

## AS I SOJOURN

Nathan Harter

The swelling wake which spreads its foamy wings  
    Unto the pale blue cosmos of the sea  
    Bears home the many prayers I've prayed for thee.  
Late hours, on calm, pacific evenings  
    When clouds encompass all mine eyes survey,  
    I stand along the railing in the spray  
And drop my drowsy head in offerings  
To whatever gods will get me home.

I could fling my wealth into the abyss  
    Which everywhere resolves to swallow me;  
    I could abandon my integrity,  
Whate'er the cost to once more know thy kiss.  
    Should kissing ever bear the price of blood,  
    I know my blood would perish for the good.  
And if 'tis death wherein we find our bliss,  
Then gladly shall I throw me to the foam.

How cold the wind! How quickly tempests flare!  
    Long dashes of lightning spark and die  
    Against the dismal canvas of the sky,  
And more and more I merely stand and stare  
    Through storm or quiet washing of the wave  
    In cherished mem'ries I shall always save,  
In stupid wonder and in earnest prayer  
And fervent hopes that I return to thee.

The tears we shed upon that distant shore  
    Now mingle in the movement of the tide;  
    And, oh, the spirit of peace has died  
To want a resurrection evermore.  
    Thus, on the briny wings which sweep away,  
    I send my love and all this heart can pray,  
And in each swell are tears my eyelids wore  
Before they tumbled downward to the sea.