

## 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