

Victoria Gravel  
Brunswick (Sunrise Bowdoin)/New Vineyard

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For the passage of the PTA

And what will we whisper  
In the silence  
Somber, sullen  
The fiery glow of the morning sun  
Penetrating our sunken souls  
Collapsing into colorful caverns left  
Cold, calcified;

Yet, the sun warms still

And what will we reply  
When the Androscoggin aches  
Tides as tune of terror  
On the shores of Popham  
Sure just a few mornings ago  
The Puffins were perched above  
Prophets, pelagic wisdom peeping forth  
The songs of sagacity-  
Have we listened?

Yet, wings and waves beat still  
The Maine heart beats still  
Silence looms, still

And what will we cry out  
When the tears of our Indigenous kin  
The first stewards of this shared home  
Left ripped, wrested from riparian respite  
"Reason", "responsibility", "repair"  
Salter spring streams  
What will we cry out  
When that saline liquid flows  
Forest floors flooded  
Drowning us all  
All beings

Silence grows

Yet

We stand today  
Embodying the might of Pine  
Power, prickled  
Upright, Right up  
Guardians of our forest  
Siblings in our collective  
Demanding the right to cease silence  
Demanding the right to cry  
To whisper  
To sing  
To laugh  
To love  
Together  
On this planet  
Clean, cultivated with care everlasting

We are the Pines and Puffins  
Birches and boulders  
Mountains and Morning Doves  
Lobsters and lovers  
Humans and humus

We refuse the sensuality of silence  
Tempestuous temptress of timidity  
Together

The rights we demand  
Are the melodies of Maine  
The harmonies of habitats  
The ballads of brooks  
The rights we demand  
Are the rights to live  
We will whisper  
Cry  
Reply  
We sang  
And so  
We live  
All.