

ONCE I PASS'D THROUGH A POPULOUS CITY

Once I pass'd through a populous city imprinting my brain
for future use with its shows,
architecture, customs, traditions,
Yet now of all that city I remember only a woman I casually met there who detain'd me for love of me,
Day by day and night by night we were together—all else has long been forgotten by me,
I remember, I say, only that woman who passionately clung to me,
Again we wander, we love, we separate again,
Again she holds me by the hand, I must not go,
I see her close beside me with silent lips sad and tremulous

OUT OF THE ROLLING OCEAN THE CROWD

Out of the rolling ocean the crowd came a drop
gently to me,
Whispering, *I love you, before long I die,*
I have travell'd a long way merely to look on you
to touch you,
For I could not die till I once look'd on you,
For I fear'd I might afterward lose you.

Now we have met, we have look'd, we are safe,
Return in peace to the ocean my love,
I too am part of that ocean, my love, we are not
so much separated,
Behold the great rondure, the cohesion of all, how perfect!
But as for me, for you, the irresistible sea is to separate us,
As for an hour carrying us diverse, yet cannot carry
us diverse forever;
Be not impatient—a little space—know you I salute the air,
the ocean and the land,
Every day at sundown for your dear sake, my love.