

POETRY ON THE TRAIL



*21 poems inspired by an exhibit of sculpture
on Hopkinton's Center Trail*

Foreword

The beauty and sturdy usability of Hopkinton's Center Trail has grown out of long collaboration between town committees, community organizations, and neighborhood volunteers—and out of hope that this short piece of trail, this little gem, will serve as a seed for Hopkinton's segment of the regional Upper Charles Trail.

Art on the Trail grew out of still more collaboration, this time between trails enthusiasts and artists, and between artist mentors and local organizations. Attracting participants young and old, the exhibit opened on August 2. Over the course of two months, new pieces were added, sometimes anonymously; a curlicued carpet of sand faded into the trail as the artist had intended; and a piece inviting audience participation changed and changed again as trail walkers bent flexible elements and added rocks and leaves.

Along with other writers whom we invited to take part, two poet members of the Art on the Trail board, Polly Brown and Cheryl Perreault, have taken the collaborative energy one more step. Each of the 21 poems in this anthology began growing in the mind of a poet who was walking the trail. A live reading will share the resulting sequence of poems, and this online chapbook welcomes you, readers near and far.

Hooray for this web of collaboration and inspiration! On behalf of all the poets, warm thanks to the many people who helped to create the trail and this exhibit, to entertain and move us—and from the poetry curators, warmest thanks to all the poets.

Polly Brown
Cheryl Perreault

Hopkinton, Massachusetts
September 2015



Poetry on the Trail

Poems

Ten Place Path, by Tom Driscoll

The Center Trail, by Jeanne Kelley

Aloft, by Trish Perry

Perceptions, by Cynthia Franca

To a Spur Trail, Not Often Followed, by Carla Schwartz

Woods Walk Wonders, by Bonnie Bishop

Cream, by Violet Mlčák

Nest of Womanly Desires, by Sherri Stepakoff

Trail / Rails / Trails, by Brian Forsythe

This Morning, by Con Squires

Grandmother Spider, by Mary S. Green

Center Trail Synecdoche, by Polly Brown

Earth, by Jeff Barnes

At the Head, by Meg Tyler

Culture Clash, by Peter LaGoy

The Abiding, by Trisha Knudsen

Body in the Flux of Change, by Jaclyn Perreault

The Path Within This Path, by Marilyn Rea Beyer

Window to My Dreams, by Michael Porter

Again, by Emily Miller Mlčák

This Heartbeat in the Woods I Hear, by Cheryl Perreault

About the Poets

Art and Artists on the Trail

Other Acknowledgments

Ten Place Path

Strange time's accretions,
this path and gathering place
of light's odd leavings—

shades at witness once
to the aching industry
of poor, brief-lived men.

Crushed stone graded first
to forge from field and forest
the steel-railed way there.

Back lot and pasture
children watch from aimlessness,
shimmered dust and awe,

timber hewn, lake ice
or mill cloth and quarried stone
borne on turning wheels

to their marketplace
or the next hands at making
some token or task.

The hours, days and years
of engine smoke and pale noise
tempering cruel change—

these vanished stations
of profit and suffering
render this path still

our quiet shelter,
cherished as we walk, and watch
with one another,

nearer light at play,
a distance we cannot mark
and this,
time's music.

Tom Driscoll

The Center Trail

*Nature in her green, tranquil woods
heals and soothes all afflictions – John Muir*

When the sun sears the cells of my skin,
and I imagine them expanding like yeast,
leading to another scar,
I cross over from the sidewalk to this path,
walk through the canopy of high branched trees,
and forget the caravan of cars on Main Street,
with their exhaust and tempers rising,
the din of lawnmowers, weed wackers,
and that trugreen truck by my neighbor's lawn,
where a worker sprays poison
the wind provides us for free.
On this woodland path of cleared earth padded solid,
where vines wrap like fur around the hardwood trees,
and lichen jewel their bark when they fall,
wildflowers deliver themselves without charge here,
where I keep walking, listening until its peace
calms the burnt air to twilight.

Jeanne Kelley

Aloft

There she was
twisting in the wind,
every feeling
an angle,
out of kilter
disconnected.

She hated days like this,
hanging suspended,
her insides exposed
for all the world to see.

Drawn to the
crazy tilt and
wild colors of
a cuckoo house,
she flew by it
down the path
over the carpet
into the woods.

Trish Perry



Perceptions

When you cross this trail,
You are not alone.
An invisible gate is opened
For two guardians.

Looking up, on your left,
A colorful house is waiting for you:
Out on a Limb.
There is something interesting about this house.
It is not like the others.

Its architecture escapes the obvious.
Your address is unusual: the top of a tree.
An insider's view of all who cross the gate.

Its colors are of such intensity,
They invite the eye...Forever!
How many times we have lost the opportunity
To know the value of a human being,
However different they seem at first sight.

A new look at the world means
A new look at ourselves and each other.
We are all like that house:
Special.

The **Sky Warrior** is up, on your right,
Giving you her pure crystal heart,
When the sun's light pass through the dress,
The warrior dances with the wind,
You can feel the warm hug on the air,
As a breeze:
You are welcome here.

Footprints cross the **Carpet**,
Made with white sand,
Mixed with the land.
This is a tunnel of time.

The symbols protect those who walk on it:
Their worries go away. The problems are out.
The small rocks on the ground and tangible feelings,
That were left, forgotten then materialized,
Decide to stay, inside.
After crossing the carpet, everyone becomes lighter and free.

We were built to interact with you.
When you look at us,
You open our windows.
Touch us, play with us,
We are **Participatory Sculptures**.

Don't think about time. You are at home.

A large nest built for, as well as the heart, hosting, protecting, loving.
Hope Imagined, Hope Realized is the physical demonstration
Of unconditional love, universal love.
Nests are roots, foundations that sustain dreams,
Connections in flight,
Resilience, learning,
Home.

Bridging the Generation Gap

Is a village of small houses in the air,
Hands on the clay, precious stones,
Treasures passed down from generation to generation,
Values.
Signatures of life, kaleidoscope of memories,
Bridge.
How strong are your bridges?

Celebrating the web of life, **Grandmother Spider** reminds us of the power
of the different interconnections in our lives.
Seven colorful mandalas made of recycled material
Inspire us to recycle old concepts, create something new. Transforming
ourselves.

A Trail of Flora and Fauna is the picture of life that is renewed:
Leaves, rabbits, birds, flowers, plants, bridges all come to life
In harmony with nature, blooming as a true mosaic of art.

We are watching you,
Breathing with you.
We are all connected,
Human profiles in multiple directions,

We are all **Wired**,
Like human nature,
But unique human beings.

We are the mirror of your feelings
In art form,
We are all perceptions,
Sculpture perceptions,
Us:
Alive symbiosis.

Cynthia Franca



To a Spur Trail, Not Often Taken

You peek out
from behind a knocked down old fence,
a sliver of silk scarf
orange flutter in the wind.
Entreat me, your Gretel,
with your dazzling jewels.

.
Dappled sunlight at your feet,
A moth lingers
between your sedges,
flits and hops.

You hug tight
a tree stump,
felled
for your making,
a severed umbilical,
an outie,
protruding
like a young boy's
belly.
You draw my eye there,
so I don't stumble.

Unwitting leader,
you model
tree limbs
on your runway,
twirl in the wind,
and point me to
the old stone boundary wall,
the thick of green
all around.

Wearer of earth scents,
of pine needles,
dead wood,
and brush.

Sculpture in the museum
of natural beauty,
you teach me
to find my way
along your thick parts
and narrow,
your hard pack
and the runoff-softened mud.

You whisper,
Look here!
Look around!
Listen!
A rufous-sided towhee.

Teaser,
Siren,
you lead me
to what must have been a stream in spring,
now, muddy and soft.
What is it
about this stream
that begs crossing?
What holds me back?
Is it simply the water,
where I can sit and listen,
read closely
the darkness
that separates
one leg
from the other,
or, am I driven
to follow you,
no matter the muck
you lure me through?

Carla Schwartz

Woods Walk Wonders

At the ingress
a dress hangs
from a limb
addressing
the neighborhood
of small branches

as white sand curls along
a gravel path, all recurring
circles and curves:
Hindu bridal tattoo
on the wrist of the forest.

*(nothing
depends upon*

*a blue wheel
barrow*

*upended
in the shade*

*beside the compost
pile)*

A glossy black ant inspects
a miniature blue and white china
tea set with matching
placemats and napkins
on a flat table rock
where Wallace Stevens' jar
overflows with blue
hydrangea blooms

and in a clearing
seven circles
wobble windily,
pow-wow hoopla
of hula hoops, halos
of yellow green and red—
ooh la la!

Bonnie Bishop

Cream

maybe,
when you get here,
I would pour some cream in your cup

maybe,
when you get here,
we'll warm our hands

maybe,
if you get here,
you'd like how I picked the hydrangea
just for you

the cream is warm
and my hands are cold
but it's all worth it

I've fallen in love
with how the hydrangea matches
the sky

Violet Mlčák



Nest of Womanly Desires

Hands and feet and minds
melding of worlds
melting of time

light filtered through canopy
falling on still leaves --
shadows falling on memories

woven moments come upon
listening for gravel, for breeze
the hum of deep summer

words upon words
stuffed in with straw
worn gloves left behind

carefully to retell the weaving
of twine of wood of rock
into *hope imagined... hope realized*

Sherri Stepakoff



Trails - Rails - Trails

There's an extra commotion in the air today:
by teams of oxen and horse, man and machine,
with rallies of children in merriment parade,
and taunts of beauty by lady and land.

Trails to Rails a voice exclaims, seasoned by change,
as reach further for communities united now fills the air
beyond our quaint hamlet, once adorned as Quansigamog,
for timely hope of dreams realized, far beyond our homes may fare.

By way of muscle and ax, saw and grit,
then oxen away this timber to trail, we rejoice,
for we are frontiersmen still of our nation new,
purveyors of community, oneness and Spirit.

Beneath your feet, steel and tie once measured the way
which would rail away or deliver us, home, so many alike.
An age in which time was engaged with precedence, onward and forth.
Can you drift back amongst this time and feel the ground shake?

You are upon a space where territories were joined
aboard carriage by rail... By greeters and wavers, and warm hellos
and even those departing by tearful goodbyes
leaving the safety of their easeful havens behind.

Ever since wandering seas delivered our kin each away
from worn nations' days of glory, now far gone,
our sense of community and connectedness remains
ingrained within each of us, and now re-planted upon our shores.

Today, we stand witness to those days past upon this trail,
gathering from one, the other, the renewed prospects
of a life where hamlets of yesterday's fanciful way
might be brought forth, to this very day, this very space,

with hope that our hearts and lives might fill again
with renewed Spirit, Grace and Charity for all those whose lives
have wandered even beyond the reaches of their own kind
by some over forgotten, cherished ways of life—

life shaped for community as one-for-all, near-and-far
and with exaltation of our glorified days now past,
we offer our own light to mind and hearts to love
upon this trail, once rail, this moment and for all our days to come.

Brian Forsythe

This Morning

Preamble

I am going to Hopkinton, not with a cow
but my wife, and have no plans to return
with beans. No fairy tale, this, but since
there are giants in the wood for certain,
let's ring up the fairy curtain.

Act One: the Woods (apologies to Frost)

Whose woods these were I used to know.
His spouse is in the village, though,
and so is he; their time has come for tea.
Therefore upon this gravel path I'll have a stroll,
hoping I won't meet a troll.

Act Two: Flung Carpet

For yards and yard and yards, a stream of sand
throws curlicues on every hand;
or rather, tell you I really should,
it makes a carpet in the wood.

Act Three: Snake and Toad(stool)

Beyond a moss-hung foggy shaggy house,
a toad(stool) concrete upon the path
now stands discrete, some twelve yards shy
of a snake, head reminiscent of a rake.

Act Four: Elventon

I spy a dead tree dressed in Windsor
tie, four more beyond, of which
I am increasingly less fond,
sensing a civic mentality...
small beings, big surprises,
and then the real magic rises,
leading to wild surmises!

Act Five: Still Elventon

Upon blue placemat, placemat blue,
a tiny tea-setting of azure hue,
I'd steal one if not for glue!

The Madder Hatter's crept beyond a tree,
near where tea-drunk Dormouse slept,
blithe Alice then explained it all,
that Hatter had some awful gall!

Act Six: Elventon at Last!

Bird houses in the trees,
round doors...do they require/admit
round birds?

A town-full, swinging slightly
in a gentle breeze, as

a band of many colors
plays on and on and on,
untouched by *human* hands

but that's not all this wood contains,
look there, wasn't that a fawn?

Left and Lost

An old rock is buried here,
must be near a thousand year.
I set my cap against the sun,
with nowhere else to run.

Act Final: Home Again

O home is where the kindness is,
our pets do not desire to roam.
Our dog, who's prone to blindness, says,
"Is that our cat at last come home?"

Con Squires

Grandmother Spider

Along this sheltered path
watercolor wheels float, hover
and scoop light beams
through leafy branch canopy
into their spinning rainbow webs.
Solar-charged,
they begin their sacred dance
weave through sky openings
between maple and elm,
encouraged by fanfare of ostrich ferns,
punctuate the earthy landscape
with fiery bursts of vermillion, tangerine, gold.
A single whirl of ultramarine emerald
sends splashes of cool indigo
drenches thirsty ferns
to feathery applause.

Mary Starr Green



Center Trail Synecdoche

synecdoche: a part standing for the whole

Out of five oak logs end-to-end, on ground
hilled up along the path, shelf fungi spring—
ivory, russet, gray—from the logs' rich stew
of rot, of life unstitched, remixed. And now,
on thin metal stalks, blooming kind by kind,
clay prints of lily pad, dragonfly, blue
birds joined swoop to swoop and beak to beak,
field flower silhouettes tinted pink and green,
a fierce-faced rabbit—the manyness of life.
Extend this *Flora and Fauna* dotted line
around the earth: stickleback, cactus wren,
lotus, a gorilla's hand print, bamboo—
synecdoche for each place we cherish; fear
losing; work to save. The stakes this clear.

Polly Brown



Earth

Quietly wander the Center Trail
Leave devices and cell phones behind
Take your spouse, friend or neighbor
Most important, open your mind

Large, whimsical birdhouse
Bright colors and curves happily greet
A safe, caring comforting place
To come together each day and meet

An unfamiliar dress silhouette
Floats eerily close above in the sky
A status-quo battle warrior
Begs the question "Who really am I?"

Tibetan inspired natural carpet
Meandering patterns of pebbles and sand
Transports us for a few moments
To a far east, spiritual land

Generations bridged
Together hand prints are forged
Between elders and young girl scouts
Blessed friendships eternally formed

Hope imagined, hope realized
A dream we all share
So often it takes special people
To help get us there

Complex webs of the Spider Grandmother
Vibrant colors dance in the sun
A gentle, symbolic reminder
All life on Earth is inter-connected as one

Our dear senior's creations
For a brief time, fired in clay
A trail of flora and fauna
To busy their winter days

The many facial profiles of Wired
Arranged in circular form
Remind us we're all in this together
We don't have to stand alone

Our artists are local
Their great work is unique
As you ponder the projects
Let your own imagination speak

Jeff Barnes



At the Head

My arms shine at night. Spindly, flickering,
reflecting movement as if animate.
I have seen such flashing in the human eye.

Or are my spindles like hair, a stiff mass,
long quills that invite no neighborly touch.

Why have they put me here, away from the soft
enclosure of the trees, either side of the path
a buttress, a shawl to cover my extensions.

Am I a sentinel? From what do I guard the way?

There are other shapes along the trail,
mostly obscured from my view.
But here I am at the head. That must have meaning.

When the dawn light spills onto the ground
from the south, I am the first in line to catch it,
to feel it electrify me, base to tip.

As the days grow cooler and drier and hogweed wilts,
loosestrife loses its gem-colored petals, I remain upright.
My gleam may soften in cloud. My color may distress
in rain, but my touch, o my touch remains adamant.

Meg Tyler

Culture Clash

We walk the trail, viewing art in the trees -
hooped yellows, reds, and greens;
a red dress; bird houses.

And the guns pop in the distance,
target practice;
a different outdoor activity.

We walk by art beside the path -
stainless faces, one of rust;
twisted hoses; ceramic murals.

And target practice continues,
loud sporadic gunfire;
otherworldly.

We walk on the art in the trail -
patterned white sand;
hand print plates; red paint.

And the guns...

Cultures uncomfortably coexisting
but coexisting
as we must. And can.

Peter LaGoy

The Abiding

If you look closely as you travel
over the sparkling white sand path,
with its carefully placed totem stones
and bird shadow casting over your own silhouette,
you will find lady beetles on jewelweed, various chalky moths,
last season's hickory nuts, wild raspberry brambles, grapevines,
and lichen on stone, around which grow fungus, moss and fern.

Sweet birdhouses welcome their guests,
with their own fine porcelain for washing up below.
Down the path have been placed lovely tiles of clay
to brighten the hillock, and grand sculptures
of moving metal have been set for spinning or perching.
How wonderful a gathering place to find on a sunny morning!

And nature also paints her own pictures, reveals her own sculptures,
weaving gossamer threads into webs, twisting twig and vine
up ancient iron gate and down into gullies.
Look even closer now, and you'll find fairie homes
tucked into the leaf litter and braided roots of the giants of the wood.
See there! Someone has left a set of China Blue
to lure them from their beds!

When the wee pucks are sure that no harm surrounds them,
they will brew a lovely tea of wild carrot and clover and chive.
Afterward, under the watchful eye of Grandmother Spider,
they'll light Indian Pipes and make a merry dance, scurrying to the safety
of the Big Grass Nest for protection and support when they sense danger.
The wood always cares for its dear ones.

Nature owns all that abide with her,
All that she creates, and all that is created –
as much as anything can truly be thus claimed.

Trisha Knudsen



The Path Within This Path

This is the drug.
This is the medicine.
This is the silent cure for pain.
This is the treatment for the ache and noise and panic nobody sees.

Come here.
Put your foot gently on the sand that shifts under your shoes,
Yet promises to lead you through the curled, confused designs
That make your mind jump, dip and sway.

Take care.
Though the edge would drop you deeply into a darkened glade,
Keep straight and let the shivering and dappled light draw you
To signs of home along the way.

Renew.
Take hold of the silver slivers of hope within your grasp.
Use your hands to shape the fountain that waters the green world.
Drink in the art of the forest.

Land here.
Your weary wings can rest and find serenity and peace
Where whispering leaves sing of comfort and community
To embrace your cares and soothe you.

Walk back.
Did you spin all 'round the lines of the faces you have been?
Return. Be healed as sweet air passes through sheer mandalas.
Possess the stillness with your mind.

You have found the path within this path.

Marilyn Rea Beyer

Window To Dreams

Feet in the sand
Salted air blowing my hair

Crunching sound along a pebbled path
Nature wrapped around me

Alone in my thoughts, an invitation to dream

Life's obstacles, sharp in youth, smoothed by experience,
become my touchstones, talismans to the future
Cherished trials and tribulations. I am what I experienced

With each step, an adventure awaits
Alone in my thoughts, an invitation to dream.

Michael Porter

Body in the Flux of Change

Tendrils bend, curling
unfurl like fingers of fern
shoots climbing still striving
clinging to structure, hungry for sun
your body is
wisps of malleable metal
tangled, free flowing
adaptable as a river
turbulent internal currents
of a kicking singing stream
strength in fluidity
with a stubborn bent
in each bend
powerful in your
purest vulnerable
your enduring bare bones
minimal.

You are silent and patient as
you swallow and take up
yet more stones
that we balance precariously
in your arms, on your outcroppings
wherever we see fit, or choose
How much
can you hold?

I approach tentatively
gently bend your wires to accept
a new
stonefeel the weight of my own hands
as they shift your landscape,
tinker with a fine tune balance
of disparate parts,
grounded in far flung emptiness,
and somehow coalescing as a whole.
I am not the first
to rearrange and mold
your contours, to twist and bend,
alter your form

you are born anew each moment
in permanent flux of change,
never for long the same.
The work of my hands
tosses heavy through me like stones



and I recognize how you have bent
my contours and shaped
the landscape of me too:
not the same, river-like, in
permanent flux of change.

Jaclyn Perreault

Again

*No sooner had it touched his tongue
than he heard a strange whispering
of little voices outside his window.*

The White Snake, Brothers Grimm

1.

Lines coil and writhe
A white snake laid out on an earthen dish.
One taste and the trail speaks, sparrows and blue herons,
The sullen earwigs, the fox and fisher, even the trees,
Throaty pines against the birches' insistent hushing
I will remember and return the favor

2.

A remembrance of the snow
Ephemeral,
Lost even as it is falling.
A mayfly in art, momentary imago,
Light shifting from particle to wave,
From present to absent in the walking.
Each grain of sand a moment of frozen time
The speck of quartz a reminder of the mountains
The fleck of white, bones from a long ago forgotten sea.

3.

And yet it is all there
Scuffed into the dirt, run off into the brook.
We, masses of star dust, animated star dust, walking
Shaped into lost oceans of ourselves, carrying the stars and sea,
And that sand, the design reformed, smaller and larger both,
The purlieu widens, the compass points infinite:
I will remember and return the favor.

E. A. Miller Mlčák

This Heartbeat in the Woods I Hear

inspired by Virginia Fitzgerald's heartbeat dress

There is a heartbeat beating
in these reticent woods
how it reverberates
the ancient, patient message
how the wind listens
and tells the trees to listen too
how the trees speak to the birds
and the birds sing out
this message to the world.
There are no secrets here.
There is no gossip in the branches.
Nothing here is insignificant.
There is simple, sacred promise
that the earth loves every single living thing.
Everything is beating life out loud.
Everything here is creation.

Cheryl Perreault

About the Poets

Jeff Barnes, a member of Hopkinton's Upper Charles Trail Committee, never expected to be one of the poets—but he knew from the start that art could make things happen!

Marilyn Rea Beyer has been a performer, teacher, radio announcer and public relations professional. For the past ten years, she has been writing and performing her original poetry, most of which is composed outdoors.

Bonnie Bishop has been looking at art, walking in the woods, and writing poems since she was a girl, and remains uncertain which she loves more, but is delighted to be part of this happy confluence. Her chapbook *O Crocodile*, is available from Finishing Line Press.

Polly Brown has two published poetry collections, *Blue Heron Stone* and *Each Thing Torn From Any of Us*. Her manuscript, *What There Is*, undergoes perpetual revision. She counts herself lucky to live within hollering distance of the Center Trail.

Tom Driscoll lives, works, and walks around quite a lot, in Holliston, Massachusetts. He is an occasional contributor to *The Metrowest Daily News* opinion page. His most recently published collection of poems is called *Instead of Peace*.

Brian Forsythe, a long time resident of Norfolk, resides along the gentle banks of the Charles River where the constant magnificence of nature evolves and unfolds before him, season to season, and often steers his pen with verse of gratitude and love.

Cynthia Franca is author of a book of poetry in Portuguese, *Poetic Treasure*, published in Brazil. More recently, she has coordinated the Hopkinton 300th Anniversary Poetry Anthology Project, whose book launch is scheduled for November 6th.

Mary Starr Green is a newcomer poet/writer, a yoga practitioner/teacher and a life-long dabbling artist. Her creative spirit is sparked by nature, movement and periods of quiet solitude.

Jeanne Kelley has previously published in *The Worcester Review*, and attends Alan Feldman's poetry workshop at the Framingham Public Library.

Trisha Knudsen started writing poetry forty years ago, at age 15. Her most recent work in progress is a book of poetry entitled *Step, Stumble, Step*.

Peter LaGoy began writing poetry in the late 1990s. He has read frequently at *Wake Up and Smell the Poetry* at HCAM, discussing children, outdoor adventures, and nature.

Emily Miller Mlčák, a poet, teacher, and singer, is interested in the ways music plays out in language.

Violet Mlčák, a high school freshman, writes poetry, cross-stitches, and boxes. She recently played the lead in a steam punk production of *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Cheryl Perreault is an educator, poet/writer, local columnist and spoken word artist. She is founder and host of *Wake up and Smell the Poetry*, *Meet Your Neighbor*, and the Writers/Healers/Teachers Roundtable, and also the co-founder of the Women's Art Forum.

Jaclyn Perreault is a lover of science, the arts, and creative blends of the two. She currently works as a cancer clinical trials coordinator, and can often be found writing medical-inspired poetry while riding the public transportation systems of greater Boston.

Trish Perry, long time Hopkinton resident, is a newly minted poet. Her previous wanderings have been in the realm of the human soul as psychologist, dialogue facilitator and life coach.

Michael Porter, a former first grade teacher and college lecturer, currently owns an international consulting firm. This long time Hopkinton resident has been writing poetry and fiction since his youth.

Carla Schwartz is a poet, lyricist, musician, and independent instructional and documentary video producer. She is the author of *Mother, One More Thing*, Turning Point Books. Learn more at carlapoet.com.

Conrad Squires lives on a hill overlooking the ocean in Nahant, Massachusetts. He has published a volume of poems, a chapbook of poems, a novel and a trade book. He was president of a fund-raising company.

Sherri Stepakoff, writer and poet, hosts Poetry in the Garden events for sharing music, poetry and song, and created Poetry in the Garden/Tending My World online. She also teaches the poetry course she developed for English language learners.

Meg Tyler is the author of a chapbook of poems, *POOR EARTH* (Finishing Line Press, 2014). She is a professor of Humanities at Boston University, where she chairs the Institute for the Study of Irish Culture.

Art and Artists on the Trail

This list moves from north to south along the trail. For more information, including biographies of artists and artist mentors, and more photographs of the opening, go to <http://uctc.hopkintonma.gov/art-on-the-trail-2/>

Out on a Limb, The Michael Lisnow Respite Center,
with Peter Glenn and Cathy Howe

Sky Warrior, by Virginia Fitzgerald

Carpet, by Lauren Scheuer

Tea Party on a Boulder, Anonymous—
and brief!



Participatory Sculpture, by Michael Alfano

Hope Imagined / Hope Realized, Serenity
House with Geri Holland and volunteers

Bridging the Generation Gap, seniors at
Golden Pond, and Girl Scout Troop
#85290 with Robin Batchelder and Sherry
Galego

Spider Woman, by Cathy Weaver Taylor

Endless Possibilities, Scarlet Visions with
Sarah Alexander

Trail of Flora and Fauna, Hopkinton Senior Potters
with Carol Mecagni

Wired, by Michael Alfano



Other Acknowledgments

Photographs appear thanks to Lori Barnes, Alex Brown, and Polly Brown.

Cover: *Carpet*

"Aloft": *Sky Warrior*

"Perceptions" *Bridging the Generations (detail)*

"Cream": *Tea Party on a Boulder*

"Nest of Womanly Desires" *Hope Imagined / Hope Realized (detail)*

"Grandmother Spider" *Spider Woman*

"Center Trail Synecdoche" *Trail of Flora and Fauna*

"Earth" *Wired*

"Body in the Flux of Change" *Participatory Sculptures*

Acknowledgments: *Out on a Limb, Participatory Sculptures, Endless Possibilities (detail)*

Finally, we want to thank:

- The trail neighbor who keeps the path free of fallen branches, and also handed out lengths of red yarn to children he met on the path—so they could add to the fun!
- Many others like him, including everyone who helped sculptors be safe on tall ladders, or came to cheer them on as they bent to their sand-painting, or helped weave the nest, or told friends to bring their kids, or resisted the urge to steal a teacup.
- Everyone who helped us sing this song!