

SILENCE

I

TOILING through ruined temple-halls, where
Time
Had dwelt with Havoc, eager searchers found,
With shattered idols that bestrewed the ground,
An image strange, of lineaments sublime.
No god was he of rapine or of crime;
With ample brows his brooding face was crowned;
But lips and eyes were curiously bound
With golden circlets hoar with ageless grime.

One who was skilled in runes the gravings read,
And learned the wondrous image was the god
Of endless Silence. The searchers mutely bowed,
And mourned that faith so lofty should be dead;
And I their prone idolatry applaud
When strife and tumult in my paths are loud.