

THE SAILOR.

Why ! O why the sailor the shore doth spurn,
(Whence invites the trees with luring glare),
Boldly to embrace the crawling waves afar ?
To mid ocean why ! O why the sailor doth turn ?
Himself being black, the sky doth blacken the ocean
Stealing a kiss in dark, with lips even darker.
Poison breath stirs sea's bosom and burns the air—
Storm ! A storm I behold. 'Now, 'why'—I learn.

Man's cold sympathy, unstable security
Tempt me to confide in his loveless heart ;
Awake ! Awake in me the spirit of the sailor,
The helm my faith, the sail my music be ;
Far from human ken, through gales I start
Alone to thwart the mishap—my voyage may mar.

KEDAR NATH CHARTTERJEE
2nd year (A)
