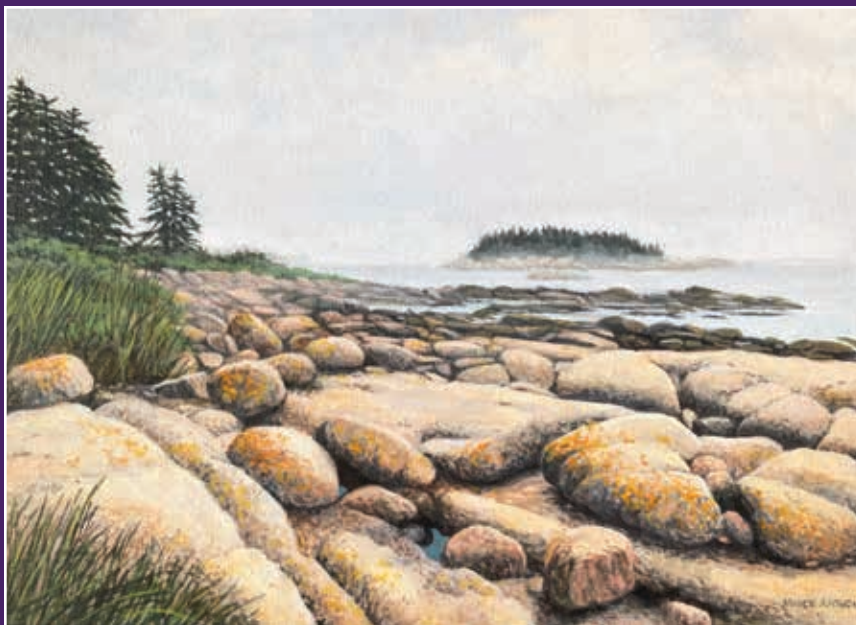




Rooted In Art

Celebrating Our Coastal Region

COURTHOUSE GALLERY
FINE ART

SEPTEMBER 16 – OCTOBER 30, 2026

Rooted In Art

Celebrating our Coastal Region through Visual Art and Poetry



HEIDI DAUB *The Long View, Blue Hill*, acrylic on paper, 15.5 x 12 inches

COVER JANICE ANTHONY *Cora Ledges*, acrylic on linen, 10 x 14 inches

COURTHOUSE GALLERY
FINE ART



Deer Island Thorofare

TOM CURRY
The Yellow House
oil on panel
24 x 60 inches

Rooted In Art

Celebrating our Coastal Region through Visual Art and Poetry

Reception & Poetry Reading: Wednesday, September 16, 5–7pm

Rooted In Art recognizes the broad network of coastal communities surrounding Courthouse Gallery and the deep connection to place shared by the individuals who form the gallery’s extended artistic family. Defined by water, light, and atmospheric weather, this beloved stretch of the Maine coast is known for its quiet, enduring beauty. Since the gallery’s inception in 2006, artists, collectors, writers, and poets have helped us nurture art in our region and to establish Courthouse Gallery as a place where art is seen, shaped, and valued.

To celebrate this milestone, our 2026 season began with Ellsworth As Muse, a spring exhibition honoring the gallery’s hometown. Rooted In Art concludes the season this fall by turning our attention to the coastal communities surrounding the gallery. Visual artists and poets were invited to create personal interpretations of a “sense of place” within our coastal region. This catalog brings together their contributions while also serving as a record of Courthouse Gallery’s twentieth anniversary.

We are deeply grateful to the artists, poets, and writers who have shared their work with us over the past twenty years, and to the collectors, art enthusiasts, and many others who have been part of this exciting journey. We feel fortunate to have made Courthouse Gallery a reality—and privileged to watch it grow into a lasting home for art.

— Michael and Karin Wilkes

ARTISTS

- Berenice Abbott (1898–1991)
- Janice Anthony
- Philip Barter (1939–2024)
- Jeffery Becton
- Judy Belasco
- Ard Berge
- Carroll Thayer Berry (1886–1978)
- Ragna Bruno (1935–2026)
- Gretna Campbell (1922–1987)
- Tom Curry
- Heidi Daub
- Gregory Dunham
- Lisa Tyson Ennis
- Philip Frey
- Rick Fox
- Chenoweth Hall (1908–1999)
- Kate Hanlon
- William Irvine
- Richard Keen
- Joseph Keiffer
- Holly Meade (1956–2013)
- Alison Rector
- Robert Shillady

POETS

- Hollie Adams
- Ron Beard
- William Carpenter
- Brian Francis
- Beatrix Gates
- Annaliese Jakimides
- Stuart Kestenbaum
- Carl Little
- Weslea Sidon
- Celia Thaxter (1835–1894)
- Georgia Willimina Zildjian



“they’re all makin’ towards the shore,
the small craft an’ the lobster smacks an’ all.”

— Sarah Orne Jewett, *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, “Where Pennyroyal Grew”

ARD BERGE
Summer Flowers Haul, Winter Harbor
oil on canvas
14 x 11 inches

The Barrens

As I drew near, the fog had already gathered; quietly waiting. It carried the scent of salt through the pines and over the tall grass, softening the world until only the stones, the sea, and silence remained. Wrapped within that quiet, I first felt something I could never quite explain. Not a voice, not a memory, but an ancient presence.

I did not know then what was waiting for me. Only that each return felt less like travel and more like remembering. As though a connection had existed long before I arrived, long before the place had a name in my life. The coast knew me before I knew myself.

In the long breathing of the ocean, in the stillness between the wings of the eagle and the wind, in the dark earth tinted blue each summer, something ancient moved within me, wordless, familiar, and patient.

Years have passed. Yet it was strange; I was never truly alone there. The stones remembered my footsteps. The fog carried old presences close. The land seemed to recognize something in me that I was only beginning to understand.

Somewhere between shoreline and silence, I began leaving pieces of myself behind, small offerings to a place that had already claimed my spirit, a place that has always lived within me.

A place where blood, land, and spirit met. A place where the voices of those who came before me seemed to linger just beyond sight, woven into the wind, the berries, and the sea.

Even now, it calls softly. It calls often. Not as memory calls, but as the spirit does. Not as a place I once visited, but as a part of myself I have always carried.

— Brian Francis



HEIDI DAUB
High On The Mountain
acrylic on paper
22 x 26 inches



JEFFERY BECTON
Watermark
 photomontage, edition of 12
 20 x 30 inches

Doorstep, looking back

The blueberries are ripe
 along the road
 of the village that disappeared
 more than a century ago
 when all the children moved away
 and the last farmer passed from the scene

The Bracy family settled first,
 on the shore of the cove that bears their name
 Southard and Callahan followed
 Fishermen and farmers
 supported a blacksmith and general store
 They built a schoolhouse
 petitioned for a post office
 sent their sons to the war between the states

At the edge of the field
 that rolls down to the marsh
 the old farmhouse
 framed of wood cut from forest beyond
 slowly settled on itself
 reclaimed by wind and rain and snow

The man who bought the land
 and built his summer home nearby
 filled in the cellar hole
 reused the granite blocks
 save the stone doorstep
 where I sit
 warmed by the sun
 handful of berries on my tongue
 blue bursts of summer

— Ron Beard

Bar Harbor

Into The Woods

Sometimes in the woods
I come upon perfection

dark-tipped wing feather
dislodged from a ruffed grouse
drumming up dust

pink veined orchid
tipping the stalk of the moccasin flower

silver shine
quartzite flaked in granite

jeweled vernal pool
alive with frog spawn
dancing in the reflected sky

I will make a poem and leave it there
until the words dissolve

— Ron Beard

Bass Harbor



CARROLL THAYER BERRY (1886–1978)

Bass Harbor Light, 1964

chiaroscuro wood engraving

last print in an unnumbered edition

10.5 x 12.5 inches



ROBERT SHILLADY
Brooklin, Maine: An Allegory, Circa 2025
 acrylic on panel
 48 x 64 inches

Holding the Light

Gather up whatever is
 glittering in the gutter,
 whatever has tumbled
 in the waves or fallen
 in flames out of the sky,

for it's not only our
 hearts that are broken,
 but the heart
 of the world as well.
 Stitch it back together.

with compassion and wire.
 See how everything
 we have made gathers
 the light inside itself
 and overflows? A blessing.

— Stuart Kestenbaum

Bowling with Porcupines

When the first family of porcupines
Came to my yard, a threesome—
The baby, the soccer ball sized Mama and the large, largest, waddling—
It was late September with apples, growing huge from the splintered trunk—
The earnest Wolf River surviving, thanks to the underground spring,
Running under her and down the side of the drive, evidenced
By watercress in late spring and fall as tell-tale sign.

As I pull in from work after dark, I rev my trusty
Honda FIT to roar and lurch purposefully towards them—
Windows down, blasting rock ‘n’ roll as the baby dives
Into the last pink tipped phlox, while Mama splits right
And large, largest loomed in faster side-to-side rocking waddle
Straight ahead to the old gravel pit. I honked righteously
And got out of the car to chase the largest down the bank.

On days off in early evening, as the apple tree dropped more bounty,
I ran outside with lobster pot in hand and wooden spoon to clang
The threesome back behind my plastic shed over the rotting bark
and kindling and into the woods between my neighbor and me.



JOSEPH KEIFFER
Brooksville Harbor
oil on canvas
18 x 20 inches



CHENOWETH HALL (1908–1999)
Plowed Grounds At The Sands, 1953
 watercolor on paper
 15 x 20 inches

(stanza continued)

The apples mounded up in bags in my kitchen. I had to admit, I had enough.
 And about that time, the sheet metal band around the tree's girth
 Dropped 6 inches, then rattled to the ground. I'd seen no trace of the climbing
 Porcupine claws and no wonder with plunder falling innocently everywhere.
 And for me too, why did I think I needed more?
 I couldn't keep up.

So began a different practice: When I pulled up the drive,
 The trio started and began their waddle across the yard.
 I pulled close to my door, stepped out and piled the nearest apples
 In my arms, then threw them alongside their dark lumbering shapes.
 I began to bowl and achieve bowling status lobbing the apples just ahead
 Of the largest large porcupine, even following him lightly to his trail
 Down the bank and gently planted a fine reddening globe in his path.
 It had my fingerprints. It soon had his gray oval pads and urgent claws
 Holding the apple to his mouth as he delicately ate, his large nose lifting,
 His black head bobbing and his needles lying flat in a blond shelf on his back.
 To bowl apples for porcupines is my game – no strikes--but wanting to give them room
 To nibble the white flesh on their own as the edge of fall cools our senses, and their smooth gray
 bellies ready for the long haul, tree nesting in the pines. We begin to understand
 What else may befall us or how living together could be called luck.

— Beatrix Gates

The Sands, Cape Split

The Ecuadorian Sailors

The Ecuadorian sailors arrive in Bucksport. They stare at the American girls who stand on the oil wharf in shorts and halters, eating pistachio ice cream in the long Maine afternoons as the sun drops behind the refinery. Evenings, the Ecuadorians gather on deck. From the town hall you can hear their slow, passionate music as one of the officers, immaculately dressed, sings something about love, about a man murdered, a woman stolen in the night. The Bucksport girls throw daisies to the Ecuadorians, who place them behind their ears, and the officer sings about a flower blooming in a forgotten place. The next morning, the girls wear yellow flowers between their breasts, but the sailors do not see them. They want to shop in the American stores. They move through Bucksport talking rapidly. Soon they find Laverdiere's Discount Drug Store, where you can buy anything. A line of Ecuadorian sailors streams from the ship down Main Street to Laverdiere's. Another line returns, carrying brown paper bags. Where the two meet, they talk and touch fingers like ants describing the source of food and pleasure. Some have small bags with radios and calculators, others have large mysterious bags. Two of them carry a color television while a third holds the rabbit-ear antenna and tells them where not to step.



ALISON RECTOR
Buck Memorial Library
oil on linen
24 x 24 inches



JANICE ANTHONY
Corea Ledges
acrylic on linen
10 x 14 inches

(stanza continued)

One solitary man carries a red snow shovel, as if,
when he brings the shovel home to Ecuador, it
will snow in his village for the first time since
the Pleistocene. When Laverdiere's closes, girls
come to the ship with long dresses and daisies
plaited in their hair. The air fills with music
from guitars, with emotions like red and blue rain-
forest parrots that no one in Bucksport has ever seen.
Each Ecuadorian sailor invites a girl to dance
and speaks to her in Spanish, which she understands
fluently, like a lost native language, like words
uttered by eloquent red parrots in a country where
it is always afternoon. At night, among the oil tanks,
the girls all become women. They go to their houses
before dawn, but they are not the same, they have
new languages, new bodies, they have grown darker
and will wear flowers forever between their breasts,
even when the sailors have returned to Ecuador, even
when they marry and take their clothes off for the
first time in a lighted room, the flowers will be there
like indelible tattoos. Their husbands will grow silent
as winter, but it will not matter, they will teach
their children three or four words of Spanish, a song
about red parrots crying in a place of sunlight where
it never snows, and where the heart is everything

— William Carpenter

Not From Away—

You and I remember things Different
But the crickets are singing again, on this we can agree.

August tries to kill you, you can't let it, if you let it, it will.
You have to be vigilant in August, even though you want to lay face down in the sea.

The sea WILL be your salvation, though. IF you can fight past the chicannery, and
Just
Get
In—
You can save yourself.
Or— rather—she will save you.

Swimming is a form of prayer. The cold is the surrender. It cleanses you.
Aphrodite knew this, why don't you?
To speak with precision—why do you keep forgetting? The Ocean is the Ocean, it is not the River
Lethe.

And you don't want the River Lethe—even when you think you do. Absolution is predicated on
memory, dissociation feeds the beast.
And you and I remember things Different, and you don't want to swim. How will we forgive?



GREGORY DUNHAM
Evening Glow, Castine Boathouse
watercolor on paper
11 x 15 inches



GRETNA CAMPBELL (1922–1987)
Back Shore Sunset, 1984
oil on canvas
38 x 42 inches

(stanza continued)

Underwater, the rocks forgive me. They say the mistakes I make are not the end of the world.
They have seen the beginning, and estimate that the end will be similar.

My mistakes are not sins
My mistakes are a drop in the Ocean.
(They say)

I put the rocks in my mouth, and I speak in their voices. Granite.

My voice sounds more like Deer Isle, but sometimes I wish it was more pink.
(Acadia)

I make them bird nests on the beach, they are waiting to hatch, and I am waiting with them. You
say the sea smooths them, but that's not right. They smooth each other. Like us.

— Georgia Williamina Zildjian



LISA TYSON ENNIS
Liminal, Curtis Cove
 archival pigment print
 edition of 40
 14 x 14 inches

East Blue Hill



RAGNA BRUNO (1935–2024)
Wave
 oil on canvas
 30 x 30 inches

Hancock



RICHARD KEEN
Echo Lake, Acadia
 acrylic and oil on canvas
 30 x 30 inches

The Echo

"I love the sound. Brave. It echoes love."
 — Stanley Kunitz

How brave it is to love,
 to love is to be brave,

brave love, I love you.
 Are you brave enough

to love me in return?
 Ah, love, let us be brave

with one another.
 We call out "love"

on Echo Lake and
 "brave" comes floating

over the water.
 "Courage, mon vieux,"

be brave, old friend,
 my love, my lover,

my brave beloved.

— Carl Little



Green Ledge, Penobscot Bay

JEFFERY BECTON
Passing Green Ledge
photomontage, edition of 9
16 x 36 inches

Reverie

The white reflection of the sloop's great sail
Sleeps trembling on the tide;
In scarlet trim her crew lean o'er the rail,
Lounging on either side.

— Celia Thaxter (excerpt)

Harriman Point



WILLIMA IRVINE
Day Moon From Harriman Point
oil on canvas
24 x 30 inches



PHILIP BARTER (1939–2024)
Blueberry Ground, 1972
oil on canvas
16 x 20 inches

Summer's End

A few months before the blueberry fields
turn crimson, a few days after the Blue Hill Fair,

where the Ferris wheel
lifts us above the screams

of the bumper cars and Gravitron
eleven thousand years since the glaciers receded

and left the landscape strewn with boulders
I walk through the blueberry field

on Wallamatogus Mountain.
Halfway up the slope blue plastic boxes

left behind by the last human harvesters
as if someone had stopped

in the middle of a job and walked away.
Soon the season will become cooler air

and brilliant light reflecting off the water.
Some days I don't know whether

I should weep or sing.
This year's berries are gone by,

but I discover a few near the footpath.
I expected there would be

none left behind,
but here they are on my tongue,

these sweet, dark blue worlds,
orbiting the sun with me.

— Stuart Kestenbaum

A Summer Day

At daybreak in the fresh light, joyfully
The fishermen drew in their laden net;
The shore shone rosy purple, and the sea
Was streaked with violet;

And pink with sunrise, many a shadowy sail
Lay southward, lighting up the sleeping bay;
And in the west the white moon, still and pale,
Faded before the day.

— Celia Thaxter (excerpt)

Prospect Harbor



PHILIP FREY

Late Afternoon, Low Tide

oil on linen

36 x 48 inches



JUDY BELASCO
Schoodic Changing Weather
oil on canvas
15 x 22 inches

On the Schoodic Peninsula

In the dystopian novel version of this moment,
the Maine ocean is bikini-warm and she is not
wearing a windbreaker in July and she is not
eating slices of sharp Vermont cheddar on the beach
because cows are extinct now or illegal for methane
reasons or because Vermont has been annexed
by Quebec or because dairy prices have gone so berserk
cheese is no longer part of the plebian diet,

and so in whatever chapter this is—an early one,
this is called “world-building”—she forages for seasnails,
unsticking their underbellies from the slimed-up rocks
instead of eating Granny Smiths sliced by her lover
with his pocketknife in that thin-thin way she likes
because no apples
because the forest fires
or the blight
or the new invasive species of moth

and he does not joke
that he’s going to throw her into the ocean
because this is not one of those joke-y eras
like the 90s because though warm,
he knows the sea churns
with toxins that will slough her skin from
the rest of her and even in this dystopian world,

(stanza continued)

having skin is considered better than not
having skin, and later he will not take a polaroid
of her, in all her skin-having glory, notebook
in lap, legs splayed on rock, misty ghost
island looming over her shoulder—this is not an era
in which anyone can choose to be retro—

and later still, they will not leave the chanterelles
growing by the roadside even if they're past
their prime—this is not an era of choosiness,
it goes without saying—though when they make
the dystopian novel into a dystopian movie,
some things will be as they are now: her hair
intractable, evergreens ever green, rocks still
rock-like, and when she plays herself, they encourage her
to keep shaving her legs, though her character self—
named some new name with a hissing S in the middle
or else an X at the end—has bigger fish to fry—

metaphorically, of course—the fish are long dead,
but they still have chickens in all of the worlds,
still eggs to hard-boil, but now when they sit by the sea
and deshell them, they do not do so carelessly,
letting their wrappings fall at their feet with abandon.

Now, when they have eaten their eggs,
they put the shards in their mouths
and suck.

— Hollie Adams

Prospect Harbor



BERENICE ABBOTT (1898–1991)

Flats In Prospect Harbor, 1966

vintage silver gelatin photograph

10 x 10 inches



RICK FOX
Afternoon, Bracy Cove
oil on canvas
30 x 40 inches

On the Way to the Pond

:Pick one

peony lupine dandelion feverfew

pansy mallow hawkweed hollyhock

witch-grass tansy day-lily rose

meadow-rue iris raspberry phlox

sumac fern hemlock clover pine

— Welsea Sidon

Under the Stars

Waiting for the moon
Before automatic lights
Dark sky town landing

— Anonymous



HOLLY MEADE (1956–2013)

On The Dock
woodblock print
edition of 7
11 x 10 inches



JOSEPH KEIFFER
Impending Shower, Somesville
oil on canvas
20 x 24 inches

Somesville Invitation

The gently sloping bridge is
hard to resist, from any angle.
Today the arc and its reflection

in slightly filmy water
form an oval of invitation,
like an odd-shaped mirror glimpsed

through furniture at an auction—
an opening to another world.
Leaning over the rail my daughter and I

can see what we'd find: a streambed
with weeds bent by the flow; no fish;
ducks pursuing their food search

in the reeds. It's true we're all looking
for something, in woods, in water,
under sofa cushions; call it

the glint of good fortune. Meanwhile
bridges help us get over things
or simply provide a shortcut to school.

Emily wants to traverse the ice-creaky planks
again and again, hoping for magic,
trolls and the like, but I tell her,

wisely I think, that we've got to get
to know this stream-leaper a lot better
before we can expect such wonders.

Yet this temptation in the landscape
already has us where it wants:
helpless and heartened in its narrow hold.

— Carl Little

Off Stonington

I wear my Grundéns proud, uniform
of the daily haul, keeping flanks dry
through any kind of sea,

handling armored bodies, claws
waving as if in farewell to the water.
Moving past the stoneworks on Crotch Island

I hook a pot, then another, movements
as synchronized as an Olympic swimmer.
Back turned to the town that lines the shore,

I mean no disrespect. I have traps to empty,
a boat to carry me home, whichever
direction that might be.

— Carl Little



KATE HANLON
Lobster Fisherwoman
white-line woodblock print
edition of 25
12 x 16 inches



RICHARD KEEN
Purple Tree No. 13: Surry
 acrylic, oil, and vinyl paint on canvas
 28 x 30 inches

Surry



PHILIP BARTER (1939–2024)
Sullivan Harbor, 2022
 acrylic on board
 24 x 30 inches

Sullivan



ARVID BERGE
Habitat (Sea Turtle, Seal, Seabird)
 oil on linen
 16 x 16 inches

Here This Once: My Ocean as the Blind Man Sees It

— For Henry

He turns his face up into the thin, buttery light that lies on the back of the sea, along the horizon he has never seen. In his mind, there is no image against which to measure this absence, only a sea of nothingness: he can't even call it black—he doesn't know black or yellow or red, no pearl of sun on salt-watered ankles.

Horizons and edges, buttery light, the buoy bouncing on the lip of a mid-swell wave—or the wave, for that matter—are all inaccessible to him. Well, not the wave: each lick, every beat as it reshapes, refolds, reforms into another and another climbs inside his ear and tunnels into labyrinths the

rest of us can't know, too distracted by the plovers and rosehips, the dusty crab shells in the sand, the fluorescent green kayak a quarter mile out.

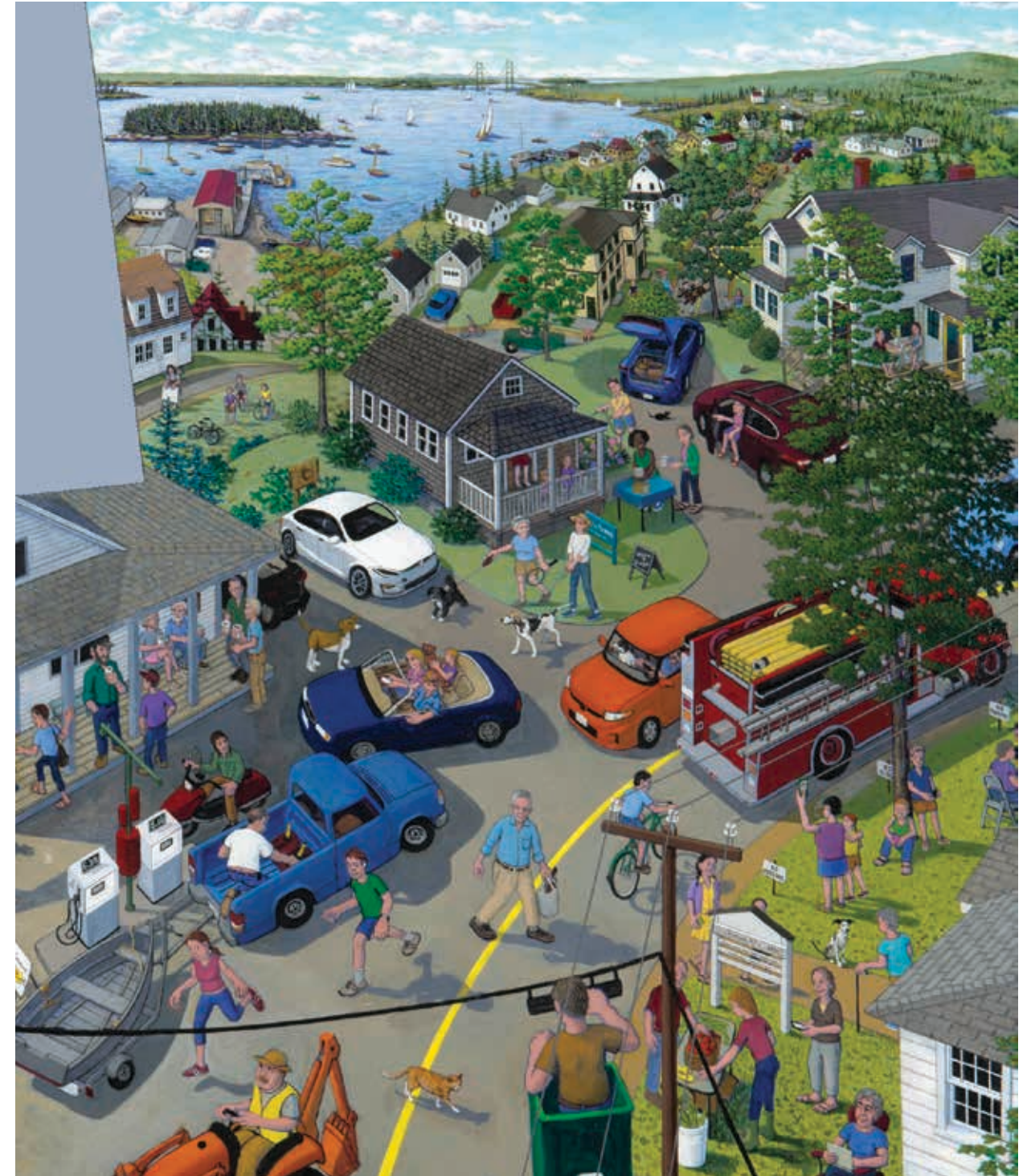
His hands play wind, fingers rake new scores in the air. As he composes sheet after sheet, a transcription of sorts, his chest beats out breath one, breath two, breath three, exhaling the salt of Zanzibar and Honshu, Winter Harbor, he took in only moments before, his intonation shaped by whale vibration, porpoise speak, eider cry.

— Annaliese Jakimides

9:30 p.m., July, a Long Time Ago

The right amount of warm for Maine,
soft smell of the night ocean everywhere
stars and fireflies, bats and mosquitos,
quiet accented by an occasional car
or night bird, air breathing for us as we sit
on the front steps taking it all in.
We are still visitors, living the life
we long for in the city winter.
Our neighbors are for daytime,
except tonight, when shouts leap the road,
full of venom and misery.
We don't know how old they are.
Newlywed? Is he a threat, is she?
Should we do something? We are on our feet,
out where we can see them in the middle of the road,
faces twisted and streaked with tears. They are stuck in it,
stuck in the road, in the anger, in the misery.
From another house, another voice:
"Shut the fuck up, it's the middle of the night."
And it's over, fizzling out like cheap fireworks
on the empty road.

— Welsea Sidon



BROOKLIN Detail of *Brooklin, Maine: An Allegory, Circa 2025* by Robert Shillady, acrylic on panel, 48 x 64 inches. The entire painting is shown opposite the poem about Brooklin, Maine, by Beatrix Gates on page 14.

About the Poets

PLEASE NOTE Bios for guest poets are listed here. Bios for gallery artists are available at courthousegallery.com.

HOLLIE ADAMS is the author of the novel *Things You’ve Inherited from your Mother* (NeWest Press, 2015), the chapbook *Deliver Me from Swedish Furniture* (Zed Press, 2017), and the short story collection, *Dear Humans* (NeWest, 2026). Her debut poetry collection, *Beckoning*, will be published in October 2026 by Guernica Editions. She was a 2023 Resident Artist of Acadia National Park and is currently an Associate Professor in the English Department at the University of Maine where she teaches Creative Writing and Canadian Literature.

RON BEARD built his family home in 1978, aside a granite quarry below Gorham Mountain in Bar Harbor. On clear nights he can see lights flash from Mount Desert Rock and Baker Island. Following retirement from a career with the University of Maine Cooperative Extension and Sea Grant, he chaired the board of the Jesup Memorial Library in Bar Harbor during its campaign for expansion. Ron credits Somesville poet Candace Stover and Leonie Charlton, a poet and writer from Argyle, Scotland, for encouraging him to put words on paper. Two recent poems were published in *Echoes in the Fog* (12 Willows Press 2025) and *The Porcupine* was selected this past summer for *Poems From Here*, on Maine Public Radio.

WILLIAM CARPENTER is the author of three books of poetry, *The Hours of Morning*, *Poems 1976–1979* (University Press of Virginia, 1981), *Rain* (Northeastern University Press, 1985), *Speaking Fire at Stones* (Tilbury House, 1992), and three novels, *A Keeper of Sheep* (Milkweed Editions, 1996), *The Wooden Nickel* (Little, Brown & Co., 2002), and *Silence* (Islandport Press, 2021). Carpenter earned his B.A. from Dartmouth and a Ph.D. from the University of Minnesota. He began publishing poetry in 1976, and won the Associated Writing Program’s Contemporary Poetry Award in 1980. In 1985, he received the Samuel French Morse Prize and a National Endowment for the Arts grant. He moved to Maine in 1972 to help found the College of the Atlantic, a school dedicated to human ecology and the environment, where he served on the faculty for 48 years and retired in 2019.

BRIAN J FRANCIS of Elsipogtog First Nation in New Brunswick is an accomplished director/writer, filmmaker and visual artist. His main focus in his artistic expression is the positive promotion of the Mi’kmaq people and their culture. He was the recipient of the very prestigious Dialogue NB Governor General Award for his extensive work and accomplishment in the preservation of the Mi’kmaq language and his role of Indigenous Liaison. He also received the Queens Platinum Jubilee Medal. Brian self-published his

first book of spiritual writings showcasing his photography; *Between Two Worlds*, reaching international audiences through social media, podcasts, and radio interviews. In 2023, he published his second book *The Sacred Space*, which is an intimate collection of writing and art under Acorn Press Publishing, a Nimbus Publishing affiliate.

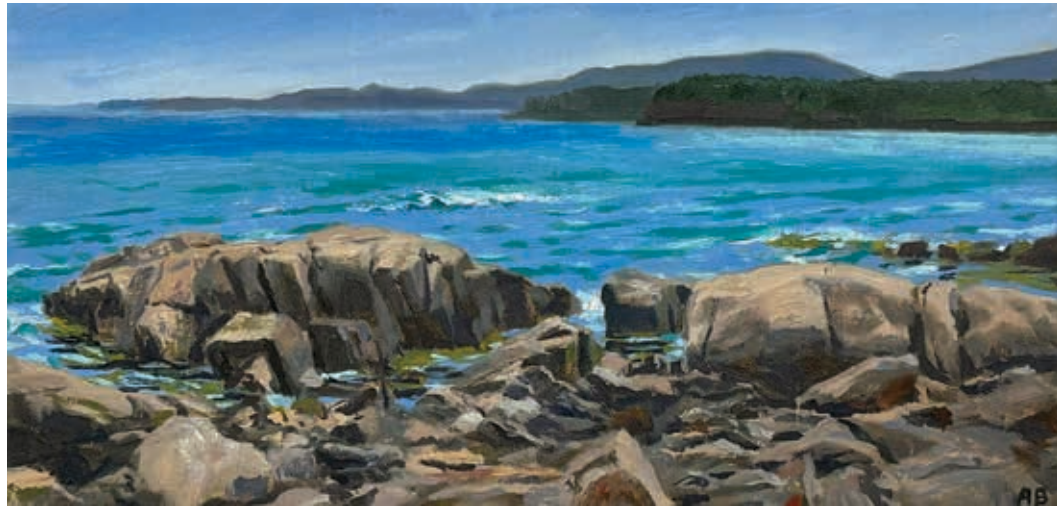
BEATRIX GATES Her book *The Burning Key, New & Selected Poems (1973–2023)* (Thera Books 2023), features new and uncollected poems, limited editions, award-winning translations and selections from seven books, including Lambda Award Finalist, *In the Open*. Gates has received Poetry fellowships from MacDowell, Monson Arts, and the Maine Arts Commission. She collaborated with weaver and queer comrade Ron King on “Poetry & Masks” for Reversing Falls Sanctuary, and a documentary about “Close Apart: Beatrix Gates, poetry, and Tim Seabrook, etchings” by Matt Shaw was featured in Word. Blue Hill Literary Arts Festival. Sharing NEA support, as librettist, with composer Anna Dembska, *The Singing Bridge* was produced by the Stonington Opera House. She curates SIDELINES at The Cannery where she serves on the Board. Founder of Granite Press (1975–89), she works as an editor and teaches.

ANNALIESE JAKIMIDES Her prose and poetry have been published in many journals and magazines, including *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Utne Reader*, *Decor Maine*, and *GQ*, as well as in anthologies such as *Breaking Bread: Essays from New England on Food, Hunger, and Family*; *This I Believe II: More Personal Philosophies of Remarkable Men and Women*; *Rivers of Ink: Literary Reflections on the Penobscot*; *The Essential Hip Mama*, *About Face*; and *A Dangerous New World*. Cited in national competitions, most recently as a finalist for the Stephen Dunn Poetry Prize, and nominated for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net, her work has also been broadcast on NPR and MPBN. She has been a finalist twice in both poetry and nonfiction for the Maine Literary Awards. Along with Troy Casa, she is the cofounder of the Belfast Poetry Festival in Belfast, Maine.

STUART KESTENBAUM is the author of six collections of poems, most recently *Things Seemed to Be Breaking* (Deerbrook Editions 2021), and a collection of essays *The View from Here* (Brynmorgen Press). He served as Maine’s poet laureate from 2016–2021, and was the host of the Maine Public Radio program “Poems from Here” and the host/curator of the podcasts *Make/Time* and *Voices of the Future*. Most recently he and visual artist Susan Webster have collaborated on *A Quiet Book* (Brynmorgen Press 2024), a collection of collages and improvised handwritten text.



GREAT CRANBERRY ISLAND
GRETNA CAMPBELL (1922–1987)
From The Path, Great Head, 1984
oil on canvas
42 x 42 inches



WINTER HARBOR Ard Berge, View Toward Ironbound and Mount Desert Island, oil on linen, 5 x 10 inches

Former United States Poet Laureate Ted Kooser has written “Stuart Kestenbaum writes the kind of poems I love to read, heartfelt responses to the privilege of having been given a life. No hidden agendas here, no theories to espouse, nothing but life, pure life, set down with craft and love.”

CARL LITTLE is the author of *Ocean Drinker: New & Selected Poems* and *Blanket of the Night*, both from Deerbrook Editions. His poetry has appeared in a range of publications, including *The Paris Review*, *Maine Arts Journal* and *Maine Sunday Telegram*, as well as in several anthologies edited by Wesley McNair. He contributed to *Breaking Bread: Essays from New England on Food, Hunger, and Family* (2022) and *Alive to This: Essays on Living Fully by 20 Maine Writers* (2024). Little has written monographs on John Moore, Joel Babb, Irene Olivieri, Philip Frey, Eric Hopkins, and Dahlov Ipcar, among others. He has co-authored four books with his brother David, most recently, *The Art of Penobscot Bay*. Little’s articles appear in *Hyperallergic*, *Art New England*, *Maine Arts Journal*, and *Island Journal*. In 2021, he received a Lifetime Achievement Award by the Dorothea and Leo Rabkin Foundation.

WESLEA SIDON is a poet, musician, and “woman of a certain age” living in rural Maine with two cats and big plans for the garden. Her poems have appeared in many small magazines as well as the *New York Times*, the *Bar Harbor Times* and the *MDIslander*. She was awarded the Martin Dibner Fellowship in Poetry in 2002. Her full-length collection, *The Fool Sings*, was published by Rain Chain Press. She is at work, perpetually, on a new manuscript.

CELIA THAXTER (1835–1894) was an American poet and prose writer whose work was deeply shaped by the sea. Born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, she spent her childhood on the Isles of Shoals, where her father was lighthouse keeper on White Island. She later returned to Appledore Island, where her family operated the Appledore House hotel, a gathering place for many of New England’s leading writers and artists. Thaxter became widely known for her poetry and prose about the sea, island life, storms, boats, birds, and the natural world. Her first published poem, *Land-Locked*, appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1860. Among her best-known books are *Among the Isles of Shoals* and *An Island Garden*.

GEORGIA WILLIMINA ZILDJIAN is an author, theatre artist, educator, and dramaturg-historian who grew up in Castine, Maine. She holds a BFA in Theatre Arts from Boston University’s School of Theatre, and an MEd in Place-Based Education from Antioch University New England. Georgia is the co-founder of Tandem Theatre Collective, a triumvirate of tenacious women who have produced several of her plays, most recently *The Bride*. She is the founder and director of the Castine Arts Association’s Youth Summer Theatre Camp, which recently celebrated its sixteenth year. Her essay *United or Loosened* was published in the collection *Breaking Bread: Essays from New England on Food, Hunger, and Family* in 2022. She works as the manager of Museum Learning at the Wilson Museum, and the drama program coordinator at Adams Elementary School, both in Castine.



SEAL HARBOR Rick Fox, *Bracy Cove, Mt Desert*, oil on canvas, 16 x 20 inches

COURTHOUSE GALLERY
FINE ART