



Rensselaerville Library

Preserving a historical gathering place
Promoting a life-long love of learning
Fostering personal connections

Community Poem Project

As part of our celebration of National Poetry Month 2015, we invited friends and neighbors far and wide to help us "grow" our online community poem! Here's what we "harvested," followed by the names of the "poet-growers":

Song of Ourselves

We celebrate ourselves, and sing ourselves.
Twirling under star-filled summer skies, reveling in laughter.
Jupiter bright - hold closer - dances on water.
Dust will be my lot soon enough, but not today.
Today I paint vibrant colors wrapped in lace.
A younger me sings next to the oldest stones shaded by a labyrinth of leaves.
Stoned, I leave the labyrinth to follow the stars.
Two lines? One line? It doesn't matter, as long as we know life
is about standing in line . . . waiting, waiting, waiting.
Our day is today. Our time is now. Look up at the blue sky!
The ducks are nearing the edge of the falls; someone should warn them.
They too have places to go.
And conversations with angels of concuss to manage all the same.
Beings of light dancing on the head of a pin —
And I, adrift in light searing Myosotis at dusk
watch swallows dive into rings of gold,
explode the lake's still surface.
You . . . line of my line, love of my love, light of my light.
Waters part, ripple like the pages of a well-thumbed tome,
and gurgle stories repeated in unison.
Impulses daily change, revisions allowed?
Music of my mind, chant of my heart, voice of my soul.
Here the search for sacred rings is tantamount to surrender.
But it is already pretty white!
Abstract is okay, but never frank? In the Hill country?
Meadow mouse swallow tail wing timothy spikes spider web dew.
I dream of these fields, these roads, and you, 20, 40, 100 years from now.
A girl walks by, a presence.
Above the Huyck mist, in the waterfall shadows,

a memory of how we climbed the ridges together.
And those ridges stepping stones to dusk
crested Lake Myosotis with damselflies and thunder.
Dwelling upon the thrust fold belt, we contemplate sacred Native places,
prayers mingled Mahican and Dutch, splitting the Devonian crust
on Turtle Island with tenant wars. Who we are, have been, and will be.
There is no better song than this.
I see you in the mist, in your calico Indian mask, bopping on the trail
freedom freedom freedom
the grateful ones who lift the civil war monument into place
freedom freedom freedom
here now after the lowing of cows
I see the young girl coming up the hill with her smartphone
lifting her face for a moment into this smile.
Alas she enjoy the moment, next step begins her longest mile.
Poets springing up like daffodils.
Yes! Yes! Here on this vernal day when the early morning ice
is crackling the trees as so many wayward songs, Naysayer, listen!
Let our beekeepers, our hay-makers, our shepherds,
our maple syrupers, our vegetable gardeners,
our hop growers teach! . . . the long learned craft of
to wait and to receive, to watch and alter with tender trust . . .
From rolling high hill to low hollow and gurgling creek
down their own long miles,
they who work the cycles of life thus prosper.
They rise and fall, flow with the rhythm of splashing water over stone
and lift to Sun's own pull.

Poets . . .

Paul Amidon Anonymous (10) Daisy Buchanan Alan Casline Tom Corrado Delta 1' 44"
Hana C. Hayes Susan Kayne Nancy Klepsch Howard Kogan Ann Lapinski Joan Mack
Linda Sonia Miller Mimi Moriarty Philomena Moriarty obeerúid~ olliesmom
PMBoudreaux Lee Pursewarden Larry Rapant Francesca J. Sidoti TaraKat Tim Verhaegen