

Mons Angelorum

Dead, to the dead, and am no more re-
membered

Upon the lips of men.

Those sceptred kings,
The solemn dead of old Mizraim, who sit
Forever in the sun beside their tombs,
With blank eyes smiling on eternity,
Crowned with the reed and lotus, do they
live

More than their grass and lilies? Those I
knew,

Princes and scribes, lords of the desert,
priests

Learned above the wit of common minds,
Captains and merchants, rulers over gold,
Feathers and spices, emeralds, ivories,
Brought to the feet of Pharaoh: what of
them?

What of the King, Lord of the North and
South,

Son of the Sun, like to the Sun forever?

A sun? A darkened light, a star o'er-
whelmed,