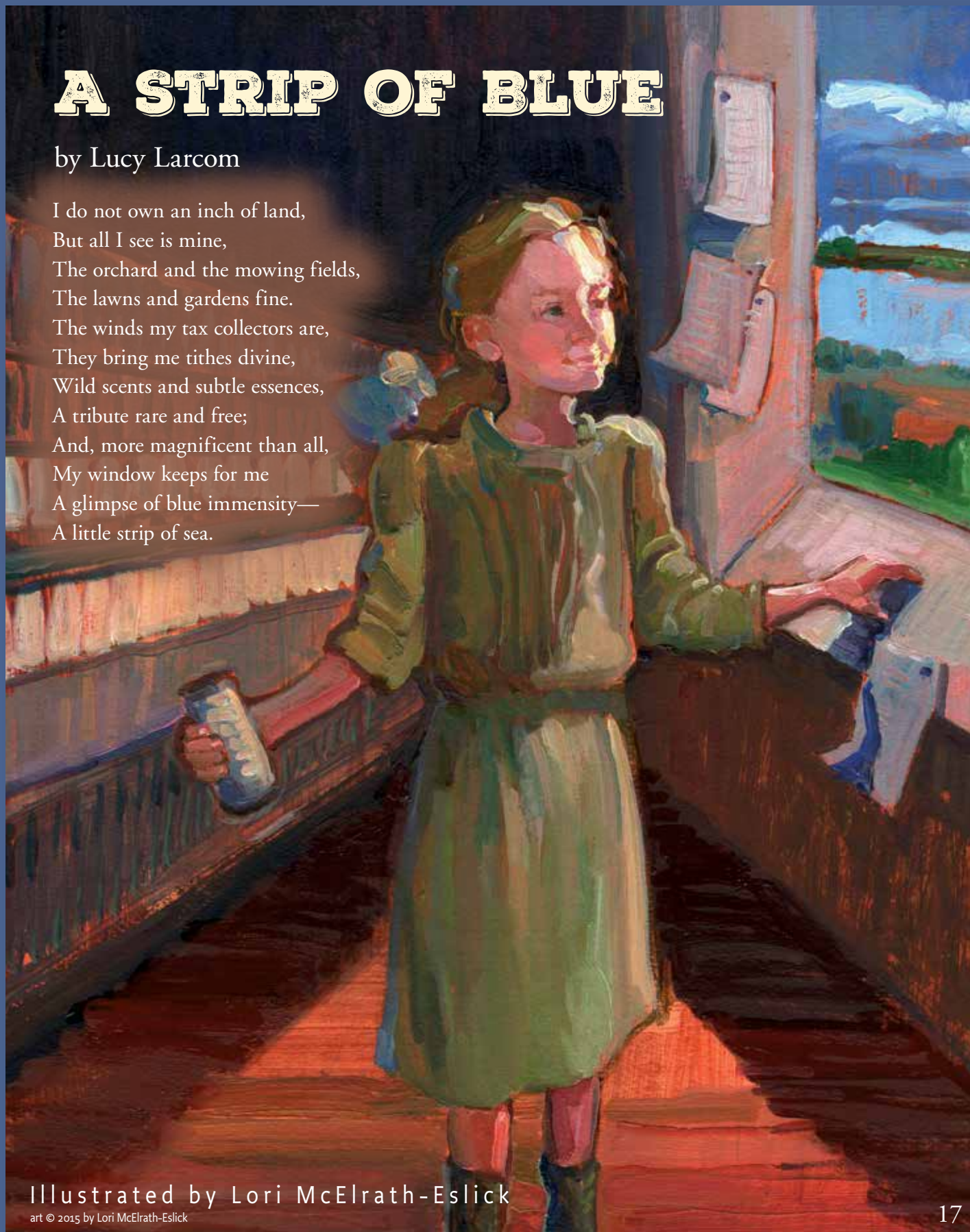


# A STRIP OF BLUE

by Lucy Larcom

I do not own an inch of land,  
But all I see is mine,  
The orchard and the mowing fields,  
The lawns and gardens fine.  
The winds my tax collectors are,  
They bring me tithes divine,  
Wild scents and subtle essences,  
A tribute rare and free;  
And, more magnificent than all,  
My window keeps for me  
A glimpse of blue immensity—  
A little strip of sea.



Illustrated by Lori McElrath-Eslick

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