

## VOYAGE

When the last sure sight of land is gone,  
The ship rides in the ever changing point  
Of an inverted blue crepe coolie's hat.  
Where sky and water meet,  
The horizon ring rocks the strong to sleep  
And lures the weak to the rail.  
The vessel is an isolated bobbing world  
Peopled only by gamblers and philosophers.  
The gamblers hope to discover  
For whom the dice roll,  
And the philosopher knows  
They roll for him as well as you.  
And win or lose,  
We lose the day and gain the year,  
Though nothing seems too dear a price to pay  
To gain the year and yet to save the day.

GEORGE FULLEN