In the poetry of Gary Lawless, who resides in Nobleboro, nature is often a source of inspiration and vision. This week’s poem offers a compelling example.

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?