

The Art of Living

“The most valuable of arts, the art of living.”

CICERO

*Imagine yourself at what feels like the edge of the world.
Stretched before you is a vast canvas of blues and greens
where sky meets mountain meets river meets field,
a spiritual place that holds you in its power.*

*As you turn from the bluff's edge, imagine sounds:
a dragonfly's drone, the clatter of bread pans,
the strains of a piano melody, the lilting cadence of conversation.*

*Imagine a general store, two kids on bikes, a red geranium gracing a front porch,
a steeple, a painter at his easel, roses climbing a picket fence, a delivery truck,
a flag flapping in the breeze, an artist's gallery, a neighbor walking her dog.*

*Imagine a place where families gather, where their homes
and the memories lived there are the legacy one generation passes to the next.
Imagine a town where celebrating the arts is a mission, not a happenstance.*

*Imagine a day you begin over coffee in a front porch rocker,
and then take in a morning yoga class or a bike to see
which of May's wildflowers have bloomed. Make a note to visit
the Schoolhouse Gallery's newly mounted exhibit
after your first try at throwing pots in tomorrow afternoon's class.*

*Walk your son to his weekly piano lesson and find a quiet spot
to read a chapter or two of this month's book club selection.*

*In the evening, take a bottle of wine to the neighborhood spaghetti supper
where you debate the merits of Juliette Binoche as stage versus movie actress.*

*Stroll home under a jeweled night sky;
open your bedroom window to the cool spring evening.*

Imagine yourself in the middle of nowhere in the middle of everything.

Imagine Gorham's Bluff.