

THE GATES OF NINEVEH

By ROBERT E. HOWARD

These are the gates of Nineveh ; here
Sargon came when his wars were won,
Gazed at the turrets looming clear,
Boldly etched in the morning sun.

Down from his chariot Sargon came,
Tossed his helmet upon the sand,
Dropped his sword with its blade like flame,
Stroked his beard with his empty hand.

“Towers are flaunting their banners red,
The people greet me with song and mirth,
But a weird is on me,” Sargon said,
“And I see the end of the tribes of earth.

“Cities crumble, and chariots rust—
I see through a fog that is strange and gray—
All kingly things fade back to the dust,
Even the gates of Nineveh.”