

"Please God, He may enable thee to inhale the sweet fragrance of His Day, to partake of the limitless effusions of His grace, to quaff their fill, through His gracious favor ... and to remain firm and immovable as the mountain in His Cause."

Gleanings from the Writings of Bahá'u'lláh, p. 58

"At whatever time I contemplate the mountains, I am led to discover the ensigns of Thy victory and the standards of Thine omnipotence."

--Bahá'u'lláh, Prayers and Meditations, p. 272

LAUDATE

Ragged edges, grand growth
Your marvelous massiveness of
Rock
Stands
Imposing your strength
With peaceful stateliness
And static power

With dominant ascendance
Your patient peaks
Protrude repeatedly
Extending far, far, far.
With calm and silence
You claim the space of vastness
Entrancing your beholders,
Enraptured and belittled
As they sift into
Near nothingness
While your scabrous slopes

Stand
Imposing your bedrock
While men submit
To your hold on land
While they capitulate
By contouring, overpassing
Your impregnable demesne,
Yielding yet delineating,
Inventing invisible demarcations
Disposing of you as they please
To Jordan, Egypt, Arabia and Israel

With foolishness they attempt
To divide your invincible substance
For while they perish by thousands
Your power is proven
As centuries surrender
To the serene eternity
Of your salient station

For within you lies
The impenetrable mystery
Of His mounting Kingdom