

refuge@oldfrogpondfarm&studio

Plein Air Poetry 2020 online edition



Plein Air Poetry 2020 online edition

EDITOR'S NOTE

When Linda and I sat down in January to choose a theme for this year's **Plein Air Poetry Walk**, one of the first things that came to mind was the auspiciousness of the number **2020**. Why not focus on vision? Who better than poets and artists to envision a better future, both locally and for the world? But, back then, who among us could possibly have envisioned where we are today?

The theme we chose, *Refuge*, ended up being resonant beyond our wildest imaginings. Even as we started this process in early 2020, we felt our Earth's inhabitants, both human and nonhuman, have never needed refuge more than they do now, whether the physical space of safety sought by millions of refugees worldwide; a planet where people work together to ensure clean air, potable water, and climate justice for all; or the landscapes around us and within us where we seek the peace and freedom to create and thrive. Add the unimagined ravages of COVID-19, the destruction and division it has wrought, again disproportionately affecting the most vulnerable, and the invocation to write on this theme seemed an imperative. Without knowing if we would have a chapbook or a physical event at all, poets were drawn to Old Frog Pond Farm & Studio with urgency.

This year's poems embrace a landscape that serves as refuge for so many creatures—the pond's ecosystem and wildlife, including great blue herons and a rare Blanding's turtle; farm fields and the tools used to cultivate them; and beloved trees, both those downed or bifurcated by storms and those brimming with full-leaved canopies. No fewer than three poems celebrate the expansive catalpa tree outside the artist's studio!

We hope this inspiring work and the stunning photographs by Brent Mathison will provide a harbor of peace and thoughtful contemplation—a refuge—for our readers and listeners. And we hope, also, that these poems will spark more ideas of how to make our world whole. I'm deeply grateful for everyone who contributed to the creation of *Refuge*.

—Susan Edwards Richmond

refuge@oldfrogpondfarm&studio

EDITOR—Susan Edwards Richmond

CREATIVE DIRECTOR—Linda Hoffman

PHOTOGRAPHY—Brent Mathison and Linda Hoffman

DESIGN—Lynn Horsky

PUBLISHER—Pen & Anvil Press/Hawk Whipporwill

POETS

Didi Chadrán

Terry House

Carla Schwartz

bg Thurston

Joan Alice Wood Kimball

Georgia Sassen

Lynn Horsky

Catherine Weber

Louise Berliner

Greg Lowenberg

Dawn Paul

Linda Hoffman

Hilary Salick

Polly Brown

Cheryl Perreault

Lynne Viti

FrannyOsman

William Lenderking

Heather Corbally Bryant

Zachary Bos

Joanne DeSimone Reynolds

Helen Marie Casey

Moira Linehan

Wendy Drexler

Mary Pinard

Susan Edwards Richmond



Cattail Blues

A cool, astringent wind interrupts
A late Spring heatwave, wafting the cattails,
Which sway, shimmer, sway again, resilient.

Graceful, they bend like blue notes picked, plaintive
On a hollow-bodied guitar. They tremolo and
Sustain in an ostinato whisper.

The call-and-response of Schlieren heat and
Tonic gusts croons of heartbreak and new love,
Release and reinvention, poetry

And commerce. The plants' lot is to shelter,
Protect, and nourish the reeds' seedlings and
Model resolve against wind, drought, and flood.

Wafting like fingers apoise on the strings
To bend to the future. It brings what it brings.

—Didi Chadrán



Catalpa, June

Summer rain sets them waltzing, white blooms, white skirts, white spinning into brilliantine, white upon blue, the blue of childhood, the blue of eyes, my grandmother's eyes, storm blue, those eyes that saw the century before last mince and knew these

Belled blossoms floating toward the ground. Knew debutantes dancing until dawn. Knew wind-snatched veils, knew stumbling brides, knew empty sheaths of silk shantung; knew suffragettes, knew shirtwaist girls jumping to their deaths; knew metaphors can be

Flowers, too: Both this and that, both then and now both lineage and canopy; Knew refuge always is an act of hope; knew refuge sometimes is just catalpa tree.

—Terry House



Bifurcation

An arborist once told me the trait
is a kind of genetic mutation, so if you see a tree
this oak, at the crest of this esker,
another, and yet another—and here, three,
from the dried brown leaves scattered
that the buds way above, the fresh green color
which, atop this esker walled with trees,
gives me hope
of before and after, positive and negative,
ventilators or quarantine, this time of food lines
in the afternoon, this time of safety or hugs, of
of missing life or missing death,
I can stand with these oaks,
twinned at the fundament,
living a healthy life,
and listen to the water
rushing over the dam,
to the wind wishing
through my hair,
my heavy breaths
insisting I am here.

of a tree splitting into two trunks
like this one, split at the base,
more likely than not you'll see
within 10 ft of each other, I know
on the ground around each bifurcated base.
of spring, belong to oaks,
my refuge for this afternoon,
that in this dichotomous time
symptoms or none, masks or scoffs,
in the morning or slim pickings
Zoom presence or no presence,

—Carla Schwartz



Shell-tering in Place

Around the silent pond I walk,
seeking the solace of this place
as the dark water pools its secrets.
Stepping amid the hieroglyphics
of geese droppings in the grass,
I happen upon a turtle at rest.

He draws his head back in. I circle
his black mosaic carapace, then stand
in quiet observation as he stretches
his neck out to watch me study him.
He seems a likely muse, so I wait
to hear what he might want to say,
while he thinks as each eye blinks.

What he conveys to me is this:
*Do not mask your fear, rather
lift your face to the shining sun—
let this moment of peace fill you.
All will heal in time, be patient.
And finally: follow my example—
don't hurry, be here, where you are.
Now go—carry your refuge with you.*

—bg Thurston



A Windy World

A windy world of pond and grass
invites me to walk down the driveway.
But I'll stop and sit a minute along the shady line
of flat-stretched fruit trees that edge the drive.

Planted two-feet apart, trained on a slant, the trees
are lashed, *cordon oblique*, to posts
that carry horizontal wires that extend along the
fence to hold this year's growing shoots.

Sit in the fence's shade with me and listen to the
wind that makes the distant maples and oaks
sough loudly like peas shooshing side to side, roll-
ing down a tin chute. The breeze makes the slender
branches next to me

seesaw up and down under
the weight of their tip ends,
weight from the fat, young apples of June
that look like babies with pinched cheeks and a hint
of blush on their bottoms.

Beyond my shelter, toward the setting sun, other
fruit trees— pears, peaches—are offering their
pippins to the summer sky. Here in the shade comes
the sound of a nesting robin repeating her call, up
and down, declaring,

“This is my branch, my nest, it's mine, it's mine,
it's me.”

—Joan Alice Wood Kimball



Her Refuge, the Farm

Granddad wanted to sell.

Rose wanted the farm. She was eight.

She wanted, Jim, the donkey.

She wanted the hayfield and the sound of the tractor cutting hay in August.

The scent of the scratchy bales as they hauled them back to the barn.

Even the itchy red bumps the hay gave her as she sat on the bale, she even wanted those.

She even wanted the steamy kitchen

where mother made her help Aunt Louise can peaches.

More than anything she wanted to wake in the morning

to the sound of a hen rejoicing

that she'd just laid an egg.

The rooster would be crowing to take ownership but

he knew someone else would get that egg.

Rose knew someone else

would get the farm.

—Georgia Sassen



Seed Time

Midst the artful gardener's meandering rows
just sown judiciously
circumventing pear trees,
patches of rich-leaved comfrey,
exotic berries, aromatic flowers for bees,
we tread wood-chip lanes
laid thick betwixt the beds.
When admonished to watch our step
I skip over a seed patch for the path
and stumble on the edge,
potential lives likely crushed instead.
All in the balance, one slip, then dead.
The seed is everything, she said.
Seed that encapsulates our inter-dependence to breathe
and feed, has its ancient stories, full of need for conditions
to be prime, beginning back in time, when the
unformed formed the great cellular divide.
The first case cracked, another arrived, requiring adaptation.
There's diversity in numbers above all the mumblers
for stasis, there is no basis to cozy in a dark retreat,
though some may delay for years, germinating on a former life,
the mother's part, gnawing at the microbial heart
of what is to come from its embryonic shell,
when through a pollen tube pours a fertile spume
and solar radiance uncoils its funicle.
An umbilical stalk, a stem ovule,
in blind peripatetic reach
finds the apex to breach,
then scuttles to the sun.
Now the seed's reset on its cyclical mission to grow and leaf,
reproduce and spread its kin in colonies, to thrive in full capacities,
despite my boot, and the long cold spring weather.

—Lynn Horsky



I Am the Storm

The air is still.
No roo-roo-room of the bullfrog,
No drone or bellow. No caw.

I wait on the steps as the weather turns.

Now, I am the storm.
I am the raindrops pelting the ground.
I am the thunder and the rage
of all that has come before.

So we sit in the webbed lawn chairs
sheltering from the onslaught, waiting it out.

Working through a litter of thoughts,
treading to the other side of the storm.

Ghosts arrive, reminding us how we got here.
The wash of loss, a shroud of bitter sadness,
a rush of kindness, and blurry hope.

Finally, the sun arrives
and we walk the path home, still
sorting out what comes next.

—Catherine Weber



Catalpa speciosa, you're oh so...

climbed to recline
on the couch of your
mossed geometry
time travelling the spine of you
to nest
in your petticoats
amidst honeyhappy bombardiers
and the hummhum propellers
in a sweetsoup surround
cheek fell to bark
a precarious drowse
all think banished

—Louise Berliner



Cousins

I take shelter from a raging sun
under twin oaks guarding a field's margin,
one black, one white.

I come face to face with leafy soul skins,
soft-lobed and sword-tipped flesh,
equally bit, freckled, pied, bulbous, mined, and bruised.
Cousins really,
intertwined branches propped against a summer wind,
anastomosing rootlets embracing in the soil below.

I am eye to eye with invisible cynipids.
Amphibolips is growing mysterious puff-ball apples, yes apples.
And the other wasp, Neuroterus, busily forming tiny seed bumps
across each leaf's underside.
Cousins really,
who silently consume oak flesh,
only their feeding stations not hidden from view.

I with I, it seems there are two of me.
One who wants to stay safely among oaks and wasps,
to admire and adore;
the other who must leave here to search for new cousins, to venture
to explore.

—Greg Lowenberg



On the Ground, Alone

You catch the high wind above the sheltering trees
sift it through your outspread wing feathers
as though fingering a silk scarf
rock gently side to side, wings held at the perfect tilt
alert for the scent of something cooked by the sun,
or maybe just cruising the sky on this spring day
after the long winter.

When another of your kind comes kiting along
to drift by your side and you lift together on an updraft
I breathe deeply, fill my chest with air.

—Dawn Paul



Pond Alchemy

sheets of angled rain
pierce the pond
water meets water

lily pads
host their guests
a frog and beads of water

attentive to water
a blue heron
waits —

the wise say,
'the way of water
is to flow'

a black cormorant
grasps a snag
winging water droplets

tree swallows
pluck insects
splash of water

the wise teach,
'water never
harms water'

weaving threads
of iridescent water
dragonflies hover.

—Linda Hoffman



For Me, A Bench

The surface of the rock
was scrawled a palest green
by petals or dots rough-clustered,
a texture that wouldn't
be brushed away;
and emerald-dark miniature
forests of moss
mingled with the lichen;
and acorn shards, bits of leaf,
and the long orange needles of pine
had scattered themselves
on the rock. I settled
down, soon wishing for a hand-lens,
to see and study the intricate
fastenings of life to rock.
(Or was it the other way around?)
I was thinking of everything, all
wound up together, how if a powerful
hand lifted the rock, a layer of earth
would come up too — so deeply
attached was the rock to the earth,
as well as separate, resolute,
and of a singular interior.

—Hilary Sallick



Traveling

With a painted turtle, I've slipped
through the glassy surface of the pond
into golden light and olive shadow.

In the call of a great bell, lifted
on its deep wave, I have flown to the edge
of hearing. In no hurry to move on

from being one to being boundless,
still we've been practicing, for years it seems,
willy-nilly. Just now a snake, sunning

mid-path, woke to a shock of steps
and streaked out from the tangle
of my feet. Hearts drumming,

we pause, snake and I, to catch up
with ourselves. Within these new
June grasses, we taste the air.

—Polly Brown



How Earth Offers Refuge and Remedy in the Year of Global Pandemic

This walk-about through forests and fields
Surrounding the gardens of these farmlands
In the midst of summer and this global pandemic,
I listen and look for instructions. I wander all around
Upon Earth's omniscient waiting, pulsating ground.
Two carcasses of moles below, show off their dark, gray fur
Inviting convergence with my own two paused-in-place feet.
See their tiny, pink fingers rise skyward like mine to the sun.
See these remnant feathers of hawk with wide open wings
That flew to its own wild song. Now they are my wings too.
Notice soon-coming elderberries, raspberries, blueberries,
Some for people, some for the deer, enough for everyone.
Do not touch the nettles, how deeply they can sting.
Instead I become the nettles and examine thorns of me.
Yet nettles and comfrey plants give alchemy of tea, so drink.
And milkweed's medicinal milk is sustainer of breath and lungs,
Rub into a ball and smoke it. Breathe in world sickness in unison.
Breathe out universal mother-love, feel every heart beat as one.
All this shapeshifting of life. All this miracle of growth
That causes scientists and sapiens to still wonder How? and Why?
Maybe the answer is in these forests and farms and fields
showing how we can truly heal the garden of this whole world,
Earth offers in reply.

—Cheryl Perreault



Ode to a Tool Shed, at Midsummer

From a distance the structure promises shade, a respite,
its pull-up garage door open wide, welcoming me in.
Spades and shovels line up, and a few rakes and pitchforks.
Shelved trowels, oilcans, white plastic bottles and aerosol cans,
a coil of black plastic hose lying like a sleeping snake.
On the wooden shelves, coated with years of dust and dirt,

metal baskets overflow with wrenches and files.
On the floor—seventy-year-old concrete or beaten down earth? —
five-gallon jerrycans of gasoline, cloth tool bag with its mouth agape.
It would take twenty workers to deploy all these tools
to clear the land, prep the soils, rake in seed,
and it's all been done—the evidence right outside this place,

lettuce, broccoli astride irrigation hoses, waiting for July.
But here, this tool-chaos cries out for someone to impose order,
arrange spades in descending order of height or by estimated age,
line up the neem oil, rot-stop, spinosad in alphabetical order,
assign a hook or niche for these hundred tools and potions.
But those who wield these things know just where to find them,

have a scheme known only to custodians of rakes and pitchforks.
Backing out slowly, careful to avoid a wayward rake's tines,
I breathe in the scent of machine oil and earth.

—Lynne Viti



Refuge Not

I thought you were my robin friend.
You hop-hop-looked, took wing again.
I thought this was your safety stop,
your perch on granite sculpture top.

But hawks, raccoons, and fox you fear
are also offered refuge here.
You never rest, you flee from me.
Refuge for you: not meant to be.

—Franny Osman



Where Is My Refuge?

I do not take my refuge in those vows.
I can't take refuge in blessed Buddha.
I won't surrender to any guru:
Yogi Bhajan stomped on the trust we gave
and Jesus' name inspires heinous crimes!
Where now to search for meaning and for truth?

I start with whole notes, dotted eighths, birdsong:
redwings cackling outside the sitting hut
this shimmering morning; in shared practice:
breath after breath, in song, in asana;
in your bright eyes as we rise from our mats
and seek refuge in what we cannot know:
the great mystery of the universe
and its home I keep for us in my heart.

—William Lenderking



Sitting Out the Solstice Under the Japanese Maple Tree

Sitting beneath green feathered leaves
with their cutout shapes—
Underneath a canopy of grace—a cooling welcome
today when it's ninety degrees in the shade,
The experience of being—the sign out front says
Black lives matter today, now, always—
Beside slow turtle crossing, slow children playing,
the places we drive by—
Both haunted and tainted by our lives—we could
spend a lifetime redoing everything—
Feathered green leaves casting dappled shadows
on my bare white legs sitting beside
The farm stand selling garlic scapes, strawberry,
and kale—where do we plant our shoots
And cuttings—it is the beginning of grace to
retrace our roots—though we can never
Recoup the shootings, the lies, the violence—
beneath their canopy of desire, flying on
The wings of hope and deed, we can learn from
this new beginning, breathing the grace
Of longing and belonging, we can only start again
from where we are just now.

—Heather Corbally Bryant



Pinegrove

Here the purple air is wholly motionless
and hangs low, heavy with the clean scent of
summer sweet-fern. Across the water, a heron
rests among the white water-lilies, slowly
opening and closing her dark bill

in the immobile heat. I could but must not
sit still here forever; this remedy called
peace-and-quiet is a preview to the never-ending
calm of death. These trees rising like columns
dig their white roots into the buried bodies

of dead trees that seeded them. Each yellow
fern-stalk waving flag-like under the pine-boughs
marks a grave of some kind. We must never
confuse the refuge with the world beyond,
where just and needful work waits for us,

and waits for those who will come after us.
The heron is hunting again, moving through
sun and shade. After catching our breath we must
rise and leave our shrines of bells and perfumed
smoke, and return to our unfinished worlds.

—Zachary Bos



The Arrival

As if through a gate to an orchard As if a form of lightning Word whistling by A farmer says
They've arrived

You look around as if for beach glass—having once been taught by a child So many
Blues in a field No names Is it true

—Sound is our first sense? Did you hear that right? A mother's cry A father's silence . . .
Blue silk slipping through a golden ring

—That's how you see birthing —Johnny Jump ups —Firethorn Senses born of childhood

A song goes viral—Odysseus comes to mind Look up

—Glory in a barren tree A crowning Mother Nature's color wheel restored —Baltimore

Oriole!

—Body born of flame Igniting its shadow nearby No baggage

Threading commences In a pear tree—a cloister tapestry Try to keep up The air
Full of breeding How strange —To feel

Bereaved —A place in yourself finds a refugee

—Joanne DeSimone Reynolds



Near the Spillway

Nine Canadian geese survey the pond, placid in afternoon sun, lure of lift-off. Nine of them vee into formation, one in front, one the tail, not a sound as they glide down the middle, orderly as cadets on parade, the only sound the spillway behind them, water whooshing down and down, gossamer dragonflies near. Lily pads and reeds, mushrooms growing fat, signs that shout Lovers. Leaves. Twigs. Small Buddhas, silent, cross-legged, bless all they see and sense, paths themselves meditative. I remember those not here, no longer able to step around the dark droppings mid-path, perhaps a doe, or something larger, walking where we walk now, one goose feather a kind of token, time passing, our turn limited, fallen oaks reminding us, Tempus fugit. Dance while time holds your hand, your heart a doorway for memories, rose lupine under the gnarled oaks and skeletal limbs, you and I remembering, tangerine mushrooms silent as gods in hiding, caps of acorns under foot. The knot hole near the tree's base invites us to look: What do we see of all we wish to see, the disappeared we love unresponsive, the language we know idle, marbled pellets cradled in the tree's roots? Across the pond a single sunflower shows itself. Sedum and Queen Anne's Lace beside the pond. Wild geese multiply, fourteen of them now. They swim silently, guarding what they know.

—Helen Marie Casey



In a Time of Floods and Virus

A watery squirm over rocks
along the path below the dam,
then the yellow stripe slips into
the thick of weeds and tall grasses.
Place of refuge, snaked with terror.

*

Last night's news: one dam, a second
somewhere in Michigan gave way.
Streams flooded wide. Roofs floated by.
The overflow of this pond's dam—
a polished wall, a willful rush.
For now, place of promise. Refuge.

*

From a distance it's just a branch,
bronzed and fixed near the flushing dam.
Up close—thick sturdy wire. Golden
streaks twist through its branchings, branchings
raised like a dancer's arms to stream
silk scarves, chiffon, above her head.
She, bolted in place. Now, I too.
Place of refuge, place of longing.

—Moira Linehan



Catalpa

Spilt from my source, I wand up. How many lives
have I had, the clouds for hours shuttling over me?

Contemplating the blue midriff of sky, day after day,
only half remembering the timeliness of rain and wind,
as if I've lived in the shade of one country,
the sun of another. Years have fluttered by as I
sipped from the pond. The decades I ate the sun.
Of what use

has it been to take every moon inside my skin,
and where could I have hidden unless I'd grown
as far away from home as the math would allow
to harvest a small kingdom in darkness,
disappearing part of myself inside myself?

What remains—all that you can see of me—I spread
before you, teeming and magnanimous. See how
I invite every passing swallowtail to sip from my mouth.

—Wendy Drexler



Fallen Tree

How
slow and
grand it must have
been the arc you drew
through air your whorled
branches like thinning wing bones
along the heft of your furrowed trunk free
falling a rending too of your old stubborn roots they
would have shivered with it all that came into view as the pond
split itself open its rippling carrying news of you your letting go
the all of it now here and how time passing renews your undoing into this
refuge lush up-gushings greenings chirp symphonies wriggling impatient broods
buzz-croak-swoon a stately blue lily pads riffling an azure mirror and for one brief afternoon
in a troubled June me here walking gently out along your long spine generous bridge between
worlds

—Mary Pinard



The Rescue

after Refuge, a sculpture by Linda Hoffman

We're a destructive species causing the acidifying of the ocean, the loss of precious topsoil, and the poisoning of the very air we breathe. The animals haven't caused this harm—we have. But I like to think, despite our recklessness and selfishness, they would choose to save us.

—Linda Hoffman, blog post, July 12, 2020

Sea turtle's left flipper poises over water,
an indentation in the stone refilled by rain.
She swims over lichen and veins of quartz, puffy
islands of moss, suspended on a plate, not quite
tectonic but fixed, hard against the air, bearing
her cargo: 15 human figures scrambling for
a hold on slippery scutes, 13 others sliding
on the sloping back of a skipper steering clear.
It is a vision of an ark, human-made
like the Christian one, but from the wax and bronze
of another story. In this, the ark is Earth's
foundation, a turtle's shell that's never let us
down, not once, through millennia of our disregard.
Why now does it stroke with such urgency,
the sentinel giraffe intent on distant shore?
Speeding away on this lifeboat we may see
the ocean curve, the land split. But there is no other.
The animals we ride know time is all we have,
escape is not the same as rescue, and we are
all fused with one another. When will we know too?

—Susan Edwards Richmond

Plein Air Poets 2020

Louise Berliner is a writer and fiber sculptor, currently seesawing between the poetry and novel worlds, happy always to wrestle words in any form. www.louiseberliner.com

Zachary Bos (@zakbos) operates Pen & Anvil Press, publisher of *New England Review of Books*, *Hawk & Whippoorwill*, and other books and magazines. He and his family live in Fitchburg.

Polly Brown's most recent book, *Pebble Leaf Feather Knife*, from Cherry Grove, wonders how the natural world fits together, and how we fit into it.

Heather Corbally Bryant teaches in the Writing Program at Wellesley College. She is the author of ten poetry books; *Orchard Days*, her forthcoming collection, will be published in 2021.

Helen Marie Casey, winner of the Black River Chapbook Competition, is working on her fourth poetry chapbook, *You Kept Your Secrets*, to be published by Finishing Line Press in late 2020.

Didi Chadran is a doting father and Harvard resident who spends the better part of his waking hours seeking ways to pay back the universe.

Wendy Drexler's third poetry collection, *Before There Was Before*, was published by Iris Press in 2017. She's poet in residence at New Mission High School, Hyde Park, MA, and programming co-chair for the New England Poetry Club.

Linda Hoffman's artwork includes bronze sculpture, outdoor installations, watercolors, and digital prints. She is the fruit grower at Old Frog Pond Farm and blogs weekly at *Apples, Art, and Spirit* at <https://www.lindahoffman.com/blog>

Lynn Horsky writes poetry and memoir, studies drawing and painting, and assembles collages. She works as a graphic designer and production manager.

Terry House's poems have appeared in *Arkana*, *Birdsong*, and *The Berkshire Review*. She edits *Old Frog Pond Farm & Studio's* "Poem of the Month" blog.

Joan Alice Wood Kimball runs Wayland and Concord poetry workshops, has 2 illustrated chapbooks, a poetry collection, *Early Light*, & a limerick engraved on granite in Edmands Park, Newton.

William Lenderking is a musician, yoga teacher, blessed father, and consultant/psychologist, who uses his love of words and poems to bring soul into his life as often as possible.

Moira Linehan's fourth collection of poetry, *& Company*, is forthcoming from Dos Madres Press. Slant Books published her third, *Toward*, in June 2020.

Greg Lowenberg is a botanist and a carpenter, with one foot in the ecology of trees and the other in their practical uses. His heart is in their singular poetry.

Franny Osman of Acton welcomes this *Plein Air Poetry* event each year. It brings her to the farm, encourages her to experiment with rhythm and rhyme, and inspires her in a mélange of words, nature, and sculpture.

Dawn Paul teaches writing and literature at Montserrat College of Art. Her chapbook, *What We Still Don't Know* (Finishing Line Press), examines the life and work of scientist Carl Linnaeus.

Plein Air Poets 2020

Cheryl Perreault hosts programs of poetry, storytelling, and song. Since March 2020, she has taken to sitting outside for long durations to applaud the poetry of birds, squirrels, and trees.

Mary Pinard lives in Roslindale and teaches at Babson College. Her poems have appeared in a range of journals, and she has recent work in *Southern Poetry Review* and *Salamander*.

Joanne DeSimone Reynolds is the author of a chapbook, *Comes A Blossom*, published by Main Street Rag Publishing Company in 2014. She lives in Scituate.

Susan Edwards Richmond is the author of five collections of poetry, and the children's picture book, *Bird Count*. Learn more at susanedwardsrichmond.com.

Hilary Sallick is the author of *Asking the Form* (Červená Barva Press, 2020). To learn more, go to hilarysallick.com.

Georgia Sassen is a psychologist in private practice in Harvard and the creator of *Drums and Poems*, an interactive event for children that helps them learn relational skills (described in the *Journal of Creativity in Mental Health*).

Carla Schwartz has been widely published. Her second collection is *Intimacy with the Wind*. Her YouTube channel has 2,000,000+ views. See carlapoet.com, wakewiththesun.blogspot.com, or on YouTube, Twitter, or Instagram @cb99videos.

bg Thurston lives on a farm in Warwick, Massachusetts. She teaches poetry workshops and has recently finished the manuscript for her third book about the history of her 1770's farmhouse.

Lynne Viti is the author of the forthcoming *Dancing at Lake Montebello* (Apprentice House Press). Her short story collection, *Going Too Fast* (Finishing Line), was published in 2020. She blogs at <https://lynneviti.wordpress.com>.

Catherine Weber is a poet, artist, community organizer and marketing professional with a passion for the arts, education, and the environment. She lives in Southborough, Massachusetts. More at catherinemweber.com.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Brent Mathison is a photographer living in Maynard who draws his inspiration from the natural world. His work is on display at 6 Bridges Gallery and on the web at mathison.photos.

ONLINE PUBLISHER

Hawk & Whippoorwill features writing that explores the theme of "nature and humankind." Both Hawk & Whippoorwill literary magazine and the Hawk & Whippoorwill chapbook series is Pen & Anvil Press, the literary imprint of Bonfire Bookshop in Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

The digital edition of this chapbook is a co-publication of Hawk & Whippoorwill, Pen & Anvil, and Old Frog Pond Farm & Studio. Find it online at penandanvil.com/hw/chapbooks and oldfrogpondfarm.com/refuge-chapbook-2020

HAWK
&
WHIP
POOR-
WILL



refuge@oldfrogpondfarm&studio ©2020



penandanvil.com/hw/chapbooks

Old Frog Pond Farm & Studio
38 Eldridge Road
Harvard, Massachusetts

oldfrogpondfarm.com