

To-Day



I SING the Present,
The All that contains the Past,
For the thing To Be is the thing for me,
And not first cause, but last.

I sing To-day
A gold-bright cup of wine:—
To press my best with all the rest
Is the truest task of mine.

I look far out
And see dim fields of foam:—
Yet fling my hour with its sparkling power,
A wave to the dewy dome.

I feel my hour
Caught in a coming morn,
And know its strain is a moment's gain
To some day yet unborn.