



**Smithsonian Institution**

*Archives of American Art*

## **Reuben Tam Diary, 1962-1974**

Extracted on Apr-23-2024 02:42:37

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9-24-59  
11-5-62  
8/25/63

### Maine Song.

Here at the turn where the granite ends,  
Waves crash in craters over and over.  
The far is fair, a cirrus streak,  
The far is curvature and fair.

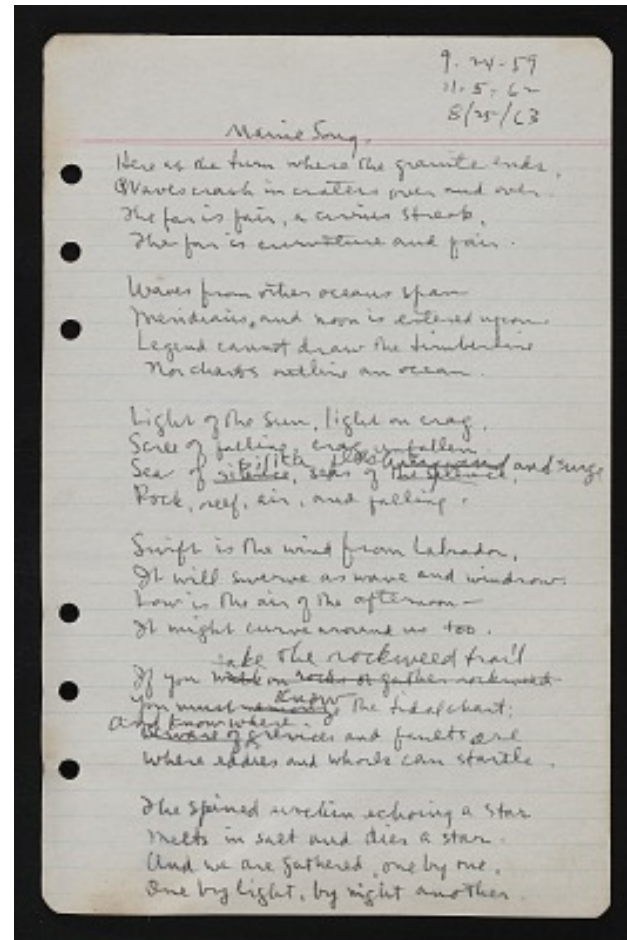
Waves from other oceans span  
Meridians and noon is entered upon.  
Legend cannot draw the timberline  
Nor charts outline an ocean.

Light of the Sun, light on crag,  
Scree of falling, crag unfallen  
Sea of silence, silica flashing and surge seas of the silence [?]  
Rock, reef, air, and falling.

Swift is the wind from Labrador,  
It will swerve as wave and windrow.  
Low is the air of the afternoon -  
It might curve around us too.

If you ~~walk on rocks or gather rockweed~~  
~~take the rockweed trail~~  
You must ~~memorize~~ know the tidal chart.  
~~Beware of~~ And know where crevices  
and faults are  
Where eddies and whorls can startle.

The spined urchin echoing a star  
Melts in salt and dies a star.  
And we are gathered, one by one,  
One by light, by night another.



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## Smithsonian Institution

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