

TAKE HEART

A Conversation in Poetry

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

Today's column features Richard Aldridge, a poet, anthologist, and educator who lived on the Maine coast. In Aldridge's poem a moth becomes the source of thoughts about the unknown.

Moth at My Window

by Richard Aldridge

Against my pane
He beats a rapid
Pitapat
In trying to reach
The desk lamp lit
In front of me.
Wing flurries spent,
He crawls and toils
This way and that,
His whole self bound
To pierce the veil
He cannot see.

The glance I turn
On him, light
Spreading still across
My page, is one
Of interest in
The company.
Whatever time
I take to watch
Will be no loss
From my own toils
To pierce the veil
I cannot see.

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