

MACKWORTH ISLAND

She paused ...

then perched herself on a granite outcropping
surrounded by cedar and pine,
a sweeping expanse of needle and branch,
framing unending views of the bay and islands which lay beyond.

It was a crisp, cool yet sunny fall day.

Before her ...

a maze of inlets and coves,
harbors and small bays
which, at waning tide,
would wash an unsuspecting weary wanderer far out to sea
leaving behind muck and pools, another world, only then to be seen.

Behind ...

the sloping wooded hillside
a tiny village made of twig and shale and woodcutter's chaff ...
200 homesteads, maybe more,
each built to shelter a fairly family,
or a lonely spirit who found itself aground
on this isolated yet welcoming shore.