# CHORDS OF THE ZITHER

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Chords of the Zither by Clinton Scollard

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### **CLINTON SCOLLARD**

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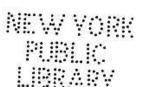


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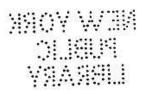
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CLINTON SCOLLARD



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- I chafed at the gives that bound under the western star, When over the welter of waves a clear voice called from afar,
- And I said, "I will seek once more the Nile and the nenuphar!"
- So I strode to the long, low quays, and boarded a deepdecked bark,
- And we plowed through the phosphor seas by the beacons of day and dark
- Till we raised the Gate of the East with the sweep of its harbor arc.
- There lay the undulant dunes dull cinnabar in the sun,
- A drooping disk in the waves; and the palms rose one by one,
- And the Pillar of Pompey told of a time whose sands.

  had run.
- Weirdly the windmills waved, arm upon circling arm;
- A flight of flamingoes gave to the heaven a roseate charm,
- And the twilight folded the land as a mother her child from harm.
- The conqueror's city glowed with a blending of prismy shades:
- The light of the Pharos flashed like the points of a muriad blades;
- And the hot Khamsin swept out of the night's dim colonnades—

- Swept from the desert's heart, a phantom of fiery breath, From the wide mysterious wastes where the sere earth shriveleth,
- Yet it spake with the lure of life not the hollow plaint of death.
- And it bore the old sweet smells attar, incense and nard;
- It charmed with the old strange spells that the lost years have not scarred,
- The tinkle of anklet bells, the lilt of the wandering bard;
- The jangled cries of the street, music and discord met; The fountain's lyric purl, the zither's rhythmic fret, And the rapt muezzin's call from the crest of the minaret.
- And my soul yearned out to it all like a guest who is fain of a feast,
- While the cryptic orient stars on the scroll of the sky increased,
- And "Welcome! welcome! O son!" floated forth from the Gate of the East.