

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,  
When his fierce horsemen sank beneath  
that surge  
Whose crest was blood and terror,—  
when there died  
On one hushed night, all the firstborn  
of Egypt.

O night divine, I set thine excellence  
Above the twice-crowned noon. Here  
is no star,  
No slenderest crescent poised above the  
world,  
No lingering love of day. But the soft  
dark  
Folds inward as a flower, enfolding me,