

# The Wreck of the Titanic

ANDREW O'MALLEY,  
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## Misgivings.

This bark has the brightness and beauty,  
Of Cleo's craft on Cydnus' wave:  
Some hero has sifted his booty;  
This is of some nation the grave.

All things are not gold that so glitter:  
There's sickness down here in my heart;  
The wrecks of leviathans litter  
The beaches, whence Titanics start.

Awhile, on the strand here, we'll loiter;  
We'll count the sands and the sea-shells;  
We'll gaze on the stars (mine's a traitor);  
Titanics like this are wealth's hell.

Imperious Caesars have dared death;  
Calpurnias knew they were wrong:  
Yet we'll tempt rafts leaky; the storm's breath;  
And list sirens luring yith song.