

# The Sea Spirit

Ah me! I shall not waken soon  
From dreams of such divinity!  
A spirit singing 'neath the moon  
To me.

Wild sea-spray driven of the storm  
Is not so wildly white as she,  
Who beckoned with a foam-white arm  
To me.

With eyes dark green, and golden-green  
Long locks that rippled drippingly,  
Out of the green wave she did lean  
To me.

And sang; till Earth and Heaven seemed  
A far, forgotten memory,  
And more than Heaven in her who gleamed  
On me.

Sleep, sweeter than love's face or home;  
And death's immutability;  
And music of the plangent foam,  
For me!

Sweep over her! with all thy ships,  
With all thy stormy tides, O sea!  
The memory of immortal lips  
For me!

by Madison Julius Cawein