

Fared forth together, hand in hand, across
The star-lit spaces of the bending sky,
Or ever Aton flung this little globe
Behind His shoulder and invited us
To lose ourselves on it that we might find
Still greater love through limiting of life.
There is no God but Aton—He who dwells
Here in His splendour; finds Himself in us;
Speaks with our speech: the while from sun to sun
He streams in glory, as yon river pours
In never-failing flood down to the sea.
I found thee and will keep thee, O my Queen!
Somewhere before the scattering of stars,
Deep in the silence of a dreamful peace
Above the roar of new-created worlds.
This star, O Heart! is but a halting place—
A trysting of two souls that keep the faith—
A field on which our spirit-hands let fall
Seed for the growing of eternal flowers.
How often have I lost thee, O my Love!
I, Akhenaton, have been sunk in sleep
Lulled by a host of crooning centuries.
I knew the forest and I found the hills
Ages ere Thebes was pillared near the Nile
And there was trafficking upon the stream
Past Memphis. All the lesser forms of earth:
Shrub, beast and bird, barbarian and slave,
Has Akhenaton known; rising through them
In aspiration of thy woman's soul;
Drawn upward through the night to meet the morn