

I see the sea, the shining sea
(The shining defining the sea.)
The sea, to me, says she, she pleads!
“Seek ye the shining sea.”

“What need?” I breathe, but suddenly
I see, all lining the sea,
Some sorts of fiends, of want-to-be’s,
Who sing conceitedly:

“O see! O glee! O mystery!
O shout for sighting me!”
And to the sea, the shining sea,
Their shilling was chilling, outshining outtilling,
The wiling so willing, faux filing fulfilling,
And trying and dying and sighing and smiling
Combining confining outshining the sea!

And I, and me, and to the sea,
I spoke no words but these,
“Real rhymes remain in folk like me,
Who seek the shining sea.”