

A photograph of a lighthouse at sunset. The lighthouse is on the left, with a bright red light glowing from its lantern room. The sky is a mix of orange, yellow, and blue. In the background, there is a dark silhouette of a building with two flags flying from a pole. The water in the foreground is dark, with a red reflection of the lighthouse light.

**DOSVIDANIYA  
MARTHA'S  
VINEYARD**

GRACE KENNAN WARNECKE



**DOSVIDANIYA**  

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**MARTHA'S VINEYARD**

GRACE KENNAN WARNECKE

*For Wayne*



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## A PLAIN DAY

I had a plain day he said  
And what did he mean by that?

No bright colors and streaks of red  
No buzzing excitement in the head

No mountains climbed or precipitate falls  
No shrieks of joy or cries of woe

Nothing to shout about, nothing to hide  
It was after all a plain day

But those days are like stairs  
You climb to reach a new level

The unexciting can be most productive  
Leaves no landmarks, but results visible





## EARLY MORNING

The bird feeder hangs  
Waiting for birds to break their fast

A wild turkey totters out  
On spindly legs to pick up ticks

I get up throw open the door  
And smell sweet morning air

As the birds sing  
I wonder what today will bring



## ELECTION BLUES

The sun is respectful, has lowered its head  
Yellow brown leaves carpet the earth

Songbirds no longer trill – they have fled  
A harbinger that winter will soon be upon us

But before it comes will be momentous news  
A new president the country will choose

Either Trump is re-elected and spirits crushed  
Or a Biden/Harris victory fan high hopes for us

But Donald's supporters won't go away  
Let's hope we can melt them with the sun's ray

Our country is so great, a true democracy  
Let's save our land, our people and historic meritocracy

Hip hip hurray for the U.S. of A  
Our land, our people for which to pray

Should things go wrong and not so bright  
We will keep fighting to make them right



## FALL

Leaves are falling  
Crows still cawing

Wind whistles  
As teapot sizzles

Mornings are frigid  
Fall has come

But good news arrives too  
Time for new ideas and poems

For nascent seriousness and creation  
Raise a glass of tasty libation

The end is also a beginning  
And for that the birds are singing



## GOODBYE MARTHA'S VINEYARD

Goodbye, dosvidaniya, au revoir, farewell  
God, I will miss this island

The view of the ocean and its ships  
The smell of the sea has me in its grip

The horn of the ferry leaving port  
The murmur of trees fluttering in the wind

Wild turkeys strutting through the yard  
Squirrels scampering without a sound

Fish fresh from the sea  
Lobster, scallops, tuna and clams

Will not miss the striped skunk  
Or the solitude that leaves me in a funk

But a new chapter awaits  
Who knows what it portends





## GRIEF FOR RBG

She gave her life for us  
Left without storm or fuss

She fought in support of justice  
Equality and women's rights

Her weapons were brains,  
Courage and limitless charm

She will be widely missed  
Except by a jaundiced few

But her legacy can't be erased  
By those who want her so soon replaced



## LIPSTICK

A miniature silo, ceramic, plastic or metal  
A sophisticate, not a hick

Inside tubes of beautiful shades of red  
Ranging from pale pink to burnt orange

Or plum, mauve, the lightest of brown  
Flaming red, blazing fuchsia and seductive sienna

The lipstick anchors the make-up table  
Enhances the woman wearer

As she slides on this embellishment  
And strides off into the social ferment



## ODE TO JUDGE ANNE THOMPSON

She stands tall and erect  
Our judge so circumspect

At the bench she wields great power  
Judging, sentencing in formal hours

Sitting in judicial robes at a Vineyard table  
She rules on compassionate leave when able

But beneath the official impressive veneer  
Is our own beloved Anne

Articulate and full of fun  
The would-be actress still emotes

A friend to all she entertains  
Wraps us gift books, joins our games

We will miss you dear Anne, so come back soon  
Au revoir until our next reune



## TO MASHA YOVANOVICH

We first met in Moscow in the Embassy  
“She’ll go far” her introducer said to me

Red-headed, brilliant, she became a US envoy  
I was her guest in Bishkek even traveled to Lake Issikul

Saw her honored at the Marine Ball  
Where every step had me in thrall.

She then served in Yerevan, not an easy post  
But as usual she was a great negotiator/host

After time in Washington off she went again  
Representing our country in Kyiv, Ukraine  
A single woman breaking barriers galore

Until with no notice ordered back to DC  
Her diplomatic career in tatters no longer a plenipotentiary

But at the Congressional hearing all were most impressed  
By her courage, resilience and passion

Can’t wait to read the book to come  
When we will learn it all.

Here’s my toast to Masha wishing her all the best  
For a life full of work, but also with real zest





## TRIBUTE TO V V

Oh, how sad the day she left  
Leaving us all behind

Her songs, barbs, quips and poems  
Never to be heard in kind

We doted on her restaurant reviews  
Her love of life and general purview

But what will really be missed  
Is her unique self and special aura

She was an original, not to be beat  
And her loss is thus especially deep

Let's cheer for the one and only Vivster  
And bless the memory of our dear sister



## ON AGING

Old age is annoying, a real pest  
No more scuba diving and all the rest

As our lives near the end  
We have illnesses no-one can mend

We lose family and good friends  
But gain benefits unforeseen

We no longer care what people say  
We can do everything our own way

We explore and walk down unexpected paths  
To find new trails that give us joy



## THE SEA

Sitting by the Sea  
Waves crashing, wind blowing

Sound of water and distant mowing  
Wind in my hair and island air

Sitting by the sea  
I think of thee





