

MARITIME CROSSING

FLORENCE MARTHA BREWSTER

There was sunlight on the Straits,
And the red waves rolling by.
And then the sun was hid, and there were only
Four gulls wheeling, and the toneless, lonely
Music of the bell buoy left behind.
And I wanted to go back.

I had tasted once again
Of the half-forgotten wine,
And I wanted to go back
To the old mad vision,
And the old wise days—
Four long years in the twinkling of an eye
Vanished like the haze
As the sun came out again
Over Tormentine.

You were in my mind
Like a galleon of old,
With sails of scarlet,
And oars of gold,
That would carry me home on a blue, still sea.
And October would be
Just as I remembered it, flame by flame,
And the woods and the pond and the moon be the same;
And when we had come to the place we knew,
The enchantment made and the dream come true,
You would be yourself with the dark hair blowing
In the little west wind, and the wonder growing.
And I wanted to go back.

I wanted to go back
To the warmth and the wine.

There was sunlight on the Straits
And the bright waves going by,
But then the sun was hid, and there were only
A few gulls wheeling, and the ceaseless, lonely
Voice of the bell buoy close at hand,
And a light rain falling over Tormentine.