On the Pacific

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Abstract

Beneath the green hill by Trinidad Head, Sleeping the frail token of all his age, The old fisherman of wooden ships and this whaling bay Breathes an aspen sleep by the wordy chant of the sea...
On the Pacific

By Donald Watkins

Beneath the green hill by Trinidad Head,
Sleeping the frail token of all his age,
The old fisherman of wooden ships and this whaling bay
Breathes an aspen sleep by the wordy chant of the sea.
Proud the hunting bird of all his youth
Falls a hunter's season in the old man's eyes
As summer's tide burns the falcon sun
And troubles with a wind the white-sail sea
Of gathering sleep; shall his dying go without a cry,
And the carrion weeds mock their own duty
In the subtle lace of death?

Beneath the green hill by Trinidad Head,
The dark tongues of fern dance
The lisping surf away
And sleep.