

Bahaman

Should half give you the impression,
tell you how the very tint
Justified your finest daring,
as if Nature gave the hint,
“ Plodders, see Imagination
set his pallet without stint ! ”

Cobalt, gobelin, and azure,
turquoise, sapphire, indigo,
Changing from the spectral bluish
of a shadow upon snow
To the deep of Canton china, —
one unfathomable glow.

And the flying fish, — to see them
in a scurry lift and flee,
Silvery as the foam they sprang from,
fragile people of the sea,
Whom their heart's great aspiration
for a moment had set free.

From the dim and cloudy ocean,
thunder-centred, rosy-verged,
At the lord sun's *Sursum Corda*,
as implicit impulse urged,
Frail as vapor, fine as music,
these bright spirit-things emerged ;