

# “TO PFRIMMER”

BY

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(Lines on reading “Driftwood.”)

Driftwood gathered here and there  
    Along the beach of time;  
    Now and then a chip of truth  
‘Mid boards and boughs of rhyme;  
Driftwood gathered day by day,—  
    The cypress and the oak,—  
    Twigs that in some former time  
    From sturdy home trees broke.  
Did this wood come floating thick  
    All along down “Injin Crik?”  
    Or did kind tides bring it thee  
    From the past’s receding sea  
    Down the stream of memory?