



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