

Blowing over the roofs, and down
The bright streets of this inland town.

These busy crowds, these rocking trees,—
What strange note hast thou caught from these?

A note of waves and rushing tides,
Where past the dykes the red flood glides,

To brim the shining channels far
Up the green plains of Taatramar.

Once more I snuff the salt. I stand
On the long dykes of Westmoreland;

I watch the narrowing flats, the strip
Of red clay at the water's lip;

Far off the net-reels brown and high,
And boat-masts slim against the sky;

Along the ridges of the dykes
Wind-beaten scant sea-grass, and spikes

Of last year's mullein: down the slopes
To landward, in the sun, thick ropes

Of blue vetch and convolvulus
And matted roses glorious.

The liberal blooms o'erbrim my hands;
I walk the level, wide marsh-lands;

Waist-deep in dusty-blossomed grass
I watch the swooping breezes pass

In sudden long pale lines, that flee
Up the deep breast of this green sea.