

**RENAISSANCE, AND
OTHER
POEMS. [1917]**

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Renascence, and Other Poems. [1917] by Edna St. Vincent Millay

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EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

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OTHER
POEMS. [1917]**

RENASCENCE

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY
THE HARP-WEAVER
SECOND APRIL
RENASCENCE AND OTHER POEMS
A FEW FIGS FROM THISTLES
ARIA DA CAPO: A PLAY
THE LAMP AND THE BELL: A DRAMA

RENASCENCE

AND
OTHER POEMS

43

BY
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY



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NEW YORK AND LONDON ✓

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NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS
PUBLISHERS

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RENASCENCE

ALL I could see from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood;
I turned and looked the other way,
And saw three islands in a bay.
So with my eyes I traced the line
Of the horizon, thin and fine,
Straight around till I was come
Back to where I'd started from;
And all I saw from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood.
Over these things I could not see:
These were the things that bounded me;

RENASCENCE

And I could touch them with my hand,
Almost, I thought, from where I stand.
And all at once things seemed so small
My breath came short, and scarce at all.
But, sure, the sky is big, I said;
Miles and miles above my head;
So here upon my back I'll lie
And look my fill into the sky.
And so I looked, and, after all,
The sky was not so very tall.
The sky, I said, must somewhere stop,
And—sure enough!—I see the top!
The sky, I thought, is not so grand,
I 'most could touch it with my hand!
And reaching up my hand to try,
I screamed to feel it touch the sky.

RENASCENCE

I screamed, and—lo!—Infinity
Came down and settled over me;
Forced back my scream into my chest,
Bent back my arm upon my breast,
And, pressing of the Undefined
The definition on my mind,
Held up before my eyes a glass
Through which my shrinking sight did pass
Until it seemed I must behold
Immensity made manifold;
Whispered to me a word whose sound
Deafened the air for worlds around,
And brought unmuffled to my ears
The gossiping of friendly spheres,
The creaking of the tented sky,
The ticking of Eternity.