

AN INKLING

THRO' my uncertain heart a moody tide
Of mere emotion evermore doth steal,
Fleck't with shining passions that appeal
For solace that is evermore denied.
But as the waters that elusive glide
Thro' lonely forests doubtful yet reveal
Some Ocean faith—so unafraid I feel
To test with Death this heart unsatisfied.

And from that tide thro' late haphazard years
I've gather'd crystall'd words sometimes—like these:
Things marvell'd out from many memories ;—
Uncanny songs, wherein withal one hears
Some overtone of happier melodies,
Or rhythm falling from enchanted spheres.