

In Their Darkened Shrines: IV. Ruins

Nile

I knew they were Accursed
so remote were these nameless desert ruins
Crumbling and inarticulate the debris of
its collapsed walls was
Nearly hidden by the sands of the uncounted ages
It must have been thus before the first stones of
Memphis were laid
And the bricks of Babylon unbaked
Fear spoke from the age worn stones
This desolate survivor of the Deluge
This crumbling antidiluvial ancestor
Of the Eldest Pyramid

Only the grim brooding desert Gods
Knew what really took place here
What indescribable struggles and bloodshed
Awoke some distant throng of condemned spirits
And broke the tomblike silence of these crumbled
Time ravaged remains these night black ruins
Of some vanguished and buried Temple of Belial

But as the Night wind diad away
Above the desert rim rose the
Blazing edge of the morning sun
Which in my fevered state
I swore that from some remote depth there came a
Great crash of metal
Like a great Bronze gate
Clanging shut whose reverberations swelled out
To hail the rising Sun as Memnon hails in
From the banks of the Nile