

Poems From Mardi

WE FISH

We fish, we fish, we merrily swim,

We care not for friend nor for foe.

Our fins are stout,

Our tails are out,

As through the seas we go.

Fish, Fish, we are fish with red gills;

Naught disturbs us, our blood is at zero:

We are buoyant because of our bags,

Being many, each fish is a hero.

We care not what is it, this life

That we follow, this phantom unknown;

To swim, it's exceedingly pleasant,--

So swim away, making a foam.

This strange looking thing by our side,

Not for safety, around it we flee:--

Its shadow's so shady, that's all,--

We only swim under its lee.

And as for the eels there above,

And as for the fowls of the air,
We care not for them nor their ways,
As we cheerily glide afar!

We fish, we fish, we merrily swim,
We care not for friend nor for foe:
Our fins are stout,
Our tails are out,
As through the seas we go.

INVOCATION

Ha, ha, gods and kings; fill high, one and all;
Drink, drink! shout and drink! mad respond to
the call!

Fill fast, and fill full; 'gainst the goblet ne'er
sin;

Quaff there, at high tide, to the uttermost
rim:--

Flood-tide, and soul-tide to the brim!

Who with wine in him fears? who thinks of his
cares?

Who sighs to be wise, when wine in him flares?

Water sinks down below, in currents full slow;

But wine mounts on high with its genial glow:--

Welling up, till the brain overflow!

As the spheres, with a roll, some fiery of soul,

Others golden, with music, revolve round the
pole;

So let our cups, radiant with many hued wines,

Round and round in groups circle, our Zodiac's

Signs:--

Round reeling, and ringing their chimes!

Then drink, gods and kings; wine merriment
brings;

It bounds through the veins; there, jubilant
sings.

Let it ebb, then, and flow; wine never grows
dim;

Drain down that bright tide at the foam beaded
rim:--

Fill up, every cup, to the brim!

DIRGE

We drop our dead in the sea,
The bottomless, bottomless sea;
Each bubble a hollow sigh,
As it sinks forever and aye.

We drop our dead in the sea,--
The dead reek not of aught;
We drop our dead in the sea,--
The sea ne'er gives it a thought.

Sink, sink, oh corpse, still sink,
Far down in the bottomless sea,
Where the unknown forms do prowl,
Down, down in the bottomless sea.

'Tis night above, and night all round,
And night will it be with thee;
As thou sinkest, and sinkest for aye,
Deeper down in the bottomless sea.

MARLENA

Far off in the sea is Marlana,
A land of shades and streams,
A land of many delights,
Dark and bold, thy shores, Marlana;
But green, and timorous, thy soft knolls,
Crouching behind the woodlands.
All shady thy hills; all gleaming thy springs,
Like eyes in the earth looking at you.
How charming thy haunts, Marlana!--
Oh, the waters that flow through Onimoo;
Oh, the leaves that rustle through Ponoo:
Oh, the roses that blossom in Tarma.
Come, and see the valley of Vina:
How sweet, how sweet, the Isles from Hina:
'Tis aye afternoon of the full, full moon,
And ever the season of fruit,
And ever the hour of flowers,
And never the time of rains and gales,
All in and about Marlana.
Soft sigh the boughs in the stilly air,
Soft lap the beach the billows there;
And in the woods or by the streams,
You needs must nod in the Land of Dreams.

PIPE SONG

Care is all stuff:--

Puff! Puff!

To puff is enough:--

Puff! Puff

More musky than snuff,

And warm is a puff:--

Puff! Puff

Here we sit mid our puffs,

Like old lords in their ruffs,

Snug as bears in their muffs:--

Puff! Puff

Then puff, puff, puff,

For care is all stuff,

Puffed off in a puff--

Puff! Puff!

SONG OF YOOMY

Departed the pride, and the glory of Mardi:

The vaunt of her isles sleeps deep in the sea,

That rolls o'er his corse with a hush,

His warriors bend over their spears,

His sisters gaze upward and mourn.

Weep, weep, for Adondo is dead!

The sun has gone down in a shower;

Buried in clouds the face of the moon;

Tears stand in the eyes of the starry skies,

And stand in the eyes of the flowers;

And streams of tears are the trickling brooks,

Coursing adown the mountains.--

Departed the pride, and the glory of Mardi:

The vaunt of her isles sleeps deep in the sea.

Fast falls the small rain on its bosom that

sobs,--

Not showers of rain, but the tears of Oro.

GOLD

We rovers bold,

To the land of Gold,

Over the bowling billows are gliding:

Eager to toil,

For the golden spoil,

And every hardship biding.

See! See!

Before our prows' resistless dashes

The gold-fish fly in golden flashes!

'Neath a sun of gold,

We rovers bold,

On the golden land are gaining;

And every night,

We steer aright,

By golden stars unwaning!

All fires burn a golden glare:

No locks so bright as golden hair!

All orange groves have golden gushings;

All mornings dawn with golden flushings!

In a shower of gold, say fables old,

A maiden was won by the god of gold!

In golden goblets wine is beaming:

On golden couches kings are dreaming!

The Golden Rule dries many tears!

The Golden Number rules the spheres!
Gold, gold it is, that sways the nations:
Gold! gold! the center of all rotations!
On golden axles worlds are turning:
With phosphorescence seas are burning!
All fire-flies flame with golden gleamings!
Gold-hunters' hearts with golden dreamings!
With golden arrows kings are slain:
With gold we'll buy a freeman's name!
In toilsome trades, for scanty earnings,
At home we've slaved, with stifled yearnings:
No light! no hope! Oh, heavy woe!
When nights fled fast, and days dragged slow.
But joyful now, with eager eye,
Fast to the Promised Land we fly:
Where in deep mines,
The treasure shines;
Or down in beds of golden streams,
The gold-flakes glance in golden gleams!
How we long to sift,
That yellow drift!
Rivers! Rivers! cease your goings!
Sand-bars! rise, and stay the tide!
'Till we've gained the golden flowing;
And in the golden haven ride!

THE LAND OF LOVE

Hail! voyagers, hail!

Whence e'er ye come, where'er ye rove,

No calmer strand,

No sweeter land,

Will e'er ye view, than the Land of Love!

Hail! voyagers, hail!

To these, our shores, soft gales invite:

The palm plumes wave,

The billows lave,

And hither point fix'd stars of light!

Hail! voyagers, hail!

Think not our groves wide brood with gloom;

In this, our isle,

Bright flowers smile:

Full urns, rose-heaped, these valleys bloom.

Hail! voyagers, hail!

Be not deceived; renounce vain things;

Ye may not find

A tranquil mind,

Though hence ye sail with swiftest wings.

Hail! voyagers, hail!
Time flies full fast; life soon is o'er;
And ye may mourn,
That hither borne,
Ye left behind our pleasant shore.