In Today’s column features two members of the “Salt Coast Sages”: Sharon Bray, from Orland, and Gerald George, from East Machias. Their poems were inspired by characters born and bred in Maine.

1940
by Sharon Bray

After they left the roller rink
and drove out of streetlight range,
he showed her Orion,
the one constellation
she still could name
into the year she died.

He could have seduced her
on the back seat blanket
of his downhill-fast Model A.

Instead he gave her one ripe orange,
which she took home to her mother.

Rained Out
by Gerald George

After the Red Sox
blew their season
by losing three straight
in the playoffs to Chicago,
it rained for days.

“Coincidence,” I said
over coffee down at
Archibald’s One-Stop.

“Think what you like,”
Homer Jones replied,
buttoning up his slicker.
Then he walked out
and never spoke
to me again.