

**George Hugh  
Banning  
Selected Poems**



# George Hugh Banning

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*Found in a Derelict: "Queen of the Night" and Other Poems.* Los Angeles: The Murrell Printing Company, 1919.

# The Muse

(A Tribute to a Contemporary Poet)

She flies as an opal dream to thee  
Over a topaz sea  
That chimes with the bells of planets and the moon.  
She drifts as the silken harmony  
That rings in a dream  
And carries the voice of stars in silver tune.

She flies as a snowy albatross  
From the mist across  
The vision of an exiled, lonely soul,  
And wakes the voice for waves to toss  
Carelessly  
Until they beat with thunder on the shoal.

# The Flying Merman

When the crystal sea, in the dead of night,  
Is awed by the tranquil sky,  
And the world is wrapped in a purple light  
As the moon and the stars sail by,  
I swim from the depth of a silent dream  
In search of the distant light;  
Like a streak of gold I glide on the beam  
That paves the path of night.  
Then I fall and am lost in the blue chiffon  
All spangled in gold and white;  
Again and again I appear, but am gone  
Like the flash from a beacon light.  
Then I fly to the lure of the sapphire dome  
To frighten the moon and Mars,  
Then fall to scatter the spangled foam  
That shines like a million stars.  
Like a will-o'-the-wisp or a lightning dart,  
Like a goblin or silver sprite,  
Or the arrow that pierces a lonely heart  
Adrift on the waves at night;  
I know the world, yet none know me,  
As silently I roam  
From the stars of the sky to the purple sea  
Where I vanish in snow-white foam.

# The Mariner's Accordion

Still the night, and all the world around  
    Was wrapped in crystal star-light, while the sea  
Wore garnet chains upon her pulsing breast  
    That linked my soul to Heaven's harmony.

The pipe starred faces of each phantom man  
    Waxed and waned as billows rose and fell;  
The smoke curled up and vanished like a dream  
    Or wilting fancies winged with rapture's spell.

My heart soared up in fire till it shone  
    On memory of days and faces gone;  
My soul, white heated, burned the world away!  
    The Mariner's accordion played on!

# Premonition

From cro'jicks to the skysail-yards  
    There comes a restless groan ;  
The sheet-blocks, swinging to and fro,  
    Complain with fretful moan;  
The port and starboard running-lights,  
    From out the mist, half lost,  
Are blinking-frozen half asleep  
    Thru green and crimson frost.

Beside a bit I take the caulk  
    Before the blinking red ;  
But thru the lashes of my eyes  
    There on the topsail-head-  
Above the kites—the futtock shrouds  
    Where sky-top yard-arms cross,  
I see a white, a something white!  
    It is an albatross!

I listen, lo, it speaks to me!  
    The words are faint and far:  
“The salty soul of a seaman, I ;  
    The tragic tale of a tar.  
You sleep tonight where I once slept  
    On the deck of a luckless whaler,  
Sleep well my lad, for soon you'll be  
    The salty soul of a sailor.”

# Pilot of the Night Watch

In silence sleeps the crystal sphere:  
    The noiseless echo of my star  
Where moves my bark with prow austere  
    To see, O God, the things that are.

The golden dipper of the skies  
    Dips down into a sea of sorrow  
And bears the tears that blind my eyes  
    To the dim bourne of tomorrow.

And lo, I see! though dark the night.  
    I hear! thought mute each sheet and spar.  
I grasp the helm. I see the light!  
    That shines upon the things that are.

# Woodland Stars

Strawberry blossoms, and columbine  
Stars of a lonely wood-  
Blossom as hope for the fallen pine  
That reached for the sun, the moon, and the stars,  
When King of his forest he stood.

Sweet maiden of love in life's lonely wood,  
The shadow of God is thine.  
Shine on as bright hope for a Love that stood  
As the pine of the forest that fell, but found  
The echo of stars divine.

# You

Your hands have painted the sunset screen;  
The ocean finds its blue  
From skies whose star-bright eyes reflect  
The eyes they gave to you.

Golden ripples hear your song  
As day gives his heart to the sea;  
When the sea gives her heart to the day, the dawn  
Shall follow your soul to me.

The crescent moon descends to hear  
Your echoed siren-call—  
Nay, tis not all I find in you,  
But you I find in all.

# To Walt Whitman

You break from the wake of a roaring dream,  
    And pound on a far-flung shoal;  
Like the hail in a gale or a lightning beam,  
    You strike at the worth of soul.  
You fly from the sky as a meteor stone,  
    To plunge thru the sandy crust ;  
You pound and pound on blood and bone,  
    Till you turn to a sledge and rust.  
But the clamoring, hammering, drum-tap sound  
    That rolls from your pile-drive pen,  
Roars from the shores of the sea to resound  
    In the hearts of a million men.  
I know your blow when the anvil rings,  
    I see your heart-forged coals,  
While gold sparks fly from earth to sky  
    And burn thru our metal souls.  
With bonds of steel you bind us all  
    To a soil whose bend is one,  
And we all must kneel when the trumpets call,  
    Even as you have done.

# Carry On!

Touch it not!-'tis the flower of beauty!-  
In thy grasp shall it wither away,  
    Like stars of the night  
    In the realm of our sight  
    Must vanish with light  
        Of the day.

Drink it not !-'tis the nectar of gladness!  
At thy lips shall it change unto gall,  
    Like love unto lust,  
    Like steel unto rust,  
    Like rain to the dust  
        Shall it fall.

Take it up !-'tis the sabre of living!  
Fight/ ere its lustre is gone,  
    For man to the core  
    Of his conscience is war!  
    As thy fathers before,  
        Carry on!

# Found In A Derelict

“QUEEN OF THE NIGHT”

“And this old schooner bears that hoodoo name!  
The old sailmaker paused. ‘It seems a shame!’  
Said he, measuring off a stitch, ‘Here’s number two!’  
He was sewing a seaman’s coffin, ‘But it’s true  
The name, ‘Queen o’ the Night,’ belongs to a plant\  
Vby they named this old hulk that I can’t  
Quite understand. A pretty name, no doubt;  
And a pretty flower too---hey there, lookout!  
You’re steppin’ on it,-see !-no matter how  
Black and smutted up he was, somehow  
We want the clothes he’ll sleep in sort o’ clean  
To hide ‘im like. But as I was sayin’, I seen  
That flower grow on islands not so far  
From where we waller now. ‘The Southern Star,’  
She called there once. How fond they was of meThem  
native girls: there’s one especially!-  
Well sir, ‘twas a happy, happy hour!-  
! sort o’ see her there, She picked a flower  
And told me how it faded in the light  
Of early morning, so, ‘Queen o’ the Night’  
She calls it, or in French ( they spoke it there  
Sometimes), ‘La Reine de la Nuit,’ so that is where  
This helpless, hell-bound jammer gets the name.

May be all right enough, but all the same  
That name and this here sleepin’ -bag remind me  
Of all the hell I thought I’d left behind me.  
And here we are, half calmed, the old hulk drinkin’  
Enough salt water-well-I call it sinkin’ I  
Damn this needle !-rusted /-yep, I’ll say  
All the bloody gears ‘as seen their day!’

“He paused and went to humming some quaint lay.  
I left him there. Slowly turning away

Half dreamingly, I sought the jolly-boat  
To be alone; then, half asleep, I wrote,  
Or emptied from my soul each mystic thought  
That the old sailmaker's babblings had brought."

"THE SCHOONER' "

"At Capricorn near Tuomotu's seas,  
I here all the world is summer and the breeze  
Blows warm with salty fragrance; where the sun  
Sets g/ossJ• clouds to steaming as they run  
And disappear like sylphs into the sky;  
Where two-arched rainbows live, and love, and die;  
Where cannonading meteors, at night,  
Like star-shells, flood the glossy world with light  
While tumbling shadows stagger o'er the brine  
In drunk stupidity. Where sparkling wine  
From phosphorescent waves keeps glowing-blinkingTill  
man nor ghost of man can hold from drinking  
Wine the cloud-men feed their flocks of sheep on,  
Wine that ship and crew fall fast asleep on:  
Here a spell-bound schooner slept and snored  
With four-and-twenty seamen there aboard.  
She waved her chafing sails about each mast  
As one by one the oily grounders passed;  
She swayed, and in her dreams she moaned a song,  
Or jerked her booms impatiently, 'How long!'  
She cried, for all her blocks and shackles,  
Bra/es, braces, halliards, sheets, down-hauls and lackles,A  
I/ were worn. God, what monotony  
Of weeks and week! and weeks I The agony  
Of days that, like the world, went round arid rourid  
Seemed dull and endless. All the world was bound  
In beauty unobtainable. But she  
Kept dririking, drinking, drinking, hopefully  
That wonders of the world would be her lotBvT  
SHE WAS SINKING, AND SHE KNEW IT NOT!"

“Thus the verses ended. Innocent  
Was I of words or what the phrases meant;  
The occult warning faded with the light,  
And dreams of magic islands, through the night,  
Bore me to the ‘vex’d Bermoothes’ where dwells  
The dwarfish Caliban ; then brassy bells,  
Bells, bells, bells!-that sickening clang  
Was drowning everything; they rang, and rang!  
Something-wrong! Indeed I waked to know  
That those upon the ‘Dog’ had turned below;  
My watch turned to. Half numbed with stiffened neck  
I blundered from the jolly-boat to deck.”

## II

“Two months-two long and weary months at sea  
We grumbled through our toils. Impatiently  
We dreamed of all but that which spread its charms  
Broadcast about us. Nay, our aching arms  
Reached for that which we, two months ago,  
Had cursed and left. But now we suffered. Oh,  
What folly! What childishness! What involution  
The hungry wanderlust-that mad solution  
Of Finding-leads us to! What were we seeking?  
Why were we here upon this rolling, leaking  
Schooner? Lo, the fuse of mutiny  
Was burning through the focsle, while silently,  
Watch and watch, the pump shifts toiled away,  
Watch and watch she leaked until one day  
The tired crew rebelled: they’d pump no more!  
Triumphant in revolt we turned for shore.

“A day, another day, till, through the clouds  
Clustering like dark and dingy shrouds  
About the shade of some long sought oasis, we  
Beheld an island dim. In ecstasy  
The wave-worn hearts leaped up, the tiding spread.  
Then, like a sudden shock to wake the dead,

The great ship trembled, listed hard a-lee,  
A fresh breeze off the quarter waked the sea,  
The tiny white caps, through the glass}' waves,  
Like ghosts of Hallowe'en came from their graves.  
Along the salt-white rails with straining eyes,  
Our gaze anticipating Paradise,  
We stood, all silenced lest our voices break  
The wondrous spell. We feared that we should wake.

“How oft' have such anticipations led  
Where nude Reality entombs her dead;  
How oft' have drunken dreams been torn away  
To crypts where ghouls of fact consume their prey.  
But thou, Anticipation, make us brave;  
And Humor, lead us smiling to the grave.

“This in one fleet trice imbued my mind  
To see those anxious faces in the wind  
With tousled locks and beards men grow at sea  
Only to postpone the monotony  
Of seeing each same face without a change  
Day after day. O Ji God I for something strange!  
Something dreamed about but never seen!  
Thus every gaze was fixed upon the sheen  
Of fire clouds that hung above the crown  
Of one small isle-perhaps a little town-  
Where waving, dreamy palm-trees grew and made  
A place of rest, pouring down their shade  
To thirsting souls. Scarce God could understand  
Two months at sea,-then land! Oh peaceful land!

“Land I and such as this !-Oh magic isle,  
Be thou as we see thee 'neath a file  
Of gold-rimmed clouds, and thou thyself a part:  
A sky-grown dream; a heart within a heart.  
On sang my soul, and, ere the song was done,  
The cloud men, through their fire looms, had spun  
A blue and crimson tapestry bedight

With clustered stars descending with the night.

“And there the Book was read-the only part  
That through those long, dark months we'd learned byheart.  
The old sail-maker bowed his head in prayer;  
He was the only one who seemed to care;  
To have his careful work thrown overboard  
Was worth a thought, and so he thanked the Lord  
That the mate was gone and never coming back,  
Carefully tucked and sewed within the sack  
That his own hands had made. But all the rest  
Were thinking of the island for the blest:  
To-morrow's port. We were the chosen few  
To walk in Paradise. What cared our crew  
For one thus damned ?-With these our prayers expended,  
The plank was tilted up. A long day ended.”

### III

“Early dawn. A lonely lookout-I,  
Listening to the bubbles splashing by,  
The restless sheet-blocks jerking at their bales,  
The lazy down-hauls slapping at their sails,  
The clatter, clatter 'neath the focsle-head  
Of fire buckets idle in their bed,  
Listening to the breeze against the leech  
Of trembling jibs, or wondering at the reach  
Of two spread arms above the other spars  
Embracing one vast universe of stars,  
Or watching gold-green phosphorous mites that play  
Along the water line to fade away  
And die in whirring masses as they break  
The liquid fire film along the wake.  
“But lo! from purple springs a tinted gray!  
One by one the star-lamps burn away;  
One by one the clouds, like ghosts reborn,  
Blush at their own splendor till the morn  
Has made the world an opal set in gold.

Lo! the vapor curtains rise !-Behold I  
A dream incarnate! God! before my eyes,  
The isle, the sea, the world is Paradise!

“As times of plenty presage future dearth,  
Dream bubbles burst and tumble back to earth:  
There at anchor ‘neath the white-hot sun  
Boxes, drums, and barrels; one by one  
We hauled aboard. How like small children-we,  
On Christmas-eve when blind anxiety  
Anticipates tomorrow’s ample store;  
Thus all our hearts had drifted to the shore  
Where, through the trees, along the cool highway,  
Shado,v children joined in shado,v play;  
Shado,v men-dark men-with naked feet,  
Tripped noiselessly along the shadow street;  
Red, yellow, blue and purple, here and there,  
Like drunken Autumn leaves without a care, This  
way and that. \What difference to a band  
Of happy shadow-folk in Shadowland?  
“But still in passive greed we drudged away  
Until the bell was sounded and the day  
\Was carefully cashed within the money drawer,  
While we, with empty’ pockets, pulled ashore.  
Empty pockets? Nay,-deeper curses:  
Our hearts were empty-empty as our purses.  
Fools!-blind fools!-We grumbled as we walked,  
Cursing, vowing vengeance, as we talked.  
The breeze had turned its song to mockery,  
The dusk was pouring money in the sea!  
The shadow children fled, the beauties all  
Crumbled with the Shadow-city wall.  
Yet there we were ‘midst all the things we’d sought:  
We walked in Paradise, and knew it not.”

#### IV

“The crowd dispersed. Alone, forlorn, I went

Along the shabby pathway. Discontent  
Walled in my soul with purpose to preclude  
That art of panning gold from solitude.  
But lo! before the mural blind was made  
There came a voice ! a song! My soul obeyed!  
Half dead, it stirred. It rose. It cried aloud!  
In modulation shook the mountain cloud!  
The echoes crashed. They thundered 'twixt the stars.  
The moon dropped out, then Jupiter and Mars!  
My breath W{IS gone, and ere my wits returned,  
Darkness in celestial pyres burned.

“Upon the moon-paved waters of the bay,  
Hours, years, nay ages, sailed away.  
Behold the dancing shadows 'round the trees!  
What happy dryads own more grace than these?  
I watched until beside me smiling there  
Stood a maid with flowers in her hair,-  
White flowers-white like lilies-with such grace  
They seemed to drink sweet nectar from her face  
And° shine with sparkling dew the silvered skies  
Had drunk when drinking tear-drops from her eyes.  
Beneath the pillared foliage, half entranced,  
We rested while the other shadows danced.  
She spoke. I spoke--or whispered lest I wake  
The emerald dream that drifted from the lake.  
She closed her eyes; perhaps the dazzling light  
From her own soul had closed them. Ah, how bright  
Even to me that midnight darkness seemed!  
Perhaps I closed my eyes! Perhaps I dreamed!

“For, as I gazed upon that form so rare,  
She moved, she picked a flower from her hair!  
'Take this,' she said, 'this blossom, pure and white-  
' La Reine de la Nuit' pour vous, 'Queen of the Night'!  
It is my soul blossoming when the mist  
Of night has fallen down on earth and kist  
The folded petals. Lo! as if from dreams,

It moves, it turns its head, it seems  
To wake, to see, to drink the harmony  
That echoes from the lyres of sky and sea;  
It catches every trembling light that cleaves  
Its blinky pathway through the waving leaves;  
It sings of starland; bathes in fragrant bliss-  
Take it-my flower,-here is Happiness.'

"I seized the trembling plant. My passions grew.  
I bore it to my breast as if I knew  
Its life was mine; as if I could devour  
That beauty from the soul that made the flower.  
I clutched it! kissed it! called its name aloud!  
Oh God, it seemed its petals were endowed  
With all my senses, yet some sense divine-  
I knew not what-but swore it should be mine!

"I gazed upon the maiden lying there.  
I gazed upon the flower to compare:  
They looked the same; ah me, I hardly knew  
Which blossom was the brighter of the two.  
As the water images the bower,  
Her being was inscribed upon the flower.  
It was her soul, so bright-so bright that she  
Was All, Perfect, Pure as soul could be.

"But envy comes to conquer, envy burns  
What little virtue man's poor being earns.  
I clutched her, kissed her,-God could not have stayed me!  
She, like the flower, trembled and obeyed me.  
I drank the wine that she alone could offer!  
I crammed her love like gold into my coffer!  
I gouged the moon and stars from out their sockets  
And crumpled clouds to fit my empty pockets.  
The world-the universe-was in my power!  
Drunk with delight I gripped the glowing flower  
And with it staggered to the open sea:  
A conqueror with spoils of victory."

## V

“Early dawn. A lonely lookout-I,  
 Listening to the bubbles splashing by,  
 The restless sheet-blocks jerking at their bales,  
 The lazy down-hauls slapping at their sails.  
 There behind me fades the coral bay,  
 The jagged mountains slowly blur away;  
 The dark mist falls, and now the black clouds take  
 The liquid turquoise from our bubbling wake.  
 ‘Come back!’ I cried, ‘Come back!’-there came a dull  
 And mocking laughter from a passing gull.  
 ‘Come back! Come back!’ again, again I cried! Thus  
 with a ‘hiss’ the sea and sails replied.  
 I stretched my aching fingers in despair.  
 I reached, I grasped-I grasped the vapid air!  
 Half mad I fell. ( Still dimmer lay the strand.)  
 God! What is this? The flower in my hand!  
 Wilted, drooping, tarnished and forlorn~,  
 \With bleeding stem and streaked petals torn,  
 It lay, a helpless victim of my hand,  
 Dying like the hills of Shadow-land ;  
 Dying like my soul, oh flower white,  
 Farewell forever! Love, ‘Queen of the Night’!

“Eight bells! The watch was done. Each seaman slunk  
 From wheel, deck watch, or locker to his bunk.  
 The Starboard men, half dazed from sleep, like ghosts,  
 Relieved the wheel and filled their sailing posts.  
 ‘Turn in!’ the lookout said, ‘Eight bells!-I swear  
 You look most like the Devil standin’ thereA-  
 standin’ there before the Starboard light  
 All green and pale-like ... Lardy, what a night!’  
 I turned away but stood behind the mast  
 And leaned against the pin-rail. All aghast  
 I watched the silhouettes in shabby rout  
 Move here and there. I heard the ‘Second’ shout

'Hey, lend a hand !-you there !-to brace the yard.  
 Once more! And again! Make fast! don't loose 'er pard.  
 All right: the sheet !-good /-Together 5ing !  
 Wait! get 'Handy Bill' !-there-the ring I  
 Yo-bee, oh-ho! Well done! Take up that slack!  
 Lean on id break it! once more! bring 'er back!  
 Haul taught! Make fast! Now Spanker-sheet, and Main:  
 She's haulin' off the quarter now again.  
 You, Scottie, lay aloft and clear that brale,  
 She's foul near the goose-neck, See the sail?  
 You'd think a crew of farmers put to sea-  
 God damn this breeze! Get aft, Andrew, fer me!  
 Tell him t' haul 'er east-nor'-east about.  
 Oh Gus! up there. I say! keep a sharp lookout!  
 'For lights or rocks?' replied the focsle-head,  
 'For everything-and reefs!' the 'Second' said.  
 'Makin' leaway ! wind abaft the beam!  
 I've never seen the likes-I'd never dream  
 A bloody man could have the crust t' build  
 A lo~ so helpless. Now, with oil tanks filled,  
 And gas-pumps suckin' bilge t' God, and store  
 And water-tanks all full-Good Lord! what more  
 Would any proper sailin' vessel need?  
 Bur here we are t' sea again. Indeed  
 As helpless as before! Just see that wake!  
 Four points t' windward! Lord, I bet we make  
 The rocky coast of Hell before we sec  
 Old Diamond Head again .... Take it from me!'

"And so they talked and grumbled, spat and swore;  
 It seemed that all our efforts to restore  
 The voyage to hopefulness were drowned in gloom;  
 For what is man beneath the hand of Doorn?  
 W'hat is mortal will when Destiny  
 Controls the winds and currents of the sea?  
 And so I stood imprisoned in my own  
 Dark cell of circumstance ;-I, alone,  
 Unfixed for sleep or toil, unable, too,

To listen to the chanties of the crew,  
Felt the helpless, heated coals of yearning  
Deep in unfrequented soul-pits burning.  
Regret is Wisdom, but alas, how late  
Such knowledge comes to tangle with our fate!  
Man thinks and acts only as he wills;  
Illut, like the river winding through the hills,  
There's but one way to go: the way it went,  
Though like some mountain torrent purpose bent  
To wash away time-planted rocks and flow  
To realms where none but it had dared to go,  
It's all the same; even as the day  
Must presage night, there is no other way.  
All is like a map to Destiny ;  
All that ever has been had to be;  
All that is can be no other way;  
Circumstance commands! \Ve must obey  
Although we follow through the depths of scum  
And eat the dregs that worms are breded from,  
Or though, like earthly Gods, we fill the age  
And feel the joy of Christ's own heritage,  
It's one with Destiny, whose mate is Cause;  
They paint life's masterpiece and shape the laws.  
Yet there is that in man, deep and rebelling,  
That cries aloud, sans reason, but compelling  
Him to think, though God must shape the whole  
He himself is master of his soul.

“Then off I went again to the jolly-boat  
With purpose to forget, and glibly wrote  
\Whatever seeped from out the overflow  
That swelled some vault within. How could I know  
The meaning of those hurried words-not them-  
But what relief to watch my trickling pen.”

“ ‘THE FLOWER’ “

“In Papeete, Tahiti's sunny shore,

Where men and women wear, well, little more  
Than nature has provided. ff/here one sees  
Iviangos and bananas grow on trees,  
And cocoa-palms, like forests, even to  
The emerald ocean side. Where all the blue  
Beyond the coral reef reflects the glow  
Of the giant moon. Where ocean breezes blow  
From the Island of Moorea dreamingly,  
Upon a mossy stream-bank, lonesomely  
Beside the little cocoa-jungle, there  
Sat a sun-browned maid, and in her hai,  
White flowers were entwined. How they resembled  
The purity of moonbeams as they trembled  
Glowingly upon her face and breast  
And on the maiden ferns that lined her nest.

‘She sighed, and from the wreath upon her head  
She plucked a flower. ‘To be like thee,’ she said.  
‘Just to be like thee, oh: magic flower,  
To love and be loved for this one dark hour,  
When at dawn the great sun climbs the sky  
Gladly I would I fade with thee, and die!’  
As she spoke the great moon’s silver beams  
Weighed heavily, and from a sea of dreams  
Her lover came in raptures to her charms,  
For she was beautiful. There in his arms  
She drank the wine that he alone could offer.  
She crammed his love like gold into her coffer,  
She gouged the moon and stars from out their sockets,  
And crumpled clouds to fit her empty pockets.  
The world-the universe---was in her power,  
Drunk with delight she watched the fading flower,  
For now the sun was rising white and hot . .  
SHE WAS DYING AND SHE KNEW IT NOT.’ “

“Thus the verse concluded; then it seems  
I drifted off-far off-to sleep and dreams;  
I saw the old sailmaker busily

Sewing on a bag. 'Here's n~mber three!  
 He said, and eyed me as he drew  
 The needle out again and palmed it through.  
 He measured me once more from heel to head!  
 guess it's plenty long enough!' he said. . . .  
 But now the great ship shivered, twitched, and twisted!  
 A rumble from the cargo hatch! she listed!  
 Timbers cracked and crashed! I heard a roar  
 Like breakers thundering upon the shore.  
 \White foam swept the decks! The cries of men,  
 Like waves of life on cliffs of doom, again  
 And again were mocked by echoes. I  
 Was conscious of my dreaming, but to try  
 To force my mind to wakefulness would be  
 To find another dream more trne; to see  
 The wretched sailors grovelling in waves  
 That were to swallow them and seal their graves.  
 So on I slept-how long? I never knew  
 Till tides of horror ebbed and bore me to  
 A haunted stillness-stillness so like death  
 The beating of my heart, my surging breath  
 Awoke me! . . .

"Oh, thou, if ever there should be  
 Some one to find what's left of mine and me,  
 Ask me not how came this bitter end  
 Nor these few inky splutterings I've penned;  
 / am the end! J, exiled, outcast  
 From life and death. Even to the last  
 Behold me now! The luckless ship is gone;  
 God knows when or where, perhaps the dawn  
 Shall find her wreck on some unchartered shoal'  
 Quecn of the Night' tattered as the soul  
 That's wasting here adrift in the jolly-boat!  
 Adrift! and all alone! My burning throat  
 Is caked with salt, my lips, my tongue shall burst  
 Even as my heart! This gnawing thirst,  
 This Hell of hunger, world of appetite,

Has found a willing victim, reaped delight  
In devastation, joy in ruthless plunder,  
Torn me down to darkness, dragged me under!  
Oh let these lines, however crude they be,  
If found, be all the world has left of me;  
For lo! the sea grows pale; its hungry eyes  
Are red with blood reflection. All the skies  
Have hoarded up life's treasures as their own  
And left me dying-dying and alone.  
Oh dawn of day, thou art the soul's twilight;  
Life-the flower of dreams-Queen of the Night.”  
[FINIS]























































































































































