

My many-pillared palace on the hill,
The women of the harem and the slaves;
My drove of dromedaries from the south
And white Arabian stallions in their stalls,—
Count not these riches, for I thirst and starve
Within this plenitude of much possession.

Since I talked with Elisha, cleansed and free,
How I have hated Rimmon and his house!
The Prophet had no gold. He would not take
Gifts from my hand. He stood beneath the noon
Bareheaded and unbowed—a man among
The sons of men—the kind that I would be—
Unvexed by fear of any god. His eyes
Looked bravely on the world. Heard you his voice,
Forthwith a distant stream fell from the crags;
A wind went murmuring among the vines;
An intermittent moaning of the sea
Blent with the sound of trumpets blown for battle.
I knew him for a comrade and a brother;
My first and dreamed-of own familiar friend;
A breaster of the hills, lord of the staff
And of the long-leagued sandals and a good,
A hearty wayfarer fond of all roads—
A gatherer of grapes in many vineyards.
He had no fear of talking with his god
Who is now my god! —aye, and face to face
With Him he held high and direct communion.
I heard from him no psalm of penitence,
No sobbing to the beating of the breast;