

Bahaman

Last the picture from the town's end,
 palmed and foam-fringed through the cane,
Where the gorgeous sunset yellows
 pour aloft and spill and stain
The pure amethystine sea
 and far faint islands of the main.

Loveliest of the Lucayas,
 peace be yours till time be done !
In the gray North I shall see you,
 with your white streets in the sun,
Old pink walls and purple gateways,
 where the lizards bask and run,

Where the great hibiscus blossoms
 in their scarlet loll and glow,
And the idling gay bandannas
 through the hot noons come and go,
While the ever stirring sea-wind
 sways the palm-tops to and fro.

Far from stress and storm forever,
 dream behind your jealousies,
While the long white lines of breakers
 crumble on your reefs and keys,
And the crimson oleanders
 burn against the peacock seas.