

The long gray line rolls on and has no end
But weariness and meagre ease of life.
And yet all day the water there beneath
Offers its peace in cool insistent tones.
Below the bridge it seems a supple shield
Against which noise may hammer and may
break,
But cannot pierce unto the cool green depths
That offer ease and sleep and rest from sound.
The long gray line rolls on continual,
And if some pausing, lean upon the rail
In weariness, with eyes turned on the calm
Of those still depths with longing and desire,
'Tis but a moment and again the crowd
Gathers them back to life from dreams of ease.