The sea was sapphire coloured, and the sky  
Burned like a heated opal through the air;

I,my twin sister and carvel hoisted sail,  
The wind was blowing fair    
For the blue lands that to the eastward lie.  
From the steep prow I marked with quickening eye    
   
And all the flower-strewn hills of Arcady.  
The flapping of the sail against the mast,  
The ripple of the water on the side,  
The ripple of girls' laughter at the stern,  
,  
And a red sun upon the seas to ride,  
I stood upon the soil at last!  
And I finally sailed to mombas…..