

are the smells of Nineveh,
 in her eyes when day is gone
 are the cries of Babylon.)
 Diarmuid Paris and Solomon,
 Omar Harun and Master Hafiz,
 to me your ladies are all one—
 keep your dead beautiful ladies.

Eater of all things lovely—Time!
 upon whose watering lips the world
 poises a moment(futile,proud,
 a costly morsel of sweet tears)
 gesticulates,and disappears—
 of all dainties which do crowd
 gaily upon oblivion
 sweeter than any there is one;
 to touch it is the fear of rhyme—
 in life's very fragile hour
 (when the world was like a tale
 made of laughter and of dew,
 was a flight,a flower,a flame,
 was a tendril fleetly curled
 upon frailness)used to stroll
 (very slowly)one or two
 ladies like flowers made,
 softly used to wholly move
 slender ladies made of dream
 (in the lazy world and new
 sweetly used to laugh and love
 ladies with crisp eyes and frail,
 in the city of Bagdad.)

Keep your dead beautiful ladies
 Harun Omar and Master Hafiz.