



# THE SEA





Kay Smith print

The Ernest Hemingway Foundation of Oak Park - [WWW.EHFOP.ORG](http://WWW.EHFOP.ORG)





*salao*, which is the worst form of unlucky,

flour sacks      furled,      like the flag of permanent defeat.

brown blotches

the deep-creased

erosions

same color as the sea

were the

“Age is my alarm clock,”

so white they hurt your eyes,

white beaches,

He only dreamed of places now and of the lions on  
the beach. They played like young cats in the dusk

out the open door    the moon    unrolled

he knew he would shiver himself warm and that soon  
he would be rowing.

the coral rocks, the ice house

“Good luck  
“Good luck,”

other boats from the other beaches





The Gulf Stream, Winter Storm (1896)

Throughout his life Ernest Hemingway was intrigued with how people deal with the unexpected challenges they face by subjects of American painter Winslow Homer (1836-1910).

I am dying to make, before I get through, a picture of the whole world - or as much of it as I have seen.  
- to Mrs. Paul Pfeiffer, 1923 Selected Letters

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part of the ocean where

part of the ocean that

the old man could feel the morning coming and as  
he rowed he heard the trembling sound  
and the hissing  
in the darkness.

in

the small delicate dark

the ocean can be so cruel

The clouds over the land now rose like mountains and the coast  
was only

the red sifting  
strange light the sun made

nothing  
showed on the surface of the water but some patches of yellow,  
sun-bleached iridescent,  
gelatinous

thing in the sea and

the falsest

on the beach after a storm

is

elegance and  
friendly contempt

I could just drift,

wild, panic-stricken, despairing

almost like the backing of mirrors, and then, a colour

the air  
went down deep, lavender  
, spread wide

fathom  
lost  
leaders.

So  
that  
blood  
before  
rested

waited  
pushed  
though  
water.  
rose  
north



will rot or dry what is left

the sun

prisms in the deep dark water  
the strange undulation                      The clouds

etching themselves against the sky over the  
water, then blurring, then etching again  
ever alone on the sea.

in hurricane months and,  
of hurricane months



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P O S T C A R D

First  
Class  
Stamp  
Here

Winslow Homer (American, 1836-1910),

*After the Hurricane, Bahamas*, 1899.

Transparent watercolor, with touches of opaque watercolor, rewetting, blotting and scraping,  
over graphite, on moderately thick, moderately textured (twill texture on verso), ivory wove  
paper, 386 x 543 mm.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin A. Ryerson, Collection, 1933.1235.

The Art Institute of Chicago [www.artic.edu](http://www.artic.edu)

land,

Now alone, and out of sight of

man than I am

I am more

the  
sea rising with the wind

“Bad news

comfortable but suffering

Once I could  
see quite well in the dark. Not in the absolute dark. But almost as  
a cat sees.

Man is not much  
down there  
in the darkness of the sea.

The sun will bake it out well

the night.

this night will bring

its shadow scaring up

the hardness and water-

drop shivering

the sea looks like

purple spots

truly hungry, purple

heaved and swung in the light  
making love with something under a yellow blanket,

bending and

flapping wildly

the air then grasped

and  
pulled

a dullness that

had worse things

cut  
right

dark

The first stars were out.

Imagine if each day a man must try to kill the moon,  
The moon runs away. But imagine if a man each day  
should have to try to kill the sun? We were born lucky,



we do not have to try to kill the sun or the moon or the stars. It is enough to live on the sea and kill our true brothers.

all  
safety  
passes  
strong.

The punishment of hunger,

times on certain days

the ocean sleeps some-

simple and sure

under

the

guttled

clear

maw

*Key West*



*Choir Practice at Hemingway House*

**Descendants** of Ernest Hemingway's cats still roam the lovely grounds of his Key West home. Many of the cats have six toes on a foot, notice the vocalist on the right.

**Gatos Descendientes** de los de Hemingway aún andan por los bonitos terrenos de su casa de Cayo Hueso. Muchos de estos gatos tienen seis dedos en una pata. Fíjense en el cantante de la derecha.

Florida Keys Wholesalers, Inc. 405 Fleming Key West, Florida 33040  
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POST CARD



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The moon  
pulled on steadily and the

burned  
and  
feeding  
ocean  
was  
raising  
breaking and raising to breaking point again

This is what we waited for,  
the breaking  
of the ocean and the heavy splash  
the cutting across the calloused parts

The sea had risen considerably.

as a dark shadow

higher than a big scythe blade and a very pale lavender

the sea was discolouring with the  
red of blood First it was dark as a shoal in the  
blue water that was more than a mile deep. Then it spread like a  
cloud.

fortune  
felt  
the  
noose

wallowing now in the seas

everything kills everything else in some  
way.

bad time was coming. a very

nor the smoke no sails



everything wrong.

Drained

the colour of the silver backing of a

mirror

torn away

as wide as a highway through the sea.

nothing and wait for the  
dream,

a pig to the trough

think of

turn

like

in the dark now and no glow showing and no lights and  
only the wind

simply opening and closing the  
dead.  
prayers promised

violated luck

days at sea.

with

and

lights dead

the ocean  
a dream you've killed

said,

make

without remedy

sail lightly  
ings of any kind.

no thoughts nor any feel-

steadily and was blowing strongly      The breeze had risen  
It was quiet in the harbour

naked line      look  
and the dark mass of      the white

the road. A cat passed on the far side going about its  
business

the blanket      lay  
face down on the newspapers  
sleep when      the drifting boats  
come each morning.



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