Today, two poets celebrate spring: Edna St. Vincent Millay, born in Rockland, who writes of the coast, and Nancy Henry, a resident of Westbrook, who describes April in the Maine interior.

**Eel-Grass**

*by Edna St. Vincent Millay*

No matter what I say,

All that I really love

Is the rain that flattens on the bay,

And the eel-grass in the cove;

The jingle-shells that lie and bleach

At the tide-line, and the trace

Of higher tides along the beach:

Nothing in this place.

....

**Sixty-Five Degrees**

*by Nancy A. Henry*

In April,

we hike in from the back orchard

after our winter of white-birch austerity.

All is pandemonium:

frog-muddy boot-sucking swamp earth,

crumblemoss log, shelf-lichen,

salamander, centipede,

snowmelt shadow-hollow,

fly-keening backwoods lowland,

messy fertile celebration

and head-swimming hymn
to spring.