



Portland Head, Maine  
Photograph courtesy of Beth Wylie

## CAPE ELIZABETH

Back in thought to the sea I go  
And back to the coast of Maine.  
Possibly I shall not return  
But the memory of salt and the spray and the foam  
and the gulls shall always remain.

For often I think of the beautiful sea  
And the summers I lived at the Cape.  
Growing up in the shadow of Old Portland Head  
Is a memory that won't escape.

Picnics on the table-like rocks  
Lobsters and clams and climbing the cliffs  
Sailing over Casco Bay  
Sunburned children in sailboats and skiffs.

Lighthouses scattered all over our coast  
Sounds of their warning horns in the fog  
As snug in our homes we drifted off to sleep.

Sitting atop our cliffs and dreaming as children do  
Of far away lands  
As we watched the old six-masted schooners  
Cutting a swath so very wide  
In the sea so very blue.  
All ships coming into Portland sailed by the fine white tower  
None of them coming in could ever miss its beauty and power.

But most of all these stately sentinels guided  
and kept on blinking  
So the rocks and the shoals on a foggy night  
Would not cause a wreck or a sinking.

A lighthouse is a wonderful thing.  
I'm glad I grew up in Maine.  
The old salt in me and the seaweed and rocks  
And the gulls and the rugged clime  
Add a wealth of beautiful memories and thoughts  
Time after time after time.

Ruth Brown