

KINDRED

What vexes thee, O Sea? Hast thou a heart
 Within that grey, light-shifting breast of thine:
 A lonely heart, in yearning like to mine?
 Dost live apart,
 A spirit manacled to stern Remorse,
 And walled forever in thy shaking waves?
 Hark, 'tis thy voice
 In agony re-echoes thro' these caves,
 Comfortless, hoarse.

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Behold, there is no movement in the pines;
 Far towers their shaggy grandeur toward the blue;
 No sable-suited zephyr murmurs through
 Their serried lines.
 Below, their purple talons grip the rock
 Touched by the tireless sequence of the tides,
 Whose waves, like weary hands, forever knock
 Where Rest abides.

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But ah! like me, they sigh and knock in vain,
 They shall not learn the secret of the veiled;
 Nor do they know again their offspring rain,
 That, heaven scaled,
 Has darkened down the golden lapse of day,
 To fill the fainting brooks with fuller song,
 Which, born in laughing mood, re-seek the sea
 With silenced tongue.

—J. D. S.