

THE BROODING PRIEST

To Eugène John Wieland

BESIDE the sea in a desolate land
I wander forgetting through realms of sleep;
Give me a kiss, and touch my hand,
Whisper my name, and thought shall leap
Out of my mind like a blinding spray,
And to-morrow shall be as yesterday.

I traverse in silence the yellow sand,
And the sun has sunk under gray clouds deep;
Maybe in the day I shall understand;
One day the dawning on me will peep.
Tell me the future, my loved one, say—
Will to-morrow be as yesterday?

Over the arches that time has spanned,
Dawn, like a golden mouse, will creep,
Then will the light, all purple, unplanned,
Obey the tears that I fain would weep.
The skies no more will be dull and gray,
And to-morrow will be as yesterday.

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I wander on by the lone sea-strand,
And the brown flat shore; there is never a heap
Anywhere under the twilight band,
No shade there is, and no towering steep.
The world grows dark and fades away,
And to-morrow will be as yesterday.

Goddess unknown, thou dost bear the brand
That lightens me on in the path I keep;
I see thee only in dreams; the bland
Oblivious air through my brain doth sweep.
The portals are wide, and I may not stay;
Over the lonely land I stray.
Bear the torch for me still; I pray
That to-morrow may be as yesterday.