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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