

UNDERTOW

Come, My Beloved !

Watch how the wind doth break the floating moon
It is the image of man's happiness,
A bubble bright that shines a moment, soon
Doomed but to break beneath the stress of life.

Ah, My Beloved !

Come, place your hand in mine; look in my eyes,
And let us pledge eternal truth together,
For this seeming pleasant world is lies, all lies.
Ah! dark it is, for e'en the weariest heart
There's no surcease, but full of stabbing pain
And grimy dust from off life's barren plain,
Raised by the feet of marchers to Death's mart.

Ah! My Beloved!

And like the faithless sea, that in the fall
Doth undermine the cliff with furious roar,
A sullen misery beats the human shore
And bites a portion from the living wall;
Beneath whose smiling is a spirit fell,
Where black Despair, the silent undertow,
Uproots his victim from the rock below
And bears him down into the depths of Hell.

—J.R.H.F.