

Which seem a pearly azure blue
Grand in their outline, soft in hue,
A faintly seeming hue which mocks,
While the vast valley still it locks.

A sail, a stick, a camel's stride
I see not ; yet my eyes are wide ;
But only to the second view
Of incantation's mystic force :
My eye-lids I have formed anew ;
I see the seasons in their course,
The floods which overwhelm another Nile,
Another Egypt—from their source.

I see thy slowly-tapering tombs
Of kings antique who met their dooms.
Or doomed their peoples ; tombs that rise
In lessening hugeuess to the skies
A vast solidity of strength ;
The times of Eld from them look down ;
The Sphinx may smile ; the temples frown
With portals dark and shadows brown.