

ISLAND
POETS
&
POEMS

NANCY DEW TAYLOR

ANNE MAZLISH

HELLMUT JURETSCHKE

CHRISTINE CHRONIS

CARL LITTLE



- *LaRue Spiker*

NANCY DEW TAYLOR

FIRST MAINE MORNING

Here's death right off:
seed-shaped whirligig beetle
falling from sky to book.

Blue inlet and sky, musical
clink of clasp against buoy,
aged blue-green mountains.

Some kind of lifeless crane-fly
lies on the deck, wire-wings widened
to triangles clear as cellophane.

The spruces, deep green,
Christmas-tree-like,
try standing erect though
there one is bereft, bare-
limbed, and atop those brown
needles a flap of birch bark curls
white as the hundred webs
drooping in air, spiders
suspended in brown patience:
shimmering X-shaped
ladies-in-waiting in webs
tatted during last night's dark.



ON BASS HARBOR

Tides remind
of the fragility of all
I love.
Twice each day.

MAINE PASTORAL

In birch bark the downy woodpecker
hammers for insects, red medallion bright
in morning air. Warblers, pale green,
pale yellow, scramble amid rustling leaves.

Mown lawns slant toward rock.
At high tide, water morphs into blue
fields. Apple tree trunks list, twisted
by storm winds, cracked and creviced by salt.

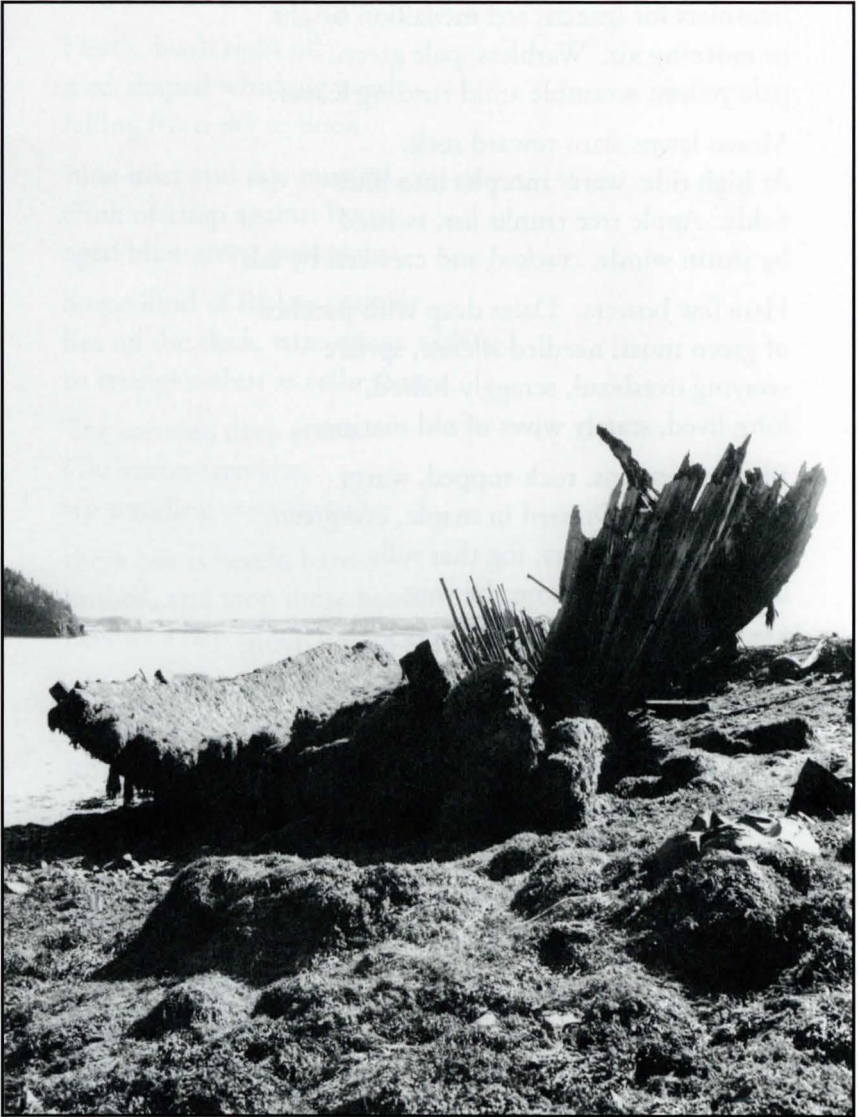
Here few bowers. Dales deep with patches
of green moss, needled silence, spruce
swaying overhead, scraggly-haired,
long-lived, stately wives of old mariners.

Blue mountains, rock-topped, warm
the distance. Dressed in maple, evergreen,
they welcome lovers, fog that rolls
landward, clouds from the west.

No woman, long-dressed, wide-hatted, lying
back in a boat, but one kayaking.
Pairs not pale but nut brown, ruddy
as lobsters in winter and thick-calved
from lifting firewood, fighting
snow and ice, wind. As far
from pale lovers as New
World from Old.



Nancy Dew Taylor's short stories and poems have appeared in journals such as The South Carolina Review, Tar River Poetry, and Appalachian Journal and in several anthologies. In 2008 Emrys Press published her chapbook, Stepping on Air. Although she travels to Maine most falls and loves it there, she lives in Greenville, South Carolina.



- LaRue Spiker

REFLECTION

In my hand
lies the foot
of a broken glass.
I lift the disc
holding it within
fore and thumb
and peer through
a translucent moon
into the sun.

It has swirls
which are centrifugal
and fly beyond the rim
reflecting
with the art of light and color
a history of images
thin and insubstantial
as water wafers.

I touch base
with a bubble in Venetian glass,
the birth knot of lavender window pane.

This plain foot
once fitted precisely to
a stem of Baccarat –
gamble of living glass
and central artery,
through which flowed support
to a goblet
of endless possibility
within fragile boundary –
channel to the vortex
of a tulip chalice
whose form
now lies shattered
an icy puzzle
at my feet.

IMAGES OF LOVING

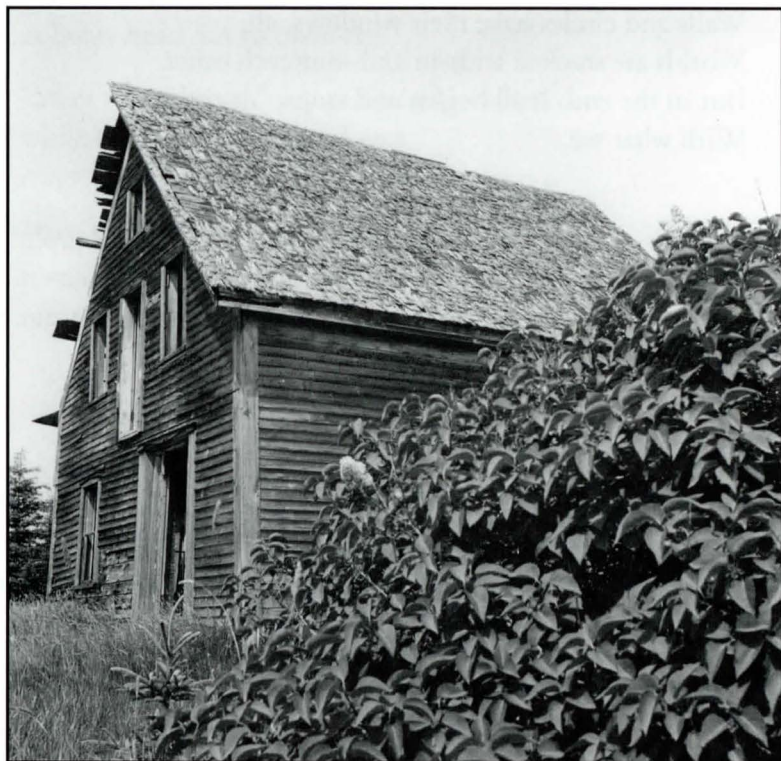
LABYRINTH CONE

a single point
from which the heart
grows,
turning in and out
rolls
outward
like a beacon light,
spins hotly
from its swiveled hip,
a cornucopia
revolving back
upon itself
slows
then suddenly
dies out,
surfeited nerve
closing
into place.

LABYRINTH ROSE

layered with intensity
petals out and out
as though it would
never stop
each silky leaf
one by one
falls away
from its hip
but its effect
goes
slowly
like the light,
a season
winding
down.

Anne Mazlish has been writing poetry for forty years and has two published books of poems. She twice performed "The Belle of Amherst," a monologue about the life of Emily Dickinson, in Southwest Harbor. A dedicated gardener, she founded, with two friends, "Serendipity Tours," a Cambridge, Massachusetts business designing garden tours around the world. In the 1990s, she served as president of MDI Historical Society and edited and annotated The Tracy Log Book, a 19th century history of the first summer party on MDI. For thirty years, she was a summer visitor; for the last twenty years, she has been a year round resident in Somesville.



- LaRue Spiker

HELLMUT JURETSCHKE

INSIDE/OUTSIDE PASTORAL

I have a comfortable house
With space and place for all I own
And needs of mind and body
So readily looked after.

Yet houses come with windows
That look at you, and shout:
“Come, there is another world
Outside, worth to be known about.”

We stand on top of Cadillac. The
Sea surrounds us, laps the island's hue,
While sky embraces all. Where is the end
Of circles about circles 'round us two?

Walls and circles have their windows, all.
Worlds are stacked with-in and -out each other.
But in the end, it all begins and stops
With what we,

between us,

ache to be.



Hellmut Juretschke is a many-years' summer resident at Echo Lake who now lives in Pretty Marsh. Formerly a physicist, he was encouraged by the wonderful poetry offerings at Acadia Senior College to try out some poetic forms himself.

CHRISTINE CHRONIS

BASS HARBOR, MAINE: BEFORE DAWN

Four in the morning, lobster boat engines
riot in the pitch-black, like the starting line-up
at the Indianapolis 500.

“Get the stern line,” a man commands
from somewhere near the center of the harbor,
its limits limned by shoreline streetlamps.

His voice carries, bouncing across
the water like a flung stone skipping,
until, at last, it sinks below.

And now, the engine roars diminish,
receding with the falling tide
as boats head out to open sea.

“Steer to starboard,” a captain cautions crew,
while the faint toll of a red nun
rings in restored silence.

Couples stir in their landlubber beds,
turn over, murmur, “Go back to sleep,”
return to the briny deep of dreams.



Christine Chronis is a columnist for The Bar Harbor Times. She writes about food and cooking, frequently focusing on Mount Desert Island and Maine. “Bass Harbor, Maine: Before Dawn,” was awarded an Honorable Mention in the 2006 Friends of Acadia Nature Poetry Contest. She lives in Bernard, Maine and Manhattan.

CARL LITTLE

THE CHORD (ECHO LAKE)

Nebula of smoky fish eggs
drift among umbilicals of water lilies
spiraling from lake bottom

seeking sun, tendrils
lit by filtered August light,
grip on existence fragile

easily clipped by kayak paddle,
careless flipper—all that effort
to gain the surface!

A swimmer slipping past
vision clarified by mask
never cut the chord

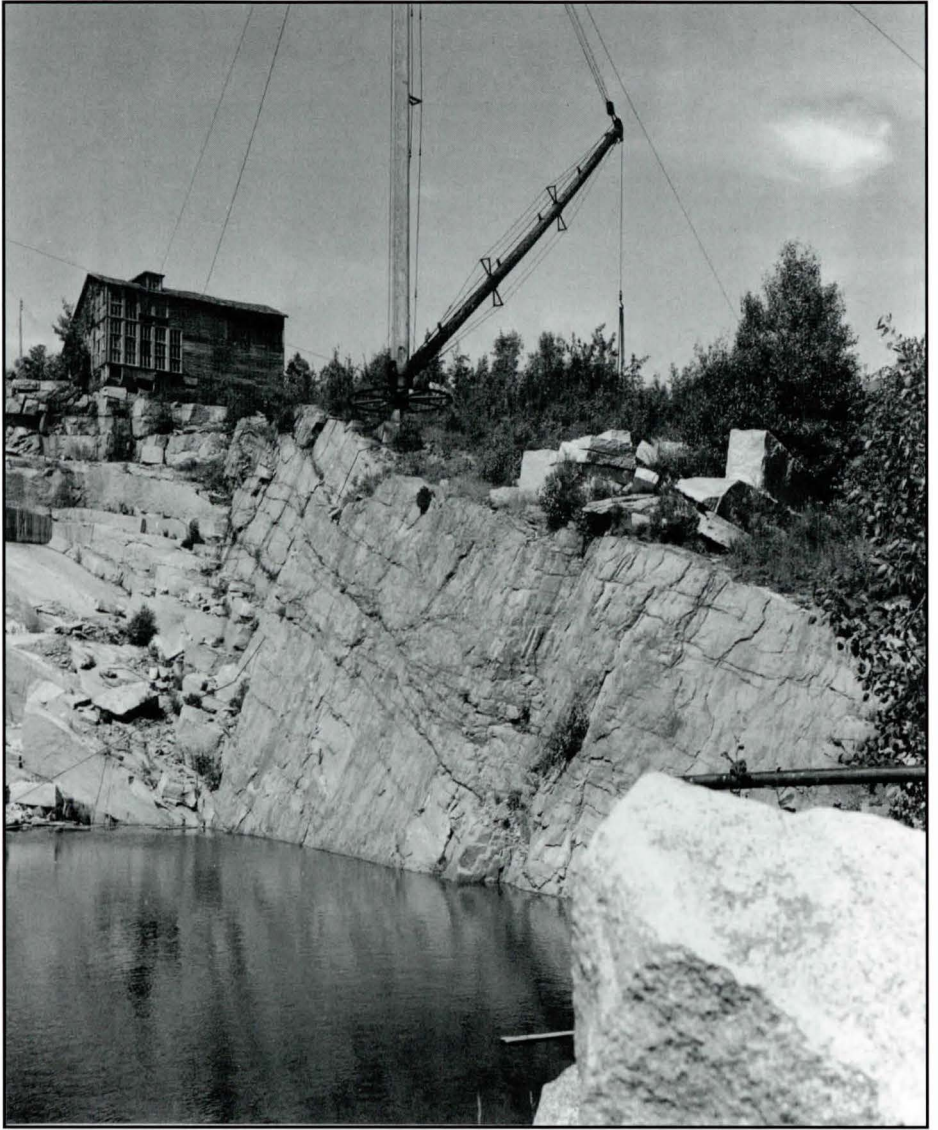
committed in his skin
since childhood by a pond
to bear witness to this splendor:

grace, glory and grand will,
and hovering overhead
hallelujah of lily pads.

for Theodore Roethke



Carl Little of Somesville is the author of Ocean Drinker: New and Selected Poems (Deerbrook Editions, 2006). His poems have appeared in a range of publications, including Hudson Review, Off the Coast, Puckerbrush Review and Narramissic Notebook. His poem "Ten Tourists Visit Baker's Island, ca. 1900" won the 2002 Friends of Acadia poetry competition, judged by Marion Stocking.



- LaRue Spiker