

DRIVING HOME FROM BELFAST, INTO THE CRESCENT MOON

Gary Lawless

I hear the granite singing
and it is alive.
I want to tell you
that granite is
a migratory species
(think plate tectonics, continental
drift, glacial erratic)
but you can read the flow lines
from when granite was
liquid, and moving, quickly -
I want to tell you
that lichen is a language of granite,
that granite speaks
with air and water
and light -
we might never know
what stories it holds
deep within the rock.

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Gary Lawless is a poet, publisher, bookstore owner and teacher who lives in the Damariscotta watershed among alewives, loons, granite, and wind. The State of Maine claims him as a resident, but Gary gyres in wider circles. He has had five collections of his poems published in Italy (along with seventeen in the United States) and has read poetry at *spectacles* in Italy, Slovenia, Germany, Latvia, Lithuania, Cuba and other locations in the Americas. His bookstore is a center of activism for folks in the Gulf of Maine bioregion, and Gary engages in numerous public service projects, from working with citizens in Brunswick, Maine to citizens in their sister-city in Trinidad, Cuba. He is a practicing Caribouddhist, who was mentored by teachers like Gary Snyder and Nanao Sakaki. The University of Southern Maine recently celebrated his many diverse achievements by conferring a Doctorate of Humane Letters on him. Gary lives with his wife, Beth Leonard, and their three cats and two donkeys at Chimney Farm along the shores of Damariscotta Lake. His poetry blog is at <http://myigrations.blogspot.com>, and all are welcome.