One hundred years ago, in the summer of 1912, Caroline Dowd of New York City “discovered” Edna St. Vincent Millay reading her long poem “Renascence” during a staff party on the porch of the Whitehall Inn in Camden. On August 29, the date of that historic discovery, a group of poets from across Maine will offer a reading at the Inn to celebrate the event’s 100th anniversary. For more information, visit whitehall-inn.com. Today’s Millay poem, with its references to Maine, will help prepare you for the celebration.

Hearing Your Words, and Not a Word Among Them

Hearing your words, and not a word among them
Tuned to my liking, on a salty day
When inland woods were pushed by winds that flung them
Hissing to leeward like a ton of spray;
I thought how off Matinicus the tide
Came pounding in, came running though the Gut,
While from the Rock the morning whistle cried,
And children whimpered and the doors blew shut;
There in the autumn when the men go forth,
In gardens stripped and scattered, peering north,
With dahlia tubers dripping from the hand:
The wind of their endurance, driving south,
Flattened your words against your speaking mouth.

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