

The Nile

By George Sterling

Low moaning in the shadows of their might,
I echo all the voices of my dead.
I call, until their memory be fled,
Thoth and Osiris sepulchred in night,
High Cheops and the Ramses. In my sight
Arise the ruins of their pomp, stained red
As by eternal sunset. I am led
To where the seas are mystery and light.

Thus ordered stand thy destinies, O soul!
Thou callest, ere the lesser vision flee,
Thy cherished fled before thee to the goal
Far in the shadows of Eternity.
Thou art drawn down to where Death's thunders roll,
And lost at twilight in a stranger sea.