

II. "DROWNED LAND" BY THE LAKE SHORE: AN
AUTUMNAL TWILIGHT-SCENE.

THE dead trees stand around—gaunt, bleach'd, and
bare—

Like skeletons of strange weird things that were—
The black ooze trailing at their tangled roots :
Far-off, a solitary owlet hoots,
And, all beyond, the great grey waters lie
Pale in the gleam of stars. The night's faint sigh
Floats o'er the pine-plumed islets, looking now
Like phantom ships that come with silent prow
And shadowy sails from some forgotten shore
Lost in the haze of years that come no more,
Save in the semblance of a memory
Re-born in summer dreams—