

The Deep-sea Cables.

The wrecks dissolve above us; their dust drops down from afar--
Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind white sea-snakes
are.

There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of the deep,
Or the great gray level plains of ooze where the shell-burred cables
creep.

Here in the womb of the world--here on the tie-ribs of earth
Words, and the words of men, flicker and flutter and beat--
Warning, sorrow and gain, salutation and mirth--
For a Power troubles the Still that has neither voice nor feet.

They have wakened the timeless Things; they have killed their father
Time;
Joining hands in the gloom, a league from the last of the sun.
Hush! Men talk to-day o'er the waste of the ultimate slime,
And a new Word runs between: whispering, "Let us be one!"

The Song of the Sons.

One from the ends of the earth--gifts at an open door--
Treason has much, but we, Mother, thy sons have more!
From the whine of a dying man, from the snarl of a wolf-pack freed,

Turn, for the world is thine. Mother, be proud of thy seed!
Count, are we feeble or few? Hear, is our speech so rude?
Look, are we poor in the land? Judge, are we men of The Blood?

Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go call them in--
We that were bred overseas wait and would speak with our kin.
Not in the dark do we fight--haggle and flout and gibe;
Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts for a bribe.
Gifts have we only to-day--Love without promise or fee--
Hear, for thy children speak, from the uttermost parts of the sea:

The Song of the Cities.

Bombay.

Royal and Dower-royal, I the Queen
Fronting thy richest sea with richer hands--
A thousand mills roar through me where I glean
All races from all lands.

Calcutta.

Me the Sea-captain loved, the River built,