**The Sea Wind**

[***Sara Teasdale***](https://www.poemhunter.com/sara-teasdale/poems/)

I am a pool in a peaceful place,   
I greet the great sky face to face,   
I know the stars and the stately moon   
And the wind that runs with rippling shoon--   
But why does it always bring to me   
The far-off, beautiful sound of the sea?  
  
The marsh-grass weaves me a wall of green,   
But the wind comes whispering in between,   
In the dead of night when the sky is deep   
The wind comes waking me out of sleep--   
Why does it always bring to me   
The far-off, terrible call of the sea?