

## THE SALT MARSHES.

There was a light upon the sea that made  
Familiar things mysterious, which to teach,  
With inarticulate, alluring speech,  
The living wind with hisping tongue essayed.  
O'er sand and weed and spongy moss I strayed  
And lifeless, orient shells, musing on each;  
While casting nets with ever wider reach  
A fisher piled his immemorial trade.  
A sea bird winged the aerial solitude  
Searching the deep for his appointed dole,  
Where his wide-wandering flocks the ocean feeds;  
And with the day's full orbèd strength indued,  
At one with all, by all illumed, my soul  
Pulsed to the rhythmus of immortal deeds.