

I thought, Kane returns, his fictions tales
Of canine speech. And swim on trails
The polar sea, of his own mould
Whirl summer breaths around the pole
They live as wonder until chance
Some theme of reason shall announce

Of Kane. Still among the mass
Some like a hero too may pass

Whilst I have cramped the northern miles
Have marked the tides, and savage styles
Can only laugh at Kane's wild stream
Of stubborn fiction through the scene

Upon the ship which bore away
My weary self that luckless day
Was first the master most sadline
Who in himself saw the plegine
And though his sight was far from true
For must look down on other men
And sought occasion day by day
His great importune to ship day

Beneath the masters tolious sway
The night came bright as the day
His charge gave over at even tide
Then rising next within his creole
The dike comes or men between
Nowhere as nothing, ever seen
Gossamers where nothing is to do
I rest to all himself and crew

And here I desponded
In hopelessness and wear
The sunken nature
The rich in tear to flow

They gathered to one fountain
Which they were led to represent
Until this heart so lonely
Was swollen to distress

One night when the tempest
In fury did arise
And bursting at thunder
Seemed breaking up the skies

And the night waters
With fury did awake,
Went tumbling to the heavens
High as the fiery lake

Amid this wild confusion
Dreaded with fleet and rain
We tarried long and weary
To stay the threatening train

Go tigers thus and hunting
Achieving less and less
We mutually combated
Went down below to rest

There in my slumber
I dreamed a dreary shock
Timber rent with fury
Upon some sea girt rock

A noble ship was stranded
And scattered over the tide
Whilst I among the fragments
Upon the billows ride

No seeming sure destruction
Along the waters sweep
One moment to the leaguers
The rising billows leap

Then down the gearing vortex
Where rocks and billows war
As thunder shakes the heavens
Chasing nature's law