

Maine is like a lover
Smell her sweet salty air
All the way inland
On a foggy night

See her trees bending
In the shape of autumn
Leaves falling
Into reflective rivers

Feel her rich soil underneath
Lay down in its cool embrace
Feel the bed of grass
Leaves surround like laughter

Deep damp earthiness wrapping round
Hues of purple, red, and gold
Asters, goldenrod, maple, and birch
Honor beauty and appreciation
Filling me with untold joy
Happy to be in the moment

Look into the clear blue
Eyes of the Maine sky
And make your claim
Neither for cloud, sky, sun, or moon

Cruise her highways far and near
Roam her woodlands vast
Oceans and mountains, please come home
Wish you were here now, dear ☺

The outdoors pull me inward out
And in doing so outward in
In love with every tree and creature
Every singing cool drop of water

The wooded trails show birch and alder
Most trees bare, these still hanging on
Geese honking overhead shape patterns in the sky
And snow falls deep in winter
Putting the land to bed
Maine is like a lover

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kelly ann ilseman

