

THE MIRACLE AND OTHER POEMS

THE MIRACLE

UP from the templed city of the Jews,
The road ran straight and white
To Jericho, the City of the Palms,
The City of Delight.

Down that still road from far Judean hills
The shepherds drove their sheep
At silver dawn—at stirring of the birds—
When men were all asleep.

Full many went that weary way at noon,
Or rested by the trees,
Romans and slaves, Gentiles and bearded priests,
Sinners and Pharisees.

But when the pink clouds drifted far and high,
Like rose leaves blowing past,
When in the west where one star blessed the sky
The gates of day shut fast.