

AKHENATON

Come, Nefertiti! Let us leave the shawms
And throbbing tabours for the curtained night
Whose canopy is stretched beyond the Nile
Down to the desert. What do we with sound,
Who know that silence is melodious?

Behold these fragments of the disk of day,
Shattered by Aton and spread over space:
The seed of which He reaps to-morrow's sun!
What growth is here! What certainty of life!
Under the gold and glory of the stars,
Lean on me, Love! tell me that thou art glad
Of this our city.

Thebes; the priests of Amon;
Intrigues of temples whose dumb idols are
Vain shadowings of the Ineffable;
Forever stand behind us: we are free!
Think, Nefertiti! We are free to find
God in the lotus, in the shrub and vine.
He is no more the shadow of a hand
Held high and threatening above the earth;
He is no more propitiated Fear
Purchased by blood from punishment for sin:
He is the love that made me wait for thee,
Till Ay and Ty, the foster-parents, said—
*Dushratta's daughter is of age and longs
To know the touch of Akhenaton's lips.*