

PSALM OF THE HIDDEN SEA

GWENDOLEN MERRIN

The aspen stirs in the quiet night
With a sighing "Who goes there?"
As the silver horn of a wind lets fall
A pattern upon the air.

Sweeping the world it blows from far,
But only the aspen tree
And the sons of solitude have heard
The wind of the hidden sea.

Sea of lost dreams and dreams unborn,
With eddies of colour unknown,
With music genius can but guess
And dare not call its own.

Whose echoes lift the listening soul
Out of his world until,
Touched with the spray of the mystic deeps,
He burns with a passionate will

To leave in metal and wood and stone,
To wring from reed and string
Hints of the beauty but dimly felt—
O hidden waters, sing!

Sing lest an age of darkness fall
And thought is cleansed no more
By the wind that tells a shadowy world
Of the light along your shore!

* * * * *

The aspen stirs in the wash of the wind,
"Fear not," it seems to say,
"I sing the psalm of the hidden sea,
And I am here always."