

But her father more -
We don't know what for:
There was no confession.
Things they think she wore
Still sometimes occur
In someone's possession
Here at Kitty Hawk.
We can have no notion
Of the strange devotion
Burr had for his daughter:
He was too devoted.
So it was in talk
We prolonged the walk,
On one side the ocean,
And on one a water
Of the inner sound;
"And the moon was full,"
As the poet said
And I aptly quoted.
And its being hall
And right overhead,
Small but strong and round,
By its tidal pull
Made all being full.
Kitty Hawk, O Kitty,
Here it was again
In the selfsame day,
I at odds with men
Came upon their pity,
Equally profound
For a son astray
And a daughter drowned.

