

29. Nostalgia

Once every year, in autumn's wistful glow,
 The birds fly out over an ocean waste,
 Calling and chattering in a joyous haste
 To reach some land their inner memories know.
 Great terraced gardens where bright blossoms blow,
 And lines of mangoes luscious to the taste,
 And temple-groves with branches interlaced
 Over cool paths – all these their vague dreams shew.

They search the sea for marks of their old shore—
 For the tall city, white and turreted—
 But only empty waters stretch ahead,
 So that at last they turn away once more.
 Yet sunken deep where alien polyps throng,
 The old towers miss their lost, remembered song.