

## SHELL

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Hollow shape,  
Shining in the gay colours  
Of a vanished shore —  
The children put it to the ear  
Losing itself, its very substance,  
The shell has gained this sound,  
This inner murmur at which  
The eyes light up, and the lips of those  
Who hear it, with a smile say:  
“The sea.”



Drawing: Cecile Wadlow