

But I have struck my Arab tent ;  
My barb is snorting for the waste :  
The Stranger Allah hath not sent ;  
I go to meet my Stranger Guest.

O fairest Maid ! and thou shouldst be  
An oasis to draw me on  
Over the lone immensity  
Into the rose-red Heart of Dawn :

Thou Virgin Consort of the King,  
Thou Princess whom He sends before,  
Fair bearer of the signet ring  
Which bids us wait Him at the door.

For there, I feel, in yonder Dawn,  
The roses of thy face do light  
That Stranger o'er a flowery lawn  
Where I shall meet my Guest ere night :

The Stranger Guest whom I must fear,  
The while my pulses mount above  
Their level to a music clear,  
That thrills of longing and of love :

A music clear, that seems to run  
Through every pulse, through every breath,  
Still singing—"Joy and fear ! For one  
In three are Allah, Love, and Death."

FRANK WATERS.