

# “THE MYSTIC SEA”

BY

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The smell of the sea in my nostrils,  
The sound of the sea in mine ears;  
The touch of the spray on my burning face,  
Like the mist of reluctant tears.

The blue of the sky above me,  
The green of the waves beneath;  
The sun flashing down on a gray–white sail  
Like a scimitar from its sheath.

And ever the breaking billows,  
And ever the rocks’ disdain;  
And ever a thrill in mine inmost heart  
That my reason cannot explain.

So I say to my heart, "Be silent,  
The mystery of time is here;  
Death's way will be plain when we fathom the main,  
And the secret of life be clear."