

REVERIE

Where wanton winds are warm,
And lazy is the sea;
Where days are long and bright,
And ships drift aimlessly;

Where sleepy stars stare down
At night, and all is still,
Save ghostly rustling sounds
That echo from the hill;

Where silver moons dream on,
And the long low lap of seas
Is singing sad and slow
Mad mystic melodies;

Oh, there, I'll build a house
Of mist that glows and gleams;
I'll drift away the days,
And waste the nights in dreams.

EVELYN JENKINS '31