



Only the "Drift" that is idly tossed
On the changing tides that ebb and flow,—
Pieces of "wreck" from fair hopes—lost
In life's troubled waters, long ago.

Only the "Drift" that comes floating in,
Some to be gathered from off the shore,
Some, like the dreams of what "might have been,"
To go softly out, and be seen no more.

