

The Dawn Ship

The golden rays that light the eastern sky
And herald the coming of the prince of day
Reflect in many minute winking points
Across the rippling waters of the bay.
The narrow strip of land that stretches out
To separate the inlet from the sea
Seems like a dark hand reaching forth to show
The brilliant splendour of God's majesty.

Unmindful of the splendour of the dawn,
Unmindful of the multi-coloured bay,
High in the sky a mighty dirigible
Sails heedlessly along the charted way.
A slave to commerce,—that despotic king
Who chains man down until his life is done—
The navigator has not time nor will
To turn his eyes towards the rising sun.

'Tis thus with all men. In their quest for gold
They lose all else that has a greater worth;
While seeking after flimsy transient things
They miss the more substantial joys of earth.
The beauty shown to them they will not see.
They care not for it. Let them go their way.
This world will be a paradise for me
As long as dawning glitters o'er the bay.

—J. M., '34