

PARODY



Samuel Hoffenstein

(1890-1947)

Miss Millay Says Something Too (1928)

I want to drown in good salt water,  
I want my body to bump the pier;  
Neptune is calling his wayward daughter,  
Crying, 'Edna, come over here!'

I hate the town and I hate the people;  
I hate the dryness of floor and pave;  
The spar of a ship is my tall church steeple;  
My soul is wet as the wettest wave.

I'm seven-eighths salt and I want to roister  
Deep in the brine with the submarine;  
I speak the speech of the whale and oyster;  
I know the ways of the wild sardine.

I'm tired of standing still and staring  
Across the sea with my heels in dust:  
I want to live like the sober herring,  
And die as pickled when die I must.