

April 2019

# Does No One But Me At All Ever Feel This Way in the Least

Follow this and additional works at: [https://scholarworks.uni.edu/hearst\\_documents](https://scholarworks.uni.edu/hearst_documents)

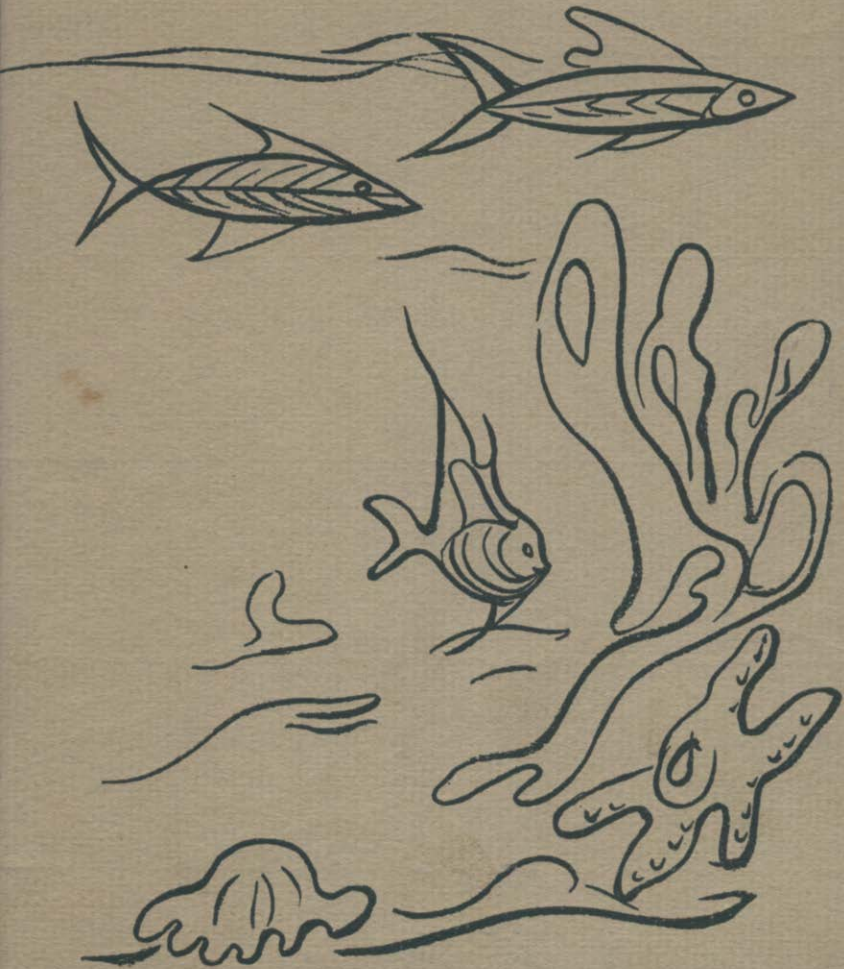
*Let us know how access to this document benefits you*

---

## Recommended Citation

"Does No One But Me At All Ever Feel This Way in the Least" (2019). *James Hearst Documents*. 44.  
[https://scholarworks.uni.edu/hearst\\_documents/44](https://scholarworks.uni.edu/hearst_documents/44)

This Document is brought to you for free and open access by the James Hearst Collection at UNI ScholarWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in James Hearst Documents by an authorized administrator of UNI ScholarWorks. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@uni.edu](mailto:scholarworks@uni.edu).



*This Christmas poem, though not  
isolationist, is so dangerously near  
isolationist, it was thought better  
to send it out for Independence Day  
instead of Christmas.*

R.F.

July Fourth

53.

A new poem again brings you

Holiday Greetings from Robert Frost

at Christmas 1952



DOES NO ONE BUT ME  
AT ALL  
EVER FEEL THIS WAY  
IN THE LEAST

---

BY ROBERT FROST

.

*Copyright 1952 by Robert Frost*



O ocean sea for all your being vast  
Your separation of us from the Old  
That should have made the New World newly great  
Would only disappoint us at the last  
If it should not do anything foretold  
To make us different in a single trait.

This though we took the Indian name for maize  
And changed it to the English name for wheat.  
It seemed to comfort us to call it corn.  
And so with homesickness in many ways  
We sought however crudely to defeat  
Our chance of being people newly born.



And now, o sea, you're lost by aeroplane.

Our sailors ride a bullet for a boat.

Our coverage of distance is so facile

It makes us to have had a sea in vain.

Our moat around us is no more a moat,

Our continent no more a moated castle.

Grind shells, o futile sea, grind empty shells

For all the use you are along the strand.

I cannot hold you innocent of fault.

Spring water in our mountain bosom swells

To pour fresh rivers on you from the land

Till you have lost the savor of your salt.\*

\*At this writing it seems pretty well accepted that any  
rivers added can only make the sea saltier.

I pick a dead shell up from where the kelp  
Lies in a windrow brittle dry and black,  
And holding it far forward for a symbol  
I cry "Do work for women – all the help  
I ask of *you*. Grind this I throw you back  
Into a lady's finger ring or thimble."



The ocean had been spoken to before.\*  
But if it had no thought of paying heed  
To taunt of mine I knew a place to go  
Where I need listen to its rote no more  
Nor taste its salt, nor smell its fish and weed,  
Nor be reminded of them in a blow—

So far inland the very name of ocean  
Goes mentionless except in baby-school  
When teacher's own experiences fail her  
And she can only give the class a notion  
Of what it is by calling it a pool  
And telling them how Sinbad was a sailor.

\*By King Canute and Lord Byron among others.

**DRAWINGS**  
**BY HOWARD COOK**



*Printed at The Spiral Press · New York*

