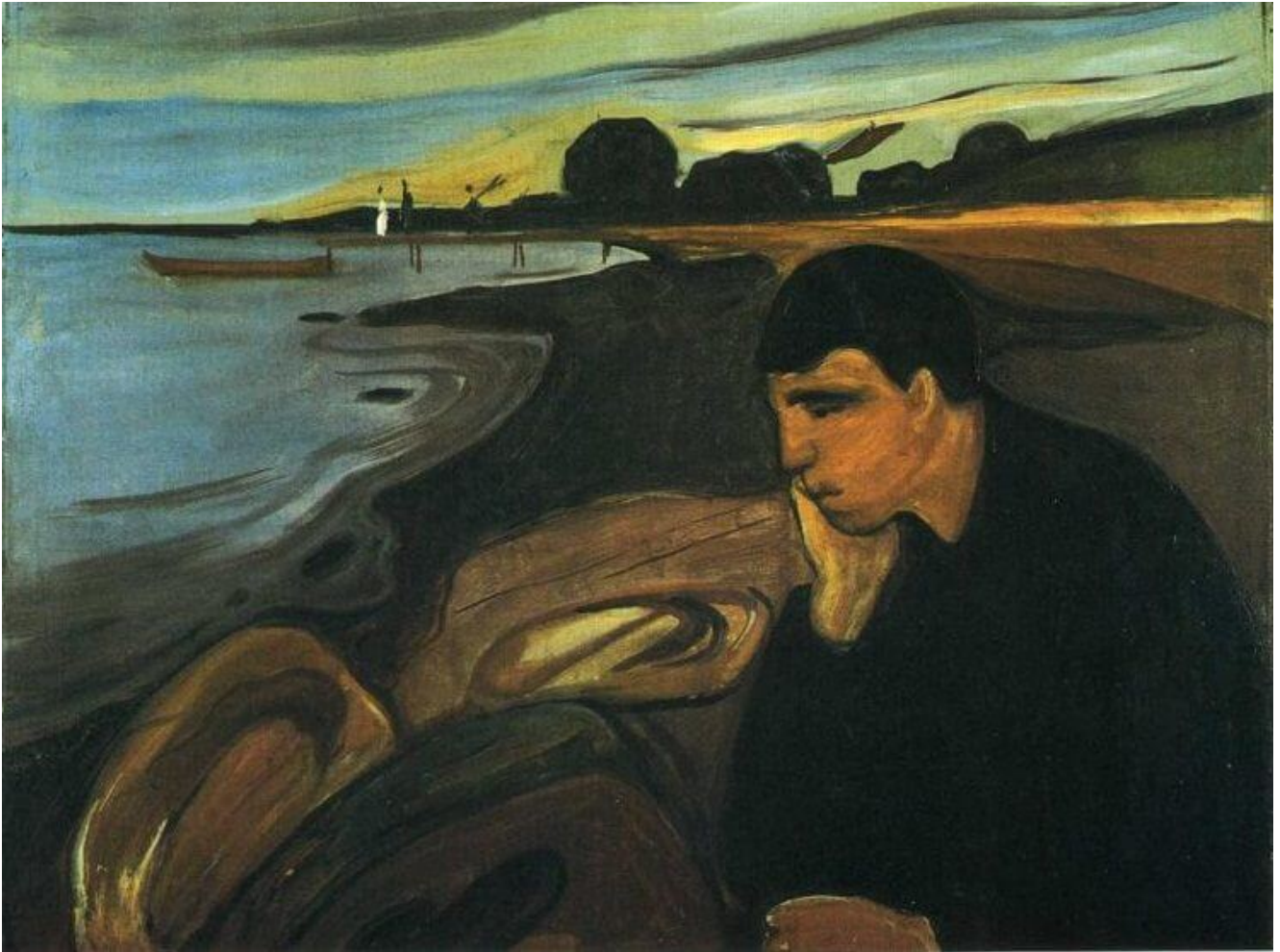


# Notodden

by [Bruce Bawer](#) (April 2021)



*Melancholy*, Edvard Munch, 1891

**I used to** want to live on some sunny bight,  
Waking every morning to the pound  
Of the surf, the scent of salt, and every night  
Drifting off to sleep to that selfsame sound.

Even in youth, not consciously in want  
Of solace, I delighted in that sweet  
And steady rhythm: the great beating heart  
Of nature that would never cease to beat.

But the vast consolation of the waves  
Yielded to metropolitan strife and woe,  
To dreadful diurnal tilting with fools and knaves  
And desolate nights; until I managed to

Forge this gracious life in this tranquil town,  
On this quiet hilltop, far from any shore.  
Yet as the pleasant, peaceful days count down,  
I brood in silence on the ocean's roar.

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**Bruce Bawer** is the author of several books. An American writer, he has lived in Norway for over two decades.

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