

*This sea I am quickly to sail, come tell me,
Come tell me where I am speeding—tell me my destination.*

2

I understand your anguish, but I cannot help you,
I approach, hear, behold—the sad mouth, the look out of the
eyes, your mute inquiry,
Whither I go from the bed I now recline on, come tell me ;
Old age, alarmed, uncertain—A young woman's voice appealing
to me, for comfort,
A young man's voice, *Shall I not escape ?*



ONE SWEEPS BY.

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ONE sweeps by, attended by an immense train,
All emblematic of peace—not a soldier or menial among them.

One sweeps by, old, with black eyes, and profuse white hair,
He has the simple magnificence of health and strength,
His face strikes as with flashes of lightning whoever it turns
toward.

Three old men slowly pass, followed by three others, and they
by three others,
They are beautiful—the one in the middle of each group holds
his companions by the hand,
As they walk, they give out perfume wherever they walk.



WHAT WEEPING FACE.

Published as part of "Debris" in 1860.

WHAT weeping face is that looking from the window?
Why does it stream those sorrowful tears?
Is it for some burial place, vast and dry?
Is it to wet the soil of graves?