

# TAKE HEART

## A Conversation in Poetry

*Edited & Introduced by Wesley McNair,  
Maine Poet Laureate*

In our first poem of the new year, Thomas Moore of Brooksville looks back on the risks he and his friends once took as they glided over the ice holding ropes behind a Plymouth in the dark. Note how Moore imitates the dangers he describes with long sentences that turn sharply at line breaks and leap across stanzas.

### The Plymouth On Ice

*By Thomas R. Moore*

On frigid January nights we'd  
take my 'forty-eight Plymouth onto  
the local reservoir, lights off  
to dodge the cops, take turns

holding long manila lines in pairs  
behind the car, cutting colossal  
loops and swoons across  
the crackly range of ice. Oh

God, did we have fun! At ridges  
and fissures we careened,  
tumbled onto each other, the girls  
yelping, splayed out on all fours,

and sometimes we heard groans  
deep along the fracture lines as  
we spun off in twos, to paw, clumsy,  
under parkas, never thinking of

love's falls or how thin ice  
would ease us into certain death.  
No, death was never on our minds,  
we were eighteen, caterwauling

under our own moon that  
warded off cops and  
front-page stories of six kids  
slipping under the fickle surface.

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