Down East Maine

Gibb David

Dominican University of California

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DOWN EAST MAINE

Gibb David

It began with the long, silent drive past endless lobster pounds and fishing towns that litter the landscape of Down East Maine like seagulls swarming a freshly pulled pot, like canvas tents on the small island that was my summer home.

It was here where I first knew fear, when a sick valve finally died and the tanks erupted into the sky as all below lay sleeping, wakening to the deafening explosion and unrelenting advance of searing heat, enveloping hiking boots and sleeping bags in its ardent fervor. Only a barren island and a history of ashes left behind.

And it was here I walked the scorched earth and breathed deep its tragic musk, spread cool mulch over the blackened loam, and watched as despair became hope and joists became floors, and through this painful transformation I began to understand.