

***JUSTIN
H. MCCARTHY***

An aerial photograph of a lush green valley. In the foreground, a dense forest of dark evergreen trees stretches across the bottom. The middle ground features rolling green hills with a large, dark forested area in the center. In the distance, a range of mountains is visible under a sky filled with soft, white and grey clouds. The overall scene is peaceful and scenic.

***HAFIZ
IN LONDON***

***JUSTIN
H. MCCARTHY***



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Hafiz in London

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For not alone by Rukni's flow
The ruddy Persian roses grow.

Not only 'neath the cypress groves,
With soul on fire the singer roves,
And tells the laughing stars his loves.

Here in this city—where I brood
Beside the river's darkling flood,
And feed the fever in my blood

With Eastern fancies quaintly traced
On yellow parchment, half effaced
In verses subtly interlaced—

Men eat and drink, men love and die,
Beneath this leaden London sky,
As eastward where the hoopoes fly,

And through the tranquil evening air
A muezzin from the turret stair
Summons all faithful souls to prayer.

And we who drink the Saki's wine
Believe its juice no less divine
Than filled, Hafiz, that cup of thine.

Master and most benign of shades,
Before thy gracious phantom fades
To Mosellay's enchanted glades,

Breathe on my lips, and o'er my brain
Some comfort for thy child, whose pain
Strives as you strove, but strives in vain.

When sundown sets the world on fire,
The music of the Master's lyre