

College Guild

P.O. Box 6448, Brunswick, ME 04011

POETRY CLUB III

Introduction

Poetry Club 3 is not a course that will be offered in general. Eligibility for taking this course will be by invitation only. Poetry Club 3 is a 7-unit advance study for students who have completed the Creative Language, and Poetry Club 1 and 2 courses; who may want to continue with an independent study.

Each unit of this course will consist of a pre-selection of 4 poems – some from the same poet and some a mix from different poets -- from which 2 are to be chosen to be analyzed/critiqued; then 4 original poems are to be submitted along with the analysis of the 2 pre-selected poems.

As usual the work will be reviewed and commented on by a College Guild reader.

Unit 1 Poems by Meredith Davies Hadaway and Philip Booth

Unit 2 Poems by Michael L. Owens

Unit 3 Poems by Traci Brimhall

Unit 4 Poems by Langston Hughes and Ezra Pound

Unit 5 Poems by David Russell Wagoner and Mary Molinary

Unit 6 Poems by e e cummings

Unit 7: Alfred Noyes, Louis MacNeice and Ruth Yarrow

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Unit 1 of 7

Poems by Meredith Davies Hadaway and Philip Booth

An award-winning poet and teacher of ecopoetry, Meredith Davies Hadaway is the author of three collections of poetry, *At The Narrows*, (2015) *The River is a Reason* (2011) and *Fishing Secrets of the Dead* (2005), all issued from Word Poetry. Hadaway's work explores the birds, bugs, trees, marshes—and especially the waters—of Maryland's Eastern Shore evoking the memory and mystery as they shape our braided lives.

Hadaway has read her work in both literary venues and nature centers across the United States and in Ireland. She is a longtime resident on one crumbling bank of the Chester River who has spent countless hours on the water, reading, writing, teaching poetry workshops aboard a boat, or sometimes just dreaming and drifting. She is also a musician who plays harp at the bedside in hospitals, nursing homes and hospice, or in performance with her band, Harp & Soul.

Hadaway has received fellowships from the Virginia Center for Creative Arts, an Individual Artist Award from the Maryland State Arts Council and multiple Pushcart nominations. Her collection, *At The Narrows*, won the 2015 Delmarva Book Prize for Creative Writing. In addition to publishing poetry and reviews in numerous literary journals, she serves as poetry editor for *The Summerset Review*. Hadaway holds an MFA in Poetry from Vermont College of Fine Arts. She is a former Rose O'Neill Writer-in-residence at Washington College, where she taught English and creative writing in addition to serving as vice president for communications and marketing.

BECAUSE I HAD TIME TO PLAN

For your death, I thought of everything.
In the fading gray of the hospital room, I typed
your obituary, ordered music, speeches,
pastries, your favorite beer – so much time

to bring your friends around, to tuck the sheet
beneath your chin, to stroke your hair, to hear you say
you loved me back, you loved me
back. But I forgot to plan for this,

this day of open sky and tackle spinning
on the end of my line
without you.

ANTS

They put murder
at my fingertips. Trailing
past my morning
coffee to carry out
their offices, one
follows another up
the window ledge, always
going, always
somewhere. Even
when I sweep them

mantling the night
to bring it, bit
by bit, into

the house.

from the counter,
they will not
stop their orbiting,
even while I sleep
they are dis-

Philip Booth's poems, first published in 1950 by Viking's legendary Malcolm Crowley, have been translated into five languages. His books of poetry include "Letter from a Distant Land," "The Islanders," "Weather and Edges," "Margins," "Available Light," "Before Sleep," "Relations," "Selves," and "Pairs." He has received numerous grants and awards, including those from the Academy of American poets, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Guggenheim Foundation, and the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Booth lives with his wife in Castine, Maine in the house that has belonged to his family for five generations.

SMALL TOWN

You know.

The light on upstairs
before four every morning. The man
asleep every night before eight.
What programs they watch. Who
traded cars, what keeps the town
moving.

The town knows. You
know. You've known for years over
drugstore coffee. Who hurts, who
loves.

Why, today, in the house
two down from the church, people
you know cannot stop weeping.

ADDING IT UP

My mind's eye opens before
the light gets up. I
lie awake in the small dark,
figuring payments, or how
to scrape paint; I count
rich women I didn't marry.
I measure bicycle miles
I pedaled last Thursday
to take off weight; I give some
passing thought to the point
that if I hadn't turned poet
I might well be some other
sort of accountant. Before
the sun reports its own weather
my mind is openly at it:

I chart my own rainfall,
or how I'll plant the seed if
I live to be fifty. I look up
words like "bilateral symmetry"
in my mind's dictionary; I consider
the bivalve mollusk, re-pick
last summer's mussels on Condon Point,
preview the next red tide, and
hold my breath: I listen hard
to how my heart valves are doing.
I try to not get going
too early: bladder permitting,
I mean to stay in bed until six;
I think in spirals, building
horizon pyramids, yielding to
no man's flag but my own.
I think a lot of Saul Steinberg:
I play touch football on one leg,
I seesaw on the old cliff, trying
to balance things out: job,
wife, children, myself.
My mind's eye opens before
my body is ready for its
first duty: cleaning up after
an old maid Bassett in heat.
That, too, I inventory:
the Puritan strain will out,
even at six a.m.; sun or no sun,
I'm Puritan down to the bone, down to
the marrow and then some:
if I'm not sorry I worry,
if I can't worry I count.

Remember: First names only & please let us know if your address changes