Thus they fought him to a finish, and they poured contempt on him;
And they broke him, and did minish all his force and fire and vim.
And, because he had no pity, mercy none was made to shine
On his home or on his city,—his was punishment condign!

From his battered corse there went up fuming *ishq* for many days;
All the virus that lay pent up in his Kultur's devious ways
Was eliminated from him by the master-hand of Death,
As he lay a helpless Crome-nim thwart the valley's ravaged breadth.

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Dimly seen, the sun and showers of a seven-told human age
Have since wreathed this tomb (of Powers dead) in veil of soft umbrage;
For the gentle Flora found it (she abhorred the ghastly smear),
And with moss and lichen bound it, in the spring-time of the year.

She has used, perhaps, more art here, than in better case of meed;
And has changed stark desolation to a scene most fair, indeed.
From the red-stained ruins of war-hell she has formed these bowers
[of peace,
Where one, resting, may say farewell unto fears, bid doubtings cease.

And the man who, pausing, ponders as he treads these moss-clad floors,
May perceive, from Nature's wonders, that the "everlasting doors"
Of eternal peace and glory can be only opened wide,
When the Ignis of History shall be conquered, and have died.