

THE EMPIRE

FABRIC of dreams, but made of sterner stuff,
The bone and brawn and blood of fearless men.
Born of the wanderlust, that was conceived
When knights in armor sought the Holy Grail.
Built on the truth, of human faith, and love;
Bowed at the shrine of Freedom and of God.
Fixed as Time and the universal law;
Changeless as Death and as subtle as Life;
Mystic as spirit and filmy as dreams;
Vision of sages and prophet of tears.
Formed and as formless as vapors at morn;
Deep and as depthless as dew-scented air;
Strong and as weak as the spirit of love;
Fierce and as tender as eagle and dove.
In abstract and concrete intangible;
Light as the clouds in ethereal robes;
Made not of cities, nor mountains, nor plains,
But drawn to a grand and wonderful plan,
Plan of the Infinite; love for our God.