

White Nassau

Live the harmless merry lizards, quicksilver
in the sun,
Or still as any image with their shadow on
a stone.

Through the lemon-trees at leisure a tiny
olive bird
Moves all day long and utters his wise as-
suring word ;
While up in their blue chantry murmur the
solemn palms,
At their litanies of joyance, their ancient
ceaseless psalms.

There in the endless sunlight, within the
surf's low sound,
Peace tarries for a lifetime at doorways un-
renowned ;
And a velvet air goes breathing across the
sea-girt land,
Till the sense begins to waken and the soul
to understand.

There's a pier in the East River, where a
black Ward Liner lies,
With her wheezy donkey-engines taking
cargo and supplies ;