

III.

They've taken what they needed
From every Christian power,
And where they found no honey
They sought another flower.

They've donned our outer garments ;
They've swotted up our rules ;
They've borrowed our machinery
And taught us our own tools.

But when it comes to writing
Their virtues disappear.
They never pen dispatches
With "advances" to the rear.

They do not tell how hot it was,
Nor talk about the flies ;
Nor whine about their enemies
And call them "perjured spies".

For futile explanations
They have no time, no breath,
They simply signal "Failure"
And cancel that with "Death".

*The Orient's wed the Occident,
There's nothing of him left.
Our maddening, unveiled beauty
Has every sense bereft.*