockport where he serves on the Planning Board. He and his wife Cornelia had been married for 63 years and have four children and eight grandchildren. Cornelia passed August 30, 2018. He founded the Rockland Poetry Workshop and has published three books: *Blue Yonder*, *Witness*, and *Harbor Lights*, (available through Barnes and Noble and Amazon.com).

Lois Anne

Lois Anne cannot remember a time when she has not drawn, painted, written or otherwise made things. Lois thinks there's something about the interconnection and continuity of life and poetry and art ... reaching into the past literally and figuratively... the vitality of marks or words on a page ... the richness of textures and language ... the nuances ... the cycles ... growth and losses ... endings and beginnings ... these things that recur again and again in life and in her work.

Catherine Dowdell

Catherine has been itinerant since 2015, but seems to have settled in Rockland. The Poets' Corner was part of that decision.

Bill Eberle

Born in the fall just after the end of World War II, Bill has a B.A. in English from Hamilton College and has worked at many occupations and avocations including board game design, programming, database and application design and development, website design and management, photography, painting, wood sculpting, writing poetry, designing small books and freestyle dancing. His best known board games are Cosmic Encounter® and Dune. Bill began writing poetry more often than occasionally in 2003 and has published poetry in *Goose River Anthology* and *The Courier-Gazette*. He has also self-published 10 PDF books of poetry available on the published books page at wcePublishing.com. The first three books are also available as eBooks at Amazon and Barnes & Noble. Bill is married to Dagny Ernest and lives and works in Thomaston, Maine.

Laura Freeman

Unable to follow the rules of English, Laura Freeman enjoys being able to use the incomplete and run-on sentences, lax grammar and absent punctuation of poetry. More often she speaks by sculpting ceramic figures.

Eileen Hugo

Eileen lives in both Stoneham, Massachusetts and Spruce Head, Maine. 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*. She has collaborated with 9 other women from Midcoast Maine to produce the anthology titled *A Taste of Ink*. In 2015 Eileen's book *Not Too Far: a journey of words* was published. Eileen attends a workshop at the Farnsworth Art Museum led by Kathleen Ellis and the Poets' Corner at the Rockport Library. At home in Massachusetts, she belongs to the Middlesex Writing Group.

Chuck Marecic

Chuck writes in order to make sense and nonsense of the world around him. His poems and photographs have appeared in various literary journals, newspapers, and competitions. Over the years, he has also participated in a handful of local poetry readings. He lives in the wilds of Washington, Maine.

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.

Dana Wildes

Dana Wildes is a retired account executive sales representative who worked in printing and advertising sales roles for both national and regional firms for forty years. While poetry has always been a serious avocation for Dana (he was the editor of his high school newspaper and a founding editor of the Colby Echo literary magazine), his business career left him limited time for creative writing. That is why Dana is so happy to be retired in Rockland, Maine, where he has found many like-minded writers and friends of the arts, all of whom are an inspiration to him. For example, the Rockport Poets' Corner poetry group is a welcoming and interesting collection of poets whose interactions are uplifting and positive, and Dana is proud to be associated with them.

Thank you