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Solo on Moosehead Lake in Maine

Virginia Grant
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There is silence
mimicked only by silence
just as the reflection
of trees and mountains is
mirrored by itself
within the rippleless glass menagerie.
I sit staring out upon it
from my vantage point boulder
bounded on the edge of somethingness
grasping out toward nothingness.
My tiny speck of an island would not suffice
for this solo venture.
I wanted to leap
into the fantasy world of water images
and start afresh.

Silence is broken,
the haunting mournful call of the loon
coming from somewhere between
this world and the other
is suspended and swallowed in cold thick air,
the song beckons to me
I try to match it with my own forlorn human cries,
they are born within despair and
bred within solitude.

Suddenly, hot breaths, guffaws, wheezes,
my terror, has the devil come to take me?
My cries subside into astonishment
at the sight which has been bestowed upon me;
two moose have come to visit,
their steady pants echo across the mountains
emanating from massive heavy skulls
covered in slick brown fur.
They navigate through the water
their eyes stare cold and deep
as they swim by my island
steam rising from their bodies
bewildered at my melancholy,
I realize that my island is my refuge
that all of nature shares with me.
In my solitude I delight
and revere in unbroken silence.

--- Virginia Grant