

AUG - 5 1965

## A FALLEN LEADER

**B**ECAUSE my words and deeds divide,  
My cry goes echoing down the wind:  
Shall blindness be to blindness guide,  
And both not double error find?

From reef and shoal the single light  
Burns danger to the driving bark,  
And may no spirit in the night  
Flash fires of warning from the dark?

All vessels wrecked and broken here,  
Where surf-spray spins like frozen snow,  
Sailed once where skies and seas are clear—  
As even I not long ago.

The strange sea's strange eternal grave  
Folds round its sleepers till the end,  
And scarce a mast shall mark the wave  
That drowned an enemy or friend.

Yet none who knew a night in June,  
And saw the rose-set evening-star,  
Or heard the summer waters' tune,  
Forget where peace and quiet are.