

Mount Desert Island, Maine

### **GREAT GRANDPARENTS**

Time has worn the mantle of the earth from its shoulders,  
revealing pink granite collarbones against the changing blues of sea and sky. Pink from feldspar,  
though I would prefer to think it is memorial to the shells of lobsters and crabs.  
Somes Sound, an unlikely fjord, cuts through the mountains  
so my island looks like a horseshoe.

The tide, thirteen feet twice a day,  
has taken over where the glaciers left their work,  
eroding, abrading, wearing the rocks down  
to soft grandmothers,  
with nooks and folds in their skirts,  
places to hide and rest hidden with a book.

The trees are grandfathers,  
their gnarled roots boring into the rocks,  
trunks braced against northern storms,  
crowns of needles touching the sunlight.  
Grey lichen softens their necks,  
like hair curling out of loose-necked shirts.

These are my foundation, when others fail.

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