

Poems from the Arlington Talking Chair Project



Illustration by Danielle Hart

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And, to the poets of Arlington for their beautiful words and voices.

- Emily Calvin-Bottis, April 2018



Welcome by Cathie Desjardins

Thank you for depositing your derrière
in Arlington's Talking Poetry Chair.

Arlington poets invite you to share
delights, wonders, small sorrows and cares
with words that shimmer, words that spin,
words that pry open doors, invite you in,
uplifting words to make you float
high in clouds or in a little boat—
words that create some instant weather,
a shower, a sparkle of sun or rain,
that offer a treat like a flamingo feather,
a blue balloon, a shiny pink stone,

so when you go on your way
all packaged up in your buttons and zips
maybe you'll have a small smile on your lips
thinking of something you heard us say.

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Ice Skating by Carla Bosso

Breezy swirling
in the rink
WHOOOOOOSH!
I twirl
spin
AHHHHHHHHH!
I almost fell!
That was scary!
I did fall!
Goodbye, skating rink!

Carla Bosso seven years old and in the second grade at Hardy Elementary school.

I'm Not Much Interested by Jessie Brown

in plastics, plastic surgery, surge protectors,
in protecting democracy; mock-
turtlenecks, especially with suits; in suits
at all; in gabardine; gabbing; gravel,
creosote. Sodas of any kind, hotdogs,
dog-days, the Fourth. In going forth, in
force; in force in general. I'm not
much interested in generals
four-star, star signs, signboards,
bordellos, in heels, or handbags,
whether leather or leatherette. In seat-
covers, wheel-covers, convertibles. In speed.
In spiels, in sales, in deals in ski-
mobiles, snowmobiles, personal
water craft. In arts-and-crafts,
applied arts, or appliances requiring
plugs, ducts, coils. In oil changes,
oil treatments, shampoos, champagnes.
Campaigns by ground or air, airspace, air rights,
waiving rights, waving banners, laminates.
Nylon, mylar, polyester. Anything
made without roots. Without love, or fear.

Jessie Brown is the author of two short collections, What We Don't Know We Know (Finishing Line Press) and Lucky (Anabiosis Press). Her poems and translations have appeared in local and national journals like The Comstock Review, New Madrid, Minerva Rising, and the American Poetry Review.

She leads independent workshops for adults as well as serving as poet-in-residence in schools and libraries in the greater Boston area (www.JessieBrown.net). She's also active in interdisciplinary projects incorporating poetry and the visual arts. A founding member of the Alewife Poets, she gives frequent performances both in collaboration and alone.

At Mount Pleasant by John Burt

Every day, on her way from work
She waits there half an hour at the curb,
A well-dressed woman in a small blue car,
Looking at that stone beyond the grate,
As if calm at last, as if self-possessed at last,
As if to comfort, not be comforted.
Today I saw her kneeling on the grass,
Setting a chrysanthemum in place,
A hopeless gift. She wore a broad straw hat
Like any woman in her own back yard.
Task done, she sat back on her heels and smiled.
I almost caught her eye. I wanted to.
But I walked on past. I couldn't bother her,
Nor tell her how I'd watched her keeping watch.

John Burt is a Professor of English at Brandeis University. He is the author of three books of poems, all with cheerful titles: The Way Down (1988), Work without Hope (1996), and Victory (2007)

Being Grandmother by Kathy Conway

They call me Gramk
or Gramcracker
Draw mandalas with me
think I'm an artist
Laugh at my iphone skills
know I'm not a techie
Entreat me to paint their faces
make chocolate chip pancakes
Read books to me
brown bear, brown bear...
Crush me at Sorry
search for Waldo
We climb rocks to the marina
collect periwinkles
Build matchbox-car towns with
Legos, Dominoes and Jenga blocks
Snuggle in the hammock
twirl in the sky chairs
Play list games at dinner
Scattergories at bedtime
Now, they text me
from college

After growing up in Arlington, Kathy Conway (nee Byrne) returned to live here six years ago. Her chapbook, "Bacon Street", published in 2014, has poems about and pictures from her childhood. Two local compilations, "Getting There" and "The New Country" include her poems. She has led workshops on writing poetry as memoir in Florida and Maine.

Chasing the Waves by Thomas DeFreitas

With Dad. Revere Beach, 1972.

My three-year-old legs would scurry to pursue
The beast of the Atlantic in retreat.

Of course, its watery paws would soon rush back
To maul the shore. I'd run from their attack
As quickly as I could on toddler feet.

Delighted, Dad would look on, and would shout
Encouragement and warning: "Hey, watch out!
They're gonna getcha!" I would shriek and laugh.

I'm older now than Dad was then. No son
To teach this excellent art of having fun,
Of chasing waves for an hour, or a half.

Thomas DeFreitas has been writing poetry for more than thirty-five years. Educated at the Boston Latin School and the University of Massachusetts, he has published verse in Ibbetson Street, Dappled Things, and Plainsongs.

Jar Filling by Yawa Degboe

I filled up my jar
With people's feelings
And emptied it out
For haters to find
Nothing.
I consumed everything
One by one I devoured
The doubts of teachers
The rants of neighbors
The judgment of strangers
All this garbage
Can't hang on me anymore.
Hey, I am busy here
Raising black girls
In a white man world.
I need to be light
To stomach it all
And empty my jar again
So my girls don't have to fill their own.

Yawa Degboe was born in Togo, West Africa, grew up in France, and now lives in Arlington, MA with her husband and her two young daughters who question everything all the time. It is refreshing to rediscover the world through the eyes of a child. Yawa is involved in her community as the co-chair of Arlington Diversity Task Group.

Spy Pond in Winter by Cathie Desjardins

It's like the dream where you open
a closet or find some stairs
to a whole new part to your house:

Here is a Land of Ice
where there was none before,
a village of people icefishing, walking,
sliding, talking, with the exuberance
of people skidding around
on a different planet.

Atolls of snow dot ice swirled into
tiny frozen tsunamis.
Wind gusting loose snow
is almost enough
to make an ice mirage where you can see
long-ago skaters in woolen caps
and mittens, handknitted scarves,
whizzing past without
a thought of growing up, growing old,
while crews of men and horses haul
thick crystal blocks on sleds
to ice houses on the shore
to be packed in sawdust
and shipped to the tropics.

Walking ashore, out of the mist
to the playground I see
no one has trodden a path yet
to the farthest swings,
creaking in the wind. Here are the rungs
of the blue structure our son climbed
fearlessly as a toddler, decades ago.
Crayon color dumptrucks are stalled in the snow:
Shouldn't they be clearing
swaths in the whiteness?
I can't resist prying loose the red levers
of the scoop, swooping up some snow,
plopping it in a different spot.
Some kids turn up, blocky as packages
in their snowsuits, and their parents bend
to them, frolic a little in the snow.
I want to warn their hovering parents:
*You think this will go on
but soon they'll be taller than you
and then gone.*
*The frozen cold can make it seems eternal
but the seeds of new summer asters*

are already strewn under the snow.

But the rough wind takes my words
and the kids are shrieking now,
skidding on their backs
down the rollers of the bumpy slide.

Cathie Desjardins is a lifelong teacher, learner, and poet. Her first book of poems is With Child, (Tasora Press, 2008) and she is currently at work on her second book, working title The Muse in the Garden. She is the current Poet Laureate of Arlington.

Rosa Parks by Susan Donnelly

What you continue to do
is make me understand
that one day there may be a moment,
unannounced, for each of us. A small occasion,
nothing glamorous. When we're tired,

rather fed-up, and with a rush of blood,
decide. Something as simple

—but what was simple then? The everyday
was what required laws—

as a bus ride, a choice of seat. You endorse
dailiness. Take that first step. Rules

fall away on either side and you're left,
stubborn, on a somehow known path.
The bus brakes. They take you off
to jail. But within you it's open country,
wind blowing, road leading on forever.

from Transit
also in The Path of Thunder

Susan Donnelly's newest publication is The Path of Thunder, a chapbook of poems about race in America (Červená Barva Press 2017). She is the author of three poetry collections, most recently Capture the Flag (Iris Press 2009), and four other chapbooks. Her poems appear in many journals, anthologies, textbooks, and websites. She teaches poetry in classes and individual consultations from her home in Arlington.

Crazy Quilt by Anne Ellinger

Planning
the patchwork quilt of my days
 trying
to make the pattern
 orderly
 pleasing
 balanced:
If I see my mom three times a week
 no, four
 no, five...
If friendships are the red velvet blocks
 and exercise the yellow silk
 and time alone the brightest green
 and my theatre work the deeper purple...

But wait!
I can't fit it all in!
I can't breathe amidst all those
 straight rows
 right angles
 perfectly cut and placed
 squares
 made smaller
 and smaller so
 they all
 can possibly
 fit.

I'd rather make a crazy quilt of a jazzy
 improvisational pattern
unpredictable like music
 like hiccups
 like the wild blue yonder
I'll take my quilt off the winter-sour bed
and out to the beach
 with the breeze
 and the stars
 and my lover's warm
 ridiculous
 laugh.

Anne Ellinger performs with Arlington's improv troupe, True Story Theater, and is the co-author of several nonfiction books, including Getting Along: Skills for Lifelong Love. She and her husband Christopher set a 15-minute timer to write "improvisational poems." Crazy Quilt was the first improv poem she ever wrote.

My Mother's Garden by Jean Flanagan

Now my mother sees life
in shades of gray
faces appear as shadows
and voices are unclear.

It used to be she saw
flowers grow each morning
when she awoke
black-eyed susan and iris
filled her.

Now the garden is overgrown
the white phlox have turned a shade of pink
the once perfect dimensions of color and shape
are gone.

She used to say that the garden was where
she could think
where troubles came and went with the weeds.

Jean Flanagan is the author 2 books of poetry. Her latest manuscript is a memoir in poetry and vignettes called "A Hard Winter for Living." In May, artist Suzanne Lee will exhibit Flanagan's poem "Black Lightning" as part of Words of New England: A Calligraphic Exhibition of Poetry and Prose at Moakley Courthouse in Boston.

Stars by Ava Garcia

Stars, stars
Starry sky
Why so
many and
why so high?

Thousands of
little dots
far away
high up in
the sky
waiting
to be spotted

My name is Ava Jade Garcia and I'm a 2nd grader at the Thompson School. I love writing poetry because it's a fun way to write what I want to say.

My Tree by Graeme Garvie

Tree! Tree! A beautiful tree
Not too fat, not too skinny
A tree just for me.

Just the right height.
Not too high, not too low
A tree just for me.

What a wonderful tree
Gleaming there in the sunlight
I run to it, on the spot

Climbing in the sunlight
Lift a foot
Reach for a branch
Trying so hard to get to the top

I scrape my knee
But I ignore it
My fingers tingle
But I still climb

When I get to the top, I can see everything up there:
The blue sky with puffy white clouds
Big buildings close and far away

I see the ground
One thing:
How do I get down...?

Graeme Garvie is a third grader at Thompson School. He enjoys fencing, four-square, and, occasionally, climbing trees.

Ode to the Old Cat by Bethany Halford

He came to be mine just like the crystal and china
My unexpected inheritance of fur and whim
Six months before, mom sat across from me in a diner
And made me promise I'd take care of him

Twenty-one is pretty old for a cat, they say
The vet tells me that's more than 100 in people years
He's got dementia and diabetes and sleeps all day
And his meows sound like a baby in tears

Mom didn't think Sam would outlive her
Though she dreaded her longtime companion's end
She knew he was her last pet though, I'm sure
And now he is my reluctant friend

He finds comfort standing in front of a warm oven
Or in slinking just beneath my feet
He'll sit in anyone's lap for some lovin'
My husband sneaks him sausages as a treat

I don't know if Sam loves his life here
If he longs for mom's tender embrace
She's been gone for more than a year
And this old cat reminds me of her grace

Bethany Halford's day job is to write about science. She does this from her home office, usually with an old cat asleep at her feet.

Reading to My Children by Liza Halley

The Lego magazine
rests open on my lap.
My sons and I sit on the couch.
Summer vacation has just begun.
They've asked me to read the magazine to them like it's
Avi's Best Collected Short Stories
or the compendium of *Greek Myths*, our nightly read.

Part of me
a fly on the ceiling
watching an awful sitcom unfold
listens
as my most dramatic voice urges
with each page:
Just the thing to get you there!
Don't forget to stop and refuel!
Race to the rescue!
And promises
Glassware and golden plates for special occasions!
The secret will be revealed!
The greatest challenge yet!
Fully stocked fridge!

Moshe, just 3,
stops at the rockets,
This one, momma, this one for my birthday, only three monies. And the Power
"Mindere."
Only five monies for this one, now, for my birthday now.
Ezra, wise in his 8 years pipes in
You can't have two birthdays in one year. Maybe for Hannukah.

Here we are,
caught in the grip
of gloss and hope
leaning against each other
listening, watching, unfolding.

*Liza Halley, poet, baker, school librarian lives in Arlington with her two sons,
husband and cat, Itsy Bitsy. She loves her neighborhood and feels so lucky to live in a
town with rocking libraries.*

Sunset By the Pond by Sarah L. Hill

citrus stained
by the setting sun
across the surface
cirrus reflects

a maple spreads
its five-pronged leaves
over the stony edge
showy damselfly, shard of color
tests evasive drops

a swallow swoops
darts and dives
whilst on grey wings
the bat descends
leaving ripples like a skipped stone

Sarah L. Hill is originally from NH and always liked writing. Her poetry has recently appeared in the online journal "Jellyfish Whispers."

Daily Bread by Beth Kress

Last night I dreamed
of a kitchen counter
full of open bread slices
staring up at me expectantly -
this after a week of making
daily stacks of sandwiches
for my hungry grandchildren.

I can still see my mother, standing
at our old formica counter
doing this very task.
In her stylish self-made clothes
after a day's work managing a school,
she'd have served us a casserole dinner
and cleaned up,
my dad grading papers,
we kids hunched over homework.
She'd call out in a lilting voice
asking the five of us our preferences
for the next day's lunch –
as if this was a lark.

Her slices too filled the counter
as she laid them out,
each pair a clean white prayer book
ready to be composed
as she spread on the devilled ham
or peanut butter
with practiced precision –
just to the edges, but not over.

Then the rip of waxed paper
as she began wrapping each one,
tucking the corners under,
stuffing each into a brown bag
to be handed off the next morning –
simple food with a simple blessing.
Nightly labor.
Daily bread.

Beth Kress grew up in the Chicago area and raised her three children in mid-coast Maine before moving to Arlington. She was a school counselor at Lexington High School, taught at Lesley University, and currently tutors ESL students. Her work has been published in the Snowy Egret and the Avalon Literary Review.

Divine Femme by Rob Lorino

Divine Femme, embodiment and protector of all things feminine.
Glitter and blood. Tender whispers and hurled slurs. Hair, everywhere
Like the hands of a lover - welcome and thrilling. Or the hands
Of a stranger - harsh and unwanted. A Cha Cha heel
That sparkles, and the bruised toes within.
Hard. Soft. Beautiful. Grotesque. The whole universe in one.

Help protect the children. Every single one
Who's afraid to admit they love dolls, pink, anything deemed "feminine."
The origin of their self hatred won't come from within
But from parents, friends, relatives, strangers everywhere
Who say "You can't wear a dress" or "Take off your mother's high heel"
As they snatch the sequin covered fabric from their hands.

Divine Femme and femmes everywhere - embrace the rage within!
Crush this unjust world beneath your heel! With raised hands
Clenched in fists, our generation will be the one to redefine what it means to be
feminine.

The Lost Man by Achan Manyang

This man is from south sudan
when he was a boy
those people that are muslim
want south sudan people to be muslim not christians.
People killing people.
he ran away.
He hid in the trees. They couldn't catch him.
He traveled
to another country
Ethiopia
by foot
He met other boys on the way.
One become two
Two become three
Three become four
Four become more
A river of boys
there were no cars.
He kept on walking.
They ate giraffes
They ate any animals.
Giraffes tastes like cow meat.
A crocodile tastes like fish.
When there was nothing to eat
They ate leaves on the trees.
It feels like you are an animal.
He kept on walking.
He stayed in Ethiopia.
In 1991
the war started again.
They ran to the river Gilo.
The enemy was shooting them.
They all jump in the river.
“But if you don’t know how to swim
You just remain in the river.”
He crossed the river.
He kept on walking.

Achan Manyang was born in Kakuma, Kenya. Her father came to Arlington in 2001 as one of the Lost Boys of Sudan. In 2006, he became an American citizen and started the process of bringing Achan and her twin brother Ngor to America. They arrived in October 2009. Achan is now a junior at Arlington High.

First Song Again by Fred Marchant

Trust all the wood you stand on,
Become an ally of the grain,
Bend in the wind.

Trust even the high, precarious places,
The steeples and windy overhangs
That teach you everything.

Trust too the rose-tint of late afternoon
Sifting down through a lofted
Blue heron wing.

Trust above all the imminent return
Of the small, but persistent
Impulse to sing.

from *The Looking House* (Graywolf Press, 2009)

Fred Marchant is the author of five books of poetry, the most recent of which is Said Not Said (2017). Earlier books include The Looking House, Full Moon Boat, and House on Water, House in Air. and Tipping Point. Marchant has translated works by several Vietnamese poets and edited Another World Instead: The Early Poems of William Stafford, also published by Graywolf Press.

Library Birds by Oakes Plimpton

Do you know the Cedar Waxwings like the Library Crabapples?
Have you tried a crabapple yourself? They're bitter, but
Delicious to the Waxwings, and the Robins too.
Cheer yourself and step outside these winter days
And see if they're there, the Robins with their red breasts
And spectacled eyes, and the Waxwings with their crests,
And bright yellow tail tip, sleek form.

See, if I can write a poem, you can too;
Even make a rhyme if you're lucky — there's meter:
Iambic Pentameter, for example — “Now is the winter
Of our discontent” (Shakespeare), or “To swell the gourd
And plump the hazel shells” (John Keats).
Looked it up in Wikipedia, that's how I know.
But we are free to write however we like!

Oakes Plimpton is a Renaissance man: poet, birdwatcher, essayist, ex-hippie, volunteer farmer, and local historian. He has published many works including Prose Poetry; Robbins Farm Park, a Local History; and 1972 Farm Journal; he is currently working on a book, Arlington Market Gardens.

The Stars, at Ten by Jana Pollack

From the dock, I look down on
Water shimmering with end-of-day-sun,
The kind that means it's dinner time,
Or maybe just one last swim
Or finishing this chapter.
Dad cooks spaghetti and chicken
While mom reads aloud from Fried Green Tomatoes:
"I guess life just slips up on everybody.
It sure did on me."
Next to me, my sister's body hides
Under a towel
We are both damp from our last swim
My face is full of fresh freckles.
I have
Nothing to worry about
But the threat of a thunderstorm
And how terribly big the sky is at night
Being 10
Is like being on a zipline;
The harness keeps you safe
But the height still leaves you shaking.
My sister laughs at my frizzy hair
And I giggle too, my mother smiles
And the water gleams.

Jana grew up in Arlington Heights and graduated from Arlington High in 2004. She wrote this poem while a student at the University of Vermont. She now lives in New York City and works in advertising at BuzzFeed.

Uncalendared by DP Powell

Sometimes a weekend treats us kindly:
gentle breezes mixed with sun.
Sharing unscheduled time with yourself

can be a hoot.

Inside? Outside? With a mate, or alone?
Pursuing a path of letting go ...
(followed by a ? or !).
Keeping options open –
oh, excuse me, someone's at the door.

'dp' Powell (Doris Powell) lived in Arlington from 1944-2016. She currently lives at Goddard House in Brookline, is 94 years old, and still loves poetry, Spy Pond, and the way words can bring people together.

Super Moon by Steven Ratiner

Not the fat mandala the meteorologists
were touting on the news but

a dime-sized jewel floating beneath us
in the pond's black skies which

my grandson, nearly two, snatches up
in his small fist. Opening it slowly –

convinced of what he possesses,
and by what he's possessed –

he offers me his wet palm.
I kiss the moon there.

Menotomy Memories by Charles Schwab

We watched an oriole weaving her nest,
a dangling pouch precarious at best.

 Your dad brought us three —
 your mom, you, and me —
to the pond at Menotomy Rocks.

We once climbed the cliff rising above
(I wouldn't now for money or love),
 the two of us to show
 Grandma Syl below
our skill on Menotomy Rocks.

I played with you on the jungle gym,
recalling my son when I was with him.
 I saw him in you
 (Did Grandma too?)
that day at Menotomy Rocks.

Sitting, I see how the sunlight behaves
as it bounces off the rippling waves.
 Syl passed away,
 only strangers today
at the pond of Menotomy Rocks.

The years flew by, my recall less keen;
you tried out your wings and reached thirteen.
 I getting old,
 you growing bold
in the town round Menotomy rocks.

I return alone to glimpse the nest —
the fledglings have flown away with the rest
 to some other site
 for others' delight,
leaving us at Menotomy Rocks.

Born in 1922 and a longtime resident of Pittsburgh, PA, Charles R. Schwab graduated from Princeton, worked as a financier and statistician, and was a history buff, avid traveler, and progressive thinker all his adult life. In 1995 Charles and his wife Sylvia ended their retirement travels to move to Arlington, MA in order to help care for their new grandson, Matt. Later, in his mid-80s, after years serving as president, treasurer and board member of the Arlington Senior Center, Charles took up writing poetry with a young man's passion, self-publishing three books and completing a memoir shortly before his death in 2017 at age 95.

Jellybeans in Space by Jan Slepian

Science tells us that The Big Bang is responsible
for the birth of the Universe.
That explosion scattered the seeds of everything there is
to the outermost regions of space.
That describes my bathroom floor.
The plastic carton of jellybeans that I was carefully carting,
slipped. More likely jumped.
Down fell the carton, out fell the jellybeans.
Those colorful seeds spread in a millisecond
to the far reaches of whatever.
Much like the original, only, to my ears,
with a bigger bang.
Their colors mixed and mingled. My favorite blacks
were black holes in the cosmic display.
Andromeda, with her companions, was on the floor
behind the toilet bowl.
I couldn't reach her without leaving earth.
Bending down and picking up was beyond me.
Reaching for the stars no longer an option.
Transfixed, appalled, amused,
I awaited my spaceship.

Jan Slepian wrote "Jellybeans in Space" when she was 93, studying poetry with Arlington poet Jessie Brown. Jan authored 28 books for children and young adults, as well as 4 books of essays and poems about being very old, available on Amazon and at the library: Astonishment: Life in the Slow Lane, How to be Old: a Beginner's Guide, Jellybeans in Space, and The Other Shoe.

Cycling Home by Bob Sprague

Three falls before Minuteman opened,
we cycled to Concord on 2A,
Redcoat ghosts blew in our faces.
No races. Just a Revolutionary ride,
our legs churning through history --
past where Emerson essayed, Thoreau
mused, Alcott penned; past Willow Pond,
where bikers, modern "embattled farmers,"
loudly supped, a stuffed moose head watching.

Back on Mass. Ave. to Arlington,
tracing the defeated's retreat,
we rode, until a car door stopped
me short. No musket and ball, no
English bayonet left me splayed.
No Sam Whittemore hero, I.

Bob Sprague has been a journalist since 1970, including at The Boston Globe, Herald and YourArlington.com. He has been a desultory poet since 1960. In Oct. 14 that year, he skipped a day of high school, and, bolstered by some of Dylan Thomas's poems, experienced an hour's trance in which he felt opened to the world's verse. He wishes he had followed up more on the experience than he has.

Return by Virginia Thayer

He's coming! Coming home! At last! Directly
from Biak, a mere mote in the vast Pacific,
aboard a creaky transport, estimating, correctly
he hopes, an arrival in fifteen days on the Atlantic
side. I'm ecstatic! Two weeks, one day, then a civilian
again. Will it be everything we expect?
Oh God, what a relief! How long it's been—a million
years ago. Right off he'll connect with his parents,
then jump on the train to Washington,
where I'll be waiting, attempting to do my job—
my concentration lost, a librarian-simpleton,
unable to classify documents for the throb
of my heart. I can't read. I jump from my chair
to shelve some books—as I walk on air.

Virginia Thayer was a a woman of immense and varied talents: poet, painter, accomplished baker and cook, and friend. Virginia contributed in many ways to the life of the Town of Arlington, where she lived for 51 years before moving with family members to Florida. She was a counselor at Arlington Youth and Children's Center and an active member of the League of Women Voters, and of First Parish UU. She died in August, 2017, at the age of 95.

Seashore by Mia Vakoc

the salty ocean air surrounds me
 waves swirl and crash
 beach days
 end
 so
 fast
 but i stare at thieving seagulls playing, salty air smelling good
 my heart grows and a salt water tear drips down my cheek onto my
sandy legs
 farewell
seashore

Mia Vakoc is an eleven-year-old fifth grade student at Stratton School. She likes write poetry, read, ski and rock climb.

ME by Linnea Ward

ME (LIST)

HAIR.

EYES.

SKIN.

LOVE.

ME!

ME (STORY)

My first memory

is when I was

two, standing

still in our

living room.

ME (CONVERSATION)

I am special!!

HOW?

There is no other

me in the whole

wide world!

WOW!

Linnea Ward is a girl who is almost 9 years old and who goes to second grade, Mrs. Orlando's class. She goes to Thompson school. She wrote the poem, "Me".