

## THE SEA

You, you are all unloving, loveless, you;  
Restless and lonely, shaken by your own moods,  
You are celibate and single, scorning a comrade even,  
Threshing your own passions with no woman for  
    the threshing-floor,  
Finishing your dreams for your own sake only,  
Playing your great game around the world, alone,  
Without playmate, or helpmate, having no one to  
    cherish,  
No one to comfort, and refusing any comforter.

Not like the earth, the spouse all full of increase  
Moiled over with the rearing of her many-mouthed  
    young;  
You are single, you are fruitless, phosphorescent,  
    cold and callous,  
Naked of worship, of love or of adornment,  
Scorning the panacea even of labour,  
Sworn to a high and splendid purposelessness  
Of brooding and delighting in the secret of life's  
    goings,  
Sea, only you are free, sophisticated.

You who toil not, you who spin not,  
Surely but for you and your like, toiling  
Were not worth while, nor spinning worth the  
effort!

You who take the moon as in a sieve, and sift  
Her flake by flake and spread her meaning out;  
You who roll the stars like jewels in your palm,  
So that they seem to utter themselves aloud;  
You who steep from out the days their colour,  
Reveal the universal tint that dyes  
Their web; who shadow the sun's great gestures  
and expressions  
So that he seems a stranger in his passing;  
Who voice the dumb night fittingly;  
Sea, you shadow of all things, now mock us to  
death with your shadowing.

BOURNEMOUTH