

**ekphrastic (ECK·phra·stick): writing in
reaction/response to a visual artwork*

Sincere thanks to all the artists and writers who
agreed to show their work in this special exhibit to
finish the 2026 season at Dodwell Gallery.

To create is to be vulnerable.
Thank you for sharing your talents.

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Island Light: Long Island and Casco Bay Paintings

***Dodwell Gallery
September 5–October 10, 2026***

***A Booklet to Celebrate
the Painters and Writers
of This Unique Ekphrastic Exhibit***

Island Light:

Long Island and Casco Bay Paintings

September 5–October 10, 2026

As the summer of 2026 drew to a close, the Dodwell Gallery presented *Island Light*, a celebration of the landscapes, waters, and enduring beauty of Long Island and Casco Bay.

Featuring works by island residents, seasonal visitors, and friends of the community, the exhibit captured the harbors, coves, waterfronts, and changing light that define life on the bay.

In a special collaboration, island writers contributed poems, essays, and reflections inspired by the featured artworks, which created an *ekphrastic dialogue between image and word. Paintings were randomly assigned to writers who chose to participate.

Island Light celebrated the connections among art, landscape, and community—and offered a fitting close to another memorable summer season on Long Island.

This booklet commemorates this special exhibit, and includes photographs of each featured artwork alongside its corresponding written piece. Let's not ever forget this special collaboration.

**ekphrastic (ECK·phra·stick):*

writing in reaction/response to a visual artwork



Wylie Garcia

The Bell Buoy Calls

Candice Dale

Sometimes in the middle of the night fear awakens me. A small dog stands at the end of my bed quivering at the sound of sudden thunder and crackling lightning as electricity darts across the black skies. Heavy rain drops fall hard on the roof. A bat zooms across the bedroom air, not ready yet to fly out the window which has been left open for his escape. Mistakes in my life rise up, and I think about my children's challenges, my grandchildren's tomorrow.

In the morning, the bell buoy calls me to break away from the long night. I listen. I rise. A mama deer nurses twins under the shade of a maple tree on the front lawn. I walk to the sea and look out across the now calm Hussey Sound. I pick up a large barnacle-encrusted scallop shell that has washed ashore with the night waves. The day will get better. I can solve this. It is hard to see clearly, but peace will return.

Dance of Color

Karen Simmons

As the leaves fall,
the curtain parts with the changing season.
The birch trees, the audience.
A new stage is set.
Performing, a dance of colors
Morph from vibrant blue
to orange, yellow, pink and peach.
Wind gently swirls the clouds,
sunlight plays on the ocean's reflections,
the day comes to an end.



Jennifer Wood

Today We Watched

Katie Norton

A little girl sprinkled sand on her mother's toes, serious and intent on covering every last bit of skin, gentle pats and tucks, erasing the cracks that formed whenever her mother moved the slightest bit.

And the mother held as still as she could

praying that her daughter would always feel so good in her bathing suit, would always sit with legs splayed any which way, hair sticking to her neck, a bit of peanut butter in the corner of her mouth, remnants of the sandwich she enjoyed without thinking about the calories

We watched brothers launch themselves over and over into tumbling surf, coming up jubilant each time, searching for each others faces open with laughter, wiping the sting from their eyes

Did you see that one? they yelled. It knocked me over!

As if being thrown by an uncontrollable force was the best thing that ever happened to them, each one wishing this joy would last forever.

We saw young lovers run fingers along tan lines, not knowing this heat would cool and disappear with the shorter days of September, and a grandmother ease her way slowly toward the point, ginger steps on aching knees, leaning on a walking stick her husband found last spring.

We saw a football land near gossiping ladies, watched annoyance ease into playful flirtation as they tossed the ball back to the young men they once would have chased into the water.

We hovered around sandwiches and potato chips being devoured with a hunger only a day by the Maine ocean can conjure and saw flip flops float away, and the ambitions of book-reading abandoned to the feel of sun shining though closed eyelids.

We followed a fisherman, not here to sit, just to walk with one beer and a slow burning cigarette along the low-tide line. We saw two friends lean close, tell each other the things they'd saved up all week to set free here, where pain fades and hurt becomes bearable.

And one by one, we watched them pack up, shake the sand from their towels, stuff empty cans into bags, collapse umbrellas, throw chairs over their shoulders.

We circled fathers searching for favorite shovels before draping sleeping toddlers over their shoulders, mothers discreetly leaving shell collections to be found another day. We listened to plans being made for whatever comes after a day spent on the beach—what's for dinner, where do we go next, what time will we meet here tomorrow, what waits for me at home, away from the salt and the breeze and the timeless sunscreen-scented hours?

When they've all gone, we stand in the quiet, let the sunset spread from the sky over the slick low tide, and wait for darkness to fall.



Leslie Geistert

The Gift

Sam Dunnigan-Parker

We took off running down the beach. Arms full of firewood.

The water was almost still, tiny waves lapped the shore in step with the bell buoy song. Anticipation had been rising in our chests since the sun waned that afternoon.

It's quittin' time and there's no hauling on Sundays.

Nothing in the world worried us beyond the beach, beyond the swim buoy, beyond the horizon.

A collection of absolutes: sand in our hair, sun burns on the bridge of our nose, our laughs and hollers get caught in the updraft.

Our world was there, *right there*. Right between our fingers.

To us, it would be like that forever.

Forever.

We would be in that very spot *forever*.

Years later we would all tell people about those years. The years of being island kids.

A collective lost memory. We will never find the words to truly capture that feeling, those absolutes.

The abundance of a Saturday night in the bright moonlight.

Nobody would move, even when the embers dimmed low. Sitting on that beach, the gravity of the responsibility hung between us like spiders webs. Without knowing what was beyond the beach, we would silently agree on one thing. We had a gift, us island kids.

The gift of getting to come of age in the most beautiful place on earth.



Abby Dunnigan



Leslie Geistert

Blue on Blue

Tim Churchard

Contrasts are always interesting

Do they cancel each other or

complement each other with

their wonderful and beautiful striking color

Where is the occupant

the one who left the wine

Swimming in the azure sea

Walking on the soft white sand

A secret meeting with a lover

Wherever they are or aren't

they are missing an extraordinary

beautiful moment in the sun

Who and where is (s)he

Only the seagull knows

WAITING

Tommy Marr

OFF SEASON

FULL BOATYARD WITH FORLORN LOOK

WAITING FOR SPRING

WAITING FOR CLEANING

WAITING FOR NEW PAINT

WAITING FOR NEW SEASON

JUST WAITING



David Connor



Mary Brooking

Brian Arsenault

I dreamed that all the Fisherfolk
of all the ages

Sailed by on the Bay
to seek the Sea

Some boats bright
as the new Day

Others faded
by the Mists of Time

Unceasing Waves
across the Sound

Undying Winds If Still,
won't be for Long

The Splitting

Doug McCown

She stumbled upon it, stunned by the sight. That painting. So lonely, forlorn, that spit of rock, nearly splitting the sea, and splitting the painting, too. Shortly after, down by the docks, the sight of him split her somehow, just like that painting in the library. The dark shock of hair, longish locks unkempt. Dark eyes. The way he walked, a casual swing of hips suggesting confidence. He was so . . . so . . . so! Every day she saw him on the docks, causing new stirrings inside, deep in her gut. Somewhere inside her, her body rumbled, her vision popped. Revisited the painting, considered that, sure enough, the artist had rendered a splitting of some sort (perhaps just of land and sea, perhaps something else?).

Later, digging her toes into the warm sand, she was hypnotized by the cove's lapping waves. Smells of dank seaweed and marine life were tonic for this young adolescent's concern about her completely uncontrolled reaction to him: the split inside her was between her everyday life, and this new marvel.

Secretly (she hoped), she sought him out, each day guessing when his fishing boat might return. She did not yet know of the 'more than friends' that life would one day push upon her youthful crush. Seeing him was so jolting as to ache her belly. She wondered if the artist had first felt the splitting in the image before painting it, or only after the work had been done. Had he a crush on this image, perhaps in his mind at first? Or perhaps on someone, the artwork representing an unknown expression of some rip inside him?

She hoped that the frequent coincidences of her presence on his boat's arrival wasn't too obvious. It made her feel vulnerable. But of course, he did notice. His smile sent her into a spin, dizziness all the way home. Next day, when he stopped on the wharf to say "Hi," looking right into her eyes for seconds that seemed eternal, she panicked. All she could say was "Hi" in return.

That night, mustering a modicum of determination, she decided to go for it. The next day she moved to him as he disembarked, held her hand out, and said "Hi. I'm Lynn. Nice to finally meet you."

He was surprised, but recovered quickly. He'd been thinking about being assertive with her, but this was unanticipated. Jonathan and Lynn. Conversation began awkwardly, with pauses, a few stammers, then laughs, and her invitation to visit the several works of art at the library. He'd never done such a thing, and was entranced. She pointed out her painting, asking him what he saw in

it. "I see a point of land sticking out into water." Did he have other thoughts about its possible meaning, to him, or to the artist perhaps? It took him a while, then with a small smile he said "Well, that land is stickin' out there all alone. And the water, it's everywhere else."

"What does it make you feel?" she asked.

"Well, reminds of when I feel alone, at sea, sometimes at home. Sometimes I like that. Sometimes I don't. But, it's never forever."

Lynn was quiet, then said "Kind of split off from everyone else, in those moments?"

Jonathan: "Well, yes. Kinda alone for a moment."

Lynn: "I felt a splitting when I saw it. Just like the first time I saw you, on the wharf."

Jonathan, still in thought: "Come to think of it, that spit of land looks like a bolt of sidewise lightening."

Departing the room, she murmured "Amazing what one piece of paper can bring."

They became fast friends.



Carolyn Gaudet



John Coles

“CLAM SHELLS”
Summer Fun on Long Island, Maine
Tom & Charlotte Hedge

Have you ever wondered how much Coastal Magic you
can fit on an Ocean washed clam shell?

This 5-piece collection captures a perfect day on the
water and the shore, painted on clam shells gathered right
here on Long Island beaches. From the working waterfront
to the open skies and shores, each shell tells its own
seaside story.

The Hidden Lobster

From the deep sea . . . to the lobster pot. . . to the dinner
table . . . Yum!

The Ferry Boat

The classic yellow, black, and red hull of the Aucocisco
bringing folks to the Island

The Lobster Boat

Rowing the punt on early morning swells,
to the breakwater
then onto the working waterfront boat

The Osprey and Fish

A powerful raptor swooping down
to capture its silver catch

Island Wildflowers

The fragrant aroma of summer beach roses
along the rugged shoreline

“Five little shells sit drying in the Sun
A Long Island outing so perfectly done”

If It Is Chosen

Andrea Valente

Clouds tumble down the streaking falls of mist.

They shed the backdraft of gauzy spray,
unfurling into their uncharted crossing.

Deep waters offer a mirror of self-reflection.

If it is chosen.

Marbled rocks circle in a strong embrace,
holding a comforting space, of the familiar.

As the drifting traveler moves offshore,
a weighted calm fuels the journey.



Carol Connor



Carolyn Gaudet

Ocean Kids

Betsy Whitman

Still small they return from where they came from,
the kids having lost fins, swishing tails, the breath underwater,
now they splash as if they were still that close to being
a being in the ocean, the ocean that embraces them with each wave.

When the splash tickles them, you hear
all the way up here on the rocks
shrieking laughter; the ocean the great auntie who finds the right spot
that makes them giggle, running in and out of her arms.

And look, all the treasures Great Auntie has brought.
Her old jewels to pass along, shiny, luminescent moonshine
you can hold in your small hands,
left behind spiraled shells to hold to one's ear,
hear the twisted whispers of
old stories, distances traveled, past lives.

Look, little sister says, *look at what I found*.
A stone with a hole burrowed right through...
Hold it up and through its channel
you can see the sun bright in this world,
winking, saying, it's summer, melt all troubles here,

take in the kids opening a way, a way to breathe deep,
let go, here at Earth's watery edge, let the light, laughter, persistent
grace of waves bring peace, gladness to be here;
give thanks to all you see.

The Point

Alyssa Poulin

The feeling of *I've been here*.
I know this open and free place.
Majestic and powerful with the glowing sun
calming for the evening and bidding goodnight,
until tomorrow's next light.
Dark hues of wonder and all natural beauty.
Strong rock with soft edges.
Same-ly different each day.
To be drawn in is automatic, the point of endless curiosities
with magic of all sorts along with harmonious peace.
Perfect truth, no imperfections, no improvements.
How lovely.



Nancy Norton



Artist Unknown

Harbor Fish Market

Maxine Harmon

Holidays	Fish Market	Mackerel
Are	Infinitely	Arctic Char
Remembered	Stocked	Red Snapper
By	Housing	Kilos of crushed ice
One		Even
Red		Trout

Christmas Eve

My mom needs scallops and crabmeat for Christmas Eve. Cars line the water side of Commercial Street. We wait our turn to squeeze down the narrow slush-covered wharf to Harbor Fish. Its red clapboard siding trimmed with green means its dressed for Christmas cheer year round.

Everything inside is wet. The salty air passes through my nose and lands on the back of my tongue as one thousand little fish eyes stare back me. Their mouths all aghast to find themselves tucked into mounds of ice.

We gather our scallops and crabmeat, then shimmy into the checkout line. We shuffle past packs of smoked mussels and bottles of cocktail sauce before we reach the counter. Baskets of lemons frame the cashier who overlooks the comings and goings of each customer through the front door.

We pay with cash and step back outside to a soupy mess of slushy snow, salty cars, and crabby attitudes for those waiting to have their turn inside Harbor Fish.

Free from the Hard Earth

Leah Doughty

Where is your burning fire
Where is your warm light
Escaped to the dark and cold
Struggling to hide behind short
shadows
Come back Come back
Untwine yourself from the
barren
Break free from the
struggle
Burst out Burst up
Freeing freeing freeing from
hard earth
Show your beauty once again
We all long to see
your colors
your warmth
your light



Barbara Sullivan



Mary Brooking

The Bridge to the Unknown

Michael Floyd

In the distance mist obscures the view.
Fogbound, we cannot know what lies beyond.
Step up to the beginning,
but you must die to go on.

Slipping the bliss of life
is the only way to reveal
what comes after your end
and if the pain can be healed.

I have heard many voices
that herald our salvation.
Belief and faith are the price
required for integration.

We all want to go on
after our time on this earth.
Where does the truth live?
In nothingness? Or a rebirth?

Live your life in gratitude
and know you are not alone,
for we all will walk on
The Bridge to the Unknown.

I See the Moon

Gail Lemley Burnett

I see the moon, but you know what?

The moon doesn't see me.

It sees the smoky clouds,

The warm, silky sand of South Beach,

The cozy cottages perched on the rocks above

And its own shimmering path that stretches across the water.

The moon doesn't see me, and that's all right

Because I see all these things, too.

And I see the moon.



Nancy Norton



Will Gebhardt

Haiku

Nancy Noble

Nautical pennants

A patchwork quilt of color

Signals me towards home

Inspired by the signal flags used in the Portland Observatory,
around 1807, to alert ship owners and crews
of ships entering Portland Harbor.

Piping Plover Public Service Announcement

Phil Reis

The following is a Piping Plover Public Service Announcement for the good people of Long Island. My name is Peter, and I have returned to South Beach, Long Island, Maine, from my winter home in South Carolina and I do not even golf . . . JK. I was on South Beach two years ago and I have a real affinity for Long Island and I do not know why, perhaps it's because my parents and grandparents were hatched and raised here as well. Apparently, I come back here because my GPS is embedded in my DNA (whatever that is). According to my parents and grandparents, Long Island used to have a large and more robust Pipping Plover population. I have come back here to South Beach to plead with the good folks of Long Island to please help bring us back from the brink of extinction and that is not just hyperbole. We have been recognized as an endangered species since 1975.

Our preferred nesting site has always been the ocean-facing, low, flat dunes behind South Beach. To establish an essential habitat, the nesting sites must be clear and free of any garbage. There also needs to be a food source within close proximity to plover nests with an abundance of marine worms, fly larvae, beetles, crustaceans, mollusks, and other invertebrate. Our chicks get hungry and feed often. An abundance of food gives chicks the best possible chance to fully fledge and mature enough to migrate south when the time comes.

Now! You may be asking yourself, "Is there anything else that we can do?" Well, I am glad you asked, because there is. I happen to know for a fact that there are a couple of environmental and ecological superstars who happen to be teachers on Long Island. Katie Norton and Marci Train as well as others I may not be familiar with. From their help with dune grass projects and kelp farms they have long known the impact and importance of teaching the kids in school and the importance of paying it forward as environmental stewards of the Island.

To close: A few things that the teachers and their students may be able to do. 1) Identify the nesting areas on South beach dunes. 2)

Remove trash and debris from the area. 3) Use driftwood to build up potential nesting sites. 4) Monitor nest sites for eggs. 5) Monitor eggs to keep free of predators until they hatch.

Long Island, thank you for your help!

Peter 



Leslie Geistert



Roberta Ricker

Heading For The Boat

Carol Marie Connor

Heading for the Island boat
Signs we're getting close
Baitfish, salt brine, low tide stench
Bottle-green water flows

Creaking old wharf, dark and worn
Shadows reaching out
Crooked pilings, Weathered gray
Raucous seagulls shout

Peeking through the narrow cracks
Sunlit water's slurry
Splintery planks thick underfoot
Stealthy wharf rats scurry

Smell the hot dogs, burgers, fries
Take out window eats
Coffee in a thick white mug
The Port Hole's tempting treats

Twirling stools, too high to climb
Greasy sizzling grill
Tall sooty windows reaching high
Dishwater's murky swill

Bustling waterfront busy ahead
Steamboat sounds a blast
Heavy gangplank's dragged in place
We're on the boat at last!

One More Moment Here

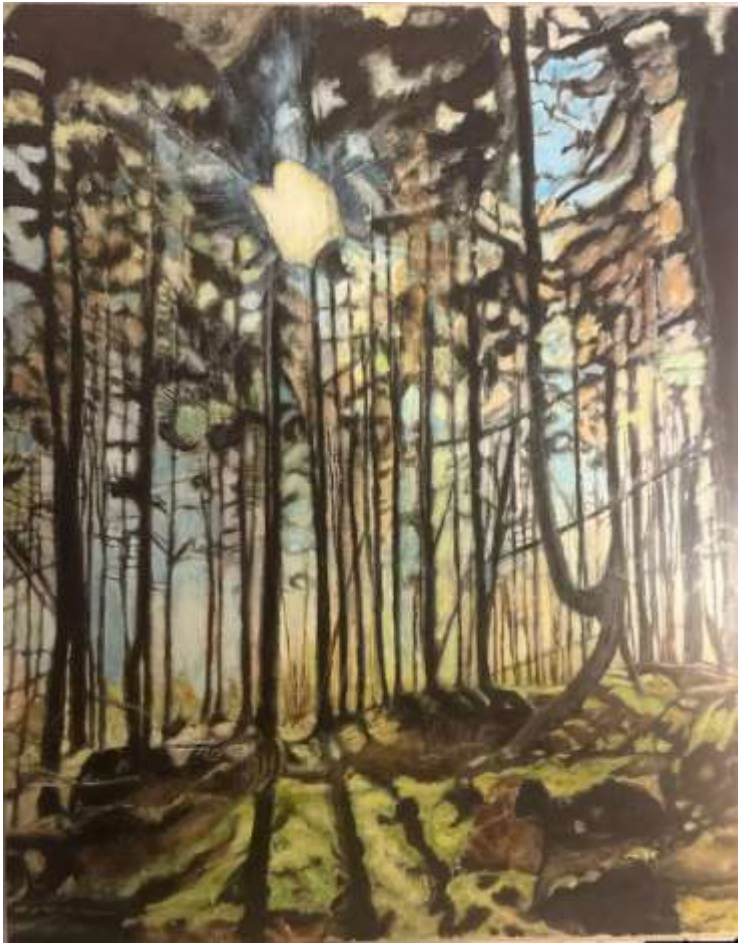
Jordan Milne

Our feet are slightly raw from the walk along the cliff rocks and across the stone-strewn beach. Our nine- and seven-year-old have run ahead and hopefully came through this way a few minutes ago, their ravenous summer enthusiasm impossible to subdue. Our dog, Hudson, keeps on our heels, more due to his aging joints than to any sense of loyalty or obedience.

The air is cool and full under here, the unintended result of the endless competition for the sun's light between the pines and poplars looming above. Hudson's panting and our footsteps are the only sounds. I stop and pull you over to me and we just stand and breathe together. This is a place worth slowing for.

"This was a great summer."

The beach will wait. Our kids probably won't, but they'll be all right. One more moment here, breathing with you.



David Connor



Catlin Byers

Sunrise on Long Island

Barbara Libby

Out of the depths, a new day
dawns,
a fresh perspective, to right the wrongs.
The first light marks a promising
new beginning, to savor every day
that we are here,
to be with those that we
hold dear.

Harbor Views

Wendy Martin

The harbor bellows
with sounds of serenity,
metaphorically bringing us
peace and unity.

Buoy bells in the distance,
the fog rolling in.
Soon the sun will rise,
a new day will begin.



David Connor



Nancy Norton

The Amazing Days of Summer

Rachel Hedge

The gentle wind blows on a summer day,
and the colors of summer carry me away.
Bougainvillea climbing up the old gray wall,
bright as a memory I still recall.

Blue water stretching where the clouds roll wide,
billowing softly at the horizon's side.
We walk the shoreline, letting time drift slow,
looking for the perfect place to go.

One day this week, one day to keep,
one day to hold like a secret deep.
Lunch in a basket, sun on our skin
just my mother, my sister, and me again.

No far-off islands, no planes in the sky,
just our local seaside with the tide rolling by.
All day swimming, all day play,
all day dreaming my own little way.

Running through the sand with treasures to find,
sand dollars shining like stories in my mind.
Shells in my pocket, salt on my hair—
every bit of magic waiting for me there.

Years drift on, like waves to the shore,
and I'm grown now, a child of my own to adore.
But summer remembers, and summer stays—
bringing me back to those golden days.

The amazing days of summer,
the ones that shaped my heart—
the ones that never leave me,
though life has moved apart.

Tanka Triptych

Christie Muesse

“Just trust the process”

Six years old at JFK

Minutes later, lost

Confidence outpacing skills

Hard-earned family stories

Blue-eyed anxious teen

How do we prepare you for

All the shit to come

Not only real problems but

8th graders play-acting life

He left on Sunday

Fledging a nest grown too small

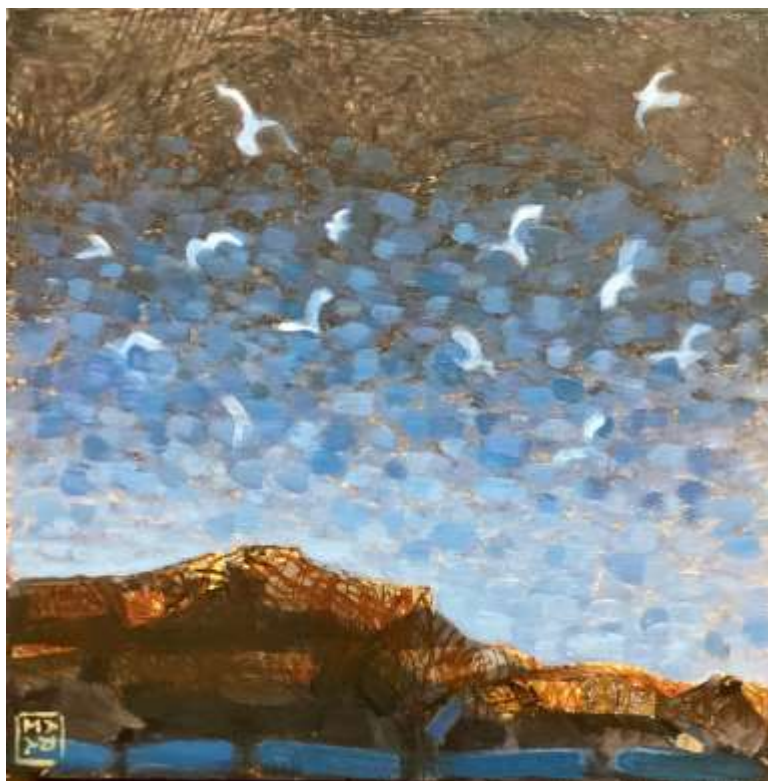
Leaving a silence

Echoing his energy

Redefining our normal



Ralph Sweet



Mary Brooking

Island Morning

Linda Shiminski

On a quiet island morning
the screen door slams announcing
an early beach walk, waves pull away
from sleepy shores as the rising sun glares
at me from across the sea

A graceful swarm of wings woosh beneath
a mackerel sky, two gulls swerve returning
to each other in a sunlit dance, feathery fingers
reaching out, pale-gray wings almost touching
like a gauzy daylight moon

A “loner gull” looking rather important struts
along the water’s edge, no sandwiches to swipe
or lobster boats to chase, briefly honoring me
with his presence, our footprints in the wet sand
waiting to be washed away by the tides

They Rock Together

Karen Boss

Every morning after breakfast without fail, they go out to the rockers. She still goes barefoot in summer—always has hated shoes. And he shuffles now, having trouble picking up his feet these days. They rock together, gently, and they hold hands and chat softly. Often a fox or a deer sneaks by, either not noticing them or deciding they're surely not a threat. And there are always birds calling to one another, starting the day.

They'd received the chairs as a gift for their anniversary decades ago from the kids, who had pooled their money, even as little as their youngest son had still been at the time. All three of them had been so proud to give such a present to their parents. Since then the rockers had been painted again and again, and one of the rails had been replaced after a particularly raucous game involving three of the grandchildren and some energetic bouncing. Every time their only daughter visits, she scoots both chairs in a little, away from the edge, fearful one of them will rock off the side and crack their head open on the stones just off the deck. She worries so, that one.

They rock even when the weather isn't great. A little rain never hurt anyone. And in the winter they use lap blankets, although they sit for far less time—just a quick back and forth. Giggling like teenagers, they scurry back into the house to the fire to warm up.

Once they'd had a terrible argument right after getting up in the morning. By the time they'd gotten downstairs to eat, neither one had any interest in speaking to the other. Barbs were thrown around carelessly, and they'd both stomped and slammed as they moved around the house. But by wordless agreement, they'd still gone out for a spell. And as they silently rocked that day, hands in their own laps, a moose had wandered into the yard. A juvenile, yes, but still so big and so majestic. She'd gasped and held her breath, and he'd reached over and grabbed her hand and held on tight. They'd snuck a look at each other as the animal grazed on some of their taller shrubs and then turned to look at them. They stared quietly, and the moose walked off. Neither of them remembered what they'd been arguing about after that.

When she'd gone to help with grandchild number six, he'd skipped going out after breakfast for the whole nine days. He hated mornings whenever she was away. The day she returned, he asked to break tradition and have an evening rock together, and they did, although they both admitted it felt odd.

In contrast, though, during the recent weeks when he'd been in the hospital and then rehab, she'd rocked alone, unwilling—unable,

perhaps—to give up their daily ritual. It seemed like if she did, it'd be some harbinger of bad luck with his healing. So she'd still gone out each morning, placing her hand on the armrest of his chair and rocking it a little along with hers. And he'd come home in good time. A little slower now, but still home where he belongs.

They'd discussed at length over the past several years what would happen to the rockers after they were both gone. They knew they wouldn't be around much longer, and they were practical people at heart. Together they wrote out a direction sheet for their children and sealed it in an envelope. They gave it to the lawyer to put with their will. They know their oldest will think it's over the top, and their youngest will roll his eyes, probably, but their daughter will whip her brothers into shape and together they'll follow what their parents wish.

Today, though, all that matters is today. And so they sit as the sun rises ever higher behind them. She pushes against the floorboards with her bare feet, and he sips his coffee carefully so it won't spill. They hold each other's hand as they always do, and they rock together.



Arnie Casavat



Carol Connor

At the beach, with goldenrod

hedy brown

I am trying to remain in the summer.
The summer I barely washed my hair,
Little flecks of sand gripping the edge of the bathtub.

The summer when my shadow outlined by a
Burst of orange light could stifle my breath.
Swirling muddied water, digging clams,
Marveling at their wriggling, at their siphons
Spitting a stream of salt-water,
gasping at the shock of all that is above.

I carry a bundle of goldenrod
Picked gingerly along the shore's edge,
Yellow powder lining the tips of my calloused hand.

It is called *Solidago*, the latin root, *solidare*,
Meaning "to make whole."

What is this constant hovering of a half-life?
When there is evening's last light, sand, the clam
Catching the tips of your fingers as you plunge them
Further into the cool well of the earth.

I'm here now.
How could I not feel whole,
Walking the beach, arms glowing with goldenrod?

ISLAND TRADITION IN TRANSITION

Dick Emerson

THIS ART IMMEDIATELY BROUGHT FOURTH A VIVID
RECOLLECTION OF:

CHATTER AMONG FISHERMAN, STAFF, AND A FEW NOSY ON-
LOOKING ISLANDERS AT THE PROCESSING STATION.

CONVERSATIONS ABOUT THE COST OF BAIT, BOAT PRICE FOR
CATCH IN PORTLAND VS BOAT PRICE ON THE ISLAND WHO'S
HAULING THE MOST TRAPS, ETC.

I COULD ALMOST SMELL THE PUNGENT ODOR OF BAIT THAT
HAD BEEN AROUND TOO LONG . . . WHICH WAS NOT AS FOND A
MEMORY AS THE FORMER CONVERSATIONS

THE LEGENDARY REPUTATION OF THE LOBSTER FISHING
INDUSTRY ON LONG ISLAND HAS BEEN WITH US FOR MANY
DECADES. AND IT IS SOMETIMES DIFFICULT TO WATCH AND
HEAR ABOUT THE CHALLENGES, FACED BY THOSE STILL
INVOLVED IN THAT INDUSTRY.

BUT CHANGE HAPPENS . . . NO MATTER HOW STRONG THE
TRADITION.

THERE IS NO NEED FOR THAT WORKING PIER ANYMORE TO
SERVICE THE TRADITIONAL LOBSTER INDUSTRY OF LONG
ISLAND

THE NUMBERS OF THOSE STILL FISHING HAS DWINDLED . . .
SOMETIMES DUE TO DEATH, RETIREMENT, A TOTAL DISGUST
WITH GOVERNMENT REGULATION, ETC.

AND NOW I LOOK AT THIS PICTURE AND THINK OF THE FACT
THAT THAT SAME STRUCTURE, PERHAPS EVEN SOME OF THE
SAME PILINGS, ARE BEING REBUILT INTO A SMALL-BUT-BADLY-
NEEDED LOCAL MARINA, WHICH WILL PROBABLY BERTH
MOSTLY PLEASURE BOATS.

THE BEAUTY OF THIS TRANSITION, HOWEVER, IS THAT IT IS STILL BEING CONSTRUCTED AND CONTROLLED BY LONG ISLANDERS . . . SOME OF WHOM WERE HERE NEARLY THEIR ENTIRE LIVES—SO FAR—OTHERS WHO HAVE BEEN HERE A VERY LONG TIME AND SOME RELATIVE NEWCOMERS.

I LOVE THE FACT THAT IT IS NOT SOME BIG CORPORATION THAT'S COMING IN TO TAKE THAT HISTORICAL STRUCTURE, BUT RATHER OUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS FROM THE ISLAND.

THIS PAINTING GIVES ME COMFORT THAT PERHAPS THE TRADITIONS HAVE CHANGED A BIT, BUT WE HAVE TRANSITIONED ONCE AGAIN INTO WATCHING THAT STRUCTURE PROVIDE US WITH BEAUTY, ENJOYMENT, AND REWARD IN ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LOCATIONS IN CASCO BAY.



Jim Dodwell

What image or artwork might
you see today that would
inspire you to write an
ekphrastic piece to go with it?

Let your inner
creativity free!





Long Island Community Library
Dodwell Gallery
7 Gorham Street
Long Island, Maine 04050

Dodwell codirectors: Lisa Sullivan & Barbara Sullivan
Library codirectors: Robin Goodell & Katie Norton

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