

John Hildebidle

CELEBRATION

A return to a little Maine village we knew well,
a roomy cottage with a huge deck
stretching out into the river
just where it became the Bay.
We took out folding chairs,
and a decent bottle of rose,
to see the July Fourth fireworks.
Night fell. All around we could hear
sounds of children setting off firecrackers.
Clearly it was more than dark enough.
But still no show. We waited. And waited.
And waited, finishing the wine, idly chatting.
Just when patience was exhausted, the event:

a small-town operation, but it felt grand.
Was it that our patience had been rewarded,
Or premonition, whispering that the cancer
Would forestall another adventure?