

Earth Care and Spirituality Reflection

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Taylor Hill Elegy

Deborah Bliss

Exhalations of a thin, dry wind
rip through the air along the road,
tearing at the ice-bent birches,
thrumming and souging
in the arms of the grandfathers:
the ancient maples,
a staggered row.

These are the ones that remain,
after their century has passed.
The wind, at other and more turbulent times,
has torn five of them down.

At moonrise now,
I remember what is gone –
the lyre of their branches
that held mornings of birdsong.
And right here,
my father, carrying two full sap buckets,
leapt from this same stone wall
and tore his right foot.
My father's dance is over,
and sap cannot (will not)
be taken again
from these gray beauties, these elders,
these holy ones.

Deborah Bliss is a poet and musician who lives in New Vineyard, Maine, on the farm that has been in her family for generations. She is a member of Shorey Chaple, UCC, in Industry, Maine, where, she leads worship once a month and plays her instrument of choice, the alto recorder.