

SLACK TIDE.

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**M**Y boat is still in the reedy cove  
Where the rushes hinder its onward course,  
For I care not now if we rest or move  
O'er the slumberous tide to the river's source.

My boat is fast in the tall dank weeds  
And I lay my oars in silence by,  
And lean, and draw the slippery reeds  
Through my listless fingers carelessly.

The bubbling froth of the surface foam  
Clings close to the side of my moveless boat,  
Like endless meshes of honeycomb,—  
And I break it off, and send it afloat.

A faint wind stirs, and I drift along  
Far down the stream to its utmost bound,  
And the thick white foam-flakes gathering strong  
Still cling, and follow, and fold around.

Oh! the weary green of the weedy waste,  
The thickening scum of the frothy foam,  
And the torpid heart by the reeds embraced  
And shrouded and held in its cheerless home.

The fearful stillness of wearied calm,  
The tired quiet of ended strife,  
The echoed note of a heart's sad psalm,  
The sighing end of a wasted life.—

The reeds cling close, and my cradle sways,  
And the white gull dips in the waters' barm,  
And the heart asleep in the twilight haze  
Feels not its earth-bonds, knows not alarm.