

Northwoods Humane Society – Deanna Persson, President

This past week I had the opportunity to take a workshop from Laurie Doctor, an artist and calligrapher. Laurie is from Kentucky, was teaching on Madeline Island at MISA and next is going to New Zealand to teach. She is passionate about her work which includes words and non-words as well as poetry. Each day she started the class with organizing supplies needed for the day, followed a poem, then breathing exercises and then making art. We were not allowed to have phones or watches in the class. At first, it was awkward not knowing the time and or picking up my phone and we couldn't talk while making art. By midweek it was just fine.

Now at home, when I want a 'time-out' from the challenges of the day, or to remove myself from thinking about my broken femur or the knee replacement surgery coming up, I read poetry. One of my go to collection is **Dog Songs** by poet Mary Oliver. Mary passed away at 83. **Dog Songs** was published in 2013 by Penguin Press.

I looked up Mary Oliver on-line when I started reading her work. Wikipedia had quotes from many reviewers. The one review that struck me was this one: "The review by Holly Prado of the Los Angeles Times stated "she touches a vitality in the familiar that invest it with a fresh Intensity."

There are several poems that I like to re-read. The first is "**Every Dog's Story**" The second one '**Luke's Junkyard Song**' always stirs my determination to support animals in need.

Every Dog's Story by Mary Oliver

"I have a bed, my very own.
It's just my size.
and sometimes I like to sleep alone
with dreams inside my eyes.

But sometimes dreams are dark and wild and creepy
and I wake and am afraid, though I don't know why.
But I'm no longer sleepy
and too slowly the hours go by.
So I climb on the bed where the light of the moon is
shining on your face
and I know it will be morning soon.

Everybody needs a safe place.

Luke's Junkyard Song by Mary Oliver

I was born in a junkyard,
not even on a bundle of rags
or the seat of an old wrecked car
but the dust below.

But when my eyes opened
the moving grass and the trees
and this I began to dream on,
though the worms were eating me.

And at night through the twists of metal
I could see a single star – one, not even two.
It's light was a thing of wonder,
and I learned something precious
that would also be good for you.

Though the worms kept biting and pinching
I fell in Love with this star.
I stared at it every night -
that light so clear and far.

Listen, a junkyard puppy
learns quickly how to dream.
Listen, whatever you see and love -
That's where you are.

Dates to Save: Saturday, October 3rd – Cranberry Festival – Stone Lake – last chance to buy NHS
Raffle Tickets – be the \$1,000 winner.