

I know his mouth is one pomegranate bud;
His hands are half-closed lotus-cups at dawn;
His knees are bent for kisses and his feet
Are like the leaves of lilies. . . .

Babe! my babe!

Where art thou hiding? Make a little sound,
O son of mine, a whisper as of wings
About thy head where Hathor holds her hand,
Talking to Isis who is also near.
The deities of death and life are met
And there is noise of an eternal Word!
It is a call of music out of mist,
When evening wakens silence with the stir
Of water that is muted by the trees.
It is the noise of morning on the mountains
And thunder of far cities in the noon.
It is the wail of women after war,
Weeping for those who will not come again.
It is the song of reapers in the corn;
The croon of maidens bringing home the jars
With water from the well; laughter of men
Over their cups of wine beside the door
At tales of bearded herdsmen from the north
Or quips of camel-drivers from the south.
It is the reedy music of a shout
Of gladness greeting children after school.
It is the clamour of loud temple-shawms
And beating of the bells; wisdom of words
Spoken by prophets coming out of roads
From lonely places where the gods are heard