

A Day in Maine

This collaborative poem was written and illustrated by the children of Beals Island Elementary School with support from author & illustrator Jamie Hogan and Island Readers & Writers.

Going to haul on the *Autumn Gale* or the *Tamie Lyne*.

Out the door at 4 am, 80 feet between each trap and the swoop of a whale's tail surprises us.

Under the bridge we go.

Whether fishing or worming or clamming or wrinkling; Is it easy money or hard work?

In the dawn the animals come out to play and we watch over them.

We are the Beals Protectors.

Above us we see a plane flying to New York City and the wild geese are waiting their turn on the flight path.

A fierce eagle bigger than us perches as we learn.

Spiders with names blowing in the wind build mesmerizing webs on the playground.

Hungry, hunting, eager, scared...being chased.

The spiders are climbing beautiful trees.

A deer curled up by the swings dreaming.

A gaggle of geese erupts in flight and the crows caw.

Seeking adventures through secret passages.

Searching, swimming, climbing steep rocks in the forest.

Protecting this place; the secret beaches, the muffin rock, the glowing water.

We all love the crabs walking sideways. Pinch, pinch!

We find shells and sea glass like shiny crystals.

The setting sun makes a Christmas tree ocean as buoys bob on the shining pink water and we take the bridge home.

We feel calm when we see the water.

A flickering banana moon appears in the twilight sky as the fog rolls in and blankets us and we dream of what's to come.

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