

New York Nocturnes and Other Poems

He sees the lapsing stream go by
His unperturbed face,
Out of a dark, into a dark,
Across a lighted space.

He calls it Life, this lighted space
Upon the moving flood.

● He sees the water white with tears,
He sees it red with blood.

And many specks upon the tide
He sees and marks by name,—
Motes of a day, and fools of Fate,
And challengers of fame;