

Poetry Porch: Poetry

The Maddening Sea

By Richard Dey

West Penobscot Bay

In schooner country
schooners—count ‘em:
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7—
their sails all raised
& stretched as if to Heaven
with banners streaming,
sail among the islands
& their easy reaches set
against the mainland hills
always as it seems
on a windy bright day,
the schooners & the country
at ease with one another
on a windy bright day;

whereas, come fall,
when gales drive in,
each schooner alone
& reefed down hightails it
under glowering clouds
to the lee of islands,
in whose foreground,
on dark foreshadowing ledges
breaking white & wondrous
with the mad-dog sea,
countless timbers toss,
unnumbered bones turn
& rejoice in the maddening sea.