

ON WAIKIKI BEACH.

UPHEAVED from Chaos, through the dark sea hurled,
Through the cleft heart of the amazed sea,
Sprang, 'mid deep thunderous throats of majesty,
Titanic, in the waking of the world ;
Sprang, one vast mass of spume and molten
fire,
Lava, tremendous waves of earth ; sprang
higher
Than the sea's crest volcano-torn, to be
Written in Cyclopean character,
Hawaii. Here she stands
Queen of all laughter's lands
That dance for dawn, lie tranced in leisured
noon,
Dreaming through day towards night,
Craving the perfumed light
Of the stars lustrous, and the gem-born moon.
Dewy with clustered diamond,
The long land swoons to sleep ; the sea sleeps and
yet wakes beyond.

Here, in the crescent beach and bay, the sea,
Curven and carven in warm shapes of dream,
Answers the love-song of the lily stream,
And moves to bridal music. Stern and free,
The lion-shapen headland guards the shore ;
The ocean, the bull-throated, evermore
Roars ; the vast wheel of heaven turns above,
Its rim of pain, its jewelled heart of love ;
Sun-waved, the eagle wing
Of the air of feathered spring
Royally sweeps and on the musical merge

Watches alone the man.
O silvern shape and span
Of moonlight, reaching over the grey, large
Breast of the surf-bound strand,
Life of the earth, God's child, Man's bride, the light
of the sweet land!

Are emeralds ever a spark of this clear green,
Or sapphires hints of this diviner blue,
Or rubies shadows of this rosy hue,
Or light itself elsewhere so clear and clean?
For all the sparkling dews of heaven fallen far
Crystalline, fixed, forgotten (as a star
Forgets its nebulous virginity)
Are set in all the sky and earth and sea.
Shining with solar fire,
The single-eyed desire
Of scent and sound and sight and sense perfuses
The still and lambent light
Of the essential night;
And all the heart of me is fain, and muses,
As if for ever doomed to dream
Or pass in peace Lethean adown the grey Lethean
stream.

So deep the sense of beauty, and so keen!
The calm abiding holiness of love
Reigns; and so fallen from the heights above
Immeasurable, the influence unseen
Of music and of spiritual fire,
That the soul sleeps, forgotten of desire,
Only remembering its God-like birth
Reflected in the deity of earth,
Becometh even as God.
The pensive period
Of night and day beats like a waving fan
No more, no more: the years,
Reft of their joys and fears,
Pass like pale faces, leave the life of man

Untroubled of their destines,
Leave him forgotten of life and time, immortal,
calm and wise.

Only the ceaseless surf on coral towers,
The changless change of the unchanging ocean,
Laps the bright night, with unsubstantial motion
Winnowing the starlight, plumed with feathery flowers
Of foam and phosphor glory, the strange glow
Of the day's amber fallen to indigo,
Lit of its own depth in some subtle wise,
A pavement for the footsteps from the skies
Of angels walking thus
Not all unseen of us,
Nor all unknown, nor unintelligible,
When with souls lifted up
In the Cadmean cup,
As incense lifted in the thurible,
We know that God is even as we,
Light from the sky, and life on earth, and love be-
neath the sea.