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# Let There Be Light!

*By ADOLPHE de CASTRO*

Half dreaming on the desert's edge I lay,  
And saw the sun with tender touch caress  
The sleeping palm to smiling wakefulness  
And dow'r with golden tongues the fragrant bay.  
Night spirits stole to crannied depths away  
While distant mountains, clad in gloomy dress  
Of seething vapors from the wilderness,  
Raised flaming heads to greet triumphant day.

Low moaned the conquer'd spirit of the night  
And called Simoom who, menace-breathing, slept  
In fearsome vales, but quickly rose to fight  
The nascent dawn; and, shrieking, crashing, leapt  
On clouds of dust that whirled and, roaring, swept  
The sky—but Allah said: "Let there be light!"