

November 15, 1939

**GRAY**

The slated roofs of houses gray  
Slope far down towards the misty sea,  
Their jagged lines and chimneys form  
A dusty margin on the lee.

The shady waters gently lap  
Against the shore where towers high  
The houses with the gray slate roofs  
Against the smoke-gray of the sky.

The sea, the sky, the houses all  
In weary, dreary silence stand,  
A seaport shrouded deep in gloom  
Of twilight in a cold gray land.