

Where the Trade Wind Blows

By

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I

I've wandered quite a bit
Far lands and countries o'er:
In gentle climes I've picked rare fruits;
And dallied pleasing hours
By murm'ring brooks, I've dreamed far thought:
And picked the fairest flowers:

Yet—

There's a land that always calls me
—And that draws me more and more
Where the Oleander grows:
—And the bright Poinsettia glows:—
And the trade-wind blows—
On the coral-jewelled margin
Of the biscayne Shore.

II

Far North where I was born
Great mountains sun-ward soar.
And rushings rivers ceaseless roll
Where leagues of fir-trees stand.

The snows of old upon those peaks
Forever chill the land.

But—

There's a Shore I know—that draws me
And that warms me all the more!—
Where the gumbo-limbo grows:—
And the little lizards doze—
Where the trade-wind blows
Through the palm-tufted curvings
Of the Biscayne shore.

III

I've gazed in fearsome awe
Where floods all mighty pour
To roaring depths. And I have seen
Old Nature shift her winter screen,
And all the world that was so dead
Flash forth in faery green.

Still—

There's a something always brings me
To the Land of mystic lore:—
Where the Poinciana glows:—
And the lotus flowers close—
Where the trade-wind blows
O'er the silver-sprinkled ledges

Of the Biscayne shore.

IV

In far lost lands I've heard
The songs of sirens store.
O'er desert sands I've trailed in quest
Of that which satisfies:—
Forgotten seas I've fruitless sailed:
—'Neath flaming southern skies—

Till:

'Last I found my quested mooring;
And my search for e'er is o'er
Where the red hibiscus grows:
—And the fragrant twilight glows—
Where the trade-wind blows
O'er the opalescent shallows
Of the Biscayne shore.

V

I've breathed: I've drank: I've dreamed:—
Of gifts the Magi bore—
But in each spell I've felt the lack
Of that which is the soul
Of inmost wealth: It's satisfying core.

Of dreams—my dearest goal
Lies—
In the Land whose beauty draws me
Where my dreams fare wide no more:
Where the coral creeper glows:
—'Midst the plumes the Fairy sows—
And the trade-wind blows
O'er the coral-treasured ledges
Of the Biscayne shore.

VI

Of heav'n I've had a glimpse:
—(Not Revelations lore)—
But I have mused beneath the palms,
Through fragrant-falling haze:
That God could make right here a heaven
By only willing endless days.
For—
With eternity for living,
Who could dream of asking more!
Where the phosphorescence flows:
—And the heart small sorrow knows—
And the trade-wind blows
On the golden-fruited islands
—Of the Biscayne shore.