

POEMS TO LIVE BY

by

Stanwood Cobb

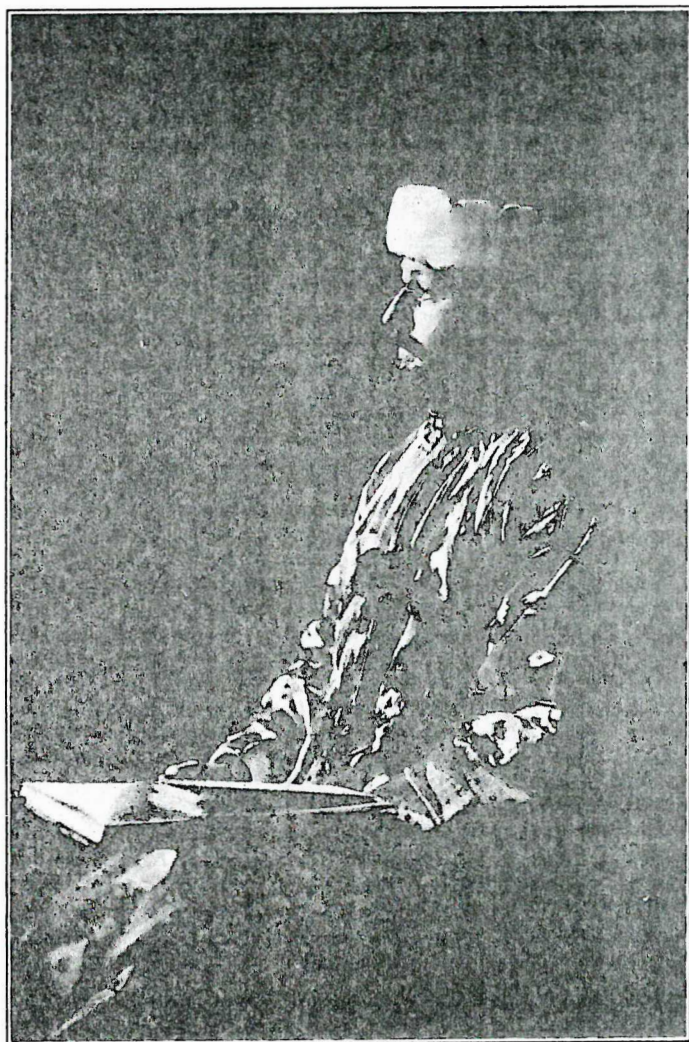
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By

Stanwood Cobb

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Other Books

By Stanwood Cobb

The Jade Necklace of Lin San Kwei - Verse
What is Love? - Verse
What is God? - Verse
Sage of the Sacred Mountain
What is Man? - Verse
The Donkey and the Elephant - Verse
Tomorrow and Tomorrow
Symbols of America
The Way of Life of Wu Ming Fu
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Security for a Failing World
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PART I

POEMS OF YOUTH, NATURE AND LOVE

Out From an Examination

Out from an examination pacing hot-headed,
I perceived the eternal realities of nature:
The glow of sunset in the western sky,
The soft snow-lines upon the hills,
The sixth planet shining near the horizon,
And my soul found freedom again
In the Infinite.

Twofold Goal

Enough, enough to me be given
A life both of the earth and heaven;
The one amidst the deeds of man,
And one where only Faith may scan.

L'Envoi

A final word
From one who takes alone the path
That all must walk.
Let it be said
That life is as you live it,
The sky now blue, now gray
In mood to match
The sunshine and the shadow of your soul.

The Path

For me there is no great nor less,
No failure or success;
The path I follow as the vision leads.
For time, I have eternity to roam;
For space, the universe my home,
Content to go as Destiny me speeds.

The Homeland

Like a well known voice in a foreign land
Comes a bit of music here; a poem;
A song that bids me rise
And go to my Father's home.

Do I rest content with the things that are here?
'Tis because I see no other;
And voices of the Past
Are drowned in a saddened dream.

Why do I linger here when a world of wonder waits?
A world where the purple hills look down
On a people of might -
On a people who know their glorious God-given power.

It is there I belong,
In the mystic homeland sweet.
Why come ye sounds, strange melodies -
To prick my heart till the yearning blood leaps forth!

O why, you poems of unusual meter,
That under the common meaning of your words
Bear me aloft on billows
Of inexplicable forgotten sound?

O why, you picture, lurks that subtle smile
Beneath the contour of the form and color's pride?
As who should hint
"Dost stay, when the home-breeze whispers forth?"

I dreamed the other night I stood upon hills three
And saw a greater thing
Than ever I have known -
So great that half of it escapes my waking sight.

But now I know what beauty means,
And at its call
My struggling soul would restless burst away
And fly back home where friends await its coming.

Man and Destiny

To strut like a rooster in the sun,
To feel the joy of every bird that sings,
To thrill with life like yonder nodding flowers,
This is existence.

To open one's arms to all one's fellow beings,
To read behind each face the person hidden there,
To see beneath all evil the good that may become,
This is benevolence.

To feel oneself grow less and less,
To reach the point where Self no more exists,
To float in the fulness of the cosmic whole,
This is Eternity.

Breath of the Summer Morn

Breath of the summer morn,
Dew on the rose,
Perfumes that are shed abroad
With every breeze that blows:
Seek ye, perhaps, some passer-by
To stop and dream and sigh?
Then here am I!
Oh here am I!

A Creed of Happiness

I am a pagan,
If making happiness an aim of life
Is pagan.
And I am a philosopher,
If the belief one's happiness must be created,
And the consideration of the means of its creation
Is philosophy.

And this is my discovery:
The key to happiness
Is a simple and appreciative heart.
The Universe surrounds with many joys
Which go unheeded by the common man.

We win to happiness
By bringing open vision,
Zest for enjoyment,
And a thankful heart
To all activities of life
And every hour of living.

Can one say more than this?
Perhaps.
But the credo here set forth
Can be proved better by experience
Than by mere words.

Peace

Ending the dreary war-torn night
Zion feels the watchman bringing
The dawn of planetary peace -
And all her heart is singing.

My Prayer

Give me the mind to know,
The will to feel,
And enough strength to carry out
The Truth.

Grant that the universe may open up her secrets to me.
I ask not to know all,
But to know rightly that which I do know.
To be not led astray;
To see not falsely through prejudice,
Pride, sloth or wilfullness;
But to see through the clear light of reason
And to feel with the heart of a little child!

Despair

When life the deepest settles like a cloud
Of storm upon me, such as thunders loud
Its dim despair, and flashes forth in gleam
Of lights that with satanic menace teem,
Then know I most, that though the sunny days,
And joy, are God - He also rides the storm
And gives His angels charge of all the ways
Of waste and death that lead to life's reform.

And lo, this cloud strange mystic rays illumine
Into a shape of high supernal grace;
And in the midst of despair's darkest gloom,
Behold! I see my Maker face to face.

Sacred Hours

Thank God for hours vouchsafed to us,
Freed from Time's moving stream -
When cosmic life, in leaf and flower,
Holds us entranced in dream.

The Madman's Story

They told me that such effort would do harm,
Too great excitement for a failing mind!
A period so critical should be
Bridged over by mind-easing calm and rest,
Or else the slender threads of reason's woof
Would snap, unravel and be swept away
By maddening winds.
And so they counseled me;-
Carefree, to leave ambition for the whole;
Cut loose the cables, drift untaught to sea
And let my goal grow dim upon the dusk.

Oh what a way to save a tottering mind!
What? Sacrifice ambition and all plans,
Abandoning the joyous course marked out
Just when the harbor light sends cheery rays
To guide the struggling vessel to its goal?

Am I to let the world slip by, forsooth,
When but to hail it were to call it mine!
Or leave the ripe fruit hanging on the bough
When it were mine for the mere plucking of it!
As well advise the sailor leave his raft
When rescue boats are bearing down upon him.
As well advise a conquering army leave
The field of its well-wrested victory.

They think the minds' last glimmer's flickering out!
Bah, let them think! I snap my fingers at them!
They do not know what genius is! They see
An old cracked bell and call it valueless!

But reason, after all, what is its worth?
Has reason ever moved the world? Won battles,
Established a religion or a school?
Or wrested from blind Nature many truths?
No, reason does not so! But genius does,
And madness is but genius in disguise.

If I am mad, I revel in this gift.
Let ties be snapped, let earth be left behind;
And soaring through star-spaces, borne aloft
On roseate clouds of the imagination
Let's find what reason has but dimly guessed,
And the inferior clay has never dreamed.

Look you at me in pity? In contempt?
I know that faint disdainful smile
The creeps around the face of everyone
Who listens to my story.

I'll tell no more.
Please go away! Keep pity for yourself!

All Hail!

Hail to life's bold explorers,
Pioneers who lead the way
To unknown regions of the soul;
Scale boldest crags,
And find there a foothold firm.
Without them, we should falter at the first steep climb;
Should fear by precipice and brink;
Should rest contented with low levels won.

Why?

Why should we always hear the first wild notes
Of symphonies that droop with subtle sweet,
Only to miss the melody divine
That lingers half discovered, half too fleet?

Why should our hearts soar skyward like the lark
At sight of some seraphic, heaven-lit face -
Only to beat its passion out in vain
Against the prison bars of time and place?

O melody that comes to plague us so,
O love that clings and will not let us go,
We pray for freedom; yet a dreamless peace
We would not wish for, that I know.

Let others satisfy their hearts' desire,
Let others have a soul that's not on fire.
The sunshine glows more deeply after rain;
The seer, in peace, comes to his own again.

When the Evening Shadows Fall Composed in 1908 at Acca

When the evening shadows fall
And the darkness covers all -
When the turquoise and the blue
Of the sea dissolve from view,
And the orange of the sky
Fades before the watching eye
When the sunset shadows fall
May God's peace enfold us all.

What is Love?

What is true love? Can anyone define?
Hardly, for love follows no one line.

There is the ardent love of flesh for flesh,
Such as the charms of body may enmesh.

When to such earthly love is added soul,
We have conjugal blissfulness in whole.

There is attractive love of one's own kind,
A deep attachment for the kindred mind.

The love of mother for her cherished child -
Of human love this is most sweetly mild.

But of all loves, this is the final test -
Welfare of others must to us seem best!

An Interlude?

Is happiness an interlude,
Or is it nature's constant mood?
For humans, it is all too rare -
It seldom serves as daily fare!

To Soar Aloft

O butterfly from flower to flower flitting,
How is it that I who here am sitting
Can also fly and spread my golden wings,
And soar aloft with every bird that sings?

Transmigration of Souls

The Sparrow (Devotee of the Mart)

You have no voice to sing and charm the soul,
Your days are spent in grubbing on the street;
Nor have you zest to soar against the sky,-
Enough for you to hustle and to eat.

The Crow (Cynic)

Where things are black, your plumage blackest fits.
You like, aloft, to scan the nether fields;
And then, anon, with raucous clamorings
Assure the world that life no pleasure yields.

The Nightingale (Forlorn Lover)

When spring her utmost beauty spreads abroad
And moonlight gilds the blossom-scented air,
You pour your heart in rapturous melody
Invoking memories of some old despair.

The Eagle (Seer)

You soar aloft and dare the zenith's height;
Your wings can vantage you against the gale;
And when you rest, 'tis on some sky-born crag
Where turmoil does not reach, nor silence fail.

Newton - A Poetic Appreciation

O Newton, who thy charms can fitly tell!
Thy shaded streets, thy fair homes love so well;
Thy residential heights by art enhanced;
Thy simpler spots where Nature lies entranced;
Thy ponds that bask beneath the summer heat
And ring in winter from the skaters' feet;
Thy river where the summer idly floats
In gay canoes and sober-colored boats -
O place of pleasure noted far and wide,
Where is thine equal, charming Riverside?

So far has loving Nature done her share
To make the Garden City passing fair
That she has seemed to justly signify -
"Herein no busy factory wheels shall ply,
No dust-blown mart this charming site shall hold,
Its people be of no inferior mold."
And so the thirteen Newtons, charming all,
Laid out and grown to plan symmetrical,
Have come to be the home of those who take
Culture for theirs and live for culture's sake.
O may no footprints of a ruder race
Her paths of plenty and of peace deface.
Let others have their palaces and domes,
May Newton stay the city of fair homes.

Perfection

I wonder if all life must make the quest
For a Perfection that is never found.
I wonder if that chord must be denied,
To give earth-music a celestial sound.

When Hope is Gone

Life still asserts itself, when hope is gone,
for life is more than thought;
It is the sacred Essence back of time
from which all things are wrought.

Then learn, when hope grows dim, to merge yourself
within this Cosmic Ocean -
Which can bring calm, or rouse the tired soul
again to zestful motion.

Knowest Thou, O Soul?

The shadows lengthen
And we are far from home.
Knowest thou the road, O Soul?
Canst see amidst the gloam?

"Though the road be lengthy,
Though the goal be far -
Never need we go astray
With eyes on yon bright star!"

But the way is rough, O Soul;
The night is hard to meet.
How can mortals safely tread
The path with stumbling feet?

"Though the darkness deepens
Though dusk obscures the sight -
Never need we stumble here
While at our feet this Light."

Today

I am so happy today,
And I cannot tell why.
Perhaps it's the light in the air,
Perhaps it's the blue in the sky.

I do not care what may come
Or what tomorrow may bring;
Today I'm in love with life,
Today I can only sing.

Walking With My Love

Walking with my true love
The sun shines brighter still,
The sky is bluer, and a glow
Transcends the tree-clad hill.

The river flows in pearly hues,
Framed in its sedge-brown fringe;
And out across the gray-blue flood
Far shores show misty tinge.

The earth is always filled with joy
And beauty reigns superb above,
When comradely and arm in arm
I walk the meadows with my love.

Creatori

Lords of the Inner World, we,
Land of the unbeknown -
Where visions have existed
And high ideas have flown.

Not ours the truckling market,
Nor throne-rooms lined with gold.
We dwell in faery castles
And spirit scepters hold.

We rule the elementals.
Ours the creative fire
That shapes a constellation,
That solves a heart's desire.

Our love is pristine beauty;
Our life is passed in dreams.
For us, parts the mystic curtain
And the light of knowledge beams.

Today let us sow, then, in gladness
That tomorrow may reap what is sown.
Ours not the care for Earth's wages -
Lords of the Unbeknown.

Exploring Truth

May I see Truth, as from a mountain top
Scouts see a vast terrain spread out before them
Waiting to be explored, beckoning to adventure,
Enticing with the promise of hid treasures;
Luring one on in an eternal quest
To goals not seen, but only guessed.

Above the Rainbow

At the end of the rainbow,
So we are told,
Lies bright buried treasure,
A pot of pure gold;
But this so elusive
Escaping our hold.

Above that same rainbow
Lies wealth more kind;
More valuable treasures,
Within our strength to find -
Treasures of the spirit,
Treasures of the mind.

Song of the Jubilant Throat

Why this life's dullness?
Where is the wrong
That the heart's fullness
Burst into song?

Song of the jubilant throat -
Pricked with the yearning
That through Spring's caress
Sets hearts aburning.

Chant of the blood-red dawn,
Hint of Hope's morrow -
Shall not today's bright sun
Outshine all sorrow?

Sacred Lyre

I tune my sacred lyre
To some celestial fire;
Its strains mount sweet, mount higher,
Like glorious chant from some exalted crag.
Oh, may this inspiration never flag,
These fingers never tire!

To a Naiad

Come and sit here -
Sit by my side
Above the waves and tide.
Are you some naiad
Out of the deep?
Have you love-strayed
From one who would keep
You body and heart,
Never to part?

Do you mourn
For what is past?
Have the Fates borne
You here at last,
To rest in peace
Here at my side -
With no release,
Whate'er betide?

The Piscataqua

I recline in the shade of the trees,
The tidal river below;
Not too much chill in the breeze,
Only an ambient glow.

It's hot in the city, they say -
Yes, it is stiffling hot.
But here an entrancing day
Gilds this sequestered spot.

Yes! It is easy to feel
Close to God's spirit here.
No church designed of brick or steel
Brings Him so subtly near!

A Perfect Day

The birds are singing;
And the sunlight gay
Makes on the water
A morn-magic ray.

The air is fresh;
And every leaf and flower
Makes for loveliness
An enchanted hour.

Here is a perfect day;
Nature has done her best
To fill my heart with joy
To soothe my soul to rest.

Fairies

There is a woodland glade
Where fairies dance
Wrapt in the forest silence,
Free from human glance.

From a mossy bank
The music comes;
Crickets piping shrill
All the woodland fill;
And the locusts' wings
Furnish drums.

What have they for light?
The fire-fly's torch.
And the glow-worms give
Lamps that do not scorch.

See the green-bosSED elves,
Perched on flowers,
Come to see the fun
From their hidden bowers.
They'll not dance tonight -
Only fairies
Share this pure delight.

Round and round they go,
Bend and courtsey low.
On the tiniest little feet
They trip - and their toes
Scarce with the dew drops meet
That glitter on the moss.

In the East light sparkles,
And the stars grow dim.
What, must the fairies stop
Just in the best of trim?

Yes, the music ceases, and the fairies gay
Each with a fire-fly escort
Haste away.
At the stroke of three
All must silent be -
For fairies flee the approach of day.

The Goal

O Love, I turn to thee
To guide me over life's strange mystic sea.
The thinker thinks his intellect the goal,
But we know better, you and I, my soul.
Love is the clue and Love the guiding, too.
Without it none may pass the spirit's portals through.

And so to that great Splendour of Desire far away,
Love be my company, and Love my stay.

The Flame

This earth of ours, so gay, so bright,
And you dare say that life is without light?
Go! In the darkness of your soul enquire
For that one Flame that sets the worlds on fire.

Evening Prayer for a Child

God give thee peace.
May angels kiss thee in thy sleep,
And round about thy head so dear
The wingéd seraphs vigil keep.

God give thee joy,
That thou mayest see His face -
The whilst all troubles of the day
Dissolve with Time and Space.

God give thee power -
That thou mayest learn to bring
Back with thee when thou com'st to earth
The songs the angels sing.

Thoughts

The woods are full of last year's chestnut-burs
And dead leaves dance with every wind that stirs;
Come, who would wish these back upon the tree
Which today's new life decks out so gloriously!

Why blind the eyes with grieving for the past
So that thou canst not see the joys thou hast?
Wipe yesterday's unavailing tears away
And greet the glorious sunshine of today.

The future beckons with a golden smile
And offers gifts which every heart beguile.
But he who grasps the present moment's mead
Has that whose worth all other worths exceed.

Appearance and Reality

From the ocean of Eternal Love
Two waves came breaking on the shore,
That travelled twain until their spray
Was joined to separate no more.

So from the Formless, issues form;
From the Abstract, life's joys are won.
All that now moves as multiple,
Eternally is seen as one.

Youth

O youth, blossoming at our door,
O Garden of delight!
Seed of eternal splendor,
With each day's promise bright!

How did we do without you,
Nor knew that life was bare -
Youth of eternal splendor
Bringing us joys to share?

Life's infinite renewal,
Builds on youth's changing ways -
Rhythm that pulsates warmly
And throughout the Cosmos plays.

Ever some new root springing
The decay of Time defies;
Because youth can balance age,
The Universe never dies.

Baby in a Restaurant

This baby did not understand much speech,
Nor know the use of things within his reach.
But as he scanned the strangers between whiles,
He understood the meaning of their smiles.

To Five-Year Old Shirin

O Shirin, you were born on earth,
But the quaint secret no one knows;
How you brought beauty from the sky,
Or whence your innate wisdom flows.

Cupid and Apollo

Love was sipping nectared bliss
Brewed from honey of a kiss.
Cupid beside her, amorous boy,
Was thinking whom he might annoy
With his potent bow and arrows,
Bored with shooting only sparrows.

Apollo, music's god, happed by
As Cupid ventured toward love's sky.
Apollo smiled at Cupid's sport,
And gave advice in discourse short.

"When you speed the heavens through,
Shoot darts dipped in magic brew
Distilled from music sweet and low -
A yeast to make love quickly grow.
Try this, and these words you'll prove:
Men and music make for love."

Nature and God

Nature's prolific. A single living cell,
Left free to multiply without one death,
Would in five years outweigh the earth itself!
And myriad microbes crowd our every breath.

Is God so generous to the lowest life
That thrives below earth's surface or above,
And yet be limited in spiritual goods,
Or fail in His abundant gift of Love?

And still, with all its teeming vital wealth,
Matter is limited in its supply.
Love only, through the Cosmos, knows no fail -
Its boundaries as infinite as the sky.

And Love has miracles that nature lacks;
The more of it that's used, the more it grows.
And who gives most of love to other men
Will find that love, to him, more richly flows.

What is Desire?

What is desire?
A slumbering fire
That smoulders for days,
Then bursts into blaze -
Destroying all in its path
Like the ragings of wrath.

When peace follows pain,
Desire smoulders again.

Love is the Light of Home

The Universe is vast,
It terrifies the soul!
Man as a fragment
Is lost in the Whole.

Love is Life's Anchor,
The focus of Being;
Here man is All,
As sight is all of seeing.

No longer wandering,
Not aimless to roam,
Not lost in the cosmos,
Love is the light of home.

Hope

Hope is the sunshine of tomorrow -
The truth that all things deftly move
Serene to gladness out of sorrow,
That Faith her steadfast pledge may prove.

A Little While

Descending from some heaven of delight
You came to dwell on earth a little while -
Bearing celestial joy within your heart,
Wearing delight as an eternal smile.

The Morning After the Strife

Alone, alone with the cold, cold dead,
And the sea breaking close at hand.
The beach is strewn with the harvest of war,
And the ocean frowns on the land.

All gone, all gone is the noise of the strife,
And the dead are an ashen gray.
One man alone has lived through the night,
Will he die at the break of day?

Slowly, slowly he raises him up,
For his limbs are frozen and stiff.
Slowly he looks on his comrades the dead
As they lie at the foot of the cliff.

"My comrades, why have you left me here,
Alone with the sea and the sky?
Shall I alone live to tell the tale,
How I have seen you die?

"No, oh no! May the dear Lord forbid!"
In a pitiful voice he cried.
And God on high gave heed to his cry -
For he passed at the turn of the tide.

Roll on, O sea, to the foot of the cliff,
And cover the bodies gray.
Toss, toss the limbs in the dim light of dawn -
They will never see the day!

A Year of Travel

A year of travel - how the words entice!
Italy, from south to north, Venice, the Alps;
Germany's southland, the Rhine, Holland, Belgium
and France,

Paris, the city of the gay and beautiful;
A week of touring in Touraine;
Then London for three weeks, Cornwall, and home
at last.

The plan is perfect, so you say (on reading it),
A varied feast of art, and music, and street scenes,
Of classic ruins, churches, palaces and parks;
Interspersed with country jaunts, fresh air, the sea
and mountains.

And so we started, setting sail from that great port,
Bidding farewell to friends and relatives;
Hearts filled, half with the thoughts of home,
Half with anticipations of delight across the sea.
A merry company aboard, congenial, friendly,
So grown together thro' the long three weeks of cruise
That when the parting came there were many sad
farewells.

Italy at last, and the dirty streets of Naples.
Capri, that glorious isle, sea-girt, with beauties that
entice the traveller to stroll;

Lingering caressingly along her shores
Come next Sorrento, Amalfi and Ravello -
Names that linger in the memory like sunset hues.
The Belvedere with its many magic views,
Ravello's mountain-climbs and chestnut groves,
Its sturdy natural peasants, swift to song;

Its old remains and gardens, its quiet hours of thought.
Then Cava and Pompei - first glimpse of Roman life;
In ashes tho' it lay, still charming, still hinting of the
 beauty of its prime,
Revealing inner secrets of the Roman home.
One form still lingers in my mind, indelibly impressed -
One frozen feminine form baring its lines of beauty
 to the world -
A Roman maiden who found immortality in death.

O, Rome! once mistress of the world, now of my heart,
What words can tell thy classic charm?
The inspiration of thy potency
Moulded by the hand of man in forms of beauty that no
 years can dull;
Thy ancient ruins, thy mediæval streets;
Thy sculptures so expressive of the past;
Thy Sistine Chapel that can still amaze a world;
Thy vistas, dissolving one upon the other like swiftly
 moving films.
My mind's eye now sees the sunset glories from thy
 Pinchon hill;
Now proudly mounts thy Spanish Steps and backward
 glances o'er the moonlit roofs;
Now strolls amidst the verdure of Borghése grounds,
Watching the sunshine sparkle on the grass.
And scanning every passer-by,
Now dimly threads the leafy labyrinth of the Doria park
With a fair friend, under a fair sunset sky.
Thy name shall ever call up memories of joy;
Of social calls, new charming faces;
Pleasure of the opera and dance;
Thy meeting, Vedder, and the joy of it;
New friendships, new loves formed
(For to me all friends are lovers);

Those walks, exchange of thoughts;
Communion made inspiring by thy great destiny,
O, Rome!

Florence - hill girt, eloquent of the Quattro Cento art -
Thy charms half failed us in those dreary weeks of
 early spring,
As a fair woman's face is rendered ashy gray by cold.
Would that I could see thee once again in the Spring's
 prime -
Could stroll about thy hills;
Could linger on Fiesole, deep-drinking of her glorious
 view;
Could steep myself in sunshine of Italian skies.
Yet there is one "Spring" I never shall forget -
Boticelli's - for in him I found a friend,
A mystic friend who speaks to me of joys half-hid,
Of beauties tremulous to the wistful gaze.

Venice! I review thy waterways
And greet with joy again St. Marks,
The Doge's Palace, the Canal
With all its fairy forms of art domestic.
I see again thy paintings after a lustrum's lapse;
And admire, as of old, some canvases,
Lose interest in others, and find in exchange
New beauties in artists unappreciated then.

At last Italy abandoned, cities left behind,
Comes the simple grandeur of the earth snow-clad;
Of mountain tops outlined against a dazzling sky;
Joy of winter sports, snow-skiing, coasting, walking
 under white-capped firs
Along the mountain-side.

That was a pleasant week,
Marred slightly by the strain of too much exercise -
(Lessons still to learn in self-restraint, in patience).
But, on the whole, a pleasant week of mingled work and
play, of bracing air, of snow-lined sunsets and
of mountain peaks.

O Munich,
City of famed beer-halls
Where German families enjoy at slight expense
Nights of good cheer and music.
Nowhere in the world are "gemutlichkeit" and "music"
so enjoyed together
In one long evening around a social table.
The Germans invented beer,
And they know how to drink it
Slowly for good fellowship.
They also gave great music to the world.
And here under one roof
"Culmbacher" and "Beethoven" flow together.
Here, too, in Munich science reigns,
Set forth in the world's first industrial museum.
Think not that I forget thy art, O Munich,
Or thy Wagnerian joys; thy museums and thy civic
splendours;
Thy perfect cleanliness and simple elegance;
Nor do I forget thy social joys,
The sight of happy radiant faces, the play of
comradeship,
Of the ideal friendship that subsists
Where Freedom's youths and maidens hold converse.

And so good-bye to Germany, with her pleasant
homes,
Her men and women who know how to live,
How to extract from simple things their joys.
Amsterdam next - another German race, but
different, better dressed;
Joining the vigour of the Teuton with the Paris grace.
Thy women, Holland, are as fair and charming
As thy smiling meadows and thy subdued sea.

Belgium, with her aping airs of Paris
And her softer race cannot win our hearts as
Holland
Which helped to give our freedom birth.
Nor can her art compare to Holland's
In simplicity, in restraint or human touch.

Paris, city of the Muses' sway,
Robed in thy beauty of the courtesan
That pleads for pleasure and invites to joy;
I love thee, yet confess, to live too long within
thy atmosphere
Were to forget all effort and accomplishment.
I love thy boulevards, far-stretching to the eye,
Fair-lined with trees, broad and luxurious, tempting
the loiterer on and on.
Where in this world could one stroll on city streets
With half the joy as here, save in our own fair capital?
Thy parks, thy quainter spots
Where streets wind in and out amid old buildings;
Thy eager throng on pleasure bent,
Overflowing every boulevard and park.
A scene I never shall forget; to stand
At close of day, amid the city dusk -

Her purple lights on every side - upon
Champs Elysées
And looking up and down, behold the line of swiftly
moving vehicles;
And in the distance, proudly limned against the sky,
Thy Arch of Triumph in an aureole of mist.
Beauty, beauty, beauty! Oh my heart -
That faster beats in dreams of thee -
Here is thy shrine, here is thy home, here thy
decay;
And in the land across the sea, thy resurrection.
And thanks again to thee, O Paris,
For old friends and new ones;
For pleasant social life, for intimate joys of
lofty conversation.
Thanks for new literary plans.
And mostly thanks for this,
That thou hast brought me into comradeship again
For three short weeks
With that true friend and brother of the East,
Hussein.

Touraine, the Loire, chateaux -
How these words charm!
Long sunny rides, fresh air, swift passing scenery -
With some goal each day of beauty and of worth;
Some château rich with history and art,
Embellished with fond hands of many a king
and courtier -
Or, perhaps, the residence of love!
Blush not, oh towers, at what transpired underneath
your roofs!
What a wealth of names - Chambord, Azzy, Chinon,
Loches,

Chaumont, Chenonceau and Blois -
How can one choose a favourite?
For me Chaumont will ever stand on its fair site
Enticing, beckoning, tempting me to linger o'er
its sunsetglory.

Alas, the pen must leave these beauties and
proceed
To Albion's shore - mistress of the seas;
To London, hugest city of the world.
There is an inspiration just in this immensity,
And to travel day by day backward and forward,
miles apart,
And never yet see limits to thy pale -
This is impressive.

Then joy, O London, joy of friends, new-found
And old; joy of swift communion,
Of thoughts that balance thoughts
And sympathy that makes this old drab earth
a song.
Joy of thy suburbs, of thy social life,
The solid pleasures of thy English heart.

But sorrow, London, sorrow and great shame
For poverty that stalks thy streets;
For privilege that lies entrenched behind a hundred
barriers of wrong.
Shame for thy stiff-necked pride
That plays the miser to thy woman's need,
And dost withhold the social justice of the age.
Strange obdurate race,
Unyielding to the challenge of the times!
Who shall say thy part is played?

But count me as one who, lover of the world,
Loves still his British brother most.

And so we end the trip -
Bringing home with us a treasure-trove
Of art; memories of a thousand scenes of beauty;
Clearer understanding of the European life and
progress.

New insight into human nature. Thanks to thee,
dear friend,
Whose genius has made possible this trip;
Whose capacity for work has taught me new
content;
Whose insight into life
Has lifted many veils for me.

Autumn Trails

Have you walked with the autumn winds
When the air breaths a blessing of health;
Have you trod the forests grown old
In hoarding their leaf-blown wealth?

In the glow of the sunset red
When the day's harsh sounds have fled,
And over the earth
The sky gives birth
To its radiance nightly shed?

She Walked with Me

O Love, she walked alone with me
Upon the borders of the sea;
Foam-crested waves were running high,
And scudding clouds obscured the sky.

With lambert eyes she made the plea
"Will you be ever true to me?"
And I, with consummate conceit
Said: "Yes! My ardor will complete.

With the full force of the wild wave,
And every quaint adventure brave.
And like those clouds that skim the sky,
My love shall greatly qualify."

Beauty is Immortal

Schubert sold his inspired songs
For a mere pittance,
And died a saddened and discouraged man.
Little did he dream that through modern
 miracles of sound
His melodies would reach and bring delight
To audiences of millions.

He who creates true beauty -
Whether in song or paint, or in fair words -
Becomes thus one of the Immortals.

Laila

"What is the secret, my Laila
That makes you smile so deep?"

"It is an angel's whisper
That only the heart can keep."

What is the light from heaven
That shines through your amethyst eyes?"

"It is a bit of star-glint
That shone first in Paradise."

"What is the magic potion
That makes your charm divine?"

"I have tasted life's sweetest nectar -
Love lends me joy of her wine."

Today I Can Only Sing

I am so happy today
And I cannot tell why;
Perhaps it's the light in the air,
Perhaps it's the blue in the sky.

I do not care what may come
Or what tomorrow may bring;
Today I'm in love with life,
Today I can only sing.

A Great Love

Come in, John. It's good to see you.
Elizabeth has been upon the very verge of death.
They would not let me stay there longer at her side -
I needed rest, they said, and sent me home.

But I cannot rest, I cannot bear to be alone,
And so I phoned for you. Thanks, John, for coming.
Sit down. Here's sherry - that's your favorite
drink,
As I recall. And here's some cigarettes.
Me? No, I'll neither drink nor smoke with you,
But only talk - speak out sad thoughts that burn
within.

Such sharing of my heart with you tonight,
Dear friend, will be the best of anodynes.

Ours has been a great love! You understand! And yet
You cannot grasp my full significance
When I say - "Great." And if you ask - "How great?"
I might say - "Greater than words, higher than the
stars.

Ample as life itself, and universal
Like the air we breathe, yet warm like sunshine."

But when I say all this, what can it mean
To you, unless your heart, like mine, has known
Those ecstasies but rarely granted mortals?

When I look back, I marvel that I failed
To realize what a paradise was mine!
She loved me, gave me all her heart and mind,
All her fair body; and yet more - her soul.

A love so ardent, so all-possessing and possessed,
So warm, so sweetly gentle, yet so potent
When the flood-tides flowed! How often she
declared

She loved my voice, my springing gait, my poise,
My eyes, my lips, my smile of love. In fact
She loved, she said, naught less than all of me.

And I, needless to say, loved all of her -
Adored her smile, the glory of her eyes,
Her buoyancy and spring-like energy of youth.

She knew her love for me before I knew
My love for her. In fact, she broached it first,
Or else perhaps we never would have mated.
For I could not, I'm sure, have brought myself
To propose that such disparity of age
Should join in wedded bliss. It would have been
Too selfish of me to have asked her youthfulness
To find the consummation of her life
In me - the warmth of June mated to November.
But so it was! We loved, and joined our lives!
I guess that it was meant to be; so she declares,
At any rate. A marriage made in heaven.
This I know, it has brought a heaven-on-earth to me!

I ask her sometimes if she doesn't regret
Not marrying a younger man. No, she says -
After meeting me she couldn't endure
Men of her age or thereabouts. What could
They talk about compared with me? I don't mean
To vaunt myself. For it was she declared
Our talk together ranged the universe,
Plumbed depths of knowledge, soared on wings

Of ecstasy in sharing side by side
Beauties of nature, of music and of poesy.
Toward everything we felt the same reaction.
Twin souls, you say? She made it simpler.
"We are the same!" she used to say, referring
To a stirring love-theme she had seen portrayed
Upon the screen, of simple mountain maid and man.
"We are the same!" she often said. "For see
How we respond the same to everything!"

And it was true, we did. In very fact,
It was amazing how we shared each other's thoughts
And feelings. I wonder if two souls can join
Their roots together so the fruitage stems
From both? In truth, it seemed that way with us.

I could say of her, as Poe said of "Annabel Lee",
That she had no thought than to love and be loved by me.
And such love is rare these days - with women's
rights,
And woman's conflicts between love and self-expression.
But truly, what is self-expression in a woman?
Who knows? Perhaps it finds its best fulfillment
In wifely devotion to a mate, a home,
And happy children; in joy at her husband's skill
And career - progress. That's what Elizabeth thinks,
At any rate. She says, "That's the kind of self-
expression
That suits me - to live in you and in your work."

One might go further into this philosophy of sex -
A subject deep as life itself. The yin and yang
That so intrigued philosophers in China
From long ago - the Active and the Passive;

The male, creative, and the mate receptive.
Isn't that how life itself is made? Does the same
Relationship exist on mental planes?
The male being typically the creator;
And the female, silent partner, furnishing
Occultly psychic and spiritual support,-
Joining her soul-stuff to his so that the fruit
That issues, the creation, is of them both,
Yet both to function in their own sex way.

Well, that is what she thinks; and far from me
To disagree, seeing my real success is due to her,-
Due to her spiritual and selfless love;
Her buoying up of all my psychic strength;
Her fructifying ardor laid upon the altar
Of my creative urge, both light and warmth
To me. The resulting gains are palpable
To all who read and praise my latest works.

And now, am I to lose this light of life?
It's fifty-fifty whether she live or die.
There's some hope left, thank God, but not too much!
Why did we risk it! The doctors warned us
childbirth

Might be dangerous. But she, in her sweet way,
persisted.

She craved a child by me, pledge of our love:
A tiny replica to repeat the traits she loved
In me - blue eyes, kind mouth, and all the rest -
A bundle of love, to live upon her breast,
Grow strong within her arms, and gladden her
(She dreaded to speak of this) when I am gone.
And so we risked it - and I have a son,
But in the doing may have lost a wife!
I shame to say, this is no recompense!

(paces up and down in silence)

Yes, I should be silent after such a speech -

Should be ashamed. But we're not masters of
Our will. Rather, our emotions master us.
And so you see me in this mood tonight -
And I am at this moment torn in two
Between desire to know the worst, and fear
To ascertain it.

"Why not try, " you say? "The news may be good."
Well, why not? Here goes -

What? - There's more than fifty-fifty chance?
Good hope? Thank God for that! Now I can sleep.

Well, John, you're here to see the curtain fall
On happier ending to Act Two than I
Had dared to hope for. Act One was deep despair.
Pray God Act Three may yet still better fare,
And bring the drama to a joyous end.
"Amen! Amen!" you say? Thank you, dear friend!
I need not keep you longer. You may go.
Your kindly visit has relieved my woe.
Now I can sleep. Thank God - I say again!
When next I see you, pray there be no pain!

Immanence

Down the long puzzled corridors of Time
Eternity slips by with veiled face;
Nor realize we its hourly immanence,
Or that Infinity inhabits present space.

Sunset

Published, 1902, Dartmouth Literary Magazine

Slowly the dying day is waning in the west;
Slowly the sun is sinking to its rest;
Slowly the crimson changes to a gentler hue;
Slowly the pink gives place to night's majestic blue;
The day is done.

Dusk in a City

In the dusk there is something attracts me,
In the dusk of a large city.
I love to feel the coming on of night,
To know the luminous stars will soon appear.
I love the golden lamps of city streets,
And the afterglow in the sky.

I stand in the midst of a street
And watch its dim perspective vanish
In a purple mist.
I stand on a street corner
And watch the passers-by intent on their home-going.
I stand and look in a shop window golden with light.
The moments swiftly pass.
I turn -
The sky is violet, and the night has come.

Absence

I send my dearest love to you
And waft it with a kiss.
Even absence can be bliss
When it proves love to be so distant-true.

Would that our arms could intertwine.
That still I could embrace you -
With ardent aspect face you
And feel your warm heart nestle against mine.

But spirit can with magic power
Defy the laws of space;
Make Time yield up its grace
To shrink Eternity to one glad hour.

This hour, then, I spend with you
In thoughts of happy days
In memory of gracious ways
Which erstwhile proved your love so warmly true.

Retreat

Sweet is the path of dalliance, when
The west wind blows;
And sunshine spreads felicity
And joy abounding flows.

But hard, oh hard, the bitter steps
Retracing such a path;
Striving, struggling on against
The north wind's blast!

The Saint

The Saint is one whom light shines through, they say.
His vision of the truth can far outspan
Earthly horizons, for by Cosmic Ray
He glimpses regions beyond human ken.

Reality transcendent and sublime
Along can motivate his lonely soul.
His scope no space can limit, nor can time.
The Universal is his quest and goal.

He breaks the fabric of Society
With forces unconditioned and unborn
Of men. It is his aim to boldly free
Humans from all that renders life forlorn.

He makes for progress, for deliverance.
He sets the captive free, raises the dead,
And fills the barren soil with seminance.
And where the sheep are hungry, sees them fed.

God's Bestowal

Why do you fear, faint heart?
The trees are budding bliss,
The shrubs in flower,
And nature grows more beautiful each hour.
Can you perceive all this,
And not with joy claim your own part
Of that which God bestows as radiant power?

With Dante

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard
Those things for which men's hearts are fain -
Strange joys and loveliness in store
Beyond this meagre earth-bound plane.

But we, with Dante, have been blessed
To soar aloft and receive sight
And touch of Love Supernal; to swoon
Almost, before Its dazzling light.

A Toast to Love

Love is life's central law
And hath not any flaw.
Love travels near and travels far,
It moves the atom and the star.
And median in this Cosmic span,
Love plays the tyrant over man.
Benevolent tyrant, we must grant,
It satisfies our every want.
To such a ruler we give toast -
Love, ever be our benign host.

Harvests

Love, make fertile the soil of my heart
And deeper plow this land, to bear
Flowers of poesy more fair
And harvests rich for Beauty's mart.

If Dreams were True

If dreams were true
I'd be with you
Tonight, dear one -
If dreams were only true!

The shades of evening falling,
Then would I sink to sleep
And send my soul thineward
Over the mystic deep -
Somewhere to meet under the stars;
Somewhere the soul's tryst to keep,
In dreamland where no distance bars.

Did I not dream before, dear one,
That thou wert near?
That thy soul's fragrance beat in space?
That thou wert with me face to face,
And I forgot to fear?

Did I not feel thy strength as mine
When morning light did beam?
Did I not bear a song away
And sing it all the livelong day -
From that sweet holy dream?

If dreams are true, then I shall be with you
Tonight.
Let space be as it may,
Let time refuse to stay,
If dreams are true, then I shall be with you.

Picnic in January

It has come Saturday, so let us play -
Our stage the river-bank, our time, a day
That's bright with sunshine and as warmly rare
As if June mixed her warmth with winter air.

Here let us spend our hours, let Nature steep
Our very souls with her elixir deep
Of joy. And when eyes have had their fill,
Then taste the nectar poetry can distill.

Woo Browning's histrionic vivid power;
Let Shelley's beauty spell a tranced hour
Under blue skies where he so liked to rove,
Conceive his poems, meditate his love.

But look, how cloud-wisps fill the pastel sky
Presenting its own poetry to the eye;
Upon the river silver moonlight glows;
The water rippling as the soft breeze blows.

Now radiant has come the sunset time.
And we can leave all artificial rhyme
For the rapt poesy that Nature gives
To every heart that burns where Beauty thrives.

Twin cedars dark against a luminous west,
The eastern sky in softer colors dressed,-
All this mild beauty so intrigues the heart,
We're fain to stay and helpless to depart.

And now more luminous grows the silver moon
Riding a pink and azure sky in tune
With some faint mystic meaning, as if to say
"I bring new joys with the departing day."

Pack up the lunch things. Put each precious book
Safe in the satchel. Take one lingering look
At Nature's wide circumference of beauty -
Then, back to civilization and to duty.

Forget, Forgive

Forget, forgive!
We have but once to live.
Why clutter up the years
With obstacles and fears?

Let us not hold so fast
To troubles that have passed.
There come new suns
As each year runs -
And peace will dawn at last.

Love

An ounce of the attar of love
Outweighs mere gold,
Outshines the fairest gems,
Thrills more than story ever told,
Outvalues palaces and pomp
And all the classic beauty
Of a world grown old.

Elyseum

Elyseum is where you are, Mavourneen!
Contentment is the land in which you dwell.
And where the sunshine gilds those Deathless Fields,
You walk amidst the flowers of asphodel.

Joy

Joy, from her own high court,
Wandered one day to Earth.
She found it a disheveled place,
Where wastrel mirth
Too much debased. Where grace
Of a true happiness was naught.

Then filled with quick dismay
She turned to haste away -
But the Creator laid a staying hand
Upon her spirit, with the soft command:

"Stay here! No accident
Caused your abrupt descent,
'Twas as We planned.
Your presence here is meant
To change the pulse of Earth;
To replace sin and sadness
With sanctity and worth,
And to establish gladness.
You are the envoy of my Love.
That life is good, it is your task to prove."

Cupid Recks Not

Among earth's fair ones we pick and choose,
This one for intellect, that for wit -
But Love does not enquire whom his arrows hit,
Nor upon whom to cast his noose!

To Irene - Aged Six

Irene, you bring from sunny Greece
A nature all inclined to "peace",
Just as your name implies.
Beauty dwells upon your face,
You move with vibrant strength and grace,
And wisdom lights your eyes.

Whence is derived that extra sense,
That quick and sure intelligence
Which colors all you do?
Your roots reach long into the past -
Do racial qualities still last?
Is the Greek genius true?

Imagination still can trace,
In classic features of your face,
The beauty that was Greece.
In all things to be moderate
Is in you such a ruling trait
As Plato could release.

To aid you in your upward way
Is but a rightful debt to pay,
Which the world owes
To the Greek mind, which ever sought,
And found by concentrated thought,
Light where the spirit glows.

Poetry

Greatness inhabits poetry, so it seems,
Not by strange meters or enraptured dreams,
But lending luminosity to simple themes.

O Come to Me, My Love

The wind is sighing:
"O come to me, my love,
While in the west the day is dying
And clouds are lit with gold above!"

The twilight birds are calling
And laughs the distant loon.
And now refreshing dew is falling
In the shadow of the moon.

O come to me, my love!
For the night is not complete
Save as thy beauty
With the beauty of the stars doth meet.

Joy Versus Happiness

Like dawn and sunset colors
Happiness is transitory -
But joy is as abiding as the air we breathe.

Happiness is ephemeral;
It is like the morning dew,
Which when dissipated by the glare of day
Is as if it had never been.
But joy is as constant as Nature's rhythmic pulse.

Happiness is a gift at times bestowed
By the benevolence of God.
But joy is our own victory over life.

To the Sanborns. (Proprietors of Mountain View
House, North Woodstock, N. H.)

Years, treat them gently as they treat their guest.
Life is a caravanserai, at best -
A Golden Inn where friend encounters friend,
And celebrates that tie to journey's end.

The First Letter

Your letter charged with radiant love is here,
The first received since we were forced to part.
Its very penstrokes fill my soul with cheer,
Its words electrify my yearning heart.

A joy so great could not in normal peace
Be ruminated, as one tastes content,
Some action must the tensing nerves release.
And so along the terraced walk I went.

The river pines in the soft summer night,
The crescent moon and the undying stars
Whispered to me some Island of Delight,
Where time and trouble set no irking bars.

And now this view, that with such beauty teems,
Dissolves into strange distances that lead
Beyond this world, into a land of dreams,
Where souls on love's ambrosia ever feed.

You are My Audience

You are my audience -
You can understand
My raptures, my creative dreams.
You hold my hand
While rages the daemonic force
That brings fruition where abundance teems.

The world as yet is little keen
To listen to my songs.
It goes its somber ways
And gives to Caesar what to him belongs.
It has no time to pause and joy
In scent and hue of roses at my gate.
Its pressing duties sweep it swift along -
And I am only still another one
Amidst the busy pulsing throng.

I am only one, to many -
But to thee, beloved, all.
This is my joy and inspiration.
This is the hopeful call
Of Destiny to me, bidding me strive
Creatively
While faith is still alive.

Love Knows no Limit

Love never can be limited in scope.
As sight is nothing if not constant seeing -
So love is nothing if it does not reach
To every nook and cranny of our being.

Beauty

One thing I see quite clear -
That life's transcendent beauty
God holds supremely dear.
But what can we say of duty?

The one has eminent domain,
Is the other an intrusion?
And if we can not both retain,
Which wins in the confusion?

It well may be the cosmic plan
To unite one with the other;
And only in the mind of man
Is duty any bother.

On a Sunset Hill

Life struggles, forges ahead somehow.
Earth is sore-furrowed with the plough;
Harvests are yielded only to delve and toil;
What we would gain, we scatter all to win!
We strive, we sweat in daily work and moil,
And when we seek to bring our harvests in,
The joy they give is never sweet enow.

But in a moment, on a sunset hill
By a thrush-choraled thicket crowned,
Life discovers how it can stand still -
All cares, all sorrows drowned;
While Earth and Heaven the charmed senses fill,
And Eternity stands close around.

Discarnate Love

Shelley, in a letter to his friend Gisborne, wrote: "I think one is always in love with something or other; the error - and I confess it is not easy for spirits cased in flesh and blood to avoid it - consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is perhaps eternal."

It is not earthly love the poet seeks,
But a brief foretaste of the love divine -
That tender passion that invites and heals
Hearts that in bitter loneliness repine.

Where such compassion flows in human frame,
The poet hastens to absorb and give
That ecstasy which union can impart
To all that breathe and warmly move and live.
It is this Spirit that encompasses
The planet, for its paradisaal good,
To move each being into harmony
With the celestial, universal mood.

The poet brings to all this human love
Intuitive power of sight
And seeing far beyond the multitude
Discovers Love's more deeply hid delight.

Love Flew with Tired Wings

Young love, she flew with tired wings
Burdened with passions's weight;
Till wearily she let passion fall -
Oh! Then she rose to heaven's gate.

Young Love

Our love was born amidst the April buds,
And grew like them to flower
Beneath the sun.
Ah, radiant days!
When all the earth burned with the spring's caress,
And beauty reigned on every heath and hill.

So faint at first the life
That trembled on each bush and tree,
Scarcely could Hope itself foresee
The glorious growth of leaf and blossom.
And love, beneath the guise of friendship,
Grew likewise swiftly to its flower of faith
And made an Eden where our hearts could dwell.

The first smile that trembled on your lips
Was like the stir of Nature in her spring.
And the first look, full orb'd,
That flashed from soul to soul -
Was like the blue of April skies,
Giving a hint of Summer's paradise.

Only a Spring-time idyll?
Ah, then bid Spring forever stay!
That you may still smile on,
And I may dream,
Until life's fateful final day.

Why Wake I with Such Joy?

Why wake I with such joy?
Thy heart indeed to my heart must have spoken;
And in the silence of the night
Exchanged love's token.

Daylight is deceiving,
But in the Spirit world
All secrets are unveiled,
All mysteries unfurled.

Look in my eyes and say again
The words you said beneath the stars!
Tell me again the spirit cannot stay
A prisoner behind its earthly bars.

I Drink

I drink from the well of your eyes,
I feast on the charm of your face.
Your love is a constant surprise
And a freshly given grace.

Each day is a glory renewed.
Each night a mystic thrill.
From what magic is love brewed,
That its quaff can never fill?

How Can We Part!

One more embrace!
Smooth back your hair
And let me gaze upon your face
And feast upon the beauty there.
Your lips again to kiss,
Sharing compelling bliss!
Thus magnetized by love
My feet refuse to move.
I cannot bear to part
From thee, Dear Heart!
Can Heaven offer more than this?

Antoinette is Coming

Sing for me, thrush, and gaily sing,
For Antoinette is coming!
Sing jubilantly, then, and let your song
Suit my heart's humming.

Our Love

If it were given me to chant our love
I might build thereto a choir of heavenly song.
And yet, because earth sense is so earth-bound
I merely sing of joys that might belong
On any planet underneath the sun.
Forgive me, dearest, that I do our love such wrong!

I Loved Thee

When the Fates their webs were spinning
In the misty maze of Chaos,
In the infinite beginning
Before earth or sea or sky was -
I loved thee.

When the primal germ of being
Dormant lay in Nature's bosom;
When there was not sight nor seeing
And the soul knew not its freedom -
I loved thee.

When what was to be created
First took shape in mind of Chronos;
When the earth and sky were mated
And the Chaos became Cosmos -
I loved thee.

All the while that earth lay basking
'Neath the radiant glow of sunshine,
In her bosom all life masking
Ready to obey the God-sign -
I loved thee.

When first man arose divinely,
Walked upright and knew his hour;
And the female built more finely,
Held man's might with gentler power -
I loved thee.

And through life's eternal journey -
Since my love is part of Being -
Who would choose to rend you from me?
Even God would choose not, seeing
How I loved thee!

You

You are to me
The bounty of the sea,
 Its tangy freshness;
The richness of the land
That with an open hand
 Dispenses largess.

To me you bring
The beauty of the Spring,
 Its endless gladness;
And Summer's cheery sun
Through which each dusk is won
 Without chill or sadness.

Each season brings respite,
Each day has new delight
 With you beside me.
So may the years go by
And through eternity
 Your love betide me.

Beyond Space and Time

Whether here, or whether there,
I cannot dream you shall not share
Your life with mine, my life with yours,-
Yea, always, with a heart that wears
The imprint of my wakening kiss
As love's fluorescent consciousness.

Romance

If love's our romance,
No day is too long.
For hearts that dance,
Life is a song.

While blue rules the sky
Day can't depart.
With you nearby,
Joy rules my heart.

Aspects of Eternity

I had explored the mysteries of space;
Wonders of human life; the subtle grace
That Beauty daily emanates; the joys
That Nature through her Universe deploys.

But one region lay all unexplored;
I never realized love, till I adored
Yourself; and in your cosmic love for me
Discovered aspects of eternity.

There is no Measure

How do I love you? Can one measure time,
Or set a limit to the sky's expanse?
Then why attempt by quantity to mete
That love which Time or Space cannot enhance?

Summer Night

O gentle breeze of summer night;
O blossoms that make sweet the air;
O face so fair, for love's delight;
O touch so sweet, O perfumed hair!

How beautiful your pledgeful glance;
How soft the loving words, and low;
How moonlight doth our love enhance
With softly scented winds that blow.

A Slave to Love?

Who would be slave to silly love
When venture beckons him to rove?
Yet who would lonely pace the earth
When love has such a potent worth
To soothe the heart, inspire the soul,
And make life's disparateness whole?
Upon the favoring gods it must devolve
To heal this problem that no man can solve.

As I Awake

As I awake from nightly dreams of thee,
The dawn spreads golden splinters on the hill;
And birds are choraling their serenade
In notes that seem to say: "She loves me still!"

Love

Love is not something reason can opine;
It is not, like sunshine, generally spread.
Those only who have felt its spark divine
Can know how its eternal fires are fed!

Ever

"I'll love you always!" is a theme
That thrills in poetry and song.
But for eternity or for a day -
It is not time but heart-beats that are long!

Let Us in Joyance Walk

Belovéd, let us in all joyance walk
Amidst lush greenness of eternal vales,-
There of our immeasurable love to talk;
Delight our hearts with fond romantic tales.

We should walk on, nor turn to right or left.
Our course is to some mystic gleaming goal,
Where dear affection never is bereft
And fellowship is pleasant to the soul.

And of the beauties that there meet our eyes,
And of love's splendors, let us truly tell
The world; that other loves, like ours, may rise
Skyward on some transcendent star to dwell.

Mea Culpa!

The love that should be thine,
I cherished but a day.
The love that might be mine,
I cast it quite away!

Brahma

There is a tree upon which sits
A bird that never flies.
The golden sun illumines its crest
And peaceful, sleeps upon its breast -
While far below, the world of action lies.

Peace

Far from the raging crowd,
Far from the surging sea -
Where perfect peace
Can never cease -
There would I dwell with thee.

Love at a Concert

Two at a concert, music and love.
Two souls merged in symphonic mood.
Arm against arm the warm blood beats,
But the pulse of two souls is a greater flood.

Love Is Golden

Love is golden.
When it gleams,
Life's as golden
As it seems.
We are holden
To love's rays
For the joyousness that plays,
For the magic of a kiss,
For the strange unending bliss
That fills embrace
Ever with some new delight;
And endows
Lovers' vows
With both heat and light.

Love's Devotion

I waft you my spirit's devotion,
The highest love man can know -
A love that the heart tips with fire
And the soul suffuses with glow.

Such love has no form to grow old;
No weight gravitation resists.
As love, its existence is timeless;
As spirit, it moves as it lists.

O Sweetheart ,

O sweetheart!
There be many hearts that beat
The faster for thy fairy face.
Yet none with a more ardent heat
Than mine. Then grant me chiefest place
Amidst the fickle changes of thy grace.

The Open Air

Sometimes the passion seizes me to go
A-roaming;
A wanderlust that drives me o'er the lea
And brings me home at dusk
Amid the gloaming.

Sometimes the lengthening shadows of the sun
Are fingers beckoning me to walk.
Sometimes I think the evening lies more close
When through the leaves,
One hears the whisper of a dying breeze.

Sometimes I hate to leave the open air -
It seems as if my soul found comrades there.
Sometimes I think I'll follow when the voice
Commands that between home of man and Nature's
 haunts,
Forevermore I make a lasting choice.

Glad News!

Leaves, sing in the soft breeze
This glad refrain:

"I shall see her again soon,
See her soon again."

Waves lapping on the shore,
Lisp it soft but clear:

"I shall be with my beloved,
Soon be with my dear!"

Gulls floating in the sky
Spell me, by your flight
And in mystic symbols weave
The theme of my delight:
"She'll be here tonight!"

Far Meadows

On the far meadows of the world
Where blows the asphodel,
I would with thee, Dear Heart, recline
And all my love retell.

There shall no evil enter there
And nothing to annoy.
For this is love's sweet sanctity
All dedicate to joy.

And here the magic hours shall pass
While Time itself stands still;
And here the heart a fragrance breathe
And take of Love its fill.

This is a Land of no Return,
An Empire of the Heart -
No boundaries to its domain,
No horizons apart.

The Garden Tryst

Belovéd, come to me!
Over the garden, shadows softly move,
And Nature's subtle spell invites to love.
So come to me!

Longing for thee
The heart within me turns to sadness
And all my being burns with madness
For love of thee.

Belovéd, hasten here!
The golden moon will make our spirits bright
While summer perfumes ravish the still night.
Dear Heart, be near
For my delight!

One Hour

God gave us one sweet hour of Paradise.
How we arrived there, and by what device,
I know not; or why He will not let us stay
In this rapt spot forever and a day.

Dreamland

Where have I been! A memory lingering,
Fails to establish a revealing clue.
From half asleep I wake with strange delight;
This hour in dreamland I may have spent with you!

I Left You

I left you and the spirit drooped its wings
And forgot the song it daily sings
 Since you and I were one.
How trails its path along the dust,
How the glad beatings of its heart are hushed,
How faded is its garb,
 That once of Love's own golden threads was spun!

PART II

POEMS OF THE SPIRIT

A Thought in the Midst of Nature

Get rid of your little self,
It only stands in the way!
Become empty,
Then fill yourself with the Universal;
Let it flow into you
And occupy the space hitherto occupied by the self.

Live in the Universal,
Act from the Universal,
And you will become empowered by the Universal.

There is no Abstract

There is no abstract Love, but only love
In reference to others - vital streams
That surge from pole to pole and subtly charge
The batteries of life with paradisaal dreams.

There is no Beauty but is palpable,
To blossom forth in roses, paint the sky
With sunset hues, embue the human flesh
With grace, and bring each seed to fructify.

There is no abstract God; but only Life
Expressed in forms that rythmically beat
With cosmic energy. And back of these -
The Traceless Cause of all that is concrete.

Reassurance

Why did you leave us at the prime of life?
There was no sin, no failure, or no strife
To cause your going. Rather, your too young days
Were spent in fair and ever praiseful ways.
You stood the well beloved and the dear
To all who knew you, and your path seemed clear
To fame, to fortune, and to great achievement. Now
You lie beneath fields where flowrets grow,
Fair in their springtime ecstasy; but to you
Their beauty - all earth's beauty - forever lost to view.
It is not just of Destiny to play this part
Of tragedy, and steal you from our mournful heart.
You had many years to live, to love, to joy,
On this fair planet. Death claimed you yet a child -
Passed many to whom life was aging grief
To seize your youth. Too cruel such a fate, beyond belief.

Dear grieving friends, you know earth-life is fair,
But think you life yields no joy, no beauty here
In this land unknown to you, now known to me
In dawning splendor as death's shadows flee?
Beloved, no scene that earthly eyes behold -
No mountain range upsoaring fold on fold,
No sea coast with dark crags and shining shore,
No gracious woodlands whispering their leafy lore
Can in the slightest vie with scenes we see
Beneath this glorious cosmic canopy.
Beauty to you is but an image faint
Of that great Beauty celestial seasons paint.
Bright exquisite episodes and joys of dreams
Granted at times to mortals - now it seems -
Were but a foretaste of that joy divine
Which this immortal life doth render mine.

What More Can I Ask?

Here I am in the midst of beauty,
Gazing over the tree-rimmed river
Toward the horizon of Eternity.
What more can I ask or want,
Save that all who thus sit here -
Now and in the future years -
Will also feel the Peace of God
And a tranquil joy of living.

Cosmic Grace

All creatures share the divine gift of life,
But human life is more than flesh and blood;
And man alone, of all created things,
Is given appetite for spiritual food.

Alone of all created things, his soul
Escapes disintegration and decay;
He needs Bread of Heaven for this growth,
And Divine guidance on his cosmic way.

Let brutes fulfill their blinded destiny,
Let molecules cohere by nature's law,
But man may mount to more empyrical heights
By secret paths his spirit vision saw.

Man's power is to consciously contact
The cosmic Energy, the creative Might
That buoys the universe with vibrant life,
And floods man's spirit with celestial light.

Why This Sadness?

We have not destroyed thy joy,
But only the obstacles to joy.
Hast thou not heard
That thou must love Us more than these?
Our love is jealous,
And it brooks no rival love.

Thy heart is Our terrestrial home.
But how can the Beloved abide with strangers
in this home?
The temple of thy being is Our throne -
But must be purged before we reign therein.
Then loosen the world's hold upon thee.
Love, fame, and riches,
These earthly shadows melt away
When Sunlight scatters darkness from its path.

The Greatest Truth

The pity is, life's greatest truth
That takes away from life all ruth
Is still too little known to man.
The Milky Way he learns to scan,
And all creation tries to span;
Escaping what a child may find,
A truth not conquered by the mind -
That God is here and God is kind,
And we are part of His eternal plan.

Involuted Force

Matter is involuted force. But what, essentially
is force?

Here lies a cosmic mystery - to trace life to its
primal source.

The Source is One - there is no mediation, no
difference between

Matter in universal patent motion, and force
that moves unseen.

But man, on the periphery of life, is torn
by dualism.

Matter is the stage on which he acts, but
Spirit brings a schism.

Man lived as matter and obeyed its laws - he
moved as nature's slave.

Like birds and beasts he strove for daily bread
from infancy to grave.

And like dumb brutes, was buffeted and moved
by Motion-under-Law.

But Man is more than matter, and his soul
outmastered all it saw.

For Man is sparked by that same vital Force
that everywhere deploys

Matter in myriads of specious forms
the universe enjoys.

Man also is deployed - submission is his
 fealty, his part.
But his seeming helplessness need yield no more
 than fealty of heart.

Man's mind, in union with the Central Mind,
 the Pulse-Beat of Existence -
Enables him to mold a mastered world
 against its dumb resistance.

The Demiurge

What Cosmic Power lies behind the birth
 Of suns and constellations?
What purposed pattern governs all the growth
 Of people and of nations?

Nature is not haphazard. Even rocks
 Obey the Cosmic Will;
And lofty mountains melt to nothingness
 Under continuous rill.

We live by years and centuries, and scan
 A stable world, it seems.
But Time, when viewed as a foreshortened film
 Makes life a garish dream.

For as in nightmares, scenes so swiftly change
 That eons pass as hours,
Earth's story is a drama strangely shown
 Of vast Titanic powers.

Life Eternal

Self-love and Cosmic Love
Cannot at the same moment
Occupy the house of the soul.
One or the other
Must be paramount.

If self-love rules
This house will not be sanctified.
It will remain a pagan temple,
Dedicated to selfishness, to pride,
And to a host of disharmonics.

He only who will lose his life
Shall save it unto Life Eternal!

Regal in the Realm of Spirit

What is the essence of religion?
It is attuning oneself to the Universe.
Existence is a symphony
Where each must play his part harmoniously.
Mere goodness, of itself, is not enough.
The state of harmlessness, so worth attaining,
Is only the first step toward ultimate perfection.
To be fulfilled we must be greater than our deeds.
We must become the rulers of our souls.
And regal in the realm of Spirit.

Celestial Guest

Come in, my Lord, and take your place;
You are awaited here.
The hearth is swept, the house is filled
With an expectant cheer.

At last You come! At last You deign
Our emptiness to fill!
Without Your presence walls are bare
And joy stops at the sill.

Awaiting You with longing heart
We lived but for this day.
And now we have one boon to ask:
Here may Your Presence stay;
Here may Your love its blessings pour
Forever and for aye!

The Little Child

Why did Christ set the little child
Before us
As example of perfection?
It is because the child is full of cheer,
Full of expectation,
And devoid of animosity.

The child can lean upon the Universe
With faith free from all anxiety.
If we could but remain thus childlike,
And still possess the mind and will of the adult,
We should arrive at life's maturity.

Journey Through the Night

Come, O soul, let us through prayer
Rise high above the planes of care
To the Throne of Eminence
Where angels chant a heavenly air
Of sweetness, awe and reverence
For that divine unseen Presence
Which all beings from their birth
Strive toward, as the rotating Earth
Strives toward the Sun, yet never reaches.
So gravitate all things, all creatures,
All beings both of Earth and Heaven,
All essences of the planes seven.

The night is young - there is yet time
To journey to this heavenly clime.
The body we will leave behind -
Too heavy for the soul and mind
To carry through such starry spaces;
Too gross to share celestial graces.
Let it be there wrapt in sleep,
Let it rest in slumber deep.
Such a journey would fatigue it,
Such an altitude would grieve it.

Rest in peace, then, body dear -
We shall find you lying here
On our return; and when you wake
You may of our joys partake.
You will greet a happier dawn
And forget all times forlorn.
You will wonder why you sing;
But no remembrance will you bring

To penetrate your grosser state,
Except this ecstasy elate
Like music at God's Heavenly Gate.

This Planetary Task

Would you enlarge the pattern of your lives?
Love one another!
He who for self too much contrives
Manages to smother
The soul within him.
If we would fill our life's cup to the brim
And rejoice the angels of our birth,
We must love our fellows every one,
And hasten to establish unity upon this strife-torn earth;
There is no foreignness beneath the sun.
The divine bounties follow him who ever strives
To be to all mankind a brother.
Then take no rest until this planetary task is done.

The Divine Presence

What is this Presence that the saints speak of?
We can't see God, as Moses saw Him in the Burning Bush
We do not hear Him call, as Samuel did;
We do not feel Him take our hand to rise,
As did the child of Rome's centurian.
Yet we can feel His Presence if we so elect;
And by much seeking we can draw Him to us.

Love Conquereth All

Say not that Love is blind.
It hath a keener sight
Than any hawk that swoops its prey
From airy height.

Say not that Love is weak.
There is no lion so strong.
It cleaves unto its trembling prey
A time life-long.

Say not that Love is vain.
The universal law
Enjoins that death and love be man's
For evermore.

Say not that Love is false.
It is the binding force
That maketh law and freedom one
From the same source.

The Feast at Cana

At Cana's feast our Lord broke bread,
And gave His friends the gift of wine -
To prove that earthly joys are good
And love may flow as comrades dine.

Joie de Vivre

When things flow normally, it is a joy
Just to exist, to feel, to thrive
As part and pulse of Universal force -
Rejoicing in the gift to be alive.

This consciousness of life, this inwardness
Of power is foretaste of Eternity,
Where all things flow in a transcendent stream
And vivid thoughts become reality.

Then stop, from time to time, to savor life,
And let the world slip by without concern
Of time or trouble - knowing every joy,
Once tasted, cannot fail but to return.

The Cosmic Melody

As the Cosmos vibrates musically,
And all else stays still
This music, all-embracing and intoxicating;
It has no prelude or conclusion.
While drinking in the golden notes of the
 Celestial flute,
The heart forgets to beat.

This music never ceases,
But our capacity to hear is transient;
For mortal frame cannot endure too long
Such ecstasy of Being.

I Can't See God

I can't see God,
He is beyond my ken!
But yet I can envision Him
In many things around me.
I can see Him in the flowers of spring,
In sprays of apple blossoms,
And in the rapt hearts of roses.

I can see God in the lilting flight of birds
And hear Him in their joyous songs.
I can see Him in the foliage
That gently flutters in the summer breeze.
I can see Him in the azure sky
Softly fleeced with floating clouds.

And I can see Him best in fellow men -
Men of integrity and solid worth;
Men of splendidly creative minds,
Of noble hearts and dedicated souls.
In women whose gracious sympathy,
Like sunshine, warms the path of life,
And coaxes growth in children as in flowers.

And I can see Him in the little child
"Who constantly beholds our Father's face."
The child, who comes from Heaven
"Trailing clouds of glory as he comes."
Here I perceive the divine qualities
Of freshness and of spontaneity;
Swift powers of creativeness;
A cosmic love which is outflowing
Without the limitations of design,
Or any boundaries.

I can not here see God.
But I can see so many lovely things on earth
Which speak to me of God,
That I can feel I know Him intimately.

The Way

The sage studies the nature of existence
So that he can establish harmony within himself -
And thus with others, and the Universe.
He avoids pride as life's chief arrogance.
He expresses gentleness, humility and love,
And by so doing wins all people to him.
Because he seeks only to give,
No one opposes him.
He constantly adores that One
Whose essence is Celestial Harmony
Whose inner mystery is Love.

Zen

A cup must be empty before it is filled;
The subtlest music is when sound is stilled.
Frail feathers can safely outride the storm;
Kind souls traverse danger without any harm.

Who strives for self has a pitiful goal;
Forgetting the self endows man with the Whole.

Forgetting time gives us endless birth.
And love makes us deathless while still on Earth.

What do You Now, Bright Spirit?

Bright spirit, tell me pray, what do you now?
Does Heaven urge to action, as on Earth?
Do necessary tasks await your skill?
Or are you in a world where pensive thought
Holds your attention, holds you all enrapt?
Where Beauty weaves her magic spell
And you recline in fields of asphodel?

Have you forever left the ties of Earth?
Or are you cognizant of deeds done here,
Where all the world's a stage, and drama shifts
Inconsequentially to tears and gloom
From grateful stretch of warm and halcyon days?
Are you disturbed by these events? And do
You yearn to rectify what mortals wrong?
Alas, it is no Heaven where angels mourn
Or are concerned with the affairs of Earth
More than is needful, from their vantage point.

O, not for you, up There, to be constrained
Or worry longer against chance or fate
Which activates the drab concerns of Earth.
You are at peace, you live in quiet power,
Concerned with loftier activities
And glories past our boundaries of thought.

You need not look below. But we have need
To look Above, haply to seek you There
By means of faithful love and earnest prayer.
We need your help, the vibrance of your love,
That added power all souls possess above;
We need your guidance, spirit counseling,

We need what saintly comfort you can bring
From that Abstraction we call Paradise.
We need what Higher Wisdom can devise
To urge our spiritual progress now and here,
Preparing us for service in your Sphere.

Then hold our hands, be with us night and day.
Lend us your brightness, that we wend our way
To that immortal bourne, so strange to this,
Where light and joy share an eternal bliss.

Only There Remains!

Life is ephemeral -
 Only there remains
The noble profile of the hills,
 Grandeur of mountain-chains.

The strongest thrones will break,
 And dynasties will fall;
As for earth's commoners,
 Oblivion covers all.

Change, change, change!
 Extinction follows life;
The Reaper with his ruthless scythe,
 Time with impetuous knife.

Outlasting all the hills,
 More durable than rocks -
Love, only, can eternalize
 And win against Time's shocks.

The Mystery of Life

The mystery of life!
Is it deoxyribone-nucleic-acid?
Or is it something else,
Beyond the realm of physics and biology?

He who would penetrate this mystery -
Must penetrate behind the veil
That matter hangs before our eyes
To curtain off Reality;
Must first acquire new powers of sight,
Gain other eyes to see,
That matter is but spirit in disguise.

Make this the primary axiom
Of a new search for Truth - a trail
That leads beyond the ken of the materialist
To a new universe of Spirit;
Spirit that creates and molds to form
All matter that our outer sight reveals.

Let's start, then, with this axiom,
An axiom which logic cannot prove.
For as Ouspensky says,
The Spirit deals in other terms
Than those the Greeks established.
Call it "illogic", call it "intuition",
Call it what you will -
So long as you acknowledge this:
That matter is but Spirit in disguise.

This stupidity of the materialist,
The Hindus had a name for it.

Milleniums ago they called it Mayaness -
Strange blindness causing humans to remain
Content at the mere gateway to the Universe,
When all they had explored
Was that which Life externalized.
"Maya" - "Illusion" - a good name
For deoxyribone-nucleic-acid!

But let's forget the physicist,
And with new eye explore the Universe.
With this new-eye-of-God we shall discern
In every atom doors to certain Truth -
To knowledge that transcends the sense-world.
This is the Universe we should explore,
The Noosphere, as Chardin called it.

Let's realize that we are a part -
A struggling, still evolving part -
Of a stupendous Stream of Life
That flows through all Eternity.
And in this realm, Spirit-ruled,
What is the role that man must play?
Let's leave the laboratories for a while -
Leave lens and scalpel to the scientists -
And venture into new-dimensional fields
Unexplored by footrule or by telescope.

Let's realize, with our inner sight,
We stand upon the threshold of a magic age,
The dawn of a new day;
When all humanity will find its way to God,
Or be sloughed off, perhaps,
By cosmologic fate.

The most that science can perform
Is feed and clothe us, give us domicile,
And speed us through the vacant skies -
Like Ovid's horseman
Ever followed by our discontent.
Science brings no panacea; no cure-all;
It has no remedy for Life itself!
Spirit, only, can perfect the life
That started on Creation's fateful day.

Unspiritual man is creature of events;
Victim of circumstance;
Flotsam and jetsam on the stream of life;
Caught in a whirl to which he has no clue.
This tragic situation he well knows -
But ignores its remedy.

But spiritual man knows his directions;
Holds his tiller fearlessly
Through sunshine and through storm,
To distant harbors of success -
Supreme of which is how to live serenely.
The man of Spirit knows his goals;
He knows his power, too -
Whence and how it is derived
To motivate, to energize and heal.
He walks upon the earth
As man was meant to walk on that far day
When first he stood erect,
Looked skyward,
And began his human evolution.

Yes, skyward is the look
And skyward is the goal.
Man led by spirit is no stranger on the earth.
That very Power that created him
Now recreates him, too;

Guides him in perplexity,
Empowers him when weak,
Rejoices him when sad,
And gives him never failing strength
For noble deeds,
Deeds free from greed and strain.

But why go on.
The catalog of these celestial gifts -
Prolonged ad infinitum -
Would not convert a single soul.
Spiritual life is an experiential one -
We learn by doing.
Argument can never win a soul to God,
Or lead one into ways of Spirit.

All we can say is:
"Come, you who are athirst,
And drink from this perennial spring!"
Destiny persuades, but never forces.
And many men, perhaps, will choose to stay
Within the limitations of the biosphere.
That there is another Sphere more potent to evolve in,
Each human must discover for himself,-
That inner mystery of life
Which scientific thought can never penetrate.

Matter and Mind

Creation is idea turned into form;
Thought is the start of deed;
All matter once was Mind; and still on Mind
Eternally must feed.

Compassion

Signal of sorrow,
Bearer of distress,
Why do you wake me in the dead of night?

Is it that I may share in someone's sufferings,
May add a prayer
For victims of misfortune?

How sad the heart beats
As horror travels through the streets!
Yes, we mourn for even "one of these".

But "over there" no siren sounds -
Only the blast of bombs,
Dangers that mangle life.

What an idiotic world!
What insanity!
Here we mourn for even one who suffers.

But over there, how we rejoice
That thousands die in agony,
Hostile souls whose tortures bring us only joy.

Has the world gone mad?
Or has the world
Always been frozen in this crazy dream?

It is time that we woke up.
Time we abolished wholesale needless death,
Swept it from our planet into the hell where it belongs.

It is time war ceased -
Time that Love increased
Till all the world is held in Its embrace.

If You Split the Atom!

If you split the atom, you will find Him;
If you ride the heavens, He is there.
Nothing is, without His forming fiat;
Nothing lives without His tender care.

The Tao

The soft overcometh the brittle
To yield wins more than to fight.
Relinquishment solves every battle,
And meekness is greater than might.

Sensitivity

Do not regret being born sensitive,
For sensitivity is an advanced quality
of the human race,
A chief factor of creative genius.
To such souls - open and receptive -
Life open portals to celestial beauty.

The Goal of Existence

Shall we go journeying on, life after life,
Until we reach the Center of all being?
This is not reached by movement or by time,
But only by a different Power of Seeing.

The Law of Planetary Love

When will humanity progress
From brilliant function of the intellect
To a still more dazzling Age of Spirit?

Should the burgeoning of Spirit win control,
Life will be paradisaal.
From this perfectioning of man
Will flow world peace and brotherhood,
Fair distribution of the needs of life,
General culture and prosperity.

Man has done well to rule the earth and sky.
Now let him wisely rule himself
Under the law of planetary love.

Endless Horizons

Our greatest deeds are but a cheering hint
Of powers that lie buried deep within.
The planetary Spirit aids all those
Who daily strive to use their inborn gifts.
As we advance, horizons move ahead
And beckon us to splendid distant goals.

O My Soul

Dance to the cosmic rythm, O my soul,
For in each separate part inheres the Whole.
Space is no larger than the place you hold,
And Time a fairy-story being told.

Why Wear Yourself Out?

Save at the court of regal grace
Imperiousness is out of place.
The daily life does not support
Demands that are too fierce and short.

Intensity will flag, at length,
Consuming its own store of strength -
Effortless action, like the sun,
Wins tasks before they are begun.

What the World Needs

The world needs peaceful souls
In order to build peace.
It needs united hearts
In order to establish unity.
It needs, in all of us, the realization of Reality,
And the ability to function on the Causal plane.

Why Does Man Create?

Man creates because he has to. Not for fame. And not under mere compensatory compulsion, as the psychologists absurdly claim.

Yes, creators create because they have to - just as a mother creates because she has to once conception has taken place.

And so, with a creative person, once conception has taken place delivery is almost inevitable; it can not be evaded or postponed. The urge for fruition overcomes all obstacles.

The genius creates because creation is the law of his life.

The Child

The development of the child should begin before birth - it should begin at conception.

The child should be wanted, and should be the creation of a great mutual spiritualized love.

The child should be an answer to the spiritual demand, "Have children and raise them to the glory of God."

Prospective parents should aspire and pray to give birth to the most perfect child possible - a child endowed with spiritual susceptibilities.

Parental prayers should nourish the soul of the embryo just as the mother's blood nourishes its body.

In this way marvelous children will be brought into existence, and a New Race will be formed.

Education

Education is part of the expression of the instinct of
the race to perpetuate itself.
Nature assures the biological continuance of the race.
But man must consciously operate to assure the per-
petuation of the knowledges, skills and mores
necessary for its successful existence.
This inheritance is perpetuated only by that training
which we call education.
Education, in its fullest degree, is the hope of the world.

Life

We cannot help receiving life - we have no choice.
But we do have a choice as to what we shall make
of our lives.
It was successfully to fulfill this choice that we were
placed upon this planet.
The meaning of life - of all life - is development.
This is within our power.
It is the only thing within our finite power.
Development is not a task. It is a privilege.
Development, with Divine aid, is not a burden. It
is a joyous expression of the Self.

Be a Cause of Well-Being

"Be a cause of well-being to the human world," says
Abdu'l-Bahá.
But to do this we must first cover the laws of well-being
and apply them in our own lives.

Religion

Man is not made for religion, so much as religion is made for man - for his development, his guidance and his joy.

Let us look upon religion, then, as a gladsome privilege, a sanctified birthright.

Let us become attracted to the Spirit, as we are attracted to beauty and to love - with an attraction so strong as to need little or no volition on our part.

The Practice of the Presence of God

All the Prophets have come not only to teach man the knowledge of God, but to lead him into the practice of the presence of God.

This is the panacea for all the troubles and ills of the individual, but also for all the troubles and ills of society.

But alas! How few accept and use this divine remedy! From the love of God and His abiding presence all other values flow.

Security in the midst of trials and tests; wise judgment; intuition and guidance; happiness; health; and even material success - do you want these things?

Then seek God.

For the perfect functioning of society: justice, balance, harmony, altruism, peace, stability, material prosperity and happiness.

Do we want this kind of a society? Then let us seek first the Kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added.

The Stages of the Spirit

SEVERANCE is not asceticism, but a sort of spiritual aloofness and unworldliness.

RADIANT ACQUIESCENCE is the consent willingly and joyously to live under the guidance of the Spirit.

EVANESCENCE is the complete emptiness of self; an emptiness waiting to be filled from the Ocean of Divine Love and Bounty.

SANCTITY is the complete union of man with the Spirit.

The Cosmic Joy

Let us realize the Cosmos as a vital spiritual reality, and that matter is only Spirit in disguise.

And let us realize ourselves as an intimate and immortal part of this concrete manifestation of Spirit - our universal environment and home - the Cosmos.

Let us realize this not by any intellectual process but by immediacy; by a super-rational consciousness, to our inmost being, of our vital and destined integration in this rich Cosmic Life.

Let us feel that joie de vivre, that joy of existence which all nature expresses.

The King of Kings

The Ideal King is to Himself sufficient.

His joy does not increase

From adoration of His worshippers,

Nor through their void decrease.

Stop, Forget - Yea, Cease to Think

Why do birds sing? Why do squirrels gleefully leap
about? Why do insects make their choral
music?

It is because all Nature radiates the joy of existence.
It is our intellect - with its anxieties and frustrations -
that veils us from this Cosmic Life.

We must again become as little children - recapture
the pristine art of feeling, in complete response
to our environment.

Quiet! Let the sunshine sink
O'er thy forehead, o'er thy mind.
Stop, forget - yea, cease to think.
Know wisdom is of higher kind.

Happiness

Happiness is an acquired art.
It is a letting-go of life, an art relaxation.
It is radiant acquiescence.
Happiness is contagious - if we are happy,
We can pass that happiness on to others.
Therefor let our greetings be: Are you happy?
Be happy!

Cosmic Love

How can we love everyone - even those who are
disagreeable?
With human love this is impossible.
For human love is a mutual exchange of values; and
when these values cease, love tends to cease.

Not so with the love divine. What is this love divine?
It is something Cosmic.
It is a partial expression of that vast creative love
of God which constantly sustains and vitalizes
all existence.
When we become ablaze with this love we radiate it
out to everyone - without effort and regardless
of the worthiness or attractiveness of the object
of our love.
This cosmic love, once established, requires no effort
or volition.
Let us constantly charge our souls from the cosmic
battery of Divine Love.
Then we can give love out spontaneously to everyone
and everything.
Let us include in this universal love the animals, the
trees, the plants, the clouds, and the infinite
ocean of the sky.
He who is full of this Love is also full of joy.
He who does not know this Love does not know joy.
For God is Love. And if we do not know Love, we do
not know God.
And if we do not know God, we know not joy.

Service

Service is the law of the Universe.
Service done with love unites us to the Heart of the
Cosmos.
Service done with love brings us into oneness not only
with the Divine, but also with all other humans.
Service is the creative and unifying power of existence,
the motive of all work, the means of cosmic
happiness.

We can carry on here, if we so choose, without obedience
to this law of service.
But if we land in the Other World without such training
our passports are invalid.
For all celestial activity takes on the form of joyous
service.

The Eternal Now

How can we mortals escape the tyranny of time?
Time, as Lord Krishna showed, is a colossal power
that devours everything.
Time lashes us on, without rebate, to labor by the
clock.
How can we escape subjection to this Cosmic Tyrant?
The same Power that rules as Time is also Timeless,
And the Power that subjects us to the limited world of
place is Placeless.
Let us by prayer and meditation, rise above the limiting
world of time and place, till we attain the Ever-
lasting Now and the Supreme World of the
Placeless.

The Phenomenal World

The phenomenal world is under the law of change.
It is benign for the universal, but unpredictable
for the individual.
Spiritually undeveloped man lives under the law
of contingency.
He is the creature of circumstance and he knows it
to his dismay - flotsam and jetsam on the
stream of life.

But this is not so with the spiritually developed man
who knows how to function on the Plane of
Causation.

Such a one navigates life with steady tiller, sure
goals, and full power to reach those goals.

The Science of Power

Spirit is causal.

Spirit should have precedence over the world of
matter.

Spirit is the vital essence of existence.

Spirit is the power that operates the Cosmos.

Therefor it is more important to study Spirit as
Power than to study the mere parts of the
Machine.

He who knows Spirit as Power knows best how to
control and operate his earthly existence.

The Mind

What is the mind?

It is a magic instrument, endowed with a discovering
and manipulating power.

But the mind is not the Self.

It is only an instrument of the Self.

The mind may be weary, the mind may become exhausted.

But the Self is not thereby exhausted.

When we realize the mind as an agent of the Self we can
better control its actions.

And when we dedicate our mind as well as our hearts
to God, it will show forth wondrous powers.

Postulates of the Spirit

Matter is spirit in Disguise

Matter is subject to spirit in all things

Spirit can manipulate matter

Spirit operates under the law of love,

service and self sacrifice.