

EXILE

LEO KENNEDY

If I speak charily of wheeling gulls,
And coast winds blowing freshly at low tide,
It is because a sea-bred fit annuls
My sober preference for this safe hearthside;
And if with glib lip service I abjure
The bobbing hulls of dories in the cove,
It is because my peace is insecure,
Assailed by everything I truly love.

I am reminded how the rain's tooth gnaws
Through oaken planks of hulks along the beach;
I am waylaid at every turn and pause
By mutterings of water out of reach;
And taste, as ghostly mewings wing strongly south,
Salt in the heart, and sand against the mouth!