

Whisperwood

Counting days until we leave  
For Belgrade, Maine, a brief reprieve  
The lawn is trimmed, the house is locked  
Clothes are packed, the cooler stocked

New this year, a boat in tow  
A brand new toy though I said NO  
"His Idea", so aptly named  
A bargain boat or so he claimed

Our cabin waits upon the hill  
The air is calm, the lake is still  
Loons are calling to their mate  
Our rods are ready, lures and bait

Off we go, a high speed ride  
To seek the fish that surely hide  
Sometimes lucky, sometimes not  
The camera captures what we caught

When not fishing, our truck rides  
To antique stores or mountainsides  
Coastal routes where views abound  
Or shops where trains and gifts are found

At the end we leave with more  
Than left with from our Westport door  
Memories of places dear  
And reservations for next year

Danielle Cabral 7/2007