

THE CALIPH'S DREAM

(From the Arabic of El Iomal)

BY T. G. LA MOILLE

The city slumbered while the heat
Drove men and camels from the street.
In wakeful drowsing Ibrahim
The Caliph dreamed this warning dream :

Carried on carpet Fancy wrought
Of scenes from Farther Dreamland brought,
The Caliph rested many a mile
To Somewhere-Happy-All-the-While.

Gone were his cares of Realm and State,
Vanished his fears of Death and Fate,
Full to the brim his cup of bliss,
And love ne'er wearied of Love's kiss.

In maze of roses wandering,
He found veiled shape, with folded wing,
Who to the startled Caliph said :
"Here dwell the dead and thou art dead."

That glimpse of death, like knife toward heart,
Made Ibrahim from slumber start,
And Allah praise that he just dreamed,
And life even sweeter than had seemed.

Siesta ended and that day
Awoke, saw crowds at work and play.
The Caliph now was glad to write :
Enjoy Today—Too Soon Comes Night.