

TAKE HEART

A Conversation in Poetry

*Edited & Introduced by Wesley McNair,
Maine Poet Laureate*

In this week's poem, one of Maine's greatest poets describes a longing that will be familiar to Mainers accustomed to the sights and sounds of the sea.

Inland

by Edna St. Vincent Millay

People that build their houses inland,
 People that buy a plot of ground
Shaped like a house, and build a house there,
 Far from the sea-board, far from the sound

Of water sucking the hollow ledges,
 Tons of water striking the shore,—
What do they long for, as I long for
 One salt smell of the sea once more?

People the waves have not awakened,
 Spanking the boats at the harbour's head,
What do they long for, as I long for,—
 Starting up in my inland bed,

Beating the narrow walls, and finding
 Neither a window nor a door,
Screaming to God for death by drowning,—
 One salt taste of the sea once more?

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