



ADOLPHE DANZIGER DE CASTRO

Collected Poems

BOOKS, PERIODICAL VERSE, AND ARCHIVAL RECORD

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

A TEXT-TECH PAPERS PROJECT

Extremes and Moderations

Early Southern California Poetry

Extremes and Moderations is a Text-Tech Papers project devoted to recovering poetry written, published, and circulated in Los Angeles and Southern California. Each volume brings neglected books and poems back into view through carefully prepared texts, archival images, biographical context, and a clear record of the surviving sources.

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

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Adolphe Danziger de Castro

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ARCHIVAL IMAGES

Two distinct photographs, placed before the biographical introduction.



Adolphe Danziger, 1921. Contemporary portrait with facsimile signature.



Adolphe de Castro, center, and Maria Paez Urquidi de Castro at his right, with Polish cultural figures in Long Beach; photograph published in Algirdas Gustaitis's Vienybė profile, 30 January 1959.

INTRODUCTION

A multilingual life between documented achievement and cultivated legend.

Stage I | Poland, immigration, and San Francisco publishing, 1859/1866–1900

The documentary record begins with a problem de Castro himself helped create: the year and even the precise day of his birth remain unsettled. Late interviews and obituaries present him as born 10 November 1859, and modern reference works often give 6 November 1859. Who's Who in American Jewry and the American Jewish Archives biographical tradition give 10 November 1866. The surviving evidence places his birth in the Płock or Dobrzyń region of Congress Poland, then within the Russian Empire, but no civil record has been found. He was born Abram Dancygier and later used Gustav or Gustave Adolf Danziger before adopting Adolphe de Castro. His claims of rabbinical ordination under Israel Joshua Trunk of Kutno and a doctorate in Oriental philology from Bonn in 1882 are plausible elements of his intellectual formation but remain unverified by surviving certificates or university records.

He emigrated to the United States in 1883. Later accounts place him first in St. Louis and Vincennes and then in San Francisco by November 1884. By 1888 he was naturalized, married to Bertha Levy, and writing for Jewish periodicals. Serial essays in the Jewish Voice treated Maimonides, labor in antiquity, and biblical narrative; a later column, “Golden Gate Notes,” joined literary journalism to community observation. Contemporary and later notices variously call him teacher, journalist, dentist, lawyer, scientist, and inventor. Journalism is securely documented; dental training and licensure have not been located. His historical article “The Jew in San Francisco: The Last Half Century,” published in the April 1895 Overland Monthly, remains one of his most substantial early statements about Jewish civic life in California.

Danziger entered the San Francisco literary field through the Western Authors Publishing Association, whose manager and editor he was by 1893. His most durable early connection was with Ambrose Bierce. Danziger

translated or adapted Richard Voss's German tale *Der Mönch von Berchtesgaden*; Bierce reshaped it as *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter*, serialized in 1891 and issued as a book in 1892. Danziger's own story "The Automatic Executioner" appeared in *The Wave* in 1891. His 1893 book *In the Confessional and The Following* and the 1905 *Children of Fate* show a writer drawn to erotic confession, punishment, fantastic machinery, and moral reversal. A September 1893 notice praised his versatility while identifying his practical work for the association.

Stage II | New York, diplomacy, law, and the first poetry books, 1900–1919

Around 1900 Danziger left the Pacific Coast for New York and an increasingly international career. He published the novel *A Man, A Woman and A Million* in 1902 and *Jewish Forerunners of Christianity* in 1903, later issued in London and New York. The latter argued for the Jewish intellectual and religious foundations of Christianity, a theme he pursued in "The Condemnation of Christ" in *The Open Court* and much later in *Jesus Lived*. United States government records confirm vice-consular service in Madrid in 1903 and subsequent work at Aberdeen; the inflated title "consul general" belongs to later publicity. He was admitted to practice before the United States Supreme Court in 1904. Correspondence preserved by the Theodore Roosevelt Center also documents meaningful campaign work for Roosevelt, though not the sweeping political influence he later claimed.

The private record is unusually tangled. His marriage to Bertha Levy produced a family but ended amid long separation and litigation. A reported 1906 ceremony with Ida Silbert was later disputed by Danziger; divorce and support proceedings followed. His relationship with Georgina McLelland or McClellan began by 1907 and lasted until her death in 1935, inspiring love poems, dedications, and memorial verse in several languages. A daughter, Martha, was born around 1908. The surviving court record does not support the simple late-life claim that he had merely married three times. Instead it reveals overlapping domestic arrangements, uncertain legal status, and recurrent self-reinvention.

His first surviving poetry book, *After the Confession and Other Verses* (1908), gathered thirty-three poems—twenty-six in English and seven in

German—although a later bibliographical count gives thirty-four. The volume announces a conventional late-Romantic repertoire of roses, kisses, constancy, betrayal, courage, maternal feeling, parable, and ballad narrative. Its prefatory “Just a Word” reports that an earlier manuscript had been stolen and that poems to his mother could not be reconstructed. In the *Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (1916) returned to that story, revised much of the 1908 book, dropped the German section, and added fables, sonnets, public poems, wartime verse, and a sequence after Friedrich Bodenstedt’s *Mirza-Schaffy*. The title narrative’s blind giant and legless dwarf give bodily form to de Castro’s recurring interest in divided faculties that become powerful through union.

Stage III | Los Angeles, Mexico, Bierce, Lovecraft, and late verse, 1920–1950

The Los Angeles years transformed Danziger into de Castro. In 1920 he became the first elected president of *La Comunidad Sefardi de Los Angeles*, an important early Sephardic congregation. In 1921 he legally changed his name and published or announced *The World Crucified*, a photoplay scenario that relocated Christ’s activity into a modern social frame. A 1922 California disbarment closed one part of his professional life. He and Georgina spent substantial time in Mexico during the 1920s; passenger records place them returning from Veracruz in 1925. These years also generated Spanish-language titles and claims of Mexican political and cultural association that remain only partly documented.

De Castro’s second durable weird-fiction connection began when H. P. Lovecraft revised two of his stories. “A Sacrifice to Science” became “The Last Test” in *Weird Tales* in 1928; “The Automatic Executioner” became “The Electric Executioner” there in 1930. The relationship was commercial and sometimes strained, but it gave de Castro a lasting place in Lovecraft bibliography. His *Portrait of Ambrose Bierce* (1929), itself heavily revised by Frank Belknap Long, mixed memoir, literary portrait, and legend. A third proposed Lovecraft revision appears not to survive. In Providence in 1936 de Castro joined Lovecraft and R. H. Barlow in composing acrostics on Edgar Allan Poe; de Castro’s “Edgar Allan Poe” appeared in the May 1937 *Weird Tales*.

After Georgina's death in New York on 23 January 1935, de Castro scattered her ashes and returned to Los Angeles. His late poetry grew more public and more expansive. *The Painter's Dream* (1940), an anti-Hitler poem or pamphlet sold for the benefit of war victims, has not been recovered in full. *The Hybrid Prince of Egypt, Plus Song of the Arabian Desert* (1950) contains two extended poems: a speculative, romantic life of Moses and an Orientalist desert meditation on freedom, poverty, and devotion. The volume blends Jewish tradition, amateur Egyptology, biblical romance, and Hollywood-scale spectacle, even invoking Cecil B. DeMille and Wagner in its prefatory "Orientation."

Stage IV | Jewish public poetry, science-fiction fandom, and the final legend, 1950–1959

De Castro married Maria Paez Urquidí on 7 April 1947 according to his late interview. In his final decade he moved between Jewish public verse and Los Angeles science-fiction fandom. "The Statue of Liberty: A Chant and a Prayer," printed in the October 1957 *Jewish Life*, accompanies a letter that identifies him as Sephardi, praises an Emma Lazarus commemoration, and firmly rejects the magazine's Communist politics. "Poland—My Native Land" appeared in the *Polonia Reporter* in 1958. At the same time, the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society and FANAC celebrated his supposed hundredth birthday at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel, linking him with Ray Bradbury and a younger community that knew him chiefly through Bierce and Lovecraft.

Algirdas Gustaitis's illustrated January 1959 profile presents de Castro reading in a small apartment, mentally alert and eager to display poems, letters, portraits, and stories. It also preserves the self-mythologizing claims that had gathered around him: friendship with presidents and artists, forty-five Atlantic crossings, a 7,500-volume library lost in the 1906 San Francisco disaster, research in the Vatican Library, mastery of fourteen languages, and inside knowledge of Bierce's death. Some claims have documentary support; others remain uncorroborated. Adolphe de Castro died at home in Los Angeles on 4 March 1959. His papers at the American Jewish Archives include a long autobiography, correspondence, fiction, two folders of poems, photographs, and unpublished manuscripts—an archive still capable of changing the account of his life and the contents of his poetry.

EDITORIAL NOTE AND SOURCES

Reading texts, cumulative witnesses, translations, and unrecovered work.

This edition prints each distinct poem once, at the point where it first entered de Castro's surviving book record. The English poems of *After the Confession and Other Verses* are represented by their clearer revised texts in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems*; first-publication pages and changed titles are recorded after each poem. The seven German poems unique to 1908 follow that first edition. The 1916 section contains only work first added in the second collection, followed by the complete 1950 book and the recoverable 1957 periodical poem.

Original scans—not the project's earlier reader PDF and not raw OCR—govern lineation, stanza structure, italics, punctuation, and deliberate indents. Narrow-page wraps have been rejoined; running heads, folios, scan debris, and spurious hanging indents have been removed. Clear typographical slips have been emended when the intended word is certain and are noted when potentially significant. Closed em dashes follow the series house style.

The photographed 1950 volume arrived as two-page spreads. Its pages were split before transcription so that gutter loss could be reread line by line. The *Hybrid Prince of Egypt* retains its sectional headings and six-line stanzas; "Song of the Arabian Desert" retains its headings and continuous twelve-line units. The author's "Orientation" and 1916 foreword are included because they directly describe the poems' composition and poetics.

No complete text has been invented for *The Painter's Dream*, "Let There Be Light!," "Edgar Allan Poe," "Poland—My Native Land," or the two manuscript poem folders in the American Jewish Archives. These are documented in an appendix so that absence from the reading text is not mistaken for absence from de Castro's career.

AFTER THE CONFESSION AND OTHER VERSES (1908)

The complete poetry contents in original order; revised English witnesses are identified after each poem.

After the Confession

I oft forget religious feasts
In culling love's sweet roses.
Alike to me are Church and Creed
Of Christ or that of Moses.

For both proclaim that thou shalt love
Thy neighbor with affection.
And I, in sooth, have never failed
To give him my protection.

To love a neighbor as thyself,
Is sweet, and well and human,
But one can more intensely love
A neighbor who's a Woman.

Not long ago my neighbor was
A maid of Jewish fashion,
Who taught me the Mosaic laws
With oriental passion.

She's married now, her husband is
A portly Jewish brother,
But neighbor love, that gentle law,
I practise with another.

For now my neighbor is a maid
The Church of Rome professes,
Her eyes are like the ocean's depth,
Like amber are her tresses.

I love Marie and love her faith,
Which was for comfort given,
For one may sin and tell the Priest
And soon be wholly shriven.

But people do not always tell
Of all the sins committed,
A tiny sinlet here and there
Is now and then omitted.

It was not always thus, in Rome

The penitents did spinning,
Today one gives the Church her pence
And gladly goes on sinning.

But cease this thought, my neighbor fair,
On whom my love now centers,
Anon, like incarnated rhythm,
My lonely chamber enters.

“What bodes this look,” to her I say,
“This highly wrought expression?”
“This is,” she answers, “Easter week,
And I have made confession.”

“Didst tell the Priest,” I cry, “how oft
My breast thy bosom crushes
Until thine alabaster neck
Is dyed with crimson blushes?

Didst tell” — “Now hush,” she calmly says,
“To practise virtue better,
I’ve told the Priest of ev’ry sin,
Aye, to the very letter.

“I am a better Christian now,
No sin my soul distresses,
’Tis sweet, my dear, to be absolved
When one but full confesses.”

“’tis truth, delightedly I cry,
“The mind is dull that misses
To note the change—I know, Marie,
I feel it in—thy kisses.

For only one as pure as thou
Can laugh such saintly laughter,
Marie, my dear, confess again,
Thy love is sweeter after.”

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), pp. 7–9. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), pp. 58–61.

Just a Flower

A flow'r in a garden grew,
Of dulcet scent and fairest hue;
This gentle flow'r was for an hour
The sweetest flow'r I ever knew.

The little flower trusted me,
And loved me very tenderly;
It wept and blushed as it was crushed,
Yet spake no angry word to me.

In sooth, it was a merry start—
I gaily played the lover's part;
Then came a day, I would away—
Another flow'r had won my heart.

The pretty flow'r hung its head
When I farewell so lightly said;
It ne'er replied, nor even cried—
Alas! the little flow'r was dead!

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 10. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 80.

Could I but Tell

Could I but tell what moves my soul
When I thy gracious smile behold,
Could I but hope to reach the goal
Where scenes of bliss their charms unfold.

Could I but dwell with thee, my love,
In sylvan silence far away,
Where none but chanting birds above
Attune to rapture love's sweet lay.

Could I but tell my heart's desire,
The love for which I strive and long;
I'd string with stars a golden lyre
To match the sweetness of my song.

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 11. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 81.

Bonne Nuit

Good Night.

That night, dear heart, when first we met,
I never can forget, Marie;
When from thy lips in accents sweet,
I heard thy gracious “bonne nuit.”

Mine ears have heard so oft since then
Its rare, bewitching melody,
That ev’ry zephyr breathes to me
A tender, thrilling “bonne nuit.”

That night of thee, my love, I dreamed,
Our hearts were twain in Paradise;
I heard again that “bonne nuit,”
Again I saw thy laughing eyes.

How oft my soul hath sought the spell
Thy grace and voice bestow, Marie;
Oh, let me see thee once again,
To hear you say that “bonne nuit.”

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 12. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 82.

The Song of Songs

Das Hohe Lied—Heine.

A woman, is a poem grand
That God, by genius smitten,
With graceful touch and master hand,
In Nature's book has written.

He chose the moment well enough
To form his inspiration,
And made of that rebellious stuff
An excellent creation.

In sooth, a woman's body far
Surpasses all romances;
Her limbs, so white and plastic, are
The most poetic stanzas.

How well the gracious Poet wrought
The neck—he curved so finely—
And on it poised the central thought—
The curly head, divinely.

The billowed breasts, with rosebuds done,
Are epigrams in measure;
The metric space between each one
Affords enchanting pleasure.

The Poet's plastic art reveals
Each hip which full of grace is;
The mystic Ode the leaf conceals,
A noble Law embraces.

No fanciful conception this,
But flesh and blood that hisses
With passion, speech, and lips that kiss
In rhymed and metric kisses.

Here rings the truest poetry
With grace in each inflection,
And on its face indelibly
Is stamped divine perfection.

I praise Thee, Lord, as praise I must,
And all the world shall know it,
Compared with Thee we're bungling dust,
O, matchless, heavenly Poet.

I ponder deeply ev'ry way
Thy work of plastic beauty,
And tireless am by night and day
In this divinest duty.

And sweet it is to revel in
Thy work with soul and body,
Though, Lord, I'm growing pale and thin
From overzealous study.

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), pp. 13–14. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), pp. 62–64.

Is It Love?

Why are thine eyes cast down sweet maid,
Why are thy cheeks so rosy red?
Why are thy hands on bosom laid,
Why bowest thou thy gentle head?
Is it love? O, maiden speak!
Is it love, the love I seek?

Why doth my heart in rapture beat
When thou art nigh, when thou art nigh?
Why do I tremble when we meet?
I fain would speak, yet can but sigh!
Is it love? O, maiden speak!
Is it love, the love I seek?

Adoring, at thy feet I kneel,
And ask no more if love it be;
The sweet, exquisite pain I feel
Has solved the sacred mystery.
Love, sweet love, my heart doth speak;
'Tis the love, the love I seek!

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 15. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 73.

Ask Me Not

Ask me not why thus I love you,
Why my heart so pines for you;
Ask the roses why they wither
Without sunshine, without dew.

See that e'en the poorest sunflow'r,
Knowing where to find her bliss,
Turns her face bedecked with dewdrops
To the sunlight for a kiss.

Dear, I know but that I love you
More than roses love the dew;
More than sunflow'rs long for daylight,
Do I, dearest, long for you.

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 16. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 74.

The Long Kiss; or, Love's Millennium

To Georgina.

Had I a thousand years to live
And one in which to call you mine,
I'd gladly choose the one and give
Away nine hundred ninety-nine.
That year I'd use to drink in sips
Nine hundred ninety-nine of bliss,
And, hanging on your honeyed lips,
I'd kiss a year one single kiss.

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 17. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 75. The 1916 revision retitles the poem "One Kiss."

Gypsy Love

Would'st win my love, then kiss to blood my lips;
Tear shred by shred my garb; with mad impress,
A bear like, rend and claw my quiv'ring flesh,
Destroy my last defense to thy caress.
When crushed I lie beneath thy grasp and spent,
My love is won, I then obey thy nod
And, crawling at thy feet, thou master man,
I worship thee, my conqueror, my god.

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 17. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 76.

When Thou Wert Wholly Mine

Some day, when twilight shadows fall
On paths that love with light endow'rs,
Thou wilt with longing heart recall
The thrilling bliss of those sweet hours
When thou wert wholly mine
Dear love, and I was thine.

And then, beloved, thou wilt fret,
And call the blissful past in vain;
But sighs and tears and sad regret
Shall never, never bring again
The days when thou wert mine,
Dear love, and I was thine.

Then strain me to thy heaving breast,
And let me press my lips to thine!
Oh, let us guard each moment lest
We should recall with grief ferine,
The days when thou wert mine,
Dear love, and I was thine.

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 18. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 77.

As of Yore

I dream as lilies dream and sigh,
Upon the moon illumined plain;
I sing as swans that sing and die,
And think my song will still the pain.

I pray that light again might shine
Upon the scene of former bliss,
When, pillowed on thy breast divine,
I drank the nectar of thy kiss.

My love, my love, my heart's desire,
I long for thee, for none but thee!
QO, come and tune the golden lyre
To love's delightful harmony;

And heart to heart and eyes to eyes,
We'll live in rapture as of yore;
The world shall be our Paradise,
And naught shall part us evermore!

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 19. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 78.

To a Rose

O Rose, divine in thy red array,
Thy lustrous face with love a-light;
Benign and fair as sun-lit day,
Enchanting as the star-lit night.

I knew thee in a better life,
Where death was not nor was decay,
And peace, unmarred by human strife,
Sublimely made the perfect way.

Until the mystic Voice divine
Ordained my soul to mortal's doom,
And thee, O, sister soul of mine,
A hued and fragrant rose to bloom.

I found thee in thy red array,
Thy fragrant heart with gems bedight,
I love thee as the light of day,
I love thee as the starlit night.

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 20. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 70.

The Flower's Sorrow

A flow'r complained to me one day,
When still the dew upon her lay;
Her sigh told more than she confessed,
And pity 'rose within my breast.

Alas! the pretty little flow'rs
Too often know their sadder hours;
The scent that they to us impart
Is grieving from a broken heart.

At morning, when the sun is bright,
The Flowers' sorrow comes to light;
Deceived, they from their dreams arise,
And teardrops sparkle in their eyes.

Shame lends the rose a ruddy grace,
While passion pales the lily's face.
Alas, poor flow'ers, they love in gloom,
And weep at morn—yet still they bloom!

Oh, human heart, o, fragrant star,
How deep and keen your sufferings are.
But longing heart, fear not, nor dread,
The gloomy hour; for Love his head
Shall graciously to thee incline,
And bless thee soon with joy divine.

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 21. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 88. The 1916 revision prints the title as "The Flowers' Sorrow."

Love's Lullaby

Hush, my love, the night is falling,
Twilight gleameth in the west,
And the nightingale is calling
His beloved to the nest.
Blow-wee, blow-wee.

I made a bed of fragrant rose, love,
And pillow soft for two, love;
A dulcet nest for true love,
Where thou and I shall find repose, love,
Blow-wee, blow-wee.

See, my love, the stars are beaming
Passion-fire in ev'ry ray;
And each star is fondly dreaming
Of a star love far away.
Blow-wee, blow-wee.

Ring out, sing out, the day is done, love,
The nest is made for two, love;
A paradise for true love
Where thou and I shall be as one, love,
Blow-wee, blow-wee.

Hush, my love, and cease repining,
Lay thy head upon my breast;
And thy heart to peace inclining,
Shall be lulled to gentle rest.
Blow-wee, blow-wee.

Then kiss and whisper low, good night, love,
Our cozy nest for two, love,
Shall be a nest for true love,
For ever light and ever bright, love.
Blow-wee, blow-wee.

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), pp. 22–23. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 89.

The Words from Thy Lips

The sweet words thy fair lips have spoken
Have robbed me of peace and of sleep;
Their music proclaims them a token—
How rare is thy love and how deep!

And over those dear words I ponder,
I ponder by day and by night;
In darkness no more can I wander,
Yet dare not appear in the light.

I will not that freedom shall find me,
If by it from thee I must part;
Be gracious, beloved, and bind me
With fetters of love to thy heart!

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 24. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 86.

Leave Me Not

Leave me not to grief and pining,
For I need thy sweet caress,
As a rose the sunlight's shining,
And the dewdrops tenderness.

Shall thy sacred word be broken,
When thy heart was love arrayed;
Shall life's dearest, sweetest token,
Like a flower be decayed.

Leave me not to pain and sorrow
At the door of life's delight;
Loneliness no joy can borrow
From a hopeless, gloomy night.

Leave me not; 'tis all I'm pleading,
Thinking only this one thought;
Crying, while my heart is bleeding,
Leave me not, oh, leave me not!

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 25. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 87.

Cupid Comes Stealing

Cupid comes stealing,
A thief in the night,
Deftly concealing,
His arrows from sight.

Treading quite lightly,
Love passes the heart;
Cupid draws tightly
And speedeth his dart.

Mortally wounded,
Love weepeth with pain;
Cupid, unbounded,
But laughs at the slain.

He mocketh love's play
Till the rise of the sun,
And flieth away
When the mischief is done.

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 26. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 69.

The King's Lament

Alive, no, no, I'm dead,
My tortured soul is fled;
My body chilled and sore,
Will feel her touch no more
In love as oft before.

What vile and traitor hand,
By jealously unmanned,
Destroyed my gentle queen,
So regal in her mien,
So saintly and serene.

Or was it by a nod,
Of a capricious god,
My gladness to disperse,
A demon so perverse
Was sent, then him I curse.

I curse, I curse the pow'r
That gave me for an hour
The most exquisite joy
And then, as were't a toy,
With malice to destroy.

Of thousands that have sold
Their bodies vile for gold,
The vast and endless train,
Of those that live in pain
And hope they would be slain.

Of miscry's broad field
That human thistles yield,
And life with evil dow'r,
He vented not his pow'r,
But crushed my gentle flow'r.

Is madness this, or spite,
In horror to delight?
Oh, ne'er will I believe,
The reaper cuts the sheave,

The tender plants to grieve.

The reaper cuts to feed
A lower kind of breed,
And where he cuts he sows;
He harrows, but he knows
The soil much richer grows.

The plants thus cut away,
Give seed another day;
But human hearts that die,
With agonizing cry,
Forever buried lie.

What happiness if one
Could die when love is done,
And break life's iron band,
Or, with a sweep of hand,
Our pain to cease command.

But no, our mem'ries live,
And thousand tortures give;
Unquenched remains desire
In hearts with grief on fire,
Until our souls expire.

We're proud and potent kings,
When love's sweet summons rings;
The golden crowns we wear,
Bode not a single care,
Until there comes despair.

We rule with gentle hand
This dream and flower land;
When love's sweet rose is blown,
We're kings, when love is flown,
We're kings without a throne.

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), pp. 27–29. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), pp. 90–94.

The Castle on the Lee

A Parable.

A man there was and rich was he,
As rich a man as man could be.
He ruled all men as like a god,
And each obeyed his slightest nod,
And like a god he wished to dwell
Above the lot whose life is hell.
By fancy lured, he raised his head,
And to his own proud self he said:

I am a multimillionaire,
I'll build a castle in the air,
A mighty fort upon a lee,
Above the forest, hill and sea,
I'll soar as mighty eagles, clear
Above the earth, and laugh at fear
That grips the human worms below
As thunders roll and tempests blow.

I shall defy the crash and shock
Within my house of granite rock.

The backs of thousand slaves were bent
Neath heavy loads, and rocks were rent
And marble cut to perfect art
To lend a grace to ev'ry part.
With gardens of a magic spell,
Wherein Olympian gods might dwell.
Until there stood quite firm and fair
The castle of the millionaire.

A turret room, octagonal,
Rose high above the lordly hall.
The windows were of gems whose sheen
Did magnify the outer scene,
Thus passed in panoramic view
The son of toil, at work with thew,
To force the patient mother field
The food for man and beast to yield.

He heard the shepherd's call, the barks
Of docile dogs and songs of larks.
He saw the mountains, capped with snow,
Lambent in new born daylight glow.
He heard the sighs of lives in gloom,
He saw the toilers at the loom,
Bereft of hope, bereft of joy,
A rag of life—the Reaper's toy.

He saw the children fall with irk
In soul and body killing work.
And tender girls, whom cruel greed
Condemned a leprous race to breed.
He heard the groans, he heard the sobs,
He saw the ragged, hungry mobs,
He heard their cry for work and bread,
He saw the slaughter and the dead—

He heard it all and saw it all
From yonder lofty turret hall.
And thrice he laughed in boundless mirth.
What bliss, he said, to see the earth
From this secure and lofty height.
Behold, it whets my appetite
To see again the earthly pest,
Ill doubly now enjoy my rest.

And as the moments came and went,
He felt exceedingly content.

And, gazing at the sky, he saw
What seemed a speck, a little flaw,
The matchless, perfect blue contained,
That soon, like forces held enchained
And loosened, leapt, grew black and low'r'd
With boding wrath, then rolled and roared,
The ocean heaved, convulsed with pain,
His foamy head again, again,

Was crashed against the rocky wall,
Despairful moanings in its fall,
And on the furies sprang or crept

Then at the trembling forest leapt.
The leaves in murmurs told their dread
The trees bent low, the furies sped
Away through forest hill and dale
With gruesome havoc in their trail.

The millionaire contently thought,
The house is strong my slaves have wrought,
I can defy the crash and shock
Within my house of granite rock.
His pride was just, his house was good,
The storm's attack it quite withstood.
And proudly then he raised his head
And thus defiantly he said:

I hold the mighty magic rod,
I fear no man, I fear no god,
I laugh at both and them I mock
Within my house of granite rock.

An earthquake came and wrenched the lee,
The granite house fell in the sea.
It took the castle from the air
And also took the millionaire.

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), pp. 30–33. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), pp. 35–38.

To the Strong

And yet withal, the world loves not a fool;
'Tis he, who fiercely fights with might and main,
That wins the day; the brave will live; the rule
Holds good for man and beast; the weak are slain
To give the strong their boding force to try
Full use of life; the quick will live, the slow must die.

So great is courage's pow'r, that e'en the eyes
Of love, that much forgive, a craven heart,
That beats with fear and halts, will soon despise.
For love loves courage as the chiefest part,
And courage wins when whining cowards fail,
As winds serve best a full resisting sail.

So lovéd are the strong, that e'en the Crucified
Holds forth to them His pierced and bleeding hand,
And says: In agony and death I've tried
To teach, that strength is God's supreme command;
For they who suffer much and suffer long,
Though weak in flesh, remain in spirit strong

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), pp. 34–35. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 45. The 1916 revision retitles the poem "The Strong."

Twilight

Behold, how bits of rose and blue,
In fancifully blended hue,
Are fading into lambent air
That glints upon the sea; and there,
The heaving, ever-changing light,
Is rocked to wait the coming night.

The sea devours the day,
As light is swept away,
Despairing voices call;
The darksome shadows fall
Upon the world of light,
And then, farewell, good-night!

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 35. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 72.

The Lily and the Rose

A Persian Fable.

When God had willed this world to be,
He smiled, and lo, His very face
Enflamed a scene of symmetry,
Of beauty, love and matchless grace.

And dulcet sounds from flowers rang
Wherein the gentle zephyrs played,
While love its sweetest cadence sang
In all the Master Mind had made.

As night had fallen on the scene,
The lily—glowing deeply red,
The rose, that gleamed in white serene,
With fervent speech did woo, and said:

Oh, rose, fair rose, I pray, incline
Thine ear and harken to my plea,
Behold, my heart with love ferine
Is burning, fairest rose, for thee.

The rose then said: I can't return
Thy passion, for the Lord above.
No blood infused my veins to burn
With fierce desire; I can not love.

At this the lily's passion grew i
Yet more intense, her heart would break
If love came not to save, she knew,
And sighed. At length she smiled and spake—

Fair rose of love, do not despair,
The Lord in wisdom did ordain
That I my blood with thee shall share
And share with thee all bliss and pain.

The rose then smiled with silent scorn,
Prepared to play a hateful part;
She forthwith sent her sharpest thorn
To pierce the loving lily's heart.

The lily's blood flowed all the night
Upon the rose's face and head,
And morning found the lily white,
The rose a deep and vivid red.

And when the rose was thus arrayed
In carmined dress of rarest hue,
And gems wherein the sunbeams played,
A Fairy gave her fragrance, too.

But since the rose did not repent,
But gloried at her suitor's woe,
The Lord imposed a punishment
That she on thorny stalks should grow.

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), pp. 36–37. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), pp. 55–57.

Courage Is King

A New Year's Toast.

To friends we have made, and plans we have laid,
If noble the thought that laid them,
No failure or fear can touch us this year,
For friends are true if—we made them.

So up with a cheer to the passed old year,
And hail with delight the new one;
Let bravely us sing, for Courage is King,
And stick to a friend—a true one.

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 38. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 41.

To My Lady

No crown can sweeter graces
Thy womanhood impart,
For, written on thy face, is
A noble mind and heart.

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 38. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 49.

Inconstancy

Woman doomed to constant fretting
For a lover far away
Falls a victim to—forgetting
When another comes to stay.

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 39. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 51.

Rest

Behind the crest of yonder purpling hill,
Low sinks the splendor glowing western sun;
The perfumed air is calm and sweetly still,
For now the day is past and toil is done.

Upon the breast of night, in sweet repose
The wearied earth reclines her grateful head;
Forgotten all her sins and griefs and woes,
She dreams of love, and in her dream is glad.

Publication. First published in *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 39. Reading text follows the revised printing in *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 83.

Die Wörter Deiner Lippen

Translation by the Author.

Du hast mir mit zärtlichen Worten
Das Herz und die Seele betrübt;
Du hast mir so völlig bewiesen,
Wie hingebend Du mich geliebt.

Doch bin ich so traurig und elend,
Mein Herz mir vor Wehmut schier bricht;
Nun kann ich im Dunkel nicht wandeln,
Und wage mich doch nicht ans Licht.

Drum führe mich hütlich, Du Holde,
Ich weile ja gerne bei Dir;
Ach, bind mich mit Ketten der Liebe!
Dan dien' ich Dir für und für!

Publication. *After the Confession and Other Verses* (New York: Adolphe Danziger, 1908), p. 40.
Printed as the author's translation or counterpart to "The Words from Thy Lips."

Lass Mich Nicht

Translation by the Author.

Lass mich nicht denn Furcht und Bangen
 Fuellt mein Herz und truebt den Blick;
Sterben muss ich vor Verlangen
 Ohne Dich, oh, Du, mein Glueck.

Treue hast Du mir geschworen,
 Innig klang Dein suesser Eid;
Dein war ich, von Dir erkoren,
 Dich zu lieben nur geweiht.

Lass mich nicht in Gram und Sorgen
 Wahrend noch das Glueck uns lacht;
Freude kann der Tag nicht borgen
 Von der hoffnungslosen Nacht.

Lass mich nicht—ich bin entmuthet;
 Wie ein Blinder fleht nach Licht
Fleh' ich weil mein Herz verblutet,
 Lass mich nicht, oh, lass mich nicht!

Publication. After the Confession and Other Verses (1908), p. 41. Printed as the author's translation or counterpart to "Leave Me Not." The source's terminal "night" has been emended to "nicht."

Blumen Liebe

The Flowers' Love.

Ich sah 'ne thau'ge Blume,
Gar herrlich aufgeblueht;
Doch hoert' ich ihre Klage
Im innersten Gemueth.

Ich hoerte dass die Blume
Hat einen stillen Schmerz,
Und ist ihr koestlich Duften
Ein seufzend Blumenherz.

Es bringt die Morgen Sonne
Geheimen Gram ans Licht;
Die Blume steht und seufzet,
Thauthraenen im Gesicht.

Oh, sage, holde Rose,
Hat Scham dir Roeth' vererbt?
Bist du, oh, weisse Lilie,
Von Leidenschaft entfaerbt?

Ihr liebt, oh, holde Blumen,
An naechtlich stillem Ort,
Und trotz der Schmerzens Thraenen
So blueht ihr weiter fort.

Publication. After the Confession and Other Verses (1908), p. 42.

Frage Nicht

Translation by the Author.

Frage nicht warum ich lieb' Dich,
Gluehend Dir ins Auge schau';
Frag' warum die Rosen welken
Ohne Sonne, ohne Thau.

Sieh' die armen Sonnenblumen,
Wenden stets ihr Angesicht,
Und verlangend ewig suchen
Einen Kuss vom Sonnenlicht.

Ach, ich weiss nur dass ich lieb' Dich,
Dass ich rasend bin und blind;
Denn was Sonne ist den Blumen
Das mir Deine Augen sind!

Publication. *After the Confession and Other Verses* (1908), p. 43. Printed as the author's translation or counterpart to "Ask Me Not."

Wein und Weiber

Lied einer Ungarin.

Ohne Wein da isch ka Leben,
Ohne Liab isch ka Sein;
Ohne Sonne kaine Reben,
Ohne Reben kainen Wein.

Ohne Weiber kaine Kisse,
Ohne Kisse kaine Lust;
Ohne Lust nur Aergernisse,
Wachsen in der Menschenbrust.

Drum Du Herz'ger, lass uns kissen,
Lass betaiben uns den Sinn;
Lass der ganzen Welt es wissen,
Dass ich Daine Liabste bin.

Publication. After the Confession and Other Verses (1908), p. 44. Dialect spellings are retained from the source.

Guter Rat

Mein Sohn, sei gut wie sich's gebuehrt,
Der Menschenlieb' ergieb Dich ganz,
Denn selbst beim Schweine oft sich ruehrt
Recht mitleidsvoll der krause Schwanz.

Nimm Alles was Dein Aug' begehrt,
Auf Reichthum sei Dein Sinn bedacht,
Weil Alles was ein Schwein verzehrt
So ziemlich guten Schinken macht.

Und siehst Du jeh bei einem Mann
'Ne Zucker-Kringel, nimm sie doch,
Und iss sie auf, der Dumme kann
Begnuegt sein mit dem schoenen Loch.

Leih' Geld, mein Sohn, warum denn nicht?
Der Edle froehnt der edlen That,
Doch hoere was von Pfand man spricht
Ob Werth es fuer die Summa hat.

In Glaubens Sachen sei recht schlau,
Der Glaube ist ein hart Geschwuer,
Drum ist's gescheuter wenn Du oft
Halb offen laesst die Meinungs Thuer.

Zum Beispiel:

Der Pastor Mueller sagt zu mir:

“Die Heil’ge Schrift die unterweist,

Dass Christus mit zwei Broden hat

Fuenf tausend Menschen einst gespeist.

“Nun glauben Sie’s, mein lieber Stein?”

“Gewiss, ich glaub’ es ganz wie ’n Kind,

Nur” — “Was,” schreit Mueller, “was meint nur?”

“Ob sie auch satt geworden sind?”

Mit bestem Gruss an Gross und Klein,

Dein lieber Vater Itzig Stein.

Publication. After the Confession and Other Verses (1908), pp. 45–46. The evident source error “mitleidscoll” has been emended to “mitleidsvoll.”

Das Meer Weib

Steigend aus dem blauen Meere,
Farbenreich im Sonnenglanz;
Sah ein Juengling eines Tages,
Einen grossen Wallfisch-schwanz.

Auf der Spitze dieses Schwanzes,
Sass ein herrlich schoenes Weib;
Meeres-tiefe in den Augen
Alabaster gleich der Leib.

Auf dem Ruecken hing ihr langes,
Seidenweiches schwarz Gelock;
Und den blendend weissen Busen
Deckte duennes Schaum-Geflock.

Bald erhob sie ihre Stimme,
Wunder suess war ihr Gesang;
Gluecklich schien der Fisch im Wasser
Doch dem Juengling wurde bang.

Suesser tönen ihre Laute
Und der Juengling steht und lauscht,
Augen, Haar, Gesang and Busen,
Hoben völlig ihn berauscht.

Und sie lud ihn mitzukommen,
In den Unter-See Palast;
Dort ein Weilchen auszuruhen,
Als ihr einzig liebster Gast.

Viele Leute sind da unten
Alle werden amuesirt;
Und so manchen guten Dichter,
Hab' ich dort schon eingefuehrt.

Dichter hassen zwar das Wasser
Ihre Force ist der Wein
Doch vergiebt sich Mancher Etwas
In dem Kreise Gast zu sein.

Also sprach die holde Nixe,

Und der Juengling ging mit ihr;
Reitend auf des Fisches Schwanze,
In das Unter See Quartir.

Publication. After the Confession and Other Verses (1908), pp. 47–48.

IN THE GARDEN OF ABDULLAH AND OTHER POEMS (1916)

The author's foreword and the poems first added in the expanded Los Angeles collection.

Foreword to the Second Edition

In the year Nineteen-hundred, while in Washington, I showed Ambrose Bierce, who a decade before had revised my story *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter*, the manuscript of a number of poems I had written on diverse occasions. He pronounced them, as he had pronounced the story referred to, "good enough for publication."

I did not offer the work to a publisher, because I had not sufficient confidence in myself as a poet. I looked upon my verses as a boy regards some stolen sweets which he hides lest he be found out and punished for his act. The English language being with me one acquired, I was keenly fearful of the critics' cry what I, a foreign Saul, was doing among the Prophets of English prosody.

Three years later, while American consular representative at Madrid, Spain, an American happened to see that very manuscript of poems, and enthusiastically declared that they ought to be published, and with a generosity that seemed to me then sublime, proposed to take the manuscript to London for publication. I consented, and that was the last I ever saw of that manuscript. Upon a fervent inquiry I received the laconic reply that the manuscript had been stolen at one of the big hotels in the English metropolis.

Instead of anger or sadness a certain joyous enthusiasm came to my soul, for, said I to myself, if that thief, despising gems of price, which he could have taken from my putative literary benefactor, deemed them as dross by comparison with my poems, his act, though predatory, has shown me that I am

a poet, and whatever be the taste of the thief, as some might sneeringly say, I had found one person who appreciates my worth. For his sake I would not destroy the Sodom and Gomorrah of my poetic activity. Poor Socrates. He said, *Gnosis auton* (know thyself). He had much to learn. He neither knew the poets whom thieves by night called into consciousness of their high destiny, nor yon shrinking songsters who never know themselves until the cudgel in the rude hand of a burly critic knocks them into a consciousness of their unworth. In my case there was the angel Raphael (pronounced Raffles), who gave me the hint to gird my loins and prophesy to the Muses, and I obeyed.

Re-writing from memory most of the verses and adding to them as I went along, for that is really very easy for the anointed Elijahs of poetry, I compiled another manuscript.

This I read to an English publisher and so bamboozled him with sweet words and promises of fortune, that he, being of the gentle fraternity that drink wine out of authors' skulls, yielded to my siren suasion, published the volume and utterly discredited himself with his clan by paying me a handsome royalty after the sales.

A really fine English poet, seeing the cheque which I exhibited with great satisfaction in the Savage Club at London, looking rather pensively at the slip of paper, said, "Ah-er-I-say, old chap, wasn't it your-er-Abraham Lincoln-er-who said-er-that you cahnt-er-fool all the people-er-all the time?"

"For once Abraham Lincoln was wrong, my dear fellow," I replied. "Your own Billy Shakespeare did it for nearly three hundred years, and it is nowhere recorded that a thief stole his poems in preference to jewels of great value." I was thinking of the incident that made me a poet and caused me to get the cheque. Wonderful, isn't it?

In this, the second edition of those and other verses, an entirely different cause underlies their publication, though I am not going to enter into all its details. The chances are that the reader, who cares, himself will discover them. I was thinking of those great poets who light the darkness of our nights with glowing star dust of their magic; who make the sunbeams dance a minuet to our fancy; who lull our senses to speechless calmitude, while our souls recline in the soft cushions of a chariot drawn by golden-shod horses through the empyrean, and, no matter what be their theme, produce in our hearts a desire to rise in harmony with the ineffably beautiful.

Thinking of those glorious poets, it came to me that we ought to help this happy state along with all such powers as we possess, and if we cannot play the master symphony to enchant the world entire, we may at least play a tune at some bucolic entertainment and be glad in the thought that in our own humble way we have helped to make some creatures happy for the time being.

Not being a great poet, I write verses for the satisfaction of the temporary impressions that breathe on the mirror of my mind, regardless of Philistine conceptions and those pious paragons with corrugated foreheads who sit in judgment over literature and life, and who would call Christ before their tribunal, did He fail to meet their narrow standards.

I dip my pen into the fount of lore of all ages, and wherever I find a gem the lustre of which ought to brighten the minds of others as it does my own, presto! I write, and as lustre is but a divergent degree of music, I invariably form my lines in meter and rhyme. There you have the secret. If, therefore, I do not indulge in “inversions” or twist my mental lips to utter a thought, but click my heels and whirl about in a sort of rhythmic Reigentanz, it is because I know not any different, and such amusement as I can afford, you are kindly requested, dear reader, to accept in the spirit in which it is presented.

Adolphe Danziger

In the Garden of Abdullah

In the Garden of Abdullah
(Sheikh and wisest of his people),
In the center of the Garden,
*Twixt a maze of thorny hedges,
Stood a tree on which there ripen'd
Yearly but a single Péri,
Lucent like the stime of Iris,
And transporting by its fragrance.

Of the Péri passed a legend
(Sacred as the Prophet's symbol),
That the seed came from the Péri
Blest and planted by the Prophet;
That if eaten with devotion
Healed the body of affliction,
Gave the mind the vastest knowledge,
And the soul its full perfection.

Yearly when the Péri ripened,
By the Sheikh away was taken
And with prayer and genuflexion,
Burned as off'ring to the Prophet,
Till the time when Méli Rahvah,
Sheikh Abdullah's growing daughter,
Reach the age of maiden glory,
She should eat the wonder Péri,

Grown was Abdullah's daughter;
Only child was Méli Rahvah,
And was sweeter than the houris
In the Eden of the Prophet.
She was destined for the Sultan,
When Abdullah had accomplished
His deferred and sacred journey
To the holy town of Mecca.

And to guard his double treasure
Sheikh Abdullah chose two watchmen
From among his many servants;

One, a giant who was sightless,
And a dwarfling, who was legless,
So that e'en if by their senses
They were tempted them to pleasure,
Ne'er could find their satisfaction.

To his mind there came the story,
How the soul was called to answer
For transgressions while indwelling
Mankind's earthly mortal body,
And the soul spake thus to Allah:
"Was not I in Thee begotten,
Allah's essence, pure and holy—
Can to evil yield the spirit?

'Tis the eagle part of carrion,
Though it be on carrion feeding;
Is the Prophet as the camel,
Though it bear the sacred burden?
Were it not the body's cravings,
Carrion that for carrion lusteth,
I would never feel temptation,
For the spirit never sinneth.'

Then did Allah call the body
To his dreadful throne of Justice,
And the craven clay, appearing,
Raised his sightless eyes to Allah;
Trembled when the voice accused him
Of his lust and deeds of evil,
Evil words that evil doubled
On the path of degradation.

And to Allah spake the body,
Fearful yet himself defending,
"Clay was I of thy creation,
Unendowed for good or evil,
Till the flesh, by spirit quicken'd,
Found in life its full direction:
I was helpless and was guided,
Blind was I, the soul but led me.'

*Twas for this that Sheikh Abdullah,
Having gleaned a sacred lesson,
Teaching that concerted action
Lies in union of the senses,
That he chose the halfling watchmen.
Wise, indeed, was Sheikh Abdullah,
For the action held a problem
Searcely able of solution.

High upon a lofty scaffold,
Overlooking all the garden,
Sheikh Abdullah placed the dwarfling,
And beneath, with mighty trumpet,
Was the blinded giant Arab.
Spake Abdullah to the dwarfling:
“* At intrusion, tell the blindman,
Let him signal to the guardsmen”.

Having put his house in order,
And his camel being ready
For his pilgrimage to Meceah,
Sheikh Abdullah kissed his daughter,
Prayed the Prophet to protect her
From the wily unbelievers,
Who despised the Prophet’s Chosen,
Yet adored their lovely daughters.

When Abdullah had departed,
Méli Rahvah, then reclining
On a divan in the garden,
Gazed with tense and secret longing
Through the rose-vine shaded arbor,
At the roadway to the village,
Where the hero of her fancy,
Riding past, was wont to tarry.

He was not a bearded Cadi,
Nor a chieftain of the Desert,
Who in bondage held her fancy
And her eyes to cloud with passion.
He was Bogdan, Knight of Poland,
Who had fought the Desert Arabs

And the fiercer Saracéans,
At the tombstone of the Master.

He was mounted like a Titan,
On a mighty coal-black Arab;
Eyes he had that matched the ocean
Deeply blue and all-defiant,
And his hair was long and wavy,
Seeming as if spun of amber,
Which the sunlight showed in dancing,
Mischief-making, wonder ringlets.

Méli Rahvah gazed with longing,
Through the iron-grated arbor.
There were peasants with their donkeys,
Women tattled with their neighbors;
Children shouted at the Mufti,
And a Dervish, too, was passing,
But the lover she expected
Did not come to still her longing.

And anon a voice was speaking,
Speaking softly at the arbor;
“I have donned this Dervish garment
That I may, with none to hinder,
Worship thus thy matchless beauty.
“*Come with me,” the voice implored her.
Méli Rahvah’s body trembled,
And her eyes with pleasure glinted.

Seeming calmly she responded:
“*Gladly would I do thy bidding,
But the portals and the garden
Both, are fended from intrusion.
E’en within are watchmen stationed,
Two are they, and though but halflings—
One is blind, the other legless—
Yet combined may halt intruders.”

“Speak, O maiden,” cried the Templar,
“And my sword shall give thee freedom,
Though an army of the Sultan

Barred the entrance to the garden.
Love lends courage to a craven,
How much more to Templar Bogdan,
Fighting for his Méli Rahvah;
But command, my sword is ready.”

“Nay, my lord,” said Méli Rahvah,
“Though I love thee well and truly,
Yet disdain I forceful measures.
Gently treated love is yielding;
wit may win where passion faileth.
Solve the problem of Abdullah,
And the halflings take the Péri,
Thou shalt come and freely take me.”

Far beyond the reach of hearing,
On the scaffold lay the dwarfing,
Eyes enraptured at the vision
Of the Iris-color’d Péri,
And beneath him sat the giant,
Chest extended, nostrils flying,
Ravished by the wafted fragrance
From the ripening, luscious Péri.

Thither hied him Templar Bogdan,
Treading lightly as a spirit;
And anon he heard the voices
Of the halflings in the garden,
Speaking of the sacred Péri.
And the olden holy legend
That the Péri youth eternal
And perfection gave to creatures.

“Fat the Péri”, said the Templar
In a whisper, like an Angel,
Giving mortals Allah’s message.
“Fat the fruit that ripens yonder,
And ye be as perfect creatures.
Thou, the sightless, shall be seeing;
Thou, the legless, shall be walking,
Both combined, shall thus be perfect”.

“Great is Allah and Mohammed
Is his Prophet,” cried the dwarfling,
‘Tis the spirit of the Prophet
Telling us to eat the Péri”.
But the blinded giant answered:
““Were it certain our salvation,
Never could we reach the fruit tree;
I am blind and thou art legless.”

Said the Templar, “When the sightless
Bear the seeing, there is union”.
Then the halflings cried with gladness,
Cried with gladness in the mazes;
Sought and found the saered Péri,
While the eager Templar Bogdan
Vaulted lightly o’er the paling
To the gentle Méli Rahvah.

With amazement Méli Rahvah
Saw the halflings take the Péri,
And as Bogdan now was kneeling
At her feet with love and laughter,
Méli Rahvah bent and kissed him.
“Thou hast taught me, love may conquer
E’en the wit of Sheikh Abdullah,”
Sweetly smiling, said the maiden.

Warm were yet her tender kisses
On the lips of Templar Bogdan,
When before them stood Abdullah,
With his features wrath distorted,
That his daughter gave caresses
To a Christian unbeliever,
Laden with the curse of Allah
And disdained by all the Faithful.

And the Knight was soon surrounded
By a ring of glinting weapons
In the hands of vengeful Arabs,
Glad to shed the blood of Christians.
Quickly flashed the sword of Bogdan,
To defend his Méli Rahvah;

But the maiden, with a gesture,
Bade her lover sheathe his weapon.

Sheikh Abdullah saw the gesture,
Saw the gesture and expression,
And the flame of anger higher
Rose against his daughter's lover;
And, to feed his indignation,
Came the steward of the household,
Shouting that the fruit was stolen,
Stolen by the halfling watchmen.

Consternation seized Abdullah,
Then in thought he bided silent,
While his features slowly softened.
And he murmured, "Great is Allah;
Humbled am I in my wisdom;
Safe I thought my house and garden,
Yet my daughter loves a Christian,
And the halflings stole the Péri".

Said the maiden to her father:
"Matchless was thy choice of watchmen,
Seeming safety in their weakness;
Helpless one without the other;
Yet a mortal so inspired them,
That they reached the sacred Péri,
And a wit that could effect it,
Is divine and hath my worship".

Sheikh Abdullah's pride was kindled
At the words of Méli Rahvah.
"Truly hast thou spoken, daughter;
One is clay without the eyesight,
Sight is sateless for enjoyment,
And the problem I propounded
Needed Allah for solution—
Yet it seems a mortal solved it".

"May it please thee," spake Sir Bogdan,
"Tt was I who solved the problem,
Gently urged by Méli Rahvah,

For whose love I braved thine anger,
And the grandeur of thy wisdom;
Joining what thy wit divided,
I but told the blinded giant
Take the dwarfling on his shoulder.

““Thus in union of their senses,
One in action, found fulfillment
In their longing for the Péri,
Symbol of the body’s craving—
Yet the passions are eternal,
As eternal as the spirit;
And the spirit seeks the substance,
As the substance needs the spirit.

“*And when hearts are thus united
In the love the Lord created,
Let nor wit nor law divide them,
Lest there be a world of halflings,
Ever pining and desiring,
And no gentle hand to help them,
E’en as yonder hapless watchmen
Thou didst set to guard the Péri.

“*Man is halfling without friendship,
To sustain his waning courage;
Joy is halfling without sorrow,
Finely fibred to enhance it,
Grief is e’er a double burden
If unshared by friend’s affection,
And the soul but dwells in darkness
When it lacks love’s hallowed sweetness.

“Thou wilt say that I, a Christian,
Dared to love thy gentle daughter;
And I answer, we were halflings,
Till united by a spirit,
Knowing neither creed nor station,
But the simple law of nature,
Which the fancy of the Prophet
Once had called the Tree of Knowledge”.

Spake Abdullah to the Arabs:
“*Down your arms and yield obeisance
To this noble man of wisdom.
If himself he name a Christian,
I respect him as a Moslem,
Whom the Prophet, too, would honor”.
Then to Bogdan spake Abdullah,
Bowling as before the Sultan:

Lord, I long thy love suspected
For my daughter Méli Rahvah,
And her own forbidden secret
Was to me revealed and open;
*Twas against religious usage;
Yet I loved my daughter dearly,
And I planned to show her error,
Yielding to a Christian’s passions.

“But thy words have shown thy greatness,
And my daughter, Méli Rahvah,
Wisely chose her mundane master—
Master, since he saw the symbol
Of the Péri and the halflings.
Now, that love and truth united
Two of alien creed and races,
Take ye, too, Abdullah’s blessing.”

Publication. In *the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), pp. 9–22.

Mother

The dearest name on earth,
The name of matchless worth
Is Mother!

My heart is rapture bound
When I but hear the sound
Of Mother.

And poets' noblest song
In ev'ry land and tongue
Is Mother.

Yet speech cannot explain
This word, so deep, if plain,
Of Mother.

No grief or sin can kill
Her love—she weeps, yet still
Is Mother.

All love, how fierce it burn,
In time to ashes turn
Save Mother.

Our speech can say no more;
We know but to adore
You, Mother.

Publication. In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 23.

When the Work of Day Is Done

When the work of day is done,
In the dusk, a vision clear
Rises on my sight of one
Ever loved and ever dear.

She, my queenly mother, stands
Sadly gazing at the place
Once my own and wrings her hands,
Finding naught but empty space.

Mother heart, that prays and sighs,
Shedding scalding tears that fall
Orient as pearls, that rise
Up to God in anguished eall.

Thus I see thee, saintly one,
Ever loved and ever dear,
Daily, when my work is done,
And my homage is a tear.

Publication. In *the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 24.

Love That Never Fails

Long, long ago, when I was young,
A youth his friendship to me swore;
He vowed to aid me all life long,
Though ev'ry one me hatred bore.

There came a day—it comes to all—
We need a friend, a kindly thought—
I called the friend—in vain the call,
I never found the friend I sought.

When I was young and fair and strong,
My love-lit soul in rapture soared;
I sang to her my sweetest song,
For I found love where I adored.

But e'en the words that gently flow
From honeyed lips and each caress
May soon to dead'ning ashes grow
Beneath the hidden faithlessness.

I well recall the time, so long,
The wide, wide world I sought to roam;
I asked no vow of faith among
The dear ones whom I left at home.

And yet, as years were passing on
And I became by grief assailed,
It was by your sweet love I won,
O Mother Love that never failed.

Publication. In *The Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 25.

Mother's Last Good-Night

A Reminiscence.

I'll kiss thee now, my mother said,
At dawn of day thou must away;
Good night, my son; now go to bed.

I see her now, as here I write,
Her noble face, showed not a trace
Of anguish as she said Good-Night.

Yet deep in those her love-lit eyes
A moment brief betrayed her grief,
But quickly waned as lightning dies.

My saintly mother planned a goal
Where, after strife, my later life
Should show the world a chastened soul.

I failed to grasp her noble thought,
And when she went I quickly sent
My mind to dream, and dreaming, wrought.

Great deeds that rang from land to land;
Renown and gold I gained untold,
And ruled the world with mighty hand.

And so my childish fancy spun
A golden spell, until the knell
Of midnight, striking one by one,

Proclaimed the spirit hour. I knew
And thrilled with fear lest ghosts appear,
Yet, fearing, wished they would come, too.

And lo! Within the door there stood
A form in white that held a light
It was a spirit but—of good.

It was my mother dear, who had,
No heart for sleep and fain would peep,
Once more on her departing lad.

She looked and then with gentle tread
Came near to me, but instantly
I slumber feigned, with shame 'tis said.

And then a tear did fall upon
My burning brow. Embrace her now,
Said Love; but Fear said, slumber on.

And when my mother went away
I glowed with heat at my deceit
And fancy then resumed its play.

Since then, alas, 'tis sad to scan
Each rocky road and heavy load
That made of me a sadder man.

Though time has gone I none the less
Can feel again, like gentle rain,
Thy tears, thy last divine caress.

Publication. In *the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), pp. 26–28.

The Masters of the Tower

The Tower of Chateau-Renault, Touraine.

What bouts they held on yonder heights
When Barons were in power;
How they caroused the long live nights
Behind the “donjon” tower.

Strange sights my wond’ring eyes have met
Between each rotting rafter;
Meseemed I saw the Barons yet
And heard their drunken laughter.

They laughed at Henry, king of France,
And never asked his pleasure;
By saber cut and thrust of lance
They gathered in their treasure.

’Twas idle ever to complain,
For kings they were in power;
They called them Masters of Touraine,
The Masters of the Tower.

The robber Barons now are dust,
Their names live but in story;
Their iron shields are thick with rust,
And ashes is their glory.

A ruin now the tower stands,
A frowning feudal token;
A giant whom the head and hands,
The soul and heart are broken.

And ravens raise their mocking call
From out their gloomy bower:
We are the Barons of this hall,
The Masters of the Tower.

Publication. In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), pp. 29–30.

Sunrise in the Desert

Sonnet.

Half-dreaming on the desert's edge I lay,
And watched the sun with tender touch caress
The sleeping palm to smiling wakefulness,
And dow'r with golden tongues the fragrant bay
Night spirits stole to crannied depths away.
And distant mountains, clad in gloomy dress
Of seething vapors from the wilderness,
Raised flaming heads to greet triumphant Day.
Low moaned the conquered spirit of the Night,
And rushed to where the desert demon slept;
With boding force Simoom arose to fight
The nascent day, by Allah blest, and leapt
In rolling clouds of awesome wrath that swept
The sky; but Allah spake: "Let there be light!"

Publication. In *the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 31.

The Yiddish Poet

Sonnet.

How resonant the wonder measures flow,
Despite the crudeness of the homeless tongue
In which is cast the rare and lofty song,
Wherein thy people's joys and sorrows glow.
But who reflects what soil lets roses blow,
What pow'r endows the mighty eagle's wings,
Or how the lark is miened, but how he sings:
'Tis scent and flight and song that grace bestow.
Do timid creatures analyze their fears?
In joy, who frays the tissue of his smile?
Do weeping hearts think what composes tears?
So I reckon not nor probe thy Jargon's style;
I know but that thy songs my heart beguile,
And this alone thy work to me endears.

Publication. In *the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 32.

Engaged

Sonnet.

As like unto a sail, by storms untried,
That blithely breasts itself to wind and gale
And, sinews vibrant, greets with gladsome hail
The sceptered sea-god in his onward ride,
Is woman's boding joy; 'tis like the bride
Betrothed to yonder mast with whose travail
It sighs and weeps, until the ocean's rail
Is stilled, then nestles coyly at his side.
And thus, O mast and sail, you are engaged
To marry when the ship shall reach its goal,
And, anchor bound, forget that storms have raged;
That perils lurked above the hidden shoal;
For now love's battles only may be waged
So that the victor take love's willing toll.

Publication. In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems (Los Angeles: Western Authors
Publishing Association, 1916), p. 33.

When!

Sonnet.

This life ends not with its decline on earth,
This hope I have to cherish till the day
When God shall call my captive soul away
To where the truth, in grand, majestic worth,
Revealed shall stand; and I, without the clay
That feeds on lies and tears and sinful mirth,
Account that I reekt not beyond the birth
Of fleeting joy that rang in mundane lay.
How shall the clay its erring acts defend,
The soul the guilt of its assent explain,
Were both on rigid justice to depend?
Did not the Father's love efface the stain
Of earthly deeds and to my conscience lend
A faith in which I can my hope sustain.

Publication. In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 34.

The New Year

New Year, what wilt thou bring
To those whose hearts desire,
To those whose souls aspire?
This is our questioning.

We feebly see the styme
That tells the light of day;
The part we are to play
Is known to far flung time.

And so we breathe our prayer:
That love be ours and health,
And with them also wealth—
Enough and some to spare.

For, both, my love and I,
Are keen for others' weal,
And never let appeal
Unanswered pass us by.

We love each other so,
That we would gladly give
To those who loveless live,
The good we can bestow.

Life's aim should be to rise
Untrammeled as the dove;
To teach the miser, love,
The spendthrift, to be wise.

'Twere bliss and life a prayer,
If joined to love and health,
We had sufficient wealth
That all the poor might share.

'Tis thus to hope we cling,
And wish and pray and fear;
If but our wish, New Year,
Thou wouldst fulfillment bring.

Publication. In *the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), pp. 39–40.

Physiognomy

In ev'ry face,
The soul you trace,
The hidden secret mystery;
The thought concealed,
Is there revealed,
And e'en the human history.

But few have skill,
To read at will,
What nature writes so plainly;
And thus 'tis said,
Not being read,
She often writes but vainly.

Publication. In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 42.

The Loan

A Parable.

A man there was who left his land
To build his tent on alien soil,
And wrest from Fate with honest hand
The toll she yields to earnest toil.

And by his side, for weal or woe,
There was his wife, who to the tent
A jewel brought of wondrous glow,
That One to her had kindly lent.

The jewel filled the tent with light,
A light, that by its glow did bless
The One who made their life so bright,
And touched all hearts with tenderness.

As He, the lender, asked not them
To yield at once the precious loan,
The happy mortals thought the gem
Forever would remain their own.

Alas! there soon arrived a day,
When cruel fate dealt them a blow;
The Owner came and took away
The light that caused the gem to glow.

The humble dwellers, crushed, bereft,
Were grieved to face a lifeless toy
That lay inert, and had been left,
It seemed, to mock their former joy.

While yet in grief there sat the twain,
A light of knowledge came to them,
That He, who gave, can give again,
And He may lend another gem.

For all things have their purposed goal,
And living eyes shall learn to see
The aims of each predestined soul,
That love may live in memory.

Publication. In *the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), pp. 43–44.

The Call of Uncle Sam

I am calling, yes, I'm calling
Labor loving to this land;
I am ready for the falling
With a strong and helping hand.

I have lands in ev'ry county,
Cozy homes in ev'ry State;
And I yield a stintless bounty
All who rise above their Fate.

In my land the strong may stumble,
And the highest flyer drop;
While a fellow, meek and humble,
Climbs as quickly to the top.

In this land of never, never-
Failing opportunity,
There is profit for the clever,
And enjoyment for the free.

There be toilers in the trenches,
Earning bread the meaner way;
While the workers at the benches
Technique wonders bring to play.

There be plowers and the seeders
On the mighty western plain;
There be planters and the breeders,
And the seas of amber grain.

There be metal-getting miners
For the Nation's golden dome;
And the sweet and gentle shriners
Building altars in the home.

I am calling, firm, yet tender,
To the sad in ev'ry land,
Willing, like a man, to render
Service and a helping hand.

Publication. In *the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), pp. 46–47.

Your Face

An Angel lower'd
To paint thy face,
And on it poured
A limpid grace
To be adored.

Publication. In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 48.

My Lady's Eyes

My lady's eyes, the rarest eyes,
My pen in vain to limn them tries,
For light with light in them vies
And archly all my art defies.

They seem at times intensely blue,
The kind that men believe are true,
A sort of firmamental hue,
When gods the Way with stars bestrew.

I look again and find them grey,
With steely strength that holds at bay
The fierce desire, that men display,
When beauty potent is to sway.

My lady's eyes are things apart,
For as I press her to my heart,
Her eyes send forth an amber dart
That trills me like some mystic art.

Publication. In *the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 50.

The Ass and the Sage

Experiencia docet.

An Ass there was, a Sage bestrode
To seek a hidden treasure;
The Ass, he sighed beneath the load,
And ambled on at leisure.

The Sage, he thought the Ass a lout,
Too lazy for his riding;
He then began abuse to shout
And gave the Ass a hiding.

At this the Ass indignant grew
At him, a Sage, who'd act thus,
And at a certain spot he threw
The Sage into the Cactus.

And pulling pins from—where he sat—
He said, "Experience teaches,
When riding, you an Ass would swat,
Just wear your leather breeches."

Publication. In *the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 52.

Miracles Explained

To a Female Critic of a Man's Morals.

I am not wise, I am not good,
I'm but a simple creature;
Yet have I seen a wonder done:
A Goose became a Preacher.

In scathing terms the Goose held forth
To show, the path was risky
The gay man trod, because he loved
Some women, plays and whisky.

The female congregation thought
The Goose divine at teaching
The frisky man a lesson hard
And gloried in the preaching.

Thus history repeated was
As 'twill repeat forever;
A silly goose once saved old Rome
And Romans thought her clever.

To pay the Goose, the wondrous one,
They gratefully did stuff it;
But wonders happened in those days:
An Ass rebuked a Prophet.

Yet neither point is very clear
And reason here must tackle:
What caused the Prophet's Ass to talk?
What caused the Goose to cackle?

But logic guides the mind perplexed,
The cause is soon detected:
The Gander played with other geese,
To which the Goose objected.

Similibus, I now infer:
The Ass refused the buffet,
Because the Prophet rode the Ass
And not the Ass the Prophet.

Publication. In *the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), pp. 53–54.

The Mystery of Love

Seek not love's magic to explain,
Nor try its arts to analyze;
Thou'lt find thy labor all in vain;
Love is no thesis for the wise.

For Love is Love and nothing less
Nor more; nor ever seeks a "how"
Or "why"; it crowns with tenderness
The Monarch's as the Peasant's brow.

To logic Love can give no place,
Since Love at Reason laughs; 'tis bold
To say, that Folly young has grace
Far sweeter than a Sage who's old.

Nor does it yield to stern commands
Of Law; nor heeds the call of wealth.
It roams like errant Gypsy bands
And works its chosen way by stealth,

It lives on what it feels is wrought,
As bees upon the flowers live,
And passes oft in gladsome thought
Its honey other lips to give.

And Love divine, though old, stays young
Eternal, whitewinged as the dove,
And bright as stars in high heaven hung,
With Cupid peeping from above.

Publication. In *The Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 65.

What Care I

What care I that shadows darken the ridge,
Or billows my bark may wantonly toss;
What care I if weak or broken the bridge
Until there has come the moment to cross.

What care I that Age will find me at length,
My body desires no longer shall crave,
If I am to-day a lion in strength,
And joyously fight the fight of the brave.

And loving my love, as fully I do,
I reek not the day of parting and pain;
I'm happy to-day, love, happy with you,
And thoughts of tomorrow call me in vain.

Publication. In *the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 71.

I Made a Bed of Roses

“TJ MADE A BED OF ROSES”

When the birds, in dawning feather,
Softly whimper all night long,
Then the nightingale in heather,
Lifts his voice in tuneful song:

As none can better do;
A nest where love reposes
And ever longs for you.
E'en the brooklet, gliding over

Mossy bed beneath the lee;
Sweetly murmurs to its lover
As it rushes to the sea:
I made a bed of roses,

Of rarest scent and hue;
A nest where love reposes
And ever sighs for you.
And the forest, love's defender,

When the leaves are dew bedight,
Whispers gently, sweet and tender,
With the falling of the night:
I made a bed of roses,

For sweethearts, good and true;
A nest where love reposes
And ever longs for you.

Publication. In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 79.

La Danse du Rêve

The Dream Dance.

A sprite, so light am I, me seems,
When held by thee to thy dear heart;
The music weaves its air of dreams,
A sensous sweetness to impart.
I fain would ever glide with thee
In dance that is a dream to me.

'Tis doubly sweet to dream and dance,
To glide, to bide in love so strong;
To feel the joy thy words enhance,
And whispered as we glide along;
To float fore'er in seas of bliss,
With thee to dance and dream and kiss.

Publication. In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 84.

Love's Dream

I dreamed I saw a star above,
Whose eye sent forth its lambent beams,
That lit my heart with glowing love;
A love surpassing all my dreams.

I rose in rapture to the sky,
Content to leave the world below;
For love, I thought, was but on high,
Where beauty stars in splendor glow.

But love is not on yonder plane,
The gleaming stars are mute and cold;
And humble hearts will seek in vain
The love which only dreams can hold.

Publication. In *the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 85.

Consolation

Not always will the Reaper mow the warring hordes
To satisfy the Monarchs' insane lust for crime;
Not always swords, in useless hate, will clash with swords,
While orphans weep and hearts are sad in ev'ry clime;
And though it seems, that Fate a vent for ill affords,
There shall be Peace supreme for all in God's own time.

Publication. In *the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 95.

Lest We Fall

We raise our hands to Thee, O Lord,
In supplication for Thine aid;
Beyond the sea a mighty horde
A decimating war hath made,
And terror holds our hearts in thrall—
We fear, O Father, lest we fall.

Maintain, O Lord, the work we wrought
To make this nation strong and free;
The Flag, for which our fathers fought.
And made it stand for Liberty.
Proclaim Thy peace beyond recall,
Great God of Nations, lest we fall.

Oh, help us guard the old bequest,
That ever made for unity;
Oh, keep the East and keep the West,
The North and South from enmity;
Pour out Thy grace upon us all,
We pray thee, Father, lest we fall.

Publication. In *the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 96.

The Patient Turk

The Balkan Kings once went to work
To war upon the Moslem Turk.
Like ancient Spain they raised a shout
That Christ is lost with Turks about.
They cut his limbs with sword and prayer
And Europe laughed at his despair.
The Turk his hate with patience nursed
And from his depth the Christian cursed.
The Balkan Allies saints were thought
Who for the good of Christ had fought;
Until they rose in fierce demand
And asked for seaports and for land.
The Powers then their fiat hurled
Into the little Balkan world.
And with an enigmatic smile
The Turk was cursing all the while.
The Blackmount King, on grandeur bent,
Up to the mountain range was sent;
The Servian dream of port and sea,
An idle dream was doomed to be.
Anon the Servian and Bulgar
Amongst them fought a bitter war.
The patient Turk, he raised no cry,
But had a glitter in his eye.
Franz Josef soon did war declare
When Servians slew the Hapsburg heir.
The Serb the Russian asked for aid,
While France an equal favor bade.
The Russ, with fondness for intrigue,
Against the Germans formed a league:
The Turk, he sensed a keen delight,
When four of them arranged to fight.
And like a gambler, dear old France,
With buoyant spirit, took a chance.
She thought the moment right to gain
Once more her Alsace and Lorraine.
The Briton, master of the sea,
A war declared on Germany.

The patient Turk, he grins and notes
How Christians cut each other's throats.
For now the war is ev'rywhere,
On land, at sea, and in the air.
The Belgians at the Germans dash,
The French with "Blut and Eisen" clash.
Again the Slavs and Teutons face
With ancient hate and pride of race.
The patient Turk, is still as night,
Until the time is ripe to smite.

L'ENVoi

The Moslem hears the far-flung cry
Of war, nor is he stirred
As shrieks of shell are heard,
And Death is grimly rushing by.
He sees them devastate and kill,
Nor shy at cruel deed;
These cultured wolves of greed.
Their faith forgot in wanton will.
The patient Turk, he still can wait,
For ev'rything must bend to Fate.

Publication. In *the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), pp. 97–99.

The Days of Yore

A Memory and a Thought.

I well recall the days when I, a youth,
My soul imbued with high desire for truth,
Forsook the land and all so dear to me,
And education sought in Germany.
My own sad land was dark; oppression wrought
Distress to those who dared to speak a thought.
Though many, like some slaves who feel their gyves,
The press of freedom felt, their bondaged lives
No means could find to rise above their fate,
And mothered fear, which they conceived in hate.
I knew not how deep their sadness went;
What thoughts they had and what their actions meant.
At times I heard how men and women spoke
Of hopes to rid them of the Russian yoke.
I saw that Poles, like ghosts, in darkness stalked,
While German men in light of freedom walked.
And then, I felt a longing in my heart
To seek a sweeter life, a nobler part:
I went alone to Germany; I sought
The men to teach me and was gladly taught.
I deeply drank of that poetic lore
In which the soul to matchless heights may soar;
I strolled in mazes of their philosophy,
And reveled in their boding history.
I worked with mind aflame and studied on
With those I loved, whose hearts I, too, had won.
The more of their unselfish life I saw,
The more I thought of Russia's dreadful maw,
That fed, unsated, on my people's heart
And made poor Poland play a coward's part.
At length—it seems a dream this life of mine—
I sought that noble School at Bonn-am-Rhine;
(The School, that is for all who read and pass,
A Literatum Universitas.)
And there the son of "Unser Fritz" I saw;
His face was like a star, without a flaw;

His eyes were lit in beams of changing hue,
From steely grey to soft and pansy blue.
His figure, slim and strong, was full of grace,
A column fit to throne his head and face.
I loved the youngling Prince, but from afar,
Ag one may love a scintillating star.
I saw him in his energetic walk,
And once I heard his quick and sparkling talk.
At this, by subtle fancy lured and caught,
My mind revolved around one single thought:
May not this branch of Hohenzollern tree
Arise, some day, to set my people free?
May not the Lord vouchsafe him strength and light
To challenge and defeat the Moscovite?
Soon William First, before his Maker stood;
Him followed Kaiser Frederick the Good,
Whose rein in tortured days away did fade,
And he to his eternal rest was laid.
“The King is dead, long live the King!” it rang
Through all the land. I heard it with a pang
Of joyous hope; for William Second’s trend,
*Twas said, was not to pose as Russia’s friend.
But years went by, and Poland’s sorry lot
In William’s onward march seemed quite forgot.
Till Greed, the child of Cain, by envy sired,
Against the Germans and their wealth conspired.
Revived in Gallic breasts the ancient sting—
To fan a hate is but a little thing
And then, the ever hungry Moscovite,
Was urged against the Germans to unite.
But William and his people, sword in hand,
Arose to fend the threatened Fatherland.
Yet floods shall never wash away the stain
From you, who sought this eruel war for gain.
Who thinks of little wrongs when millions fall?
Who counts his private griefs when orphans call?
Who can rejoice while lovers weep forlorn
And countless mothers in anguish mourn?
And you, who rose in all your soulless greed
The flow’r of youth war’s sateless maw to feed,

How will you ever, in the Lord's own time,
Account for this atrocious, heinous crime?
How will you answer, when the blood-soaked sod
Accuses you before the living God?
For William and his people stood for peace;
He even bade domestic quarrels cease,
As would a father, when his sons are young,
Instruct them, that united they are strong.
He knew, you envied him his nation's wealth,
And freely built his power, not by stealth.
To me, he is a man of endless ruth,
A Prince, who fights for justice and for truth.
God bless you, William, Hero, Man and King!
May God thy people peace and gladness bring!

Publication. In *the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), pp. 100–104.

The Angels of Red Cross

Dedicated to Them.

Salute, Red Cross, the noble band,
Who labor without price;
Who go from home to foreign land,
In their self-sacrifice.

Nor fear exploding shells that kill,
And swiftly speeding lead,
That soon the woods and meadows fill
With wounded and the dead.

And as they work, with love untold,
Or close a glazing eye,
Death's agonies no terrors hold
With Angels standing by.

They Angels are to friend and foe,
With sympathy to loss;
God bless and ever keep them so,
The Angels of Red Cross.

Publication. In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 105.

The Wisdom of Mirza-Shaffy

After Friedrich Bodenstein.

I

While trav'ling, Mirza-Schaffy to a rich man came,
And greeting, as befits a host, addressed the same:
"Td tarry, friend, and be your guest a day or two,
To while away the time in pleasant talk with you.
Prepare a feast and summon all your dearest friends;
For friendship to my wit a double sparkle lends".
"I have no friends," in sullen tones the man replied.
At this the Poet gazed at him quite horrified.
"No friends at all," he said. "Then must I go,
nor wait
A single moment more in your abode of hate.
A man is surely cursed, if he so meanly lives,
That e'en his wealth no semblance of a friend him gives.
Your house I leave, and shake the dust from off my foot,
Nor deem you worthy e'en the sound of my salute:
To whom the gracious God a single friend denies,
Then him does Mirza-Schaffy thoroughly despise."

II

TOLERANCE

A happy man is good and clean,
For others' gladness makes him glad;
A wretched man is bad and mean,
For others' gladness makes him sad.
Oh, you, who in your pious wrath,
Hate all who from your way dissent,
You find but sorrow on your path:
Your hatred is your punishment.

III

GOOD CHOICE

Better stars without a gleam,
Than a gleam without the star;
Better nuts without the shell,
Than a shell and kernels far;
Better gold without a bag,
Than a bag without the gold;
Better wine without a flask,
Than a flask sans wine to hold.

IV

TRUTH

He who loves the truth had best
Quick his horse's bridle take;
He who thinks the truth had best
Firm his foot in stirrup make;
He who speaks the truth had best
With a pair of wings awake!
Mirza-Schaffy holds withal:
He who lies, his jaws should break.

V

DISPENSATION

A new commandment is this day
By Mirza-Schaffy given:
No one on earth henceforward may
By indigence be driven.
Where love, with youthful lips begins,
In sweeter sin has ended—
All melancholy kissing sins,

Are now hereby suspended.
The sapless kiss a sinner gave
Shall be a snake that hisses;
Until his sins away he lave
In floods of burning kisses.

VI

WISDOM

When I in wisdom tried to rise,
I found, that as a rule,
A wise man never is so wise
As thinks himself the fool.

VII

MODERATION

Enjoy the scent the roses give,
Nor break their hearts in twain;
If you inhale and let them live,
No thorn will cause you pain.

VIII

CONCERNING WIT

A good wit should always be
Without the least resistance;
Is not its own poesy
To go into the distance.

IX

BREVITY

The best wit is ever
Brilliant, quick and short,
And is for the clever
Literary sport.

X

WIT AND VERSE

A wit, like tongues of snakes, is jerked out,
Quickly, darting and pointed;
A verse, like all of art, is worked out,
Measured, polished and jointed.

XI

EQUALITY

In vain attacks the lower man
His vastly nobler brother;
A real diamond only can
Give polish to another.

XII

THE PUTATIVE POET

The man who can't create his songs
From what, in life, he sees and feels,
To yonder brainless mass belongs
To whom his brainless song appeals.

XIII

THE TRUE POET

The man whose sight in proper place is,
Whose thought finds speech that full of grace is,
To form a clear and rhythmic whole,
He holds the key, that like a mace is
Of power to unlock the places,
That lead us to the promised goal.

XIV

HYPOCRITES

You pray for Heaven's graces,
You rant in pious strains;
Yet hate distorts your faces
And poison swells your veins.
In intimate relation
You claim with God to stand,
And preach the world's salvation
With threat'ning sword in hand.
But men as you your way tread
Abhors the Lord above;
Ungodly is all hatred,
Divine alone is love.

XV

REWARD

A happy man will gladly give
Of joy to those who crave it;
For joy comes always back to him
Who full and freely gave it.

XVI

FUTURE PLEASURES

We must the Prophet's word believe,
That all the good and truly wise
The rarest pleasures shall receive
In Allah's golden Paradise.
And yet if one expects to share
In joys that are the very best,
One ought himself on earth prepare
And put the pleasures to the test.
A man would know in some sort well
The pleasures once he hopes to get;
If none there be (and who can tell?)
He'd have, at least, no deep regret.

Publication. In *The Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), pp. 109–121. The source credits Friedrich Bodenstedt; the sequence is presented as an adaptation or translation from the German literary Mirza-Schaffy tradition.

King Solomon and the Bird

King Solomon, one day, overheard
The boastings of a singing bird,
And was chagrined, yet half amused,
To hear his matchless works abused.
“This temple,” said the bird, “isn’t worth
A bird’s nest made within the earth.
His palace, famed in ev’ry land,
That could, he thinks, a siege withstand,
My left foot, with a single thrust,
Could make it crumble into dust.”
At this the Monarch’s anger flared.
He called the bird such words had dared,
And said: “You boast; but I consent.
Destroy, or take your punishment.”
“If you are famed,” the bird replied,
For wisdom, then that fame has lied.
I boasted, but within my nest;
A man’s dominion needs some zest.
He’s knocked about so much in life,
May not he boast before his wife?”
He trilled, then quick away he ran,
But Solomon was a wiser man.

Publication. In *the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), p. 122.

The Passport

A Russian Border Episode.

Our train had neared the line. A soldier called,
 "Pashport! Passport!" At this I was appalled;
 I had no passport, that ungodly writ,
 Which one must carry like a slave's permit.
 And as the soldier looked around and called aloud,
 There was a quick compliance by the crowd;
 For else, not one who travelled in the train,
 Could pass the border to the Czar's domain.
 "Pashport!" As I alone no passport showed,
 The Russian's little eyes with malice glowed.
 Like points of flame, they seemed to pierce me thru
 With keen, malign intent, as if he knew;
 As if he knew, and soon would grimly stretch
 His claw-like hand to grasp the daring wretch.
 You ask wherefore I came? An impulse brisk
 Had moved me on. I thought it worth the risk
 To greet old friends, and also, with bowed head,
 Abide at hallowed graves of my dear dead.
 But I, a Pole, without the Czar's consent
 Had gone, and now must suffer punishment.
 'Tis Russian law, and this infernal law
 Would crush me and engulf me in its maw
 My body shook with enervating chill,
 My heart declined with agonizing thrill;
 Against each other, like dry castanets,
 My teeth did click; forsooth, 'tis fear that lets
 The heart's blood drop by drop deplete our life;
 For hope gives strength as does heroic strife.
 Anon, the soldier, with a beastly snort,
 Approached and grimly called, "Davvay Pash-
 At this the light of day dissolved in gloom,
 Whence rose the grinning ghosts of blackest doom.
 I saw myself within the Russian grip,
 A thing of trembling clay and white of lip.
 I smelt the foulness of the prison cell,
 Before they sent me to that frozen Hell,

Where unto death the soul in anguish pines,
The God-accursed and dreadful Kara mines,
Where Russian guards with Hell's abandon
And fray the flesh of convicts with the knout.
I felt the monster's touch; his rav'ning breath
Befouled me, and I died a tenfold death.
And then, the wall of gloom was rent in twain;
I saw a light of hope and life again.
Revealed within my soul there was to me,
That Courage mated is with Liberty.
American was I! I was this, both,
By ardent love and by my solemn oath;
Entwined as one with all the strong and free:
No man who lives needs more than that to be;
None, too, who keenly loves the star-striped flag,
Will let his wit behind his courage lag;
He knows the meaning of "In God We Trust,"
And spends his substance wisely when he must,
In time of stress, to some such means resort
With one who fiercely calls, "Davvay Pashport!"
"Pashport!" He said it with the air of one
Who masks his ire. I searched. "My pass is gone,"
I said, and tried the matter to explain,
Although I knew that all would be in vain.
At all events, 'twas wiser to impress
Him with my station than with my distress.
"I am a rich American," I said,
And showed a letter; but he shook his head.
He wished to see the Eagle and the Seal
On U.S. paper, clear and full and real.
"Pashport?" There was a question in the sound,
To which I quick the saving answer found.
"My friend," said I; "an Eagle you'd behold,
What say you then to one that's made of gold?"
A bribe, you say? You fancy he was riled,
When forth I held my open palm and smiled?
Not so. His eyes enlarged, his face grew calm;
He smiled, and took the Eagle from my palm.
The feel of gold was like old wine to him;
It warmed his heart, nor was his face so grim.

He sighed as one who is completely fed,
And handed me a booklet which I read.
It was a local pass—a neat device—
Whenever cases such as these arise.
His voice, before so raucous in command,
Was soft, his eye was sly, his smile was bland.
The Bear became a brother, if you please,
And passed me through with quickness and with ease.

Publication. In *In the Garden of Abdullah and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Publishing Association, 1916), pp. 123–128. The source glosses the Russian command “Davvay pashport” as “Give passport.”

THE HYBRID PRINCE OF EGYPT, PLUS SONG OF THE ARABIAN DESERT (1950)

The complete late book, reset from the split photographed spreads.

Orientation

Moses, the Law-Giver, known to every Bible reader, is pronounced in the Hebrew language, Mosheh. The latter term means “the taker out” (of bondage), Redeemer, Liberator. The biblical text explains that he was called Mosheh because he had been taken from the water.

This explanation, though romantic, is not wholly true. It may stand as a play on words, but the term Mos-Es comes far nearer to the truth. Mos in Egyptian means SON; ES is a later suffix. The name indicates the sublime origin of Moses or as we write it for clearer comprehension, Mos-Es. It is titular as the German “von” and the Latin “de.” A person’s status was placed by his descent. If he was the son of a worthy person, he was designated as the “son of”; and the son, bearing his own given name, bore his father’s name also—which in many cases became the family name.

Moses was supposed to be the son of Osiris and as he had been trained in the temple of Osiris for his future royal dignity, and at the age of eighteen had become famous as victorious military leader, the people referred to him as “THE SON”—meaning the son of Osiris and Thermoutis, the virgin princess of Egypt.

Romantic as the Hebrew description of the Nile episode referring to the finding of Moses in the bullrushes is, and forms a choice bit of biblical literature, the facts of the splendid hybrid’s descent, as we have it, is vastly more romantic. It excels in dramatic force and lyric beauty all the other biblical episodes, since with it concurrently runs the making of a nation, unique in the

history of humanity. It might engage the genius of Cecil de Mille—if he dared to scene it—and then, some modern Wagner might do the rest to glorify the most wonderful hero of antiquity in song worthy of the great name which, in good sooth, is immortal.

*Adolphe de Castro
Los Angeles, California
January 1950*

The Hybrid Prince of Egypt

AMRAM

In ancient Egypt, none, as now,
Would sniff or ruck a brow,
When married men desired to add
Another wife to one they had,
For, seventeen hundred years B.C.
No law forbade polygamy.

A Hebrew of a high estate,
Desired to have an extra mate,
And being of the Levi clan,
A handsome and a rich young man,
Who half enjoyed his wedded life,
Would make it full with one more wife.

He never had been conscious of
His sex desire might turn to love,
And, being dreamy, clean of mind,
He vaguely hoped a girl to find,
While walking on the road that day,
Who would on his emotions play.

He was tall, well made and fair,
Possessed of flaming golden hair,
With large and brooding mystic eyes,
To fathom which one vainly tries;
He was audacious, slim and strong
And always hummed a merry song.

And, walking on the river bank,
Where mead the gay Egyptians drank,
And pretty girls the Lotus sold,
A few demure and others bold,
He saw, from crocodiles secured,
A splendid bath house safely moored.

And as he passed the bagnio by
A lovely woman caught his eye;
She was enticing, young and fair,

With deep, obsidian-colored hair,
He gazed, nor did he count the cost,
He gazed again and then was lost.

Engirt relentlessly by bonds
Of love, he saw behind the fronds
A female slave who swung with ease
The fronds to get a gentle breeze,
While on a mat, half in a doze,
The woman's maid lay in repose.

The beauty occupied a seat
And fed with tiny bits of meat
A fluffy black Angora cat;
And though, insouciant, she sat,
Her luring eyes swept all around
Until the youthful swain they found.

And as she looked at him, he seemed,
To be a god of whom she'd dreamed;
She tried to speak, yet mouth agape,
No single sound would now escape;
She wondered if her maid might know,
And touched her body with her toe.

The maid sprang up. "I ought to die
For having closed a sinful eye,"
Melinda cried in deep regret;
The woman bade her not to fret,
But look and say, could she infer
What made that youngling gaze at her?

The maid replied: "He feasts his sight
On Egypt's brightest shining light,
Your gorgeous self, and likely craves
To be among your humble slaves;
Could I be right if I inferred
The youth the royal heart has stirred?"

Thermoutis smiled. "It is quite so,
And very strange: he seems to glow
With life and zest; he's fair and slim,
He may approach, I'd speak to him;

But guard the place while he is here,
I'd have no callers interfere."

Thermoutis, being very gay
Had loved with hearts of men to play,
Although, no matter what her part,
She never lost her virgin heart:
She liked the daring men to tease,
But none there was her heart to please.

And now, unbidden, love had come;
Had made her heart its dulcet home;
It raped her mind, it lit her soul,
It seemed to be beyond control;
She would not ask the reason why;
She knew without him she would die.

Yet bade Melinda have a care
And not to him her secret bare;
She told her use her native guile,
To shed a tear or spread a smile;
A soft, pathetic tale to spin,
But bring the lovely angel in.

Melinda spun an artful tale,
Pathetic so, it could not fail;
Her mistress suffered from a chill
She needed aid and human skill
Perhaps against Osiris' wrath,
And would he hasten to the bath.

THE MEETING

Before Thermoutis stood the youth.
He gazed at her—he knew the truth
That health had not the beauty failed;
She sighed; for now, by love assailed,
She brushed aside the difference
In rank and likely consequence.

He had the poise to hold his own
With any lordling near the throne;

His face, unmatched by painted art,
Was rapturing her virgin heart;
The pride of birth's an idle thing,
And love makes any man a king.

Not knowing of her royal rank,
He soon the wine of passion drank;
Prospectively he'd wooed and won
The maid before the day was gone;
The God of Abraham had sent
To him this wifely ornament.

Thermoutis, gasping, only thought,
Osiris had a wonder wrought;
And then she asked if he would bide,
If pleased, some moments at her side.
And then his ears began to ring:
He loved the daughter of the King.

Her voice was soft, alluring low,
And he became enraptured so
By smiles and speech that he was dazed,
His eyes would gleam and then they glazed
And though his reason bravely tried
To warn him, passion this defied.

At length, her words becoming clear,
His diffidence was gone; no fear
Assailed his mind, or came to vex
His heart; inebrious with sex,
His passion at the highest tide,
He sank, boracheous, to her side.

She holds him to her beating heart,
He seems to her a thing apart,
He's ardent, young, so very fresh,
So thrilling and so white of flesh,
She thinks, if this be reckt disgrace,
Let Isis frown while I embrace.

The gods and time are glad to stay
While young emotions are at play:
Eruptive youth can see no wrong

In this erotic heavenly song;
The Nile below, the Sun above,
Enjoy the symphony of love.

THERMOUTIS MOTHERING

A thing divine has consequence
For its results are excellence;
Thermoutis' soul began to sing
At finding she was mothering;
She loved the man of love's first dawn,
Who'd left her an enchanting pawn.

Such joys, she thought, are heaven sent,
"Osiris has his angel lent,
In form a man, to be my mate
The male line to perpetuate
On Egypt's throne, a human tool
By which my son will Egypt rule."

There was no law to say how thin
Is drawn the line 'twixt love and sin;
To love for Egypt's dynasty,
And Egypt make of Hyksos free
Was right; for all opinion ran
That Egypt's king must be a man.

This was her aim; the court intrigue
The Thaumats brewed, she thought, a league
Of leeches sucking Egypt's blood;
They worked for them, not Egypt's good;
And should Thermoutis rule the land,
She might the Thumat crew disband.

The worry, planted on her brow,
Was growing very heavy now;
For day by day Thermoutis feared
A foe might see that she appeared
Expanded, thus she might create
A scandal that would not abate.

One day, A Thumat, passing by,

Had cast, she thought. his evil eye
Upon her form, so she resolved
To see her child be not involved;
The one who could conditions mend,
Was High Priest Oom, her dearest friend.

As he disliked the Thaumate league,
Their never ceasing court intrigue,
Should there arise the merest breath
Of Hebrew love, 'twould mean her death;
Though Oom was wise and had the power
He could not save her in that hour.

THE PROPHECY

The kindly priest who calmly heard
Thermoutis' story, spoke no word
Of grim reproach. She was in need
Of sympathy, and he must teed
The hungry heart, not harshly hurl
Reproof at her, the lonely girl.

At length he spoke: ““You may rely
On me, my child; I'll prophesy
You've from Osiris Ghost conceived;
Miraculous, you'll be relieved
In ninety days, and bring to light
A son who'll teach the world the right.

“hut know, the seed by alien sown,
Will grow but never reach the throne,
For pure blood only be maintained
The throne to hold, the law ordained
And I obey; a hybrid, he
(an never Egypt's monarch be.”

Thermoutis heard, but had to smile,
She'd use a woman's native guile
To shield the infant after birth;
And though he wanted all the earth
He would engage the fullest might
To serve his will and guard his right.

THE LEVITE NURSE

So motherhood, that state sublime
Thermoutis found before the time
The priest had told and gave to light
A son; Amram, informed that night,
Received the news quite unappalled,
And then his wife by him was called.

In words that sounded sweetly mild,
He bade Melinda bring the child;
His wife, he said, would give the breast
The princess' son, who'll have the best
A mother gives to those her own,
Much more the heir to Egypt's throne.

At first Thermoutis, arms entwined
About her son, was disinclined
To let him go from her at all
Lest ill upon the way befall
The heir; but from within advised,
She took the child herself, disguised.

The Levite's wife, in kindly speech,
Avowed that love the Levites teach
And that she tell Thermoutis this.
The child received a parting kiss,
Thermoutis then enveiled her face
And thanked Osiris for his grace.

Hhut soon she fiercely craved the child
And then her heart grew soft; the wild
Desire was stilled; within her eyes
Appeared the purpose of the wise;
She said, 'My son, you'll be a king
Whose fame from age to age shall ring.'

Melinda took a well filled purse
In secret to the Hebrew nurse;
And though this was what she desired,
Maternal passion soon was fired

To have her son who rose above
The thought of any other love.

Amram's wife, gazing at the face,
The speaking eyes, the matchless grace
And charm the royal infant bore,
Ikegan intensely to adore
The child and wished that none would care
To claim it as the royal heir.

THERMOUTIS FEARS

Thermoutis was assailed by fears,
Her foes, the royal group of Seers,
Had warned the king against the clan
Of Hebrews who, in commerce, ran
For Egypt's trade; the Levites, free,
Assumed Egyptian dignity.

They wished the Levi rights curtailed,
Thermoutis pleaded and they failed;
She even rich concessions made
And Hebrews found an active trade,
Encouraged by Melinda's guile,
In all Bazaars along the Nile.

The princess heard the infant thrived,
And grieved; the mother was deprived
Of this delightful human bliss
To hold her child; the nurse could kiss
Its face and form, but she'd no part
To satisfy her mother-heart.

Melinda knew the pain she felt,
How oft at night Thermoutis knelt
And tearful to Osiris cried
Imploring not to be denied,
If great Osiris only would,
This nature don of motherhood.

A thousand fears assailed her brain;
She dreamed she saw her lover slain;

She saw the wet-nurse overpowered,
Her son by crocodiles devoured,
And feared the angry gods above
Had robbed her of a twofold love.

“And saddened thus ineffably,
Mo day or night from worry free,
She sent Melinda hour by hour
‘) carry gifts, if but a flower,
° please the nurse, and then one day,
A darker fear came into play

THE ROYAL EDICT

The prophecy the priest had told,
Was very nearly three months old;
The king and people all believed
Thermoutis soon would be relieved,
When court magicians urged the need
To stop the growing Hebrew breed.

The king’s Vizir had somehow found
Too many Hebrews were around,
Who traded all along the Nile.
And as he deemed the Hebrews vile,
Believed they might with Hyksos treat
And Egypt in a war defeat.

He urged the Phar’oh to ordain
That Hebrew males at birth be slain,
And that midwives learn the need
To thus reduce the Hebrew breed
And with these males, the edict said,
The hungry crocodiles be fed.

The edict dazed Thermoutis’ mind.
What if the henchmen were to find
Her child and throw it in the Nile
To feed a lurking crocodile?
Her life, indeed, would be undone,
Were she to lose her precious son.

And though Thermoutis had not earned
Osiris's grace, in grief, she turned
To him and, like a crested wave
Her prayer rose her child to save;
So tense was her sorrow, and so strong
Her grief, that she burst forth in song:

THERMOUTIS PRAYS

Osiris, Lord of ev'ry fate,
A grieving mother turns her face
To Thee, nor does she hesitate,
Unmerited, to seek Thy grace.

A law, the vilest on the earth,
The king has heartlessly decreed,
That Hebrew children should at birth
Be given crocodiles to feed.

Inspire me, Lord, to do the thing
By which my foes may be beguiled,
To let my father, Egypt's king,
His favor cast upon my child.

Oh, give me wisdom to sustain
My courage in adversity;
Let me my lovely child retain
And let my foes defeated be.

And having prayed she felt relieved,
She fully in her fate believed.
Believed Osiris sent her mate;
Her son, she felt, would once be great;
His life, whatever be the cost,
Must never be to Egypt lost.

The Hebrew nurse is told to make
An ark, with slime the outside cake,
And cover this again with pitch;
Inside, on padding soft and rich,
The child be placed with all its needs,
Then put the ark among the reeds.

She'd keep the child until advised,
Her joy can now be realized,
To show the world the royal heir
Who is beneath Osiris' care,
In all the world it shall be known
Osiris' son's on Egypt's throne.

THE FINDING OF THE INFANT

Thermoutis came, as was her way,
To bathe and with her pets to play;
Between the reeds, without a mark,
Reposed the child containing ark;
Melinda having heard a sound,
A cry, she soon the casket found.

The princess, gazing at the child,
Her heart opened and something mild
The blush of glorious mother grace,
Appearing in her lovely face,
Susurrant said, "You're all my own
And you shall sit on Egypt's throne."

Although Thermoutis seldom speaks
Of him she loved and never seeks
Again to see the youth adored,
She fears for him; he'd be abhorred,
Or killed, and nothing could be done,
She wants to shield two loves as one.

Her son remains the vibrant part
Of her intensely loving heart;
She looks at him and quite believes
He is divine; her mind achieves
The inspiration of her pride
She will be regnant at his side.

THE PRESENTATION

In time Osiris' priest advised

To have his promise realized
And show the king and Egypt's host
The son of Osiris' Ghost,
That all the people now might see
The child that would their ruler be.

Along the road on to the palace gate
The happy Thebes people wait
To see the princess great parade
Through arches, garlanded and made
To shade Thermoutis on the way
Her part in Phar'oh's court to play.

The many guardsmen who're astride
Bespangled camels which they ride
To clear the crowded Thebes street
Where prince and people some times meet,
And these, not in Thermoutis plan,
Voverride the royal caravan.

And seated on a throne's chair,
Which Eunuchs slowly onward bear,
Thermoutis gracefully reclines;
Gemmaed leaves, attached to golden vines,
Are spiraled gleaming on her head
With other gems that luster shed.

And as Melinda lifts the child,
The people's cheers grow loud and wild,
Osiris' son she holds on high,
They raise a heaven reaching cry,
And from all sides there come in showers,
A perfect rain of fragrant flowers.

But none of those who shout with glee,
As great Osiris' son they see,
Come near to know that joyous day,
The part Thermoutis has to play,
Her scheming foes defeat to bring,
When she presents their future king.

Melinda, infant in her arms,
Succumbs entirely to its charms;

And as the mass in worship kneels,
Forgets the fraud in awe she feels:
Melinda nothing has to rue
But wishes that it might be true.

At length they reach the palace gate
And meet the Grand Vizir of State
Whose heart, although consumed by lust
Abjectly bows into the dust,
Before Thermoutis and her son,
The royal train then marches on.

THE TEST

The great parade comes to an end;
The Princess and her maid descend,
The throne room door is opened wide,
(hermoutis and Melinda glide
Within; the King's upon the throne,
All kneel, Thermoutis stands alone.

She holds her son. 'My noble Sire,"
She says, 'loved by the world entire,
Because thy soul enlightens the earth
And knows that I was deemed of worth
This child in holiness to bear,
Who is by grace divine thy heir."

She held the child for him to see,
Then placed the child upon his knee;
And glad, the King asked all come near
Behold the heir and give sincere
Obeisance... Then ensued a scene
That might a tragedy have been.

For playfully the child the crown
Of Phar'oh grasped and threw it down;
Susurrant voices fill the room,
All think it is a sign of doom,
And that the child, to manhood grown,
Will bring contempt on Egypt's throne.

Thermoutis' foes advise to slay
The child. The High Priest bids them stay.
"This infant none of you dare kill
And not offend Osiris' will;
Yet flesh offends; we'd best make sure,
Perhaps the child is immature.

"To gauge the act, I would suggest
You put the infant to the test.
It has been said, a child inclines
To grasp a thing that brightly shines,
Then show him gold and coals of fire,
And see for which he shows desire.

"If for the gold his hand will reach,
It will betray his mind, and teach
His flesh corrupted is by greed;
If for the coals—there is no need
To further test his mental bent,
Osiris child is innocent."

When gold and glowing coals were laid
Before the infant Prince, he made
To get the gold. At God's command
An elf pushed to the coals his hand;
Thus wit and magic being rife,
The priest had saved the infant's life.

YEARS OF GROWTH

Despite the child's predicted fate,
Thermoutis did not hesitate
To tell her son that he, when grown,
Would sit on ancient Egypt's throne;
Within her heart she'd built a shrine,
And told him that he was divine.

He was in ev'ry science trained
And thus his mother's faith sustained,
And she was clearly justified;
For, though his ancient masters tried
To guide his mind, and how to live,

He grasped far more than they could give.

He knew what ancient man believed,
The laws the Persians had conceived;
It was his great imagination
(hat told the story of creation;
His knowledge even went so far
As to include the arts of war.

He had only eighteen years when
He led a host of fighting men
Against the Ethiop, and drove
On Saba, where he fell in love
With Tarbis, daughter of the King,
Who took his passion offering.

The conqueror is far too grim
To let a woman worry him;
He tells his men the town to sack
Then leads the glutton army back
To Thebes where the people sing
The praises of their future King.

It is the glory of his day,
He feels he's nearer on the way
To realize his mother's dream,
Though to Osiris' son 't may seem
A very unimportant thing
To be divided Egypt's King.

In days to come he'll give command
To drive the Hyksos from the land,
And Hebrews, too, he'll let them know,
Shall soon from holy Egypt go:
But pow'rful as he hopes to be,
He now the ancient priest must see.

He needs the priestly guiding hand
To make his future empire grand,
And naught the King more power lends
Than have the priesthood loyal friends,
And he, the heir to Egypt's throne,
In war his worthiness has shown.

The priest who saved him in the test
Of all the priests he loves the best;
The Priest had been, so very kind
When he had trained the young man's mind,
He gave it trend for great renown
And shall be counsel to the crown.

THE BITTER TRUTH

The aged Priest, though racked with pain,
Is glad to see the youth again:
; The victor sees his mother's friend
Is nearing fast his journey's end;
His teacher now is doubly dear,
And in his voice there sounds a tear.

"Oh, Master, you who once have saved
My life, grow well, I pray; I've craved
To have your wisdom as my guide,
And you, my master, at my side,
To nullify at times my rage
While I protect your noble age.

"Whatever force may move the man,
It's wisdom that confirms the plan;
I'd Egypt of the Hyksos free,
And free of Hebrews Egypt see,
And Egypt shall in gladness sing,
When I'm enthroned as Egypt's King."

The Priests' old eyes gaze at the youth:
He's proud; how will he take the truth?
What will he say? And yet this thing,
That's sure to have a fatal ring,
The Priest must tell; he could not die
And leave alive this monstrous lie.

The aged man, regaining strength
Sits up and, firmly, speaks at length,
"Your thoughts are well expressed, my son;
But not by you will they be done;

If what I say should have a sting,
Forgive, for you will not be king.

“Some day the Hyksos will be gone;
But not the Hebrew; he is one
To stay; your own descent you trace
From one who had your mother’s grace;
You are of alien blood, you see,
And cannot Egypt’s monarch be.”

The prince was shocked; he stood aghast;
He heard the words the lips had passed,
What mystic meaning did they cloak?
Did insults now his reason choke?
And so he gently said, “I’d fain
Your meaning know. Will you explain?”

“Be strong, my son,” the priest replied,
“The world entire to you has lied;
A Hebrew youth the love had won
Of dear Thermoutis, you are their son;
Since you’re a rarely valiant youth
It is but fair you know the truth.

“I guarded well your mother’s trust;
The time has come, and now you must
Be told the truth. I’m near the end;
Osiris will not let me lend
My aid that you the kingdom own
Or ever sit upon its throne.”

The prince is shocked; and, though he knows
The tragic depth, he never shows
How deep’s his hurt; he cannot speak;
He suddenly is growing weak:
He finds no anger to defy
The priest; the bloodless lips don’t lie.

He rises, stands erect in height,
‘Tremendous in his youthful might:
His eagle eyes are sadness fraught,
And suddenly there comes a thought
That makes him tremble at the task

The one who knows the truth to ask.

His mother: in her loving eyes
He'd read that all he heard were lies,
The fancy of a man's old age
To rob him of his heritage:
If so, his seething wrath will see
That none shall have immunity.

MOTHER AND SON

The years have with Thermoutis dealt
So gently that she never felt
Her aims and station more secure;
Her beauty's richer, more mature;
She's grateful to the kindly fates
For him, her son, she now awaits.

He's here; her eyes, that dwell upon
[he form of her heroic son,
Show pride; his eyes recall the past,
She'd seen a gaze like his; at last
He speaks, and joy is turned to pain,
"I'd know, am I of Hebrew strain?"

He does not see the lightning flash,
Or hear the inner thunder crash,
He only sees his mother smile,
Determined she should not beguile
His heart or him to pardon move,
Though this may not a son behoove.

And with the cooing of a dove
She says, "You are the child of love,
And love is pure, it has no need
To look at station, wealth or breed,
It comes from unimagined height
To bring the human heart delight."

"And you, the child of love, so fair,
Are truly ancient Egypt's heir,
None shall your royal rights dispute;

And were he rich or most astute,
Who would revolt against you try,
I vow that all of them shall die!”

The fervor which indites her speech
Is meant his royal pride to reach,
But words had reached his heart before
And brought it pain, a fest’ring sore,
His mother had confessed her shame
Though giving it a lofty name.

He’d hoped a strong refute to meet
And he, the victor, found defeat;
In this defeat a world was lost,
And not as man would count the cost,
He has no speech this loss to spell
Nor yet a friend his grief to tell.

He’s lost much more than just a throne
Which kings may lose and yet can own
The lordly pride of pure descent,
He lost his faith; the curtain rent,
He sees she never had conceived
Of god as told and he’d believed.

In all the world there was no balm
To heal his hurt; he must be calm
Lest feral, deadly passions throng
To wreak his wrath; he can’t prolong
His present visit; did he stay
He might, in hate, his mother slay.

He turns and goes; his mood is grim,
Frustration is consuming him;
Outside he sees a guard ill treats
A Hebrew slave; enraged, he beats
The guard to death upon the sand,
Then leaves his tainted motherland.

IN MIDYAN LAND

The wand’ring prince, profound and long

Is thinking of the awful wrong
His father did as vent he gave
To passion; not a tear will lave
His burning eyes; the dark disgrace,
In strolling on, he'll have to face.

And walking firmly on the road,
The steps increase his bitter load;
It seems to him past all belief
That he was doomed to lasting grief;
He hates the land, the soil he trods
And Egypt's vile, pernicious gods.

He lives on what he kills by chance
With his obsidian-pointed lance;
The blood he drinks sustains his strength,
He meets no one, but finds at length
A well where maids, who'd water sheep,
By shepherds chased, in anguish weep.

The giant lifts his mighty staff,
The shepherds run, the maidens laugh:
He hardly can from drinking keep,
But waters first the bleating sheep:
And while each sheep the water sips,
The prince bends down and cools his lips.

HIS CONSTANT FRET

The maidens did not ask his name
Or whence their timely helper came;
"We are the daughters of the priest,"
One said, "we have at home a feast,
Will you, kind sir, so gracious be
To take our hospitality?"

What else could he at present do?
His world had proved to be untrue;
In Egypt, where he'd killed a man,
And was beneath a penal ban:
It seems he's doomed the world to roam,
A vagabond without a home.

As they repeat their fair request.
The prince believes it for the best
To join them, as upon the way,
He'd have protective parts to play;
It might, perhaps, reduce regret
Of what he lost and can't forget.

The gnawing pain, that never left
His burning brain, makes him bereft
Of things he never owned: he's searched
His heart, but grim despair was perched
Upon his soul, he saw a dread,
An uninviting scene, ahead.

He went with them, was well received,
And Yethro instantly believed,
Amon had graced his priestly house
So that this youngling might espouse
One of the seven daughters fair
He had, but not a son as heir.

The prince now greatly felt relieved;
Amidst the festive joys he grieved
A good deal less; he lent an ear
To tales and prattle full of cheer,
And often felt himself beguiled
When Zipporah was near and smiled.

Ere long he wed her. This quite eased
His life, and yet he was displeased.
He'd meant to do so many things,
And now he lived in circling rings
Though outwardly his life seemed fair
Within his mind was dull despair.

And irked by fret, and robbed of sleep,
He asked to herd the flock of sheep
Belonging to the wealthy priest;
Removed from all, he might at least
In solitude complete the plan
To leave a future guide to man.

HIS WONDERFUL PLAN

Beneath the sun or lunar light,
While herding sheep upon the height,
A plan matured. He had no throne,
He'd make a nation of his own
(hat shall be based upon a law
On which the world entire will draw.

And as to sex, it'll be as rock,
Resisting lawless passion shock;
Love is, indeed, a precious thing,
But illy used, disgrace must bring;
Illicit sex, may mean a sin
For which no sire can pardon win.

The wise would surely hesitate
If warned the hybrids expiate
Their ill-considered sexual sin;
And this he'll teach his father's kin,
To know how great their sexual need
They should not blend with Pagan breed.

He'll make a nation and a law
The like of which none ever saw;
And Israel with it shall last,
And live forever in the past;
Himself, he need no kingship seek,
A clinquant crown is for the weak.

Old Egypt, drowsing by the Nile,
Is like the hungry crocodile;
Her people are of little worth,
But Jacob's sons shall have the earth;
For those he will create, he's sure,
Will grow and timelessly endure.

They'll have their promised sacred sod,
Nor shall Osiris be their God;
Jehovah's might the scene will set,
And woe to those who shall forget,
Whatever their attention draw,

The scene and giver of the law.

Thus day by day he plans and dreams,
Until the plan completed seems;
He knows he cannot have a throne,
And so he means to work alone,
And he whose praise each age will sing,
Will rule, though not as Egypt's king.

BACK TO EGYPT

No sooner had his plan matured,
I than he prepared to leave, assured
He'd make the menace-laden way
To Egypt safely, there to lay
His plans before the men who'd lend
Their aid to his redemptive end.

The Prince who had more magic ken
Than all of Egypt's magic men,
My art had won for what he aimed;
He first Jehovah God proclaimed
And in his name the Egypt-bred
Hebraic folk from Egypt led.

Among the mass a crafty few
Informed the prince (what well he knew)
That Korah, so they had been told,
Had brought with him a hoard of gold,
Which they and he should share by right,
And then they perished all one night.

The prince desired that none recall
The story of his life at all,
And so the Hebrews who'd been led
From Egypt, all but two, were dead,
And they, devout and free from lust,
Enjoyed the leader's fullest trust.

THE TABLETS OF THE LAW

The Prince who great frustration knew,
Believed he'd train a people true,
Who'd not defeat the plans he made,
And meant to be their greatest aid,
A law to prove a magic wand
When once they held the Promised Land.

For this alone he had them schooled,
That man by truth alone be ruled;
That God was One and they his priests,
As such be frugal in their feasts,
Industrious and the needy give,
And thus would they in freedom live.

He taught them God is in the mind
For whom they must no image find;
Wherefore a Hebrew must not seek
An idol which is for the weak;
He'd get the law on Sinai's dome,
To guide them in their promised home.

Assured they had his words in heart,
He calls his friends, and they depart;
The friends derive a keen delight
To mount with him the Sinai's height
They would a holy merit draw
When seeing him receive the law.

The Master, on his mission bound,
A shelf of splendid slate has found,
Then from the mass a slab he breaks
And, fashioned, he a tablet makes
On which—the others see with awe—
He writes the ever living law.

And while he writes their looks extol,
As lightnings flash and thunders roll,
The man they see the man whose mind
Is like an eagle o'er his kind,
And like a lion in his rage,
Has written mankind's timeless page.

THE GOLDEN CALF

The Hebrew people can't conceal
The great anxiety they feel
That he, the man of many parts,
Who so completely won their hearts,
Is absent from the camp; they dread
The thought he failed or might be dead.

But there are groups who have betrayed
The Master and to Ptah have prayed,
And they suggest the group awake
To Egypt's faith the priest might make
A form of Ptah, and from him learn
How soon the Master will return.

Connivance thus perverts the mind,
The timid souls no courage find
A faith, untested, to sustain,
They either rave or dully strain,
When credence, born of ignorance,
Is urged in blindness to advance.

When they the priest their tale have told
He's shocked; the form must be of gold,
He says; assumes there could not be
Such quantities of gold, and he
Need not commit this dreadful sin;
In vain; they get the gold and win.

The men, assured he knows his art,
Demand of him he do his part;
Derisively he smiles—a bull
Could not Jehovah's faith annul;
And though the priest dislikes his task,
He does exactly as they ask.

He knows he walks a narrow path,
He dreads his brother's feral wrath,
Yet this in time he could assuage
But who can face the bigots' rage?
A man may dread a lion's roar,

But mobs impassioned even more.

As hope is interblent with fear,
He thinks the Master might appear
In all his might in ample time
And thus prevent this horrid crime;
Wherefore, by sundry means and ways
He artfully the work delays.

And powerless his task to shirk,
He puts the willing hands to work;
They soon erect a mighty base
On which the golden bull to raise;
And there are those who feel delight
That Ptah'll supplant Jehovah's might.

At length the statue stands on high,
A thing of gold against the sky
Of blue by day but seen at night,
With gathered heaps of shrub alight,
The lambent flames of burning piles
Make clear the desert scene for miles.

And flushed, by inner joy beguiled,
The men are dancing, shouting wild
Invocatives, which shows the lot
Have great Jehovah quite forgot;
The hearts of all the men seem full
Of joy in worship of the Bull.

THE MASTER RETURNS

The time for absence's at an end,
The prince and his two men descend,
And as they reach the lower height,
They see the camp entire in light,
They even hear them shout and laugh,
In worship at the golden calf.

The prince is overcome by wrath;
And, stricken, halts upon the path,
Then says, "I labored quite in vain,

If those below their lives retain;
To Hebrews true the law I'll give
The others are unfit to live.

"A loyal people will sustain
A sacred trust despite the strain
Of passion and of alien guile,
Tyut never will their faith defile;
A people pure a strength enlist
Their own destruction to resist.

"The true ideal's a thing of light
That helps conceptive minds to might
By which the fancy grows concrete;
But those below shall never meet
The Lord's austere, yet fair, command,
Or see the holy Promised Land."

Enraged, he breaks the slate to shards,
At which a dread assails his guards,
And, tremblingly, they follow him
As on he walks, austere and grim;
For in the great momentous hour,
They see his greatness and his power.

And direful is the earthly fate
Of those who sinned; they expiate
Their sin; and though they plead and cry,
The worshippers of Ptah must die;
For none must in the camp remain
Who put upon the faith a stain.

HIS ANGER PASSED

His anger lasted only long
Enough to crush the cause of wrong,
Kill those unwilling to obey
The rules prescribed for ev'ry day;
The rule of solid brotherhood,
And laws relating to their food.

And men were trained by acts to reach

The minds obtused to thought and speech;
Believing he was acting fair,
He taught his people to prepare
For holiness, as in the end,
Jehovah would his grace extend.

They must, howe'er, in full believe,
And then would they the law receive;
They'd see the searing lightning flash,
They'd hear Jehovah's thunder crash,
They'd get a law for endless time,
And mankind's guide in ev'ry clime.

The people, formerly so weak,
Are heartened, glad to hear him speak;
They promise to the faith to cling
If he Jehovah's law will bring;
And though he can't their faith believe,
He yet prepares the camp to leave.

GIVING THE LAW

The younger Hebrews the Master led
Were hardy creatures, desert-bred
Who oft the rules of life he made
With gay insouciance disobeyed,
At which his anger, never stilled,
Became acute, and they were killed,

And thinking over it he saw,
They must be curbed by rigid law,
A law, by higher fancy fed,
Should leave an ever lasting dread,
Which once in their emotion set,
In time to come they'll not forget.

By sinners hurt, he never recks
With creature bend for food and sex;,
He water brings when they are dry
And gets them manna from the sky,
But miracles and magic skill
Desire of sex can never still.

Among the knowledge he has stored
Is that the Nebo crater roared
At stated times; he finds the peak,
Which none of them has dared to seek;
He has the seething lava seen,
And in his mind prepared the scene.

“Jehovah will,” he says, “one day
Give me the law, and you shall stay
Below and wait, while I the height
Ascend, the law, black fire on white,
From great Jehovah to receive,
Which all the people must believe.’

Then comes the day a boding sky
Foretells Jehovah is on high;
His lightnings flash, his thunder rolls,
A dread assails the Hebrew souls:
As Nebo’s peak a cloud exhales,
The face of ev’ry Hebrew pales.

They cry, ““The world is sure to end
If great Jehovah should descend.
Oh, Master, Master, pray receive
The holy Law, we will believe!”
They hear a voice as in a spell,
It says, “Be glad, oh Israel!”

It seems eternities of fear
Before the heights of Nebo clear,
And then they see him stand alone,
He holds a tablet made of stone;
Ere long he comes; they gaze in awe,
As he imparts to them the Law.

PROPHETIC WORDS

To Joshua goes his final call;
On him will greater labor fall,
For once they’re of the desert free,
They’ll meet the pagan enemy,

It will be fighting day by day,
With foes obtruding all the way.

And so of him he makes request
As to his body's final rest.
"I hold," he says, "a man who's made
So clean, should not in earth be laid
To foul; and let no clothes be rent
For me, erect no monument.

"Such token pleads that men recall
The dead; I will be known to all
The world, as will the code I gave,
Myself and all my kind to save
The fretting agonies I bore
In dreadful years that went before.

"And few will visualize the scene
I set to give the law: the keen
And errant bearers of the law,
On whom the world will gaze with awe,
They'll oft disdain or will enjoy,
But whom they never can destroy.

"My work will soon be at an end,
I charge you, none shall ever blend
My dust with those whose lust above
Their reason soared; and yet true love
Enriches life and makes man strong,
It's hallowed love, that can't go wrong."

He halts, then says, "At break of day
Have the people here to pray
While I shall mount the Nebo height,
And there in early morning light,
I shall divine instruction seek,
And humbly with Jehovah speak.'

Though Joshua knows and gives a start,
He must obey and do his part;
He knows that those the Master trained
To be a nation, he disdained
In part, for what had entered in

Their blood, so like his father's sin.

When told the Master's on the crest
Of Nebo, then they beat their breast
And pray, and longing voices raise,
They seek to penetrate the haze
And find the Master they adore,
But whom their eyes will see no more.

THE PRINCE PASSES

The Prince is near the crater's brim.
The seething lava speaks to him:
He spoke to fire with unshod feet
And is prepared this fire to meet:
The Prince, 'tis said has had his faults,
But this his human life exalts.

His mind, while on Mount Nebo's height
Outspeeds the condor's fastest flight;
He sees the future clear and smiles,
Then frowns, a brother man reviles
Another, puts ignominy
Upon the people he set free.

He named the Jew a holy priest,
And jackals on his body feast,
While envy, like a Moloch's maw,
Feeds on the people of the law:
And though they reason plead and right,
They only meet the fist of might.

He wonders whether they will heed
His laws, and smiles; a social need
For human conduct's bound to stand
However changed be time's demand:
They'll follow their set destiny,
Whatever may their future be.

His thought a moment flashes back
The six score and five year old track
Of life; ambition, sorrow, vie

With one another and they try
In turn to hold his fancy fast,
To stir emotions to the last.

“Tis strange, he’s lived so very long,
Yet is erect, his body strong,
His voice has still the power to crash,
His eyes have still the lightning flash:
He still could fight, inflict a sting,
Or be his people’s only king.

The only thing he can’t remove
Is that parental, sinful love,
The blot of hybrid he must own
The blot that robbed him of a throne;
If he could this one spot efface,
He’d back to Egypt steps retrace.

He could the Orient hold in spell,
Could ev’ry victor far excel;
He could the wily Hyksos slay,
And a united kingdom sway:
He then could ev’ry fault forgive
And might in royal splendor live.

He shakes his head; he lacks desire.
Of small importance seems the ire
He felt when once ambition chained
His mind and lesser life disdained;
He had a bitter cup to drink,
Of which he does not care to think.

His thoughts revert to those who wait
Below; but they must bend to fate.
Before them lies a journey long
That’s blent with war and tears and song;
Perennial actors in a play
In which they never pass away.

And though the scene went forty years,
Which now a flash of time appears,
He knows that they, so hard to guide,
No power ever will divide

The flock, nor can an evil wraith
Mislead the Hebrews, one in faith.

And this will prove their lasting worth;
For though they're spread on all the earth,
Though torture, sorrow be their lot,
This test will never be forgot:
Go on, O Israel, go on,
My weary work for you is done.

He wants no honors; none should weep
For him or pray, or vigil keep;
And when the crater softly sighs,
A light is gleaming in his eyes;
The glowing lava beckons him,
He smiles and steps across the rim.

* * *

FINALE

The Hebrew lore, disguising this,
Says, Moses got Jehovah's kiss,
Enveloped in celestial light,
The Prophet went to heaven's height,
That none, profanely, should infer
The crater was his sepulchre.

And thus the Sage, whose deathless fame
Outlasted ev'ry mortal's name,
Was more than others sorely tried,
Before his earthly body died;
And yet his laws made in the past
For Jews, will other laws outlast.

Though forty fateful cycles by
Have passed since Moses saw the sky
O'er Nebo's height, he's living yet,
For none his genius will forget;
And now, it's marvelous to tell,
He lives again in Israel.

The End

Publication. *The Hybrid Prince of Egypt, Plus Song of the Arabian Desert* (Los Angeles: Western Authors Association, 1950), pp. 11–63. Reset from the original photographed spread scan; sectional headings, the predominantly six-line stanzas, and the quatrains of “Thermoutis Prays” are retained. The source glosses “boracheous” as “drunken” and explains the golden calf as a reproduction of Apis, understood there as the incarnation of Osiris worshipped by ancient Egyptians.

Song of the Arabian Desert

“One simile that solitary shines / In the dry desert of a thousand lines.”—Pope

DAWN

The darkness thins to a misty red,
The seething vapor slowly breaks
As shafts of dawn shoot up and spread
Upon the blue—the earth awakes:
Deep-throated jungle voices ring,
A hungry jackal sounds its cry;
A searching condor’s on the wing
And smiling palmlings kiss the sky;
The cloying curtain’s dropping low;
The sleazy remnants of the night
To crannied depths are forced to go,
For Allah says, “Let there be light!”

THE DESERT

The far-flung sea of sandy heaps
Which, undulating, seem to rise
And fall, from which a spirit leaps
In lambent flame, enchants the eyes;
Within my heart emotions stir
Of things that marvels are to me,
I think the sand a sepulchre
That holds entombed a sougning sea:
A sea of tears that bitter hate
Begot of grief and guilt and tears:
Encrusted pain which, but for weight,
Would burst to drown the sins of years.

THE FLOWING TEAR

As Allah knows the great extent
Of human wrongs, his acts are wise;
He gives the prisoned sea a vent,

And, drop by drop, the waters rise;
The singing waters, rushing so,
The sand excrescence fiercely shear,
And when in wide expanse they flow,
They seem the desert's flowing tear.
What seemed to me at first so drear,
Enlustered is by Allah's smile;
And as I habitations near,
I learn the glory of the Nile;
He soaks the soil, makes lush each leaf
Of grass that feeds the happy land;
Thus Allah saves from want and grief
His faithful with paternal hand.

SIMOON

And, having knelt before the sun
And prayed for Allah's aid this day,
My beast and I meander on
The far-flung desert's mystic way:
We reach the valley where the Nile,
Susurrant sweetly, onward flows;
Where bides the lurking crocodile
And where the lethal Lotus blows;
And there Simoon at times commands
The desert djinn to fill the air
With whirling clouds of searing sands
Until appeased—then all is fair.

REST AND PRAYER

The tarpaulin that was our shield
When old Simoon was raging so,
Will now a comfort shadow yield
Before we slowly onward go:
We rest; but Sol moves on, and soon,
Ere yet Farangula, my beast
And I have dozed, the hour of noon
Arrives; I kneel and face the East:

And then, while Sol in cosmic power,
Majestic moves toward the West,
There comes the mellow vesper hour,
It gently bids us halt and rest.

THE SETTING SUN

I hail the Sun, the best of friends,
Whom Allah blest with light: for when
The night is dark, a feeling lends
Me hope that he will rise again;
Who else could so the sad engage,
So free the human heart of care?
Why not, therefore, the waning day
Endear with gratitude and prayer?
The desert world will soon be stilled,
The sand be cool as garden sod,
And so the setting sun has filled
My heart with gratitude to God.

CONTEMPLATION

I turn to Allah, in whose hand
The world is held, and nothing can
Reject his will—the grain of sand,
The beast, the bird or I, the man;
I feel in this a great delight,
That He could make the sun to stay,
Or lightless leave the somber night,
Then why not I His will obey?
I do, and lift to Him my face
In joy for all He's given me,
A humble man, the priceless grace
To glory in my liberty.

MY DESERT SONG

Wherefore I humbly bend my knee;
In deepest gratitude and say:

I thank thee, Allah, that I'm free
To sing my desert song today;
It's not alone my song you hear,
For countless voices now intone
Their chants, some dissonant and drear,
But phrasing them's for me alone;
By Allah's grace the power is mine
To think and speak and thanks to send
In phrases to your ear divine
For every gift you to me lend.

SUNSET

Anon a vari-colored scene
Appears; the West is like a shawl
The sun, in golden, glowing sheen,
Would let on Luna's shoulders fall;
And through the web uncounted eyes
Within the cobalt blue express
A hope of Allah's Paradise
Where shriven souls find happiness;
It's twilight, and a creature calls
It's mate. It is the trysting hour;
The desert evening softly falls
As dew is falling on a flower.

IT IS THE NIGHT

Anon the gathering clouds assail
The moonlit sky, portending storms;
The blinking stars appear to pale
At sight of gargoyles, eldritch forms:
And these, marshalled for the fray,
Assume a weird and darksome mien:
It seems they would the nightlight slay
And Luna never should be seen:
And yet, this sleazy drape that's spun
To gloom the sky; that weaves all night
To irk the moon, the morning sun

Will put consummately to flight.

STILL THE NIGHT

Yet this nocturnal, magic scene
Above the sands that seem as waves
Of muted seas, the silver sheen
Of shores no rushing water laves,
Is not the fancy of a dream,
A wraith upon the desert field,
A thing that only seems to seem
And not a form concrete will yield;
It's more. It comes from Allah's heart:
The sands, the stars, the sun, the moon,
Each is of Allah's plan a part,
For all his faithful to commune.

THE PULSE OF TIME

I feel the pulse of time. The night
Yields to another desert day;
I see a brighter, sweeter light,
My mind enjoys a nobler play;
I have no fashion-cult to please;
I'm free of greed, nor need I dash
To market, then ill at ease
When tax-collectors want the cash;
I'm not a slave to common lies,
With little food and labor long;
I look with pleasure up the skies
Where Allah hears my desert song.

I ENVY NOT THE KING

The desert gives a freedom which
Is full of joy; of cash deprived,
The desert man may yet be rich,
Because he is a man ungyved;
And praised be Allah every hour

In which His mercy favors me,
He grants me grace and power
To live and know that I am free;
And feeling that I'm favored so,
I envy not a king his throne,
Uneased of cares, he may not go
From place to place as I—alone.

I NEED NO MOSQUE

And mine is yet another boon:
I need no mosque with gilded dome,
With Allah's mercy to commune,
I sense him in my desert home,
My home which is beneath the sky;
And, free of cant, I here can test
My heart and its emotions try
With which to find a life that's blest;
No priests are here the faith to teach
And rob the needy by their wile;
It's what you do not what you preach
That cleans the heart of ev'ry guile.

NO HOURIS DANCE

I have no tables set to feast
Bedizzened lords while houris dance;
I need not ride my patient beast
In tournament with bow and lance;
While gracious Allah gives me health
And shields that wise old mule of mine,
I grudge no Sultan all his wealth,
His throne, his gold or concubine;
I would not miss the scenes of night
Or fail the early dawn to see,
For all the Sultan's keen delight,
Since in the desert I am free.

GOLD IS HARD TO BEAR

Man's freedom is the only dower
That brings to creature life its cheer;
For, unlike wealth, it has the power
To free the inner self of fear;
The useless gold is hard to bear
When not employed mankind to bless,
Such as to ease a brother's care
And give to others happiness;
An idle hoard no joy assures
Or brings a meed of Allah's grace;
I envy not that gold of yours,
My Lord, nor would I take your place.

GOLD CAN'T FREEDOM BUY

No treasure could my freedom buy,
The sight of Dawn, the rest at noon,
The warring cloudlets in the sky
At night to obfuscate the moon;
The cloudy forms with silver lined,
The cobalt depths with stars in them,
Exceeding far the metals mined,
More brilliant than the choicest gem;
For these I would engage in strife,
They are as fragrance to my breath,
My joy of soul, my aim in life,
The final pleasure 'fore my death.

FARANGULA

Farangula must feel the same;
For, being patient and a friend,
He'd feel, I know, a sense of shame,
Did I conceive another end;
Farangula needs not a goad
To make him go; he does his best:
Unirked he bears his daily load,

He eats his feed and finds his rest;
And I, when dark engulfs the light
And skies are wrapt in black unrent,
I sense the desert peace of night
And, dreamless, sleep within my tent.

Sayim.

Publication. *The Hybrid Prince of Egypt, Plus Song of the Arabian Desert* (1950), pp. 67–74.
Sectional headings and the source's continuous verse units are retained; the printed signature
"Sayim" follows the final section.

PERIODICAL VERSE (1957)

A late public poem recovered from its complete magazine issue.

The Statue of Liberty

A Chant and a Prayer.

I

Embronzed within her panoply,
Majestic at the Gate she stands,
The Goddess, holding torch on high,
To guide the poor from foreign lands.
Proud-lipped and silent in her might,
She tells the pilgrims passing by,
All men are free by human right,
And liberty shall never die.

II

Venality at times may seek
To quench the light of truth and hold
In chains the hungry and the weak,
Defeat the law with ill-got gold,
It shall not last, for torch in hand,
Extending light upon the sea,
Forever She in might shall stand
A symbol of our liberty.

Publication. Jewish Life, October 1957, p. 35. Transcribed from the complete local issue scan.

APPENDIX | DOCUMENTED AND UNRECOVERED POEMS

Secure titles and manuscript groups for which a complete reading text was not available.

“Let There Be Light!” *Oriental Stories*, April–May–June 1931. The publication is documented, but a complete reading text has not been recovered.

“Edgar Allan Poe.” *Weird Tales*, May 1937. De Castro’s contribution to the Poe acrostic sequence with H. P. Lovecraft and R. H. Barlow; a full scan was not present in the local source set.

The Painter’s Dream. Los Angeles, 1940. An anti-Hitler poem or pamphlet sold for the benefit of war victims; no complete scan has been located.

“Poland—My Native Land.” *Polonia Reporter*, 1958, no. 3–4, p. 2. The bibliographical record is secure, but the complete text has not been recovered.

Two folders labeled “Poems,” American Jewish Archives, Adolphe de Castro Papers, MS-348, box 5, folders 1–2. These manuscripts have not been digitized for this edition.

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COLOPHON

Editorial and production record.

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans for The Text-Tech Papers. Designed in the Extremes and Moderations format: 6 × 9 inches, mirrored margins, EB Garamond, restrained historical apparatus, and one poem opening per page. The cover uses Brian Kim Stefans's unlettered giant-and-dwarf artwork. Reading texts were checked against the original book and periodical scans; the 1950 photographed spreads were split before transcription, and the two archival photographs appear once each. Prepared August 2026.