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TEOTÍHUACÁN

By Alice I'Anson

I sing of pagan rites that long ago
Ruled the great city lying far below
The twin volcanoes' hoary bridge of snow—
I sing the Song of Teotihuacán!

Deep is the womb of Time in which I see
The drama of a dead idolatry!—
I hear old voices chanting now in me
The mystic Song of Teotihuacán!

"The red dawn shimmers on Tezcoco's lake,
O City of the Priests, awake, awake!
It is another Feast Day of the Snake,
The Serpent God of Teotihuacán!

"Behold the flaming signal in the skies!
The dawn is red!—today a victim dies!
O hear, O hear his agonizing cries,
Great Serpent God of Teotihuacán!

"Upon the stone his writhing form is laid—
His blood spurts redly from the 'itxli' blade—
With his dripping heart an offering is made,
To the mighty God of Teotihuacán!"

Shadows of centuries! still they grow apace
While Mystery hovers o'er the solemn place
Whose ruins whisper in this year of grace:
"Where is the God of Teotihuacán?"

O Souls that cross again the yawning deep
While round these monuments the lizards
creep,
I feel your ghostly contact as you keep
Your vigils in old Teotihuacán!

O Spirit Guardians of this grim terrain,
Has Karma bound us with the selfsame
chain?

Did I, too, worship at that gory fane
Long years ago . . . in Teotihuacán?

