

MOSES

O wild red bird of sunset on the hills!
O winged and awful splendour of the day!
Fold thou thy feathers of pure flame and see
What beauty makes this mountain-shrub divine.
How I have watched thy flight above the sand,
Making it molten in a flood of gold
Until the camel-trains out of the east
Floated like barges and the pyramids
Were hills of fire! What wonder hast thou wrought
Upon the pillars of old palaces
And temple-doors and pavements and great walls!
The vineyards that within thy glory stand,
Expectant of the little globes of grapes;
The foam along the runnel, when the wine
Pours from the press into the fragrant jar
Waiting to join its fellows where the cool,
Dark cellar keeps them; grist of yellow corn
Ground in the little mills before the doors,
And scarlet lengths of linen on the grass
Where women weave, sing to the shuttle's tune
Or chatter while they thread the measured warp:
These are among thy many miracles,
O wild red bird of sunset on the hills!
But never hast thou worked such miracle
Of beauty as in yonder bush of thorn.

O little bush, how common and how grey
Until this moment of the setting sun!
I have passed thee a thousand, thousand times,