

Fires, a hurricane and post-war building
 codes
 hastened demise of Mishnock sawmills.
 Still, native timber was found
 to build the dance pavilion at Mishnock
 Barn.
 Gone the carousel, roller rink, bath house.
 It's live music and feet-footed line dancing
 on the shores of Mishnock Lake.
 The heron lifts its head to listen.

Mishnock Barn

After a restless night, I walk into dawn.
 Mature swans float beneath the lake mist.
 The creek bubbles under the road next
 to the small cottage where Miss Lovelace—
 her sister dead in a crash—
 raised her orphaned niece and nephews
 after rejecting her brothers' solution,
 "We can each raise one."

Neighborhood Life

One, two...five boys push snow
 from the frozen catch basin,
 brush clear the stump
 where Sara can sit,
 but she straps on skates,
 grabs a stick,
 and joins pond hockey.

Winter

The neighbor builds this year's racing car.
 His sons play basketball in the street
 after they drop their bikes in the yard.
 Later, they walk to the lake,
 beach towels over their shoulders,
 bare feet slapping the road.

Summer

Please recycle to a friend.

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Origami Poetry Project™

Mishnock, RI
(An album)

Nancy E. Brown © 2012



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On the shores of Mishnock Lake
The heron lifts its head to listen.

The Lake

In the beginning was water,
 fish, turtles, freshwater clams,
 and hunters, fishermen, farmers
 with spears, canoes, nets, hoes.
 Then came axes, chainsaws, trucks,
 cars, streets, TV, Internet...
 Is that Metacomet on YouTube?