

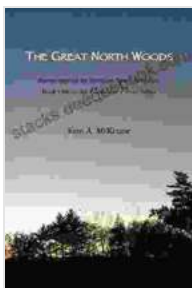
# Poetry Inspired by Northern New Hampshire Compass Points: Unveiling the Literary Landscape of the Granite State

## North: A Tapestry of Mountains and Mist

The towering peaks of the White Mountains, piercing the northern sky like ancient sentinels, have long captivated the imaginations of poets. In Robert Frost's "The Mountain," the poet paints a vivid portrait of Mount Chocorua, its rugged slopes shrouded in mist and mystery:

"There is a mountain in New Hampshire that I have always loved. It is a sharp, rocky peak, rising almost a mile above the surrounding country. The woods that clothe its lower slopes give it a dark and somber look, but the upper half of the mountain is bare, and when the sun shines on it, it glows with a rich, warm color."

- Robert Frost, "The Mountain"



## The Great North Woods: Poetry Inspired by Northern New Hampshire (Compass Point Book 1) by Zach Beach

★★★★★ 5 out of 5

Language : English  
File size : 352 KB  
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Screen Reader : Supported  
Enhanced typesetting : Enabled  
Print length : 39 pages  
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As the mist weaves its way through the mountain crevices, it creates an ethereal atmosphere that invites reflection and contemplation. In her poem "White Mountain Morning," Elizabeth Coatsworth captures this enchanting spectacle:

"The white mountain morning is a silver lake,  
The clouds are like islands,  
the peaks like trees,  
The birch trees are white as the snow that flakes,  
The wind is a whisper in the leaves."

- Elizabeth Coatsworth, "White Mountain Morning"

The mountains of Northern New Hampshire not only inspire awe and reverence but also evoke a sense of solitude and introspection. In Robinson Jeffers' "The Granite Mountains," the poet finds solace and renewal amidst the rugged wilderness:

"The granite mountains stand up in the west,  
Unchangeable, blankly  
unanswering  
The question of the silence, the question of the stars."

- Robinson Jeffers, "The Granite Mountains"

### **East: Shimmering Lakes and Verdant Forests**

As we turn our gaze eastward, we encounter the pristine waters of Lake Winnepesaukee and the verdant forests that embrace it. In Maxfield Parrish's "Lake Winnepesaukee," the poet captures the lake's shimmering beauty:

"The sunset on Lake Winnepesaukee,  
A symphony of colors in the sky,  
The water reflects the golden hue,  
And the mountains stand tall and high."

- Maxfield Parrish, "Lake Winnepesaukee"

The forests that surround Lake Winnepesaukee are equally enchanting, offering a sanctuary for both wildlife and the human spirit. In her poem "Forest Sanctuary," Florence Earle Coates paints a tranquil portrait of this woodland realm:

"In the forest sanctuary, where the shadows lie, And the sunlight filters through the leaves like gold, Where the brooklet sings a gentle lullaby, And the wild flowers bloom in colors manifold."

- Florence Earle Coates, "Forest Sanctuary"

As we venture deeper into the eastern wilderness, we encounter the majestic Franconia Notch. In Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Great Stone Face," the towering profile carved into the mountainside becomes a symbol of human aspiration and the indomitable spirit:

"The Great Stone Face was a work of Nature in her mood of grandest sportive-ness. It was a Titan's features, carved in the immensity of a mountain's brow."

- Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Great Stone Face"

## **South: Pastoral Landscapes and Rural Rhythms**

Moving southward, we enter a realm of rolling hills, tranquil rivers, and quaint villages. In Sarah Orne Jewett's "A White Heron," the poet captures the idyllic beauty of the region:

"The great pine-woods were full of whisperings to-night. The breeze wandered through their aisles like a child lost in a dream, and the white birches shivered as if they had forgotten to be still. The river ran quietly

through a green meadow."  
- Sarah Orne Jewett, "A White Heron"

The rural rhythms of Southern New Hampshire are also reflected in the poetry of John Greenleaf Whittier. In "Snow-Bound," Whittier paints a vivid picture of a snowstorm that engulfs a homestead:

"The housemates sit around the hearth, A circle warm, in close embrace,  
The snow is falling still; And, as the firelight flickers, Across the room above  
the door, The pictured faces of the dead Look down with love."  
- John Greenleaf Whittier, "Snow-Bound"

As we continue our journey towards the south, we encounter the historic city of Portsmouth. In Celia Thaxter's poem "An Island Garden," the poet celebrates the beauty and tranquility of her seaside home:

"My garden is an island set In a blue, sunshiny sea, And a white wall with  
hollyhock towers Runs round my island pleasantly. The purple phlox and  
crimson zinnias Bloom in my garden beds, And the sweetbrier trails its  
fragrant buds Over my garden sheds."  
- Celia Thaxter, "An Island Garden"

## **West: Connecticut River and Distant Horizons**

As we turn our gaze towards the western horizon, the mighty Connecticut River becomes our guide. In Mary Oliver's poem "The River of Names," the poet traces the river's journey through the New Hampshire landscape:

"The Connecticut River, long and wide, Flows through the hills and valleys,  
And all along its banks are towns and cities, And the people who live there

are called Yankees."

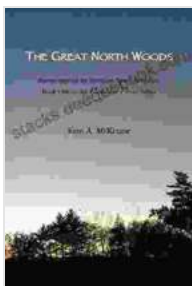
- Mary Oliver, "The River of Names"

Beyond the river's banks, the distant horizons of Vermont and Massachusetts beckon. In Edna St. Vincent Millay's poem "Renascence," the poet finds inspiration amidst the natural beauty of the Connecticut River Valley:

"All I could see from where I stood  
Was three long mountains and a wood; I  
turned and looked another way,  
And saw three mountains more than these:  
The westward hills that men call blue  
Looked faint against the West's soft  
hues; For there the autumn fires burned bright  
On one side of the low, dark  
hills."

- Edna St. Vincent Millay, "Renascence"

The poetry inspired by Northern New Hampshire's compass points is a testament to the region's enduring literary legacy. From the towering mountains and shimmering lakes to the pastoral landscapes and distant horizons, the landscape has captured the imaginations of wordsmiths and inspired countless works of enduring beauty. As we explore these poetic landscapes, we gain a deeper appreciation for the natural and cultural heritage of the Granite State.



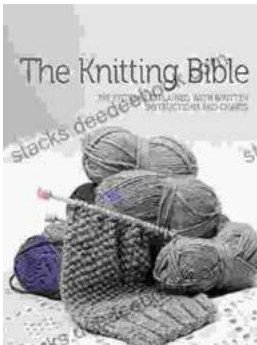
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