

Writing the Land: Channels

Writing the Land: Channels
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KENNEBUNKPORT CONSERVATION TRUST



Maine

The Kennebunkport Conservation Trust (KCT) is dedicated to preserving land for use by current and future generations, and to managing properties in a way that reflects the natural and cultural heritage of Kennebunkport, Maine.

-Meadow Woods Preserve, poet Meg Weston

-Emmons Preserve, poet Margaret A. Haberman

Kennebunkport Conservation Trust

The Kennebunkport Conservation Trust (KCT) is dedicated to preserving land for use by current and future generations, and to managing properties in a way that reflects the natural and cultural heritage of Kennebunkport, Maine.

KCT has conserved over 2,800 acres of land from development. While many of those acres are protected purely for the preservation of their ecosystems, numerous properties are open to the public for exploration and recreation. Visitors can explore our various preserves, a dozen islands including Goat Island Lighthouse, the historic Clem Clark Boathouse, as well as gather at our headquarters on Emmons Preserve for community events.

The Trust envisions a day where you can walk from the farthest corner of Kennebunkport's forests right down to the beach along conserved property. We strive to create a greenbelt, piecing together parcels of land bit by bit, year by year to protect for the use of our community now and in the future.



Photo by Tess Johnson

Meadow Woods Preserve

Nestled at the scenic border of Kennebunkport and Biddeford, the breathtaking Meadow Woods Preserve sprawls across 371 acres of captivating meadows, lush woodlands, and pristine wetlands. Its immense potential to expand over hundreds of acres makes it the Kennebunkport Conservation Trust's most ambitious preservation endeavor to date.

Immerse yourself in the tranquil ambiance of Meadow Woods Preserve, where a harmonious blend of nature and community converge. This remarkable sanctuary will serve as a haven for outdoor enthusiasts, offering a myriad of amenities and activities designed to enrich the lives of residents and visitors alike.

Embark on a journey along with the winding trails that traverse the preserve, allowing you to meander through its awe-inspiring landscapes. Whether you seek solitude amidst the whispering trees or desire a shared adventure with friends and family, Meadow Woods Preserve promises an outdoor gathering space that caters to your every need.

For those accompanied by furry friends, designated dog recreational areas will delight both canines and their human companions. Watch as your four-legged friends frolic and explore in a safe and stimulating environment.

At Meadow Woods Preserve, education and conservation intertwine, providing an extraordinary opportunity for our community to deepen their understanding and appreciation of the natural world. Engage in enlightening experiences through a range of educational programs, workshops, and guided tours, all designed to foster a sense of stewardship and ecological awareness.

With its unique blend of conservation and recreation, Meadow Woods Preserve will undoubtedly become a jewel in York County. Step into this unparalleled environment and discover a sanctuary that harmonizes the serenity of untouched wilderness with the vibrant spirit of our town.



Photo by Tess Johnson

Todd Creek at Forty-eight Degrees

by Nancy Canyon

I

The sound of the Nooksack is steady,
rapids tossing & rolling, river rerouted
around a tangle of uprooted alders. After
the flood, fast water & forest debris blocked
the road for days. Today is the day we first see
the damage. Sticky mud coats the ground a hundred
feet inland. On the bank above the creek, a mature maple
rests on its side, its huge root ball lurching into the air.
Below the bank, Todd Creek courses past a logjam
the size of a mill yard. At the confluence with the
Nooksack, a revised spit curves into the river.

II

This morning we packed a thermos of tea,
two sandwiches, two apples & chocolate,
...always chocolate! Now we sit on the rocky beach
eating lunch, taking in the eroded bank across the river.
We estimate 30 feet of pasture washed away in the torrent.
The Nooksack calmly eddies & swirls past the bank,
whirlpooling back to take another swipe
at the undercut. Small trees & large rocks create
an island that twists up from beneath, splitting the river
around the riprap. North of Bellingham, floodwaters
forced evacuations. I've heard that the smell
of a river & the fine silt deposited by floodwaters
is almost impossible to clean away.

A sudden squall has us scrambling from beach
to woods, laughing, slipping in the silty mud,
coming to rest beneath tall maples. Heads tipped
upward, we squint against raindrops splatting
green leaves bright as spring grass.



Photo (above): Poet Nancy Canyon and her dog alongside Todd Creek





Photo by Brett Amy Thelen: Northern Saw-whet owl banding also offers a unique and exciting opportunity to engage the public with birds in the hand.

THE NATURE CONSERVANCY



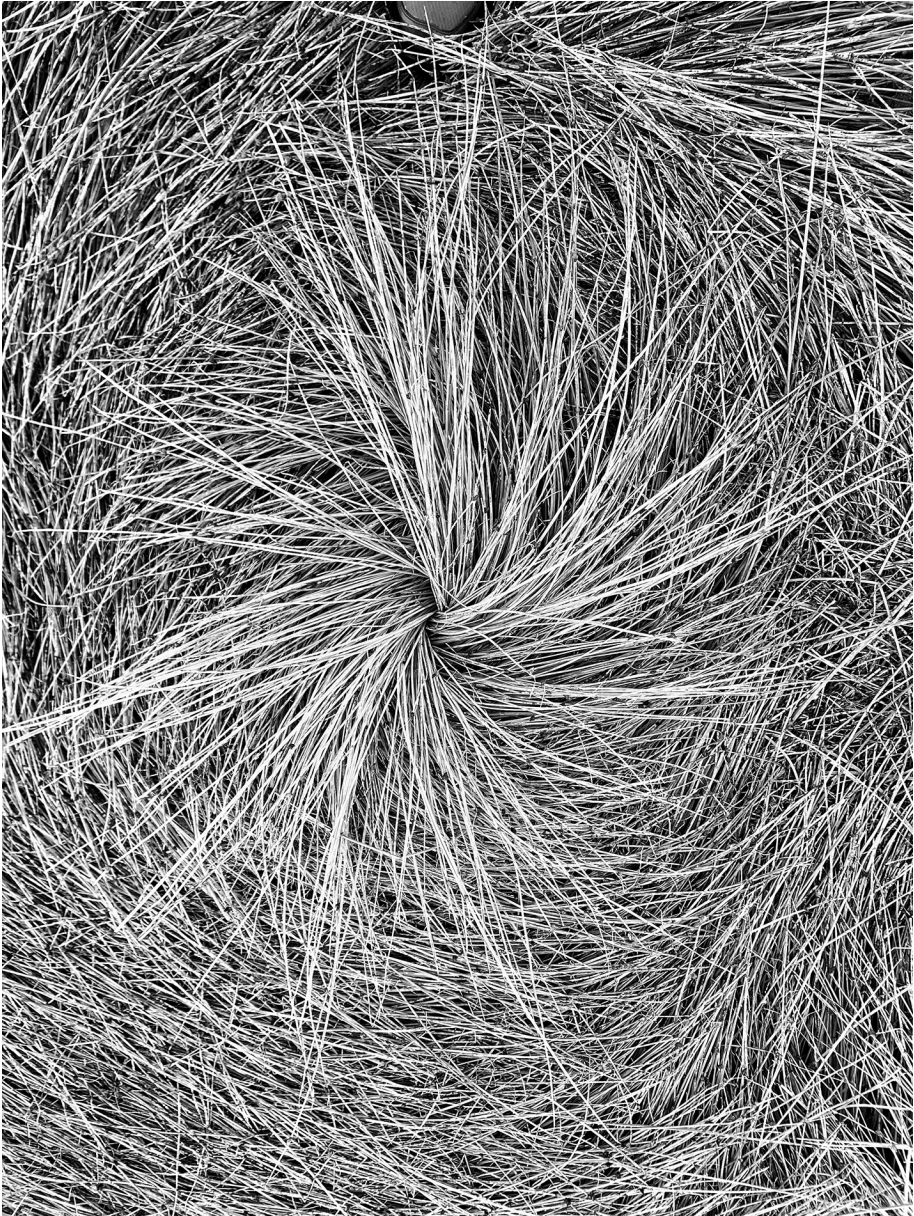
Washington

The Mission of The Nature Conservancy is to conserve the lands and waters upon which all life depends.

Our vision at The Nature Conservancy in Washington is of thriving nature and thriving communities—a shared future that enables us to prosper while we care for the lands and waters that sustain us.

-Port Susan Bay Preserve, poet Jessica Gigot

-Moses Coulee Preserve, poet Ching-In Chen



The Ecologist

by Jessica Gigot

The ecologist bashes through the marsh with purpose.
Her reed-like children stay close by, grabbing

onto the triangular stem of sedges with each step.
She is looking for the place where they set off the dynamite.

An act of restoration to revive critical channels
for salmon. I watch as she inspects the work. Transformation

comes not by adding, but by removing what never belonged.
This place used to be farmland. Dense soil horizons, like cement,

from years of disc and plow. The dike has been pushed
back inland and this wide swath of estuary is coming back

to its true self. The current can only do so much compared
to time. Fanning out from the sound, we trust the silty clay veins,

still too small and narrow for Chum. Still not pre-contact.
The ecologist knows this and as I follow I fall back on my heels,

start to sink into the sediment. The ecologist, grabbing my arm,
falls as I fall. As I pull her down with me, I remember seaweed

resembles intestines. My body becomes gloopy mud.
The children shyly giggle and the two marshified mothers

grasp for something solid. A stick, a rock,
a small, clammy out-stretched hand.