

AKHENATON

First on the written page of Time, he stands
Forth from the phantoms of the reedy Nile
That haunt the tombs of Pharaohs. For a while
He dreamed, then woke and with inspired hands
Made him a city. Not with proud demands
Called he those pylons up, but with a smile,
As of a brother, helped the builders pile
Stone upon stone above the yellow sands.

True comrade of all ages and a Christ
Of those far centuries, he taught his day
What now the too-long silent years proclaim.
To him the title—*First Evangelist*,
Who in confusion of the tongues could say:
There is one God—Eternal Love His name!