

# FOG - HORN

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Slow the moon rises, wraith of a moon long drowned,  
And clouds of her cold breath, obscuring her,  
Curtain the sea and shadowily stir,  
Pale shreds of mist floating in phantom round—  
Intangible sheaves bound but to be unbound—  
While the gulls wheel and churlishly confer,  
And the low whine of the wind is a harbinger  
Of the strange sound that stills all other sound.

Urgent it comes, vibrant and hoarse and urgent,  
Far in that wilderness of fog and foam,  
Cleaving the deep and climbing the hollow height;  
Mournful it surges, ceases; then, resurgent,  
Cries of the soul that it hath a homeless home. . . .  
And ever the waste, and the dank mist, and night!