

1933

Khiva

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KHIVA

With boundless ecstasy,
As the little world, beneath the stalks
Becomes familiar.

I hear the buzz of tiny things—
God's own creatures.
They seem so close
And yet so far away.
I feel, as oft I've felt,
That God is present in that little world,
And I must stay.

He breathes His love on us below;
He gives us strength to carry on with life.
Dear Lord, I know
That Thy love bears us far above
The common hurts of poor mankind.

Would but that I could clearly speak
Of God, of Love, of Life,
Of all that's warm within me.
And is my soul the mirror of God Almighty,
Pray make my words the mirror of my soul.

—Albert E. Smigel.

KHIVA

Khiva—it is a strange place;
Penan, you should go there to get the taste of mare's
fermented milk;
Or slide your hand over Tartor's shiny silk;
See the wooly Kuzzah draw low on wild Kalmune.
What? Have I been there?
Oh no! I just assume.

—Edmund H. Tarbutton.