

# TAKE HEART

## A Conversation in Poetry

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

From May 3 to May 6, the May Sarton Centennial will be held in the town of York, where Sarton, one of Maine's most important authors, lived in her "house by the sea." The Centennial celebration will include music, commentaries, poetry readings, and even a clambake. Details are available at the Sarton 100 website, [www.maysarton100.org](http://www.maysarton100.org). In preparation for the festivities, here's a characteristically vivid and witty poem by the poet herself.

### A Parrot

*By May Sarton*

My parrot is emerald green,  
His tail feathers, marine.  
He bears an orange half-moon  
Over his ivory beak.  
He must be believed to be seen,  
This bird from a Rousseau wood.  
When the urge is on him to speak,  
He becomes too true to be good.

He uses his beak like a hook  
To lift himself up with or break  
Open a sunflower seed,  
And his eye, in a bold white ring,  
Has a lapidary look.  
What a most astonishing bird,  
Whose voice when he chooses to sing  
Must be believed to be heard.

That stuttered staccato scream  
Must be believed not to seem  
The shriek of a witch in the room.  
But he murmurs some muffled words  
(Like someone who talks through a dream)  
When he sits in the window and sees  
To to-and-fro wings of wild birds  
In the leafless improbable trees.

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