Take Heart: A Conversation in Poetry

Edited & Introduced by Wesley McNair, Maine Poet Laureate

In today’s poem Elizabeth Tibbetts of Hope proves that warmth and love are possible even in a cold Maine winter.

Coming Home
By Elizabeth Tibbetts

Oh, God, the full-faced moon is smiling at me in his pink sky, and I’m alive, alive(!) and driving home to you and our new refrigerator.

A skin of snow shines on the mountain beyond Burger King and this garden of wires and poles and lighted signs.

Oh, I want to be new, I want to be the girl I saw last night at the mike, sex leaking from her fingertips as they traveled down to pick at her hem.

She was younger than I’ve ever been, with hair cropped, ragged clothes, and face as clear as a child’s.

She read as though she were in bed, eyes half closed, teeth glistening, her shimmering body written beneath her dress. She held every man in the audience taut, and I thought of you. Now I’m coming home dressed in my sensible coat and shoes, my purse and a bundle of groceries beside me. When I arrive we’ll open the door of our Frigidarke to its shining white interior, fill the butter’s little box, set eggs in their hollows, slip meats and greens into separate drawers, and pause in the newness of the refrigerator’s light while beside us, through the window, the moon will lay a sheet on the kitchen floor.

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