

### *Whitewaters*

Warm in the sunny boat they slept.  
Soon to its ebb the slow tide crept.  
By stealthy fingers, soft as dream,  
The boat was lured into the stream.

Out from the wharf it slipped and swung —  
On the old rope one moment hung —  
Then snapped its tether and away  
For the storm-beaten outer bay.

In Whitewaters, in Whitewaters,  
No watcher heeds, no rescuer stirs.  
Out from the port the currents sweep  
With Hally, smiling in his sleep.