

It was midnight
the midnight tolling
It was midnight
October Thursday
It was Nineteen Nineeteentwentyeight
It was a male or rather a female
He came and the Autumn leaves were falling
in stillness, silvery stillness
he had a savage name
and the steel shining blue
he had a hoarse laughing
in a silvery pool
a fleshing vassel in the sun
from the Southern Seas
a ghostly wandering alone
in undistinguished seas
The torches, the flames and the shadows
the wind, its moaning and the dazzling lights
he came, the wind...
oh, the Southern West wind...