

The Rubaiyat

Mournful Congregation

"Earth could not answer
nor the seas that mourn
and the thoughtful soul
to solitude return"

"Up from earth's centre through the seventh gate
I rose, and on the throne of Saturn sate
and many knots unravel'd by the road
but not the knot of human death and fate"

"With Earth's first clay They did the Last Man's knead
And then of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read"

With a new dawn, comes a new birth
From the first utterance to the final murmur
A day is slain, and a new dawn birthed
In night's black majesty, is the new-born lain

The joy of one day, is the sorrow of the next
Arriving at the pain of the future past
Bringing to dust all mortal pride
Pitying the very lot of kings

We recall all despair borne of the last
A reflection of man's pain so vast