

**As of October 15 (the date I am writing this), I will have been a prisoner of the pandemic for about seven months, trapped in and very near my home. I am a survivor, so I am fine – but before COVID-19 and a messed up national response, my wife and I had visited Maine and New Hampshire every year for close to two decades. I long for the slower pace, the cleaner air, and the peaceful, quiet foods. That mood gave birth to this poem.**

**Hopefully, soon we will be able to return to York, Ogunquit, Wells and Kennebunkport, in southern Maine (and Portsmouth, New Hampshire). I look forward to those days. In the meantime, I can dream, can't I?**