



SEA-DREAMS

A TALL ship, and a tangled spire
That leans upon the wind,
They fill the landsman with desire
To leave the land behind
Where all the mad wheels grind.

Her slender spars, her windlass high,
Her creaking chain that falls,
So haunt him that he cannot lie
Asleep within four walls,
For still the wide sea calls.

He sees her sailing after dark
With lamps of red and green,
On waters where the phosphor-spark
Floats by with phantom sheen,
And tropic isles are seen.

He sees the sunken ducats glint,
The cunning sea-girls snatch
And rake with nails of amber flint
The gold under the hatch,
And keep their cruel watch.

And ships that sailed long, long ago
To Tripoli or Tyre,
Move in his mind on waves that flow
With gleams of phosphor-fire
Beneath the tangled spire.

WILFRID THORLEY.