

Lookout Point, Harpswell, Maine.



***“There’s a certain Slant of light,
Winter Afternoons-
That oppresses, like the Heft
Of Cathedral Tunes-“ Emily
Dickinson***

***“Every sunset is also a sunrise. It
all depends on where you
stand.” Karl Schmidt***

Odd that I remembered Emily Dickinson’s words to describe a *different* Slant of light, not a *certain* slant. But it’s also unbalancing to think of sunbeams in such a melancholy way as she does. I guess that is different. It all depends on where you stand, I suppose. I thought of her words watching this late April sunset over Lookout Point. I wondered just a bit---what if? What if, I imagined, that I was not seeing the late day sunbeams coming down to Earth, but was instead seeing the day’s light radiating back up for the evening- given back- to be re-cast on the other side of the world as a new sunrise? It would be like the oceans’ tides receding and returning, rising and falling on opposite sides of the planet. Like hope filling us then emptying us then filling again...over and over. Receiving and giving felt comforting to me. If I were to live only and always in the sunlight, would I even know about the dark skies of night, would I ever think to look up for the stars?

Welcome back to Point Outlook! It’s a beautiful place to stand, to soak in and to radiate back, to imagine, and to be.

Happy Thinksday