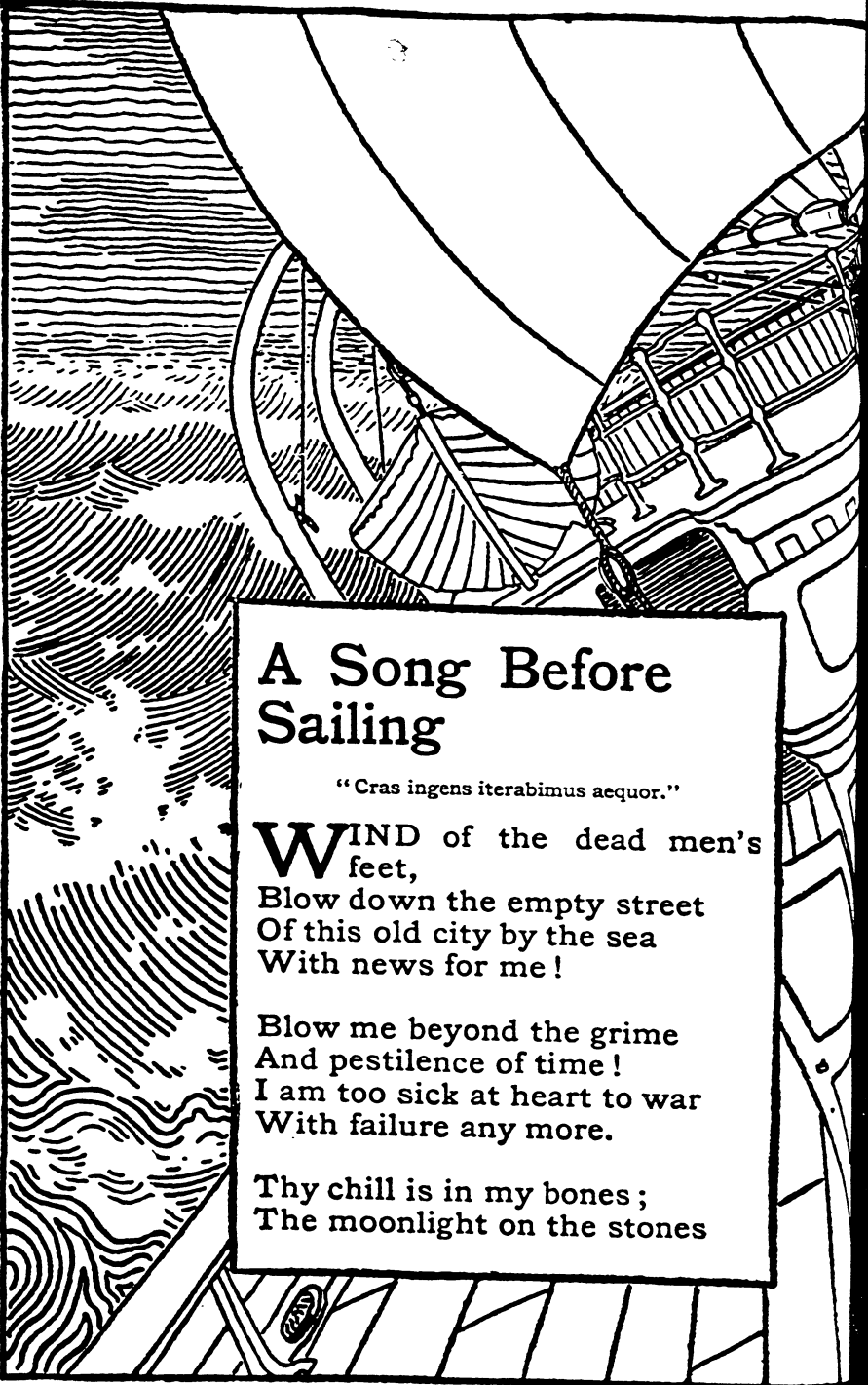




A Song Before Sailing

"Cras ingens iterabimus aequor."

WIND of the dead men's
feet,
Blow down the empty street
Of this old city by the sea
With news for me!

Blow me beyond the grime
And pestilence of time!
I am too sick at heart to war
With failure any more.

Thy chill is in my bones;
The moonlight on the stones