

*This collection of 67 free-verse poems takes the reader on a virtual road trip to Scots Bay, Nova Scotia, Canada, bordering the Bay of Fundy. Celebrate the power of the highest tides in the world, the amazing wonders of nature, the area's fascinating history, and the rural maritime experience.*

## **THE CROW'S NEST CHRONICLES: Capturing the Wonder of Tidal Bay Summers**

by Beverly Shaw Johnson

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# The Crow's Nest Chronicles:

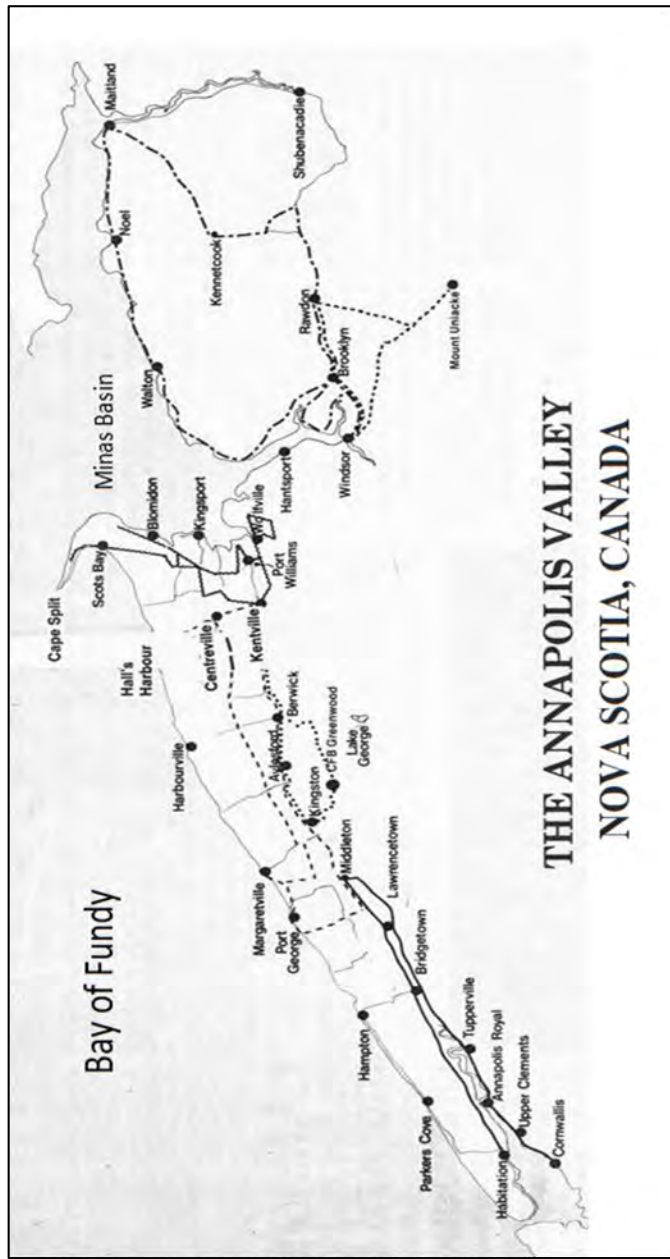
Capturing the Wonder  
of  
Tidal Bay Summers

BEVERLY SHAW JOHNSON

Bay of Fundy

Minas Basin

## THE ANNAPOLIS VALLEY NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA



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## FUNDY SHORE

Somehow, a sunset  
after ten P.M.  
is more spectacular

We revel in Atlantic Time...  
the day stretched  
from tide to tide,  
lapping in the hours  
and out

Up for sunrise...

Sea  
    Sky  
        Shore birds

Following sea to skyline...  
an early dragger...receding chug  
of motor, shrinking hulk...  
becomes...speckless  
horizon

Left only...sweet solitude...

Song of sandpipers  
    Swoop of gulls  
        Ballet of butterflies

This is the tide out...  
with my other life  
on hold

## AGRICULTURE IN CONCERT

At first light

the conductor's score  
is black ink on a purple page...  
forest printed on sky

Freshly cut canary grass  
tufted by the hayfork  
comforts a slumbering field

Attic mice scamper in obbligato  
to the steady hum  
of an electrical household

Soon, sparrows sing the sun awake...  
a good day for baling,  
a better day for raspberries ripening

At woodlot's edge  
a continuous chorus of crows  
competes with the rumble

of chicken trucks  
the sputter of tractors  
the click of the cabbage hoe

And, beneath the brown bosom  
of earth, the pride of new potatoes  
swells in secret anthems...Scots Bay,

rehearsing for an early harvest

## MEDITATION ON AGELESS THERAPIES

With one continuous stroke, my knife moves clean

hull the green  
split the berry

heart after heart  
of oozing strawberry

flowing me back to flour barrel days

to earthenware crocks,  
simpler times

There's catharsis in holding a basket

between the knees  
and shelling peas,

slipping sweet moons  
from moist pods again and again,

Akin to a spider spinning out patience...

no rushing this hand work,  
just a slowing of pace...space for deep sighs...

For clearing mind clutter  
there might be nothing better

than the churning of butter  
or the pungent time of strawberries sugaring down,

making their rich new blood

## SEASCAPE IN BLACK, WHITE, & GRAY

high tide, full in  
calm as a lake  
brings six loons  
leaving hardly a wake

gliding close to shore  
they dive for tinker herring

*when they feel like it*

preen their white bibs

*when they feel like it*

splay their mottled wings

*when they feel like it*

shake a leg

*when they feel like it*

the sea...gray in variations  
of dove to steely rim reveals  
an even calmer day now  
with a light rain falling...

how lovely it must feel  
to the loons...this little shower...

*like a blessing*

## BURIALS

When windows accumulate a smoky glaze when the scent of spring calls  
for stale rooms to be aired, I dive into feverish discovery.

Some call it “spring cleaning,” but for me, it’s a treasure hunt.

Every drawer, every closet, shelf, every dark nook and cranny offers  
up forgotten gems...

old letters, lost keys, misplaced recipes, quotes about the quality of life  
scribbled on empty envelopes, forgotten snapshots, rubber bands,  
homemade birthday cards from the kids...all treasures to be reshuffled,  
rearranged,

and buried where I can unearth them  
once again, next spring.

My neighbor has a motto... “If you haven’t worn it in two years, give  
it to Goodwill.”

Okay in theory, but hard to put into practice.

Take shoes. Shoes are personal. These shaggy sneakers, for instance,  
survivors of so many Scots Bay summers...saved for the rocky beach.

They remember our bonfires as brilliant sunsets faded and succumbed to  
the rising tide.

They recall the morning of the baby seal, her body washed up full and sleek. I  
prayed she was just sleeping...until you turned her over.

We buried her deep in safe sand, up near the bank  
of bleached driftwood, and marked the grave  
with beach fire stones...blackened  
as the heart of the man who put  
a bullet through her brain.

## LUNA MOTH MAGIC

drawn

through the fog  
by the steady glow  
of your back porch light

I've landed on your screen door  
bringing you the gift  
of wonder

you will find me  
in the morning still clinging  
to the screening

for I have no need to move—  
my mating done...my feeding days  
over...only a few days left to live

for some, metamorphosis is a warm and fuzzy word  
but in my dense deciduous forest haven...place of  
damp ferns and the porcupine...being a pupa was not pretty

I have seen your light...now let me show you mine...my beauty  
exotic in brilliant lime-green wings splayed to match  
the size of your open hand

Yes! You are right to gasp and stare in delight  
this is rare...a once in a lifetime encounter  
defying reason...one to savor, to mull over

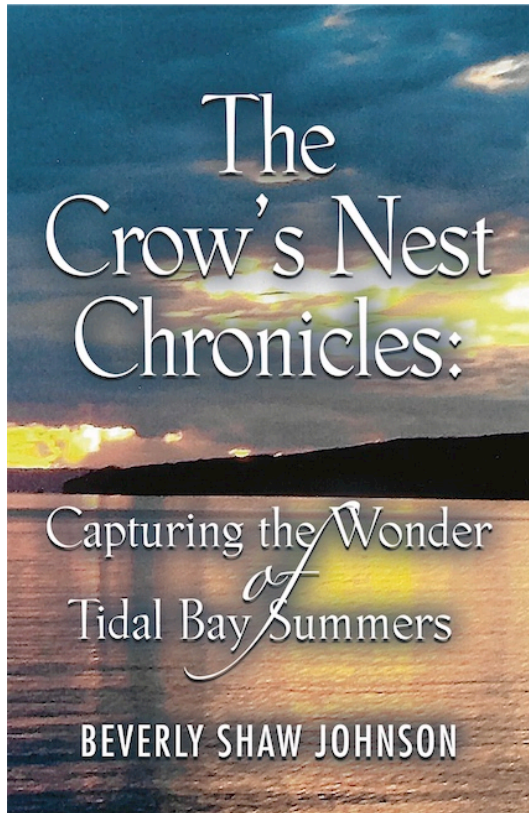
to interpret



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Beverly Shaw Johnson is a poet, playwright, lyricist, and retired educator who resides with her husband in Mashpee, Massachusetts during the “off-months,” and summers at their “Crow’s Nest” cottage at the “head of the Bay” in Scots Bay, Nova Scotia four months each year. She thanks her father, the Reverend J. Howard Shaw, born in 1910 in Scots Bay—as well as several generations of Shaw ancestors who arrived in the Province after 1760 as New England Planters—for her “Canadian Connection.” She holds “a deep attachment to Nova Scotia, and to the Bay of Fundy, in particular.”

While teaching, Beverly was active for many years in the Worcester County Poetry Association (Massachusetts) as Vice President for Publications and three-time Editor of *The Worcester Review*. Writing and publishing poetry for fifty years, Beverly enjoys giving readings in libraries, colleges, gardens, galleries, book stores, and other settings—celebrating story-telling and the oral tradition in literature.



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