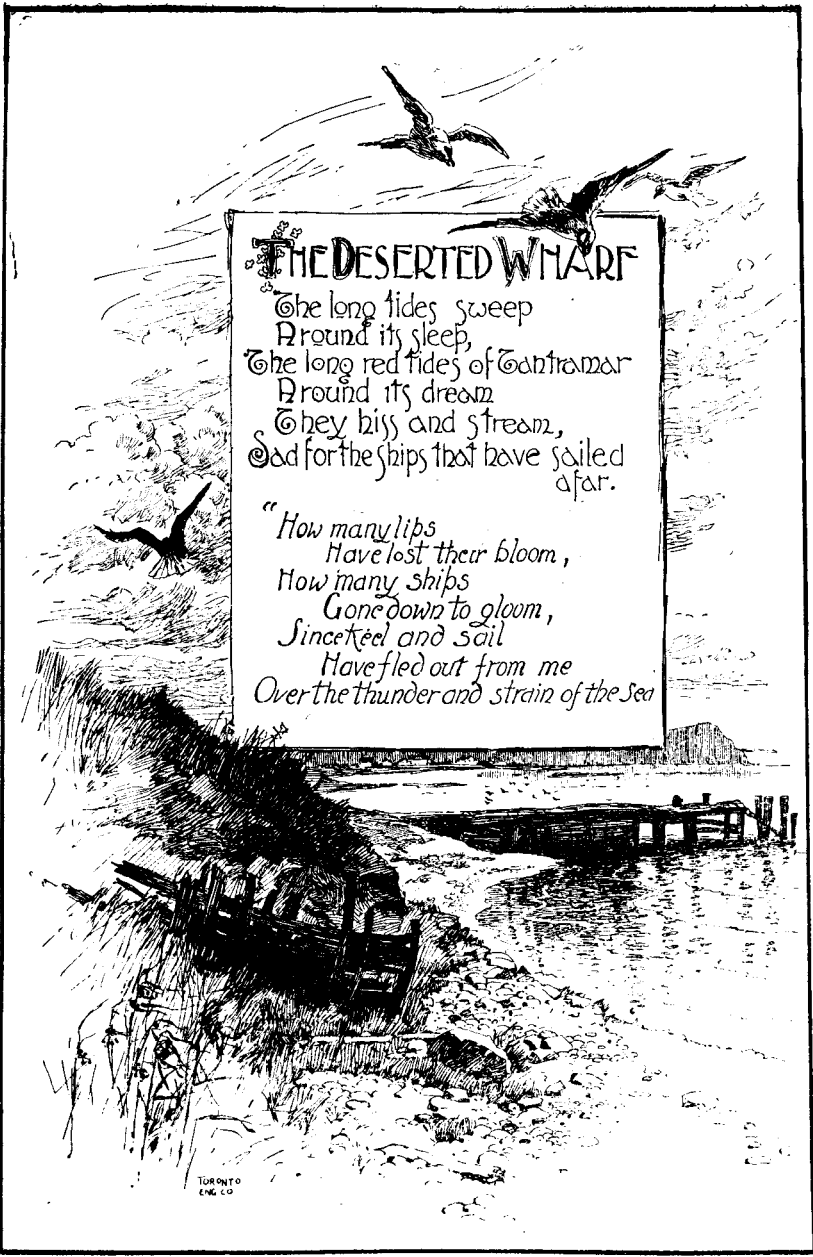




THE DESERTED WHARF

The long tides sweep
Around its sleep,
The long red tides of Canamar
Around its dream
They hiss and stream,
Sad for the ships that have sailed
afar.

*"How many lips
Have lost their bloom,
How many ships
Gone down to gloom,
Since keel and sail
Have fled out from me
Over the thunder and strain of the sea"*