

Four thoughts on relocating the statue of Edna St. Vincent Milay Camden, Maine, July 3rd, 1998.



In 1998, the town of Camden, Maine, decided to move the statue of hometown poet Edna St. Vincent Milay from the top of a prominent knoll in Harbor Park with a commanding view of the harbor to a spot among the cedars near the boat yard. These are four of my thoughts on the matter.

Tom Sadowski

1.

I found Edna last night.
She was down by the boatyards looking seaward.
She said nothing but I could tell
That a woman of her vision needs a clean view of the sea,
Not one obscured by the eye level obstructions of everyday life.
I once met her on an open hill
Where we gazed endlessly at the harbor, wind in our hair,
Oh to share that far away vision with her again.



2.

Edna? What are you doing down at the boatyards?
Is there a special sadness that calls to you?
Is there a melancholy song that brought you down?
The view here is obstructed by life's everyday worries.
Would it be too much to come with me back up the hill to that same
spot
Where we once shared the sweeping view of our harbor and the sea
beyond?
My children could once again play at your feet
And ask just what it is you gaze at.

3.

Did you say that it was Edna I saw down by the boatyards?
I could hardly recognize her.
I've often lingered on the hilltop hoping she'd be there to share
the view.
She used to make me look at things I couldn't see,
Until they stood apart, becoming clear to me.
Now she looks as though she may have lost her way.
I shall wait, and she will join me at her viewpoint,
Just as soon as she tires of the boatyard.



4.

Over here! Edna, Edna over here!
Look to your right, I'm up here on the hill.
This is where we met and fell in love.
If she could only hear me she'd run up to see that all can be seen
From where we fell in love.
Has she lost her way?
I know that she belongs to this view and the view belongs to her.
Edna! Edna! Up here, on the hill!