

The Fog Siren

By George Sterling

The grey mist veils the deep, the seeming ghost,
Forlorn and olden, of the world's lost seas.
Veering to fancies of the muffled breeze,
There moans with ocean down the shrouded coast
(Ceaseless, as from eternal pain and post,
And born of woe no mortal may appease)
The siren's grieving, that, as daylight flees,
Summons the drowned, a solemn shadow-host.

Then, as the pallid spectres landward creep,
Apocalyptic voices haunt the gloom;
We hear, upon the troubling of the deep,
The bellow of the Beast drawn down to doom;
And rending all Death's empire in its sweep,
The trumpet's groaning rolls athwart the tomb.