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Eternity

TO NICHOLAS ROERICH.

The dog, the white dog, and the sun, the red sun,
And earth, the white earth—with frost of the morning,
Are symbols of something that scarce has begun
To signal itself to the mind
Heark the warning!
Eternity there,
And there is the spear,
We carry the cup,
Now heark and now hear.

The horse, the white horse and the moon, the white moon;
Great mountains above—an hour before dawning,
And all things alone in that silent white zone,
That signals itself to the mind,
Heark the warning!
Eternity there,
And there is the spear,
We carry the cup,
Now heark and now hear.

The hawk, the white hawk, and the star, the white star
Aflame on the edge—of night and of morning,
A vision of wings most mysterious that flare
To signal themselves to the mind
Heark the warning!
Eternity there,
And there is the spear,
We carry the cup,
Now heark and now hear.

Barnett. D. Conlan, 1939.

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The Magi

To Nicholas Roerich.

Under the shoulder and crown of the earth,
 The Kings are marching towards a new birth,
 Nothing dismays them and nothing can stay
 Their march growing certain from day unto day.
 Onward they lead till the Centre be here,
 Timeless, arrayed in the fire of a sphere,
 Endless, yet shaped to the rays of a Sun,
 Where fire and shadow and centre are one.
 And farther than utmost Samarkand,
 They circle Asia and enter a land
 Where domes of a crystal and shining white
 Arise on shafts of a fortress of Light.
 The mountains around ascend as a cup,
 Tinged mauve like petals and tipped at the top,
 The air candescent and white as snow
 From diamond fires of the fort below.
 And ages and ages have made this place
 Aglow with a myriad flames from the face
 Of a wondrous Sun, and the mountains shine,
 Of sapphire and turquoise, and crystalline.
 And porch and rampart vibrate to the sound
 Of a luminous ocean of fire profound,
 And all the land and its tremulous zone,
 Re-echoes the Centre, the Fiery Throne.

II

Under the summits and crown of the earth,
 The Kings are marching towards a new birth,
 Protected and guided by one great fire,
 The fountain and symbol of High Desire.
 Despite disaster, eclipse and despair,
 And Death like a black moon riding the air,

They quench the anger and turmoil of war
And lead us forward to one white star.

The Flaming Sword, the Sword of the Sun,
The diamond-hilted is with them, alone

They turn the Powers of Darkness with might
Of Fire and Wind and conquer the Night.

And warriors stand around with the fire
Held high like a sacred sign of the Higher,
Seven fires ascending round one great Name
Sonorous, luminous, deathless Flame.

And all the place is aglow like a flower
That burns beyond our life of an hour,
That flames beyond the extent of this zone,
Where fire and shadow and centre are one.

And outward across a listening world
On waves of light and of sound unfurled,
They signal the advent of some New Day
When Hate shall be changed into Harmony.

III

And onward through shadows of Tian-Shan
O'er Pamir and snow white summits that span
The highest dominions, the Kings advance
And marching by will of the stars not chance.

Above them the Banner of Light is born,
Orion opening the gates of the Dawn,

From whence the Beauty of Asia shall rise,
An infinite Beauty to heal the eyes.

And gardens with temples and statues rare,
Are shining again in the morning air,

And sacred mountains are casting the glow
Of a world beyond the world that we know.

Then down the wind comes the sound of a bell
A mystic symbol that all now is well,

And up in the zenith the Seven Stars wheel
O'er a million shining swords--not of steel.

Before them a snow white eagle shall steer,
Invisible, visible symbol, here,

Of some Great Warrior, One who shall bring
The reason of Life and its perfecting.

Under the shoulder and crown of the earth,
The Kings are leading towards a new birth,

With fire and decision they forge the way,
Whereon man marches towards a New Day.

Barnett D. Conlan.
