

NAAMAN

DOMES of Damascus, daring minarets,
Above what olden memories you rise!
There is a brooding Presence in your skies—
A winged god or an angel—who forgets
Not anything of yesterday but lets
Time pierce him with a scythe; through great wide eyes
Of sorrow he beholds the past that vies
With this brief moment, while the Pharpar frets
Lost stones of beauty.

O Damascus! Domes
And minarets are not your ancient pride:
Yours the achievement of one mighty man
Who found his soul and saved it. Not the homes
Of kings could tempt him from the path he tried—
Steepest of paths since quest of truth began.