

Poets' Corner

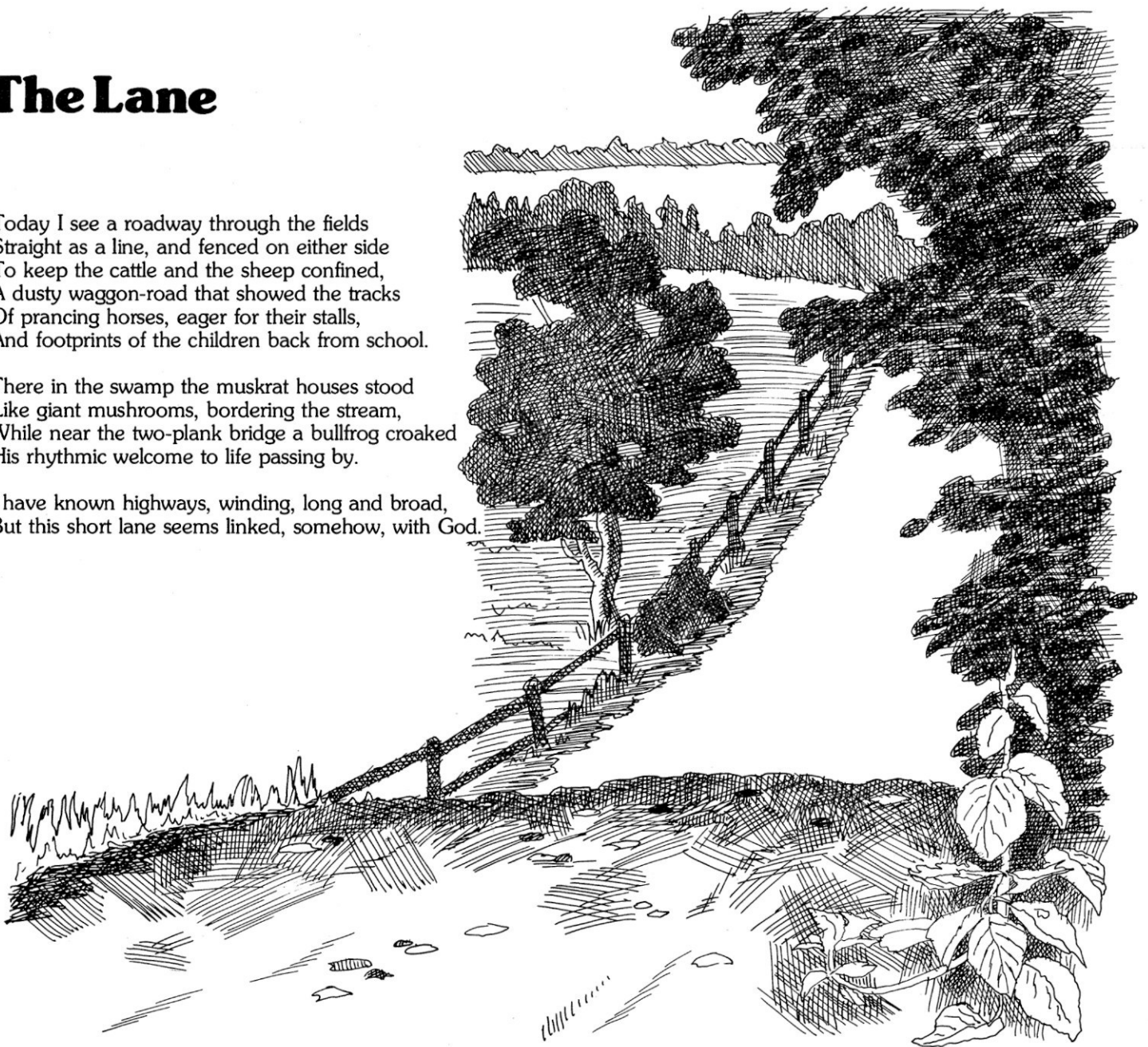
Three poems by Margaret Furnace MacLeod

The Lane

Today I see a roadway through the fields
Straight as a line, and fenced on either side
To keep the cattle and the sheep confined,
A dusty waggon-road that showed the tracks
Of prancing horses, eager for their stalls,
And footprints of the children back from school.

There in the swamp the muskrat houses stood
Like giant mushrooms, bordering the stream,
While near the two-plank bridge a bullfrog croaked
His rhythmic welcome to life passing by.

I have known highways, winding, long and broad,
But this short lane seems linked, somehow, with God.



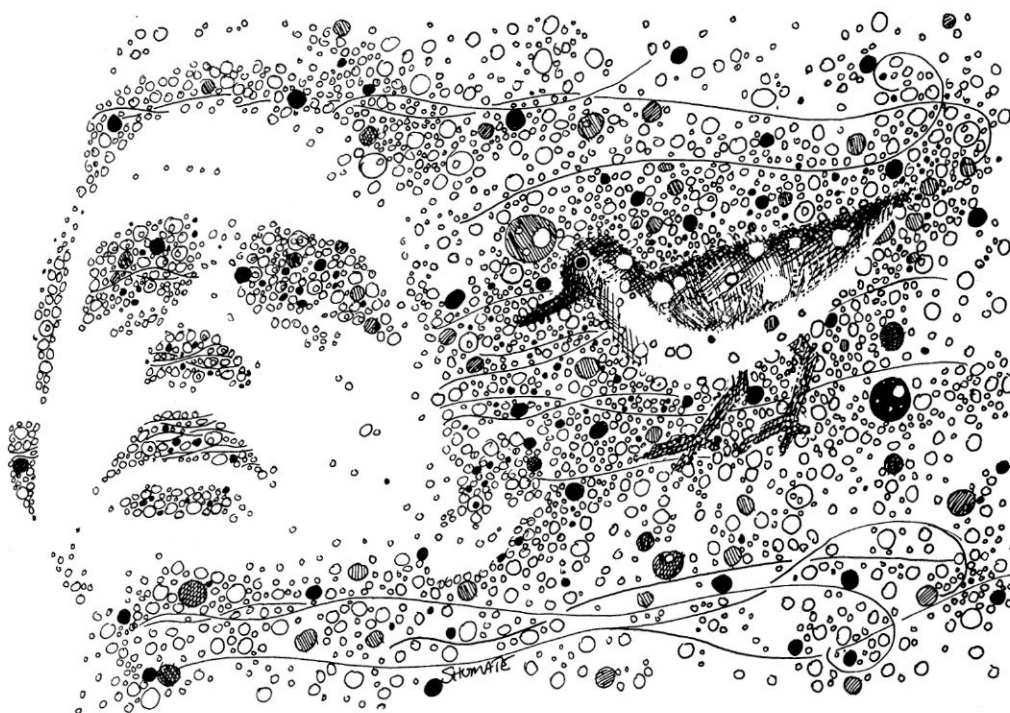
Sea-tartan

Rumbling, tumbling river,
What have you to say
To your homesick child?
Your many voices
Grow dimmer in my ears.

Sometimes your tone
Was an arrogant hiss
As you flailed the beach
Into whinrows of sand.

But I loved you most
When swathed in sea-tartan
With swirl and rhythm
You led the sandpiper's dance.

No matter your mood
Let me hear your rune
Wild, surging and free:
I am still your child.



Waves

I saw them coming up the bay
Like children rushing to their play;
Some were so small, some portly grown,
But all like people I have known.

One thundered up from ocean bed
With seaweed night-cap on his head,
He rushed and sprawled upon the beach,
Raging and spent and void of speech.

A prim and haughty spinster came -
I heard her whisper, "What a shame!"
The snowy cap and veil she wore
Had not been smudged on ocean floor.

A blushing maiden came and sighed.
She'd floated in on love's strong tide.
She paused to wipe her dripping crest
And shyly hid her trembling breast.

A roguish lad went splashing by
With whistle-like and eerie cry
And flinging spume into my lap
Scampered beneath a high white-cap.

I saw them going down the bay
Like children turning home from play;
Some were so small, some portly grown,
But all like people I have known.

