

SHADOWS

By LEWIS WHARTON

Strange and more strange to watch, as years roll by,
Men's frenzied loves, their hates, their rise, their fall;
For all of them, as phantoms glide, glide nigh,
Like flickering shadows on a prison wall.

Food, power, and shelter! Still for these man slays,
Struggles and schemes nor does his greed abate;
And yet the proudest mansions he can raise,
He knows are matchwood 'neath the hand of Fate.

Hungry men roam. So much to them denied,
Hungry of body; hungry, too, of soul;
Endless their toil, yet angry eyes scan wide,
Watch others pressing gladly to their goal.

Send forth, each one, I pray, from your frail ark,
Raven or dove, as mood or whim decrees,
And bid it tell you what its glances mark,
As they scan anxiously the World's rough seas.