

# TAKE HEART

## A Conversation in Poetry

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

Carl Little is not only an accomplished poet but a widely published author of books about the painters of Maine. In today's column he describes how peepers "fling their music" during early spring. Note how his poem flings its own joyful music across line breaks and stanza divisions.

### Zones of Peeper

*by Carl Little*

Driving home from a party, parsing  
conversations, car windows down  
to greet first real summer heat,  
we pass through zones of peeper—

not song, not chorus, though  
scientists no doubt find pattern  
in the high-pitched whatever it is.  
Nor peep, which reminds you of

silly chicks falling over each other  
in an incubator. Every moist venue  
between Pretty Marsh and Somesville,  
every hundred yards brings

this antic singing, somewhat  
alien in tone, magical too,  
like fireflies but auditory,  
not synthesized but a perfect

cacophony of the higher ranges,  
tiny frogs doing their spring thing,  
flinging music into dank milieu  
of pond edge and marsh, inspiring

a certain joy in our recap of the evening  
as if every fault could be forgiven  
when you consider the rest of the world  
wild and wet and flipping out.

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