

Habbanan Beneath the Stars

Summoning

In Habbanan beneath the skies
Where all roads end however long
There is a sound of faint echoes
And distant echoes of a song,
For there men gather into rings
Round their red fires while one voice sings -
And all about is night Not night as ours, unhappy folk,
Where nigh the Earth in hazy bars,
A mist about the springing of the stars,
There trails a thin and wandering smoke
Obscuring with its veil half-seen
The great abysmal still Serene. A globe of dark glass faceted with light
Wherein the splendid winds have dusky flight;
Untrodden spaces of an odorous plain
That watches for the moon that long has lain
And caught the meteors' fiery rain -
Such there is night. and caught the meteors' fiery rain
If I am dead and gone, would you remain

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