



THIS PLACE

You seduced me in July with raspberries
Grown wildly through the blueberries and ancient lilacs.
I wandered deer paths and made love
In your pastures, in the gardens under a summer sun.
And I fell in love, the marrow of my bones
Echoing my ancestors' patterned steps through waving meadows
As I shepherded the flock through your divergent paddocks.
I married you, a land-bride, alit with fragrances and color and song
And in deep winter, stark daguerreotype vistas.
And, so I married the man who had bought and dreamed and thought
But stewarded you without care.
And I pulled the littered plastic out of your fields
For days upon days.
In the end I had to leave you to leave him.
Even now my heart rhythms with your ledges and bogs.
I still dream of your Marsh Marigolds,
Still hear your Bittern song.

CHAREN FEGARD

Bradford, VT



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