

Conquers the bulk of Persia. The maimed form
 Of calmly-joyous beauty, marble-limbed,
 Yet breathing with the thought that shaped its lips,
 Looks mild reproach from out its open grave
 At creeds of terror; and the vine-wreathed god
 Fronts the pierced Image with the crown of thorns.
 The soul of man is widening toward the past:
 No longer hanging at the breast of life
 Feeding in blindness to his parentage—
 Quenching all wonder with Omnipotence,
 Praising a name with indolent piety—
 He spells the record of his long descent,
 More largely conscious of the life that was.
 And from the height that shows where morning shone
 On far-off summits pale and gloomy now,
 The horizon widens round him, and the west
 Looks vast with untracked waves whereon his gaze
 Follows the flight of the swift-vanished bird
 That like the sunken sun is mirrored still
 Upon the yearning soul within the eye.
 And so in Córdoba through patient nights
 Columbus watches, or he sails in dreams
 Between the setting stars and finds new day;
 Then wakes again to the old weary days,
 Girds on the cord and frock of pale Saint Francis,
 And like him zealous pleads with foolish men.
 "I ask but for a million maravedis:
 Give me three caravels to find a world,
 New shores, new realms, new soldiers for the Cross.
Son cosas grandes!" Thus he pleads in vain;
 Yet faints not utterly, but pleads anew,
 Thinking, "God means it, and has chosen me."
 For this man is the pulse of all mankind
 Feeding an embryo future, offspring strange
 Of the fond Present, that with mother-prayers
 And mother-fancies looks for championship
 Of all her loved beliefs and old-world ways
 From that young Time she bears within her womb.
 The sacred places shall be purged again,