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CHARLES PHILIP KRAUTH





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CHARLES PHILIP KRAUTH

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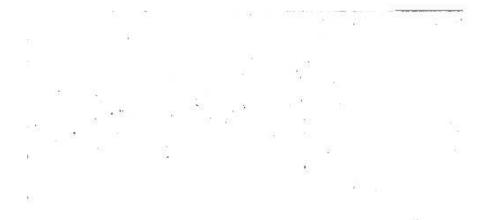
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THE BEACH

The night of storm was nearing to its end, The feeble drizzle beat the sand and sea No more; and thin gray bars their arms extend From northeast unto southeast; here and there A blinking paling star pierced through the mist The pines inland lifted their boughs and sighed; For a wind fanned the patient punished sea, The deep night sky grew gray, then purple turned Pale with a bar of scarlette in the east The sea caught color as the broad sun rose.

It was a long beach strewn with weed and shells A broad low beach where delicate hued waves Of early morning played, and gently lapped. Back of the beach lay pine and marsh and pine, Framed in the pale blue hazy Autumn sky, Half cloaked in melting mist, and feathry clouds Of gray and opal, which the soft wind had Piled helter skelter formless in the west.

[1]