

THE SWIMMER
To Norman Mudd

FATHER of light! Through the black seas I swim
To thine arising Disk. Seven waves suppress
Mine head beneath their arcane bitterness ;
Nor on their curling summits shines one dim
Foam-flake made lustrous by the light of him
To whom I strive. O blank, black wilderness
Of iron water! O this stormy stress
Of strength that strains toward thine auroral rim!

Caught up on the wild crest, thine orb I glimpse ;
Thrust in the trough, the salt wave chokes and blinds.
Shrill shrieks the wind, the voice of myriad imps ;
And mine own mockery might match the wind's
Save that—I struggle vainly, that is true ;
But—thou art rising, and the sea burns blue!