

IN THE SHADOWS

I AM sailing to the leeward,
Where the current runs to seaward
Soft and slow.

Where the sleeping river grasses
Brush my paddle as it passes
To and fro.

On the shore the heat is shaking
All the golden sands awaking
In the cove ;
And the quaint sand-piper, winging
O'er the shallows, ceases singing
When I move.