



THE SIRENS THREE

I
LOST on a sleepless sea, without avail
My soul's ship drifted wide, with idle sail
And slow pulsating oars, that night's blue gulf
Beat noiselessly to Time's recurring tale.

II
The rolling hours like waves broke, one by one,
Upon the tide of thought Time's sands outrun,
And cloudy visions hovered o'er my bed,
Piled to the stars, full soon like cloud undone:

III
As, like the wan moon through her fleecy sea,
My spirit clove their rack unceasingly,
And struck at last upon an unknown ground,
More still than sleep, more strange than dreamland be.