

## *On a Visit to the Lake in Stormy Weather.*

When cold the winds blow off our native lake,  
And thresh to foam the leaping waves they chase,  
How can I tell the thoughts that through me pass?  
To watch entranced the deep, dark, endless race  
Of waves and waves, each filled with zeal  
Upon the wave ahead to steal,  
And crush it, ever vanquished in disgrace!

But ah, alas, it never does, until,  
Broken itself upon the rocky shore,  
It mingles in the everlasting where  
With those that came behind and went before—  
Its rise unknown, its end unknown,  
How quick it disappears in foam,  
To blank eternity forevermore!

"What subtle, spirit bond," I ask myself,  
"Have these green waves my soul to hypnotize?  
What unknown force thus holds my empty gaze?  
What law of all creation Nature plies  
To draw me so towards these waves,  
Into their depths to make me gaze,  
Enthralled with the charm that in them lies?"

It is the mystery of Life,—these waves,  
So dark, so deep, unknown, move me to cry,  
"What is this life, this dark, mysterious  
Consciousness of self—what is this 'I'  
That came from nowhere here to fare,  
And passeth soon to who knows where?—  
Perhaps there is no 'where,'!—who knows,—and why?"

"Then is this real,—this Life, here, now,  
Or but as when in youth we live anew,  
So real, the lives of those we read?" Oh, look  
How ever on the deep waves glide; see, too,  
How ever on, this life pursues  
Its way, howe'er we think or muse  
To know the fact the question tells, is true!

—"Adolescens."