

At Waikiki

Light shed from seaward over breakers bending
Kiss-wise to the emerald hollows : light divine
Whereof the sun is God, the sea his shrine ;
Light in vibrations rhythmic ; light unending ;
Light sideways from the girdling crags ex-tending
Unto this lone and languid head of mine ;
Light, that fulfils creation as with wine,
Flows in the channels of the deep : light, rending
The adamantine columns of the night,
Is laden with the love-song of the light.

Light, pearly-glimmering through dim gulf and hollow,
Below the foam-kissed lips of all the sea ;
Light shines from all the sky and up to me
From the amber floors of sand : Light calls Apollo !
The shafts of fire fledged of the eagle follow
The crested surf, and strike the shore, and flee
Far from green cover, nymph-enchanted lea,
Fountain, and plume them white as the sea-swallow,
And turn and quiver in the ocean, seeming
The glances of a maiden kissed, or dreaming.

Light, as I swim through rollers green and gleaming,
Sheds its most subtle sense to penetrate
This heart I thought impervious to Fate.
Now the sweet light, the full delight, is beaming
Through me and burns me : all my flesh is teeming
With the live kisses of the sea, my mate,
My mistress, till the fires of life abate
And leave me languid, man-forgotten, deeming
I see in sleep, in many-coloured night,
More hope than in the flame-waves of the light.
Light ! ever light ! I swim far out and follow
The footsteps of the wind, and light invades
My desolate soul, and all the cypress shades
Glow with transparent lustre, and the hollow
I thought I had hidden in my heart must swallow

The bitter draught of Truth ; no Nereid maids
Even in my sea are mine : the whole sea's glades
And hills and springs are void of my Apollo—
The Sea herself my tune and my desire !
The Sun himself my lover and my lyre !