



Submitted by Govind Pailoor, Ph.D., M.B.A., South Portland, ME

I was inspired by the poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, especially the stanza from his poem *Lighthouse* inscribed on a plaque near the Portland Head Light. I started my journey by ship in 1964 from India to come to America.

Here I express my thoughts about his inspirations from Nature at the time and a glimpse of current goings on, in this lovely Maine, Portland Land, Longfellow Land, as we proudly celebrate his 200th Birthday this year.

Portland Land, Longfellow Land

Longfellow walked, sat under the clouds,
Over the stones, with the beam of the Sun.
In the rain or while it snowed,
Thought and wrote and
Gifted the World from here.

Called on Trumpets, the passing ships,
"Sail on, Sail on ye stately ships
And with your floating bridge
The ocean span,
Be mine to guard this light
from all eclipse
Be yours to bring man near
unto man."

Cat daily now, one in old ships' place
Not the cat that jumps the fence
And hides around the bushes
To ruffle squirrels and birds on ground,
Takes people and their wheels
And gamblery in no one's waters too,



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Responding to Longfellow is a partnership of the Maine Historical Society; Maine's Poet Laureate; and the Stonecoast MFA Program at the University of Southern Maine. For more information, please visit www.hwlongfellow.org

HAPPY 200TH BIRTHDAY, HENRY

To the neighboring town in a Country near.

His stories to children were
Many acts and deeds and forethoughts,
About Paul Revere, Psalms and more
We all are in debt to that Longfellow.

Winds fed him under the swinging lantern
Unlike the ringling light over fog these days
Sheltered sturdy by renewed life
Romponing the unshaken Beacon
Flowers, blades and fruits, synching with breeze
Kindled Longfellow to synch his labors too.

While ocean waters gently and roughly
Rolled rocks to pebbles to sand,
Pushing and dragging pebbles
applauding like crackling symphony.

Birds brooding, slipping to water
Climbing up to dry their feathers,
Pecking those clam shells from their
Comfort zones on anchored rocks or
Those of chirping kind, giving our Longfellow
Homey hints to synch some more.

Far few visitors than now
Floated for fun they knew when
The wrecked ships came before and that came after
Their daring venture to new lands
Continue to come and spread again.



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HAPPY 200TH BIRTHDAY, HENRY

Eye they Katahdin, people and nature,
Buy they Bean, Bar Harbor and Beaches,
Read they Hiawatha, USM, City By the Sea,
Relish they Maine Lobsters and Blueberries.

Come they by planes, ships, trains, wheels,
Bikes, boats, phones, tunes and talks.

Bring they near, the youngers from yonder.
Love they thee awesome Maine,
Portland Land, Longfellow Land.



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