Chanson Triste

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Chanson Triste

By George Parsons

I saw a river flowing through the night,
With arch on arch by bridges dimly spanned.
Its weary beat sustained, it sought in flight
For peace and life and warmth; in vain I scanned
Its murky flow for any hope or cheer.
Against the piles it sang a hollow song
Of aching sadness—sang of nameless fear;
It cried, "I've passed just one more span along—"

How many more before I rest beside
The broken spars of long-forgotten ships!"
A chilling mist rose softly from the tide
And laid cold fingers on my trembling lips.
It choked the lamplight into yellow spheres.
The passing of an hour had seemed like years!

March, 1938