

THE SILENT SAILS

Louis J. Foerderer

Calm mistress, ravishing by night,
With heaving breast in emerald gown,
With iridescent ringlets crowned,
And silver spangles gathered round ;
With mists that hypnotise to dreams
You carry on in silent gales
To harbors past the depths of night ;
Where She in jealousy breathes deep
To break the spell—Diana's passed.
Calm mistress, ravaged by the night,
Awake, the dawning bares that breast,
The masted gooney takes his flight,
Gaunt ribs their turn take on the crest,
And empty, restless, rent sails slap,
The day is come. The gale is spent.