

II.

Beyond the temple gate
A gleaming pool lay among the iris leaves.
At dawn it glowed like a great rose upon the garden's
 breast,
At sunset flamed like a crimson peony.
And the people,
Who never lifted up their eyes to see the beauty of the
 sky,
Would linger as they passed from prayer
To watch the sunrise or the sunset fade upon the pool,
And then turn their steps to the gray dusty streets,
With rose and gold and crimson in their eyes.
O Maker of all beauty,
Let me be as the iris-bordered pool.