

"THE BARK THAT NEVER CAN RETURN."

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BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.  
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There floated forth a silent bark
Upon a solemn sea,
Its drooping flag was torn and dark,
No light-tower lent a warning spark—
Alas ! alas ! it was the bark
That bore my dreams from me.

That bark—the classic one of yore,
That fled o'er ocean's blue—
The mocking, winged thing that bore
Young Theseus from the storied shore,
Looked not so sad in lonely yore
To Ariadne's view !

There was a pictured landscape there
That I had knelt before ;
Some with blue eyes and gold-hued hair,
Some with dark beauty—oh, so rare !
Were wandering in the starlight there,
To meet my gaze—no more.

That summer-scene was sweet with flowers,
Of every form and hue ;
And dark-green trees and myrtle-bowers,
Where song-birds came in dreamy hours—
Ah, me ! ah, me ! that on those flowers
Should fall a Upas dew !

A palace that the angels made,
And painted for me there,
Slept softly in the light and shade,
And oft its marble halls displayed
A picture that my heart once made,
Which looked—so strangely fair.

I watched that bark with weary eyes
Float on, and on, and on—
At last the air grew sad with sighs,
A blackness settled on the skies,
Winds wailed, tears trembled in my eyes,
Waves rose—and fell—'twas gone !

Wrecked—with the beauty of my dreams—
The idols of my love ;
Wrecked—with the many golden gleams
Caught from a sun whose farewell beams
Flashed burning mockery on the dreams
Worshipped all else above !