Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar --Laurence Hope

Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell tonight before you agonize him in farewell tonight?

Pale hands that once loved me beside the Shalimar: Whom else from rapture's road will you expel tonight?

Those "Fabrics of Cashmere--" "to make Me beautiful--" "Trinket"--to gem--"Me to adorn--How--tell"--tonight?

I beg for haven: Prisons, let open your gates--A refugee from pity seeks a cell tonight.

Lord, cried out the idols, Don't let us be broken; Only we can convert the infidel tonight.

In the heart's veined temple all statues have been smashed. No priest in saffron's left to toll its knell tonight.

And I, Shahid, only am escaped to tell thee--God sobs in my arms. Call me Ishmael tonight.