

TWO RIVULETS.¹

First published in 1876.

Two Rivulets side by side,
Two blended, parallel, strolling tides,
Companions, travelers, gossiping as they journey.

For the Eternal Ocean bound,
These ripples, passing surges, streams of Death and Life,
Object and Subject hurrying, whirling by,
The Real and Ideal,

Alternate ebb and flow the Days and Nights,
(Strands of a Trio twining, Present, Future, Past.)

In You, whoe'er you are, my book perusing,
In I myself—in all the World—these ripples flow,
All, all, toward the mystic Ocean tending.

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(O yearnful waves! the kisses of your lips!
Your breast so broad, with open arms, O firm, expanded shore!)



OR FROM THAT SEA OF TIME.

Published in "Two Rivulets," 1876.

I

OR, from that Sea of Time,
Spray, blown by the wind—a double winnow-drift of weeds and
shells;

(O little shells, so curious-convolute! so limpid-cold and voice-
less!

Yet will you not, to the tympani of temples held,
Murmurs and echoes still bring up—Eternity's music, faint and
far,

Wafted inland, sent from Atlantica's rim—strains for the Soul
of the Prairies,

Whisper'd reverberations—chords for the ear of the West, joy-
ously sounding

Your tidings old, yet ever new and untranslatable;)

¹ Title given to the Second Volume of Centennial Edition, 1876. This poem, which gave the title, and three others not reprinted in later editions, we have included in "Gathered Leaves."