

TAKE HEART

A Conversation in Poetry

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

A summer resident of Great Cranberry Island, Susan Deborah King has been giving voice to island life for several years. Today's poem is a compelling example.

Frenchboro

by Susan Deborah King

Maybe on an outer island they don't care
as much how things look. Almost nothing
but lobster boats in this narrow harbor
their two-ways blaring into air otherwise pristine.
Very few pleasure craft.
Right by the dock, a wooden hull
collapsed, and is flattening,
boards slowly falling away from each other
like a body flummoxed by exhaustion.
The shed next to it, barely
holding together, windows
punched out, slumps.
Both just left, not cleaned up, built back,
hidden, cleared away or taken apart
and used for kindling.
Weather has made every effort to polish them.
Still, they're duller than tarnished silver.
They've given out, no good anymore,
not even for tuning the wind.
No one here pretends they are
or even gives a hoot.
Why do I find them beautiful?

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