
Italy: Maine

Here, the hot insolent airs go crowding through
Loose poplar heads; the thick pasture grass
where we march

Crushes to juicy mats. In Maine, where you
Are walking now in the hard hills, apple and
larch

Make their stand among stones, and having
drawn up rock
Into their arms, would rather be beaten than
bend.

Growing, they twist at the wind, but finally lock
Into the sky, and stand to creation's end,
Faces to sea wind.

Even Maine's luxuries
Have the look of things earned: rock pools, spray-
whittled an age,
Fine reindeer lichen—sprawling woods-beds of
It—trees
Woven with old-man's-beard since the Deluge,
And blueberries, little and firm, with misted skins,
Tasting of sun and stone and hard-got water.

Whose song is for swarm and surfeit, let him win
This passive land, moist-green and sun-stunned.

I'll go after
Spike grass, crab apple, gargoyle tamarack
And the last crazy jack pine climbing Cadillac's
back.

Pvt. Richard P. Wilbur