

The Sea-Fog

By George Sterling

Far from the marble reaches of the foam,
It wanders, phantom of the grey old sea.
The night wherein it passes silently
Was once a deeper darkness—even the home
Of the abyss. So might man's spirit roam,
Revisiting, from realms unknown set free,
Forsaken haunts of its mortality,
Sad in the changeless starlight of their dome.

So *she* might come, so from the eternal prime
Where night and sorrowing together cease,
Pass earthward in that piteous release.
And shall I call her from the tearless clime?
From dream and light of her abode of peace?
Nay, lest my grieving reach her out of Time!