

God was to him the common and the tried,
The always-here, the never-absent One.
Partaker of the little things of life:
God the great Casual and Commonplacel

The challenge of those far prophetic eyes
Now follows me and I can bear no more
Their mild rebuke—I hate the House of Rimmon!
Benhadad's hand will vainly seek the hand
Of Naaman. The host will call and call
Among the tents of Pharpar for their lord.
There will be sound of voices in the streets,
Crying: *Where is our Captain Naaman?*
The people of the market will forget
The feel of scarlet leather to the touch
Of fingers that are trained to tell the eye
The value of a saddle. By the door
Where potters whirl the wheel and mould the clay,
Leading the bowl and oval pitcher up,
There will be talk of Naaman and how
He left Damascus. Clink of coin and stir
Of buyers in the great bazaar will cease
While men stand wondering at word of him
Who could forsake their bales of merchandise:
Silk and fair linen and fine tapestries,
Coffers of amber holding frankincense,
Urns of red agate and tall festal cups
Lipped by a lace of pearls upon the gold.
They will not know. They will not understand.
Slaves of the god that glitters, they will go