

A Winter Holiday

Then we cleared the bar, and laid her
on the course, the thousand miles
From the Hook to the Bahamas,
from midwinter to the isles
Where frost never laid a finger,
and eternal summer smiles.

Three days through the surly storm-beat,
while the surf-heads threshed and flew,
And the rolling mountains thundered
to the trample of the screw,
The black liner heaved and scuffled
and strained on, as if she knew.

On the ~~fourth~~, the round blue morning
sparkled there, all light and breeze,
Clean and tenuous as a bubble
blown from two immensities,
Shot and colored with sheer sunlight
and the magic of those seas.

In that bright new world of wonder,
it was life enough to laze
All day underneath the awnings,
and through half-shut eyes to gaze
At the marvel of the sea-blue ;
and I faltered for a phrase