

Roehrich

O Broblinagian master-mind,
In fields transcendent you would find
Those noble subjects form your arts:
The deeper mysteries of the heart.

Beyond the highest mountain peak,
You play your game of hide-and-peek,
Steep cliffs are scaled and ridges crossed,
In your hunt for relics, ages lost.

On Himalaya's mighty heights,
You sketch majestic, Faustian sights,
Revealing also on your screen,
Impressions from the world unseen.

Bibles in color we behold,
Unuttered prophecies we are told,
The Treasures of Heaven at our feet,
And wondrous gems from Wisdom's seat.

Sleeping dragons you've revived,
And ancient myths revived;
Fairies and Devas you restore,
And they live again, as they did of yore.

The universe before our eyes,
Bright Indra's gardens in the skies,
And Yama's caves in deepest hell,
Cast on your works their magic spell.

From every land you take your themes,
From subtler planes your nobler schemes,
And hidden light is manifest
In Banners oft the East and West.

Beyond you see the common good,
The basis for world brotherhood,
The Universe a perfect whole,
And there is no thing without a soul.

Prometheus unbound and free,
Securing for humanity
A flambeau from that arcane fire
Which is the soul's deepest desire.

Columbus, thou, of beauty's realm;
Continue, master, at the helm,
And from imaginations sphere,
Return with precious cargoes here.