

Songs of Earth

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SONGS of EARTH

RAY LEWIS

NEW YORK

Albert & Charles Boni

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TO WALT WHITMAN

They say I sing your songs ;
I know that my tones
Are not as full,
As round, as vibrant as yours ;
Still I am glad
That with my feeble voice
I have the courage
To sing your melodies ;
They shake their heads
These critics, murmuring,
"It is a pity
She follows Walt Whitman so closely" ;
And I in place of being dismayed,
Pray that I may be enfolded
In your strong thoughts,
Impregnated with your ideals ;
And that my songs
Will so resemble yours,
That all men hearing them
Will cry aloud,
"Walt Whitman is their father."



Songs of Earth

THE UNIVERSE SINGS HER SONG

The Universe sings her song;
Hark: a thousand voices full, clear, melodious, liquid
Pour forth their joy;
The clouds brush against each other and I hear their low
rumbling tones across the sky;
The planets whirl through space and their high-pitched voices
are full of echoes;
I listen to the throaty notes of the gurgling water running
over and under the smoothed stones;
The mighty volume of the water-fall as it plunges over the
edge of the precipice:
I hear the metallic song of the train, heading for California;
as it flashes across my vision,
I hear the smooth, wet tones of the flowers as they drink,
The shrill cry of the "Little Things" which sing in their sleep;
I hear the carol of the lark as it circles the heavens,
The neighing of the horse,
The velvety "moo-oo-oo" of the cow, standing knee-deep
In clover, her calf sucking at her well-filled teats;
The sparkling song of the Iron as the blacksmith strikes, one,
two, three,
The mother's endless rhyme of meaningless words as she
hushes her baby to sleep;
The prima-donna's tones trained and polished, floating with
perfect ease,
I hear the soft run of scales, the fine tones, the trill, the high
E clear as a bell, the exultant climax, the fast-breathing
notes of the excited audience, the music of hand-clapping;

The Cock-a-doodle-doo greeting to the sun,
 The newsboys rising inflection,
 The chanting of the early mass, cool, clean, prayerful,
 The sing-song responses from the church-goers,
 The dirge of the dying swan,
 The voice of the rain-drops striking upon the roof through the
 mist,
 Rushing through the eave-troughs bound for the freedom of
 the sewers;
 The zip, zip, zip of clothes rubbing on the wash-board,
 The Melting Voice of Soap-Suds,
 The Melody of The Peaceful Heart,
 The Big Tones of Unselfishness,
 The Galloping Beat of Love,
 The Muffled Tones of Decency,
 The Dry Voice of Desire,
 The Choking Songs of Indignation,
 The Trembling Notes of Hesitancy;
 Songs: Songs: Songs:
 Strains without words,
 Music of Unreached Heights,
 Music of Blackest Depths,
 Arranged for One Verse, the Future;
 Notes registered in the Scale of Life, some flat, some sharp,
 each in their own bar, no rubato, following a Marked
 Time for each movement;
 Now forte, now pianissimo, now tremelo—
 The jerky gasps of Inhalation,
 The death-rattle,
 The final exhaling—
 The collapse of the Bellows—
 The convulsive sobs of relatives—
 Far off in the Land of Stars I hear the music of the bag-pipes
 growing finer, finer, finer,
 Until the flute-like tones of Released Singers come floating
 through my dreams.

I AM OF THE EARTH

I am of the earth;
Staid, methodical,
Old-fashioned, new-fashioned,
Working in harmony with the laws of nature,
Obeying the order of their routine
Yet unbound by their form;
Drawing in deep breaths of air to nourish my earth-made
body,
And exhaling to nourish the source of my in-drawing breaths;
I laugh, cry, walk, run, eat, drink, sleep, talk;
I have my loves,
I have my hates;
And these passions are big
There is nothing small about them;
I open my arms wide, wide for each movement,
I dig into the centre of desires
And having found the heart
I pump the blood into it and out of it.

I am a bird;
Flying over the tree-tops,
Fanning the air with my wings
And then sailing without an effort.

The sun catches me
And I am a sun-ray;
Lying upon the face of the placid waters,
Giving life to the larvae which have been deposited.

I am a moon-beam;
Dancing like a silvery-sprite
Upon the rippling waters.

I am a minnow;
Leaping out of the lake

As the larger fish pursue me ;
And now I am a bass,
Swimming quietly at night-fall
Through shallow waters,
Where thousands of unsuspecting minnows
Become a prey for me.

I am a tigress ;
Watching over my cubs with jealous eyes,
Roaring in my maternal pride,
Roaring and showing my displeasure
When my mate comes too near my brood ;
I teach them how to crawl
Legs doubled,
Belly to the ground,
To poise themselves for the spring of death ;
And when they bring in the mangled body
I point out the best place to attack.

I am a deer ;
Flying nimbly through the woods,
Careful that my antlers do not catch
In over-hanging branches ;
As the hunters and their baying dogs come on,
I plunge into the water
To kill the scent for my pursuers.

I am an old woman ;
Seated before the blazing logs,
My cap of white on my head,
Knitting, knitting, knitting,
I eat little,
And sleep a great deal,
I am always asking about your family
And always forgetting that your mother is dead.

I am a laborer;
I come home sweaty
From my eight-hours of work;
I give my good wife a resounding smack on her lips,
I dance my baby upon my knee
Patting her soft, plump, little hands
With my rough and caloused ones;
I enjoy my corn-beef and cabbage
Helping myself lavishly,
The baby meanwhile dipping her hands into my plate.

I am a woman of fashion;
Until eleven I lie abed
Sipping hot chocolate,
Crumbling my toast languidly;
At night I am wakened,
I dress for dinner,
The cut of my gown reveals
My white, smooth back to advantage,
My well-rounded bosoms.
As I whirl around the ball-room,
I observe that the eyes of my partner
Are filled with admiration.
I coquette,
I fill him with desire
And then I forget all about him.

I am a priest;
Chanting my prayers incessantly,
My eyes are fastened upon the sky,
Or upon the earth beneath,
I crush out every emotion,
Enduring all forms of penance.

I am a lover;
Filled with the Passion of Procreation,
At night I steal away from many companions

To meet her;
I kiss her eyes, her brow, her lips,
Giving her the best of myself;
I crush her within my arms,
I do this with many women
And I have a new passion for them all.

I am the Unbound Woman;
Mad with the Power of Love,
I lie face downward
To kiss the blades of grass;
I press my naked body
Against the burning sand,
The fire of the contact thrills me;
I love to stand close to people;
O the ecstasy in the pressure of a baby's lips:
The soothing feeling as I enfold my sisters
Within my arms:
The exhilaration as I clasp hands with my Comrade-Lover,
Pouring forth in beaming glances
The full-extent of my heaven-made fires;
I spring new-born
From the seeds of Old Experiences;
And I labor and labor to make the flowers
Born of me perfect;
I store my soul full of sweets
Coaxing the bees to visit me,
That I may give them of my best;
As I go to seed
I dream, and dream—and dream—
I put my life-sap into the formation of my children;
All that I have gathered I give;
And that for which I hope
I give also;
I keep on loving, loving, loving,
Marking my progeny that they may bring into the world
The Spirit of Love,

The Spirit of Immortality;
Hail to this New-Born Race:
Hail to the Sons of God:
Their crosses are placed over the Sea of Blood,
And Humanity walks over this Shining Bridge
Into the Promised Land.

WE ARE IN A WORLD OF ACTION

We are in a world of action,
We have hugged our golden dreams long enough;
We have sung our sweetest songs into their ears;
They slept through the period of their babyhood
And now that they are full-grown,
We must send them from the shelter of our arms;
We will see if they can stand upon their own feet,
Be brave of heart,
Do not tremble at the parting,
Let us find out if we have nourished Weaklings,
We must not cry, "The world will not understand our
children,
They are beyond their years in wisdom,"
The God that blessed our womb left not the other women
barren;
Let us command our children to speak with courage,
The Truth cannot be hidden,
If they have it written across their hearts,
It must find expression;
Rejoice: rejoice: rejoice:
All that are parents of Ideals, of dreams,
The time is ripe for work,
Now must our children defend their right to the use of an
earth-made body,
Or losing form enter the World of Phantoms.

THE RESURRECTION

I am sick of eating half-baked bread,
Of hearing squeamish sounds,
Of looking upon the faces of undersized people.
I tell you that you shall have your inheritance;
You can bring your judges, your lawyers,
Your sheriffs, your policemen,
Your wardens, your turnkeys, your jailers,
Your prison, your piles of unbroken stones,
Your chain and iron-ball,
Your "black hole,"
Your bread and water,
Your lashes,
Your sentinels with their loaded rifles,
Your priests, your excommunication,
Your scaffold, your hangman, your black cap,
Your rope, your "drop," your wooden box,
Your Sheet of Lime,
I will still live;
I will destroy your armories and fortresses,
I will teach the people to become Revolutionists,
There shall be war, war, war,
Wailing and gnashing of teeth
Until all come into their inheritance;
The stronger shall not rob the weaker,
United shall we stand,
God, The Spirit,
The Earth our body.

O Humanity come be my lover,
We will become the parents
Of an Adam Kadmon;
The gods have heard my cry
And I am pregnant;
They whisper that his seed
Shall be as the stars of heaven,
As the sands upon the sea-shore.

Hark: what says the Voice of Thunder?
Resurrection: Resurrection: Resurrection:
The graves already yawn,
The Dead awaken;
Ring out ye bells,
Ding dong, ding dong,
Across the sky,
Into the Seventh Heaven;
For gone long, long ago
Are all obstructions;
See the stars dressed in Bridal Array
Come sailing down the Milky Way;
Angels link their arms with men
For He that hath arisen calls,
And all are prepared to meet Him.

WHERE SHALL I FIND MY GOD?

Where shall I find my God?
Shall I look for Him in the sky?
Beyond the Plane of Vision?
Shall I lie still and dream
And dream and dream,
Priding myself that I am
A dreamer of God?
Or shall I descend from my Heaven-Placed God
Finding Him seated upon a throne in Hell?
O when I find Him there
I will know that truly is He, God;
And I will kneel before Him,
But He will say,
"Arise brave spirit,
In the depths hast thou found Me,
In the heights will I find thee."

I AM MAD WITH THE JOY OF CREATION.

I am mad with the joy of creation;
I am intoxicated with the bliss
Of the Manifested Universe;
I have entered into the Spirit of Love
Expressed by the Creator in the Coming Down;
I look upon the Giant Body of Humanity
Reaching from heaven to earth;
I kiss his feet,
His limbs,
His breasts,
His lips, eyes and forehead,
I take both of his hands
And palm to palm we ignite our fires;
He siezes me by the hair
Lifting me up, up, up,
Until we stand upon an equal footing,
Companions, lovers, comrades;
I descend with him
Into the Path of Drunkards,
Watching over them,
Breaking their many falls
Lest too soon they reach
The Arms of Death;
We follow the Thief
In his midnight looting;
At last he has taken all
That he is destined to pay back—
A child sleeps by its mother's side
We disturb his dreams—
Why do you leave your loot O Thief?
What memories are awakened with a child's cry?
Out into the night he scurries,
Tomorrow we will find him working,
He will commence to cancel debts.
Weary Prostitute

Through the thickness of the night
We dog your steps,
You are barren,
All has been given to Passion's Use,
Discard the husk
And in the silence await the formation
Of a New Body.
We follow the Laborer
Instilling in his blood
The Seeds of Revolt.
Now are we in the chamber of the Young Bride
And her bosoms swell with the joy of Coming Motherhood,
We link Ourselves with the Destroyers, Preservers and
Builders,
We draw these opposing forces together
That the fittest may survive.

I AM BUILDING

I am building;
Perhaps we can build together,
Have you unfinished castles?
Bring them to me,
I will finish yours,
You will finish mine,
Hush—I have something to whisper—
When our castles are finished
We will steal to the corner
At the end of the lane,
There is a tumbled-down house
And O so many thin children,
We will give them our possessions;
O I am full of the Joy of Giving,
A Joy that is Infinite, Eternal.

DO YOU CALL YOURSELF A MAN?

Do you call yourself a man?

Then I shall add the woman,

Do you call yourself a woman?

Then I shall add the man,

Out of the union of the Giver and the Receiver springs forth
the Conceived Gift;

I would take the tireless energy which seeks for physical ex-
pression and place it in the Flaming Bowl of Spirit;

I would stir these fires until their tongues lick each other's
face;

The Fire of Spirit came down from heaven and took on
dual form,

See how the flames play about each other, drawing in, in, in,

How shall I answer the Riddle of the Fires when there is but
One Flame?

That which is shall produce its kind,

Yods: Yods: Yods:

Yellow sparks leaping into the sky, children of the Victor, the
Invincible One,

Their shining faces shall light the earth and put the night to
flight.

THE WOMB OF NIGHT

From the Womb of Night came forth the Dawn;

Calm, cool, beneficent

As the brow of a peasant-wife that suckles her first babe.

Transparent Morn:

Lingering on the Doorsteps of the Past,

Translucent Morn:

Trembling and naked you stand

Upon the Threshold of the Present;

Hail to you Virgin-Day

Born from the Womb of Night.

THE FEAST OF ETERNAL KNOWLEDGE

The very sound of the phrase,
"It is not proper,"
Maddens me.
Who says that "It is not proper"?
Man with his churchified manners,
His goat-desires.
Are you ashamed of your body?
Cover it,
But do not attempt to cover mine,
I glory in my nakedness;
Do you satisfy your lusts
When midnight throws her Black Mantle over you?
Do not condemn me for desiring the sunlight
For my joys.
God said, "Let there be Light,"
"There was Light and He saw that it was Good,"
Did He not give you a nose with which to smell?
Ears with which to hear?
Eyes with which to see?
All organs of your body their allotted work?
Are you not imperfect when one organ
Fails to perform its duty?
Then why call one of these a king,
The other a knave?
He that desecrates the Handiwork of the Lord
Has but eaten one apple from the Tree of Knowledge,
The more you eat,
The less Evil do you conceive;
When you can say,
"All is Good,"
Lo you will find that you have been eating
From the Tree of Life,
You have been banqueting your spirit
At the Feast of Eternal Knowledge.

I STRUCK THE IRON AND THE FLAMES BURST
FORTH

Ah Good:

I struck the iron and the flames burst forth,
I stood before their blaze and warmed myself;
I drew in the sparks which flew about me;

Let the others cry,
"Beware, beware":

I love dangers;

How shall I know my strength if I am never called upon to
use it?

O Fire of Ideals:

Fire of Love:

Fire of Creative Force:

I place you in the Crucible and watch the transmutation;
Precious Nuggets of Gold acquired through digging deep,
Down into the Underworld;

O Golden Heart of Flame, all that you touch shall glow.

'Tis the dawn,

I must prepare for my lovers now come to greet me;
I am ready,

Throw open the windows,

Draw back the hangings,

I shall gaze into the eyes of those that understand me,

That give me back look for look;

What need of protestations when eyes can plead so eloquently?

Welcome lovers into The Light.

First comes Ambition;

Her cold, chiselled form stands undraped, erect;

How perfect are the curves:

A Master-Hand smoothed her outlines;

But I—I am of the Common People—

How icy-cold she is,

I cannot draw her close,

Give me a loving form with all its imperfections;
I press her hand,
I pour the wine of the grape into her parted lips
Which are like an empty cup;
I watch the Quick-Silver running through her transparent
skin,

When lo: my statue smiles,
My Galatea comes to life;
O Awakened Woman:
I love every fibre of your being;
I crown you with a Wreath of Joy:

Desire boldly enters:
Grown to full-stature,
Robed in a priestly cloak which falls sombrously about his
shoulders,

How profound appears his meditation:
I strip this Garment of Pretence from him;
His palpitating body, shorn of its Borrowed Plumage stands
revealed;

Do I upbraid him that when brought to bay he speaks the
truth?

Nay, I teach him the value
Of the Priceless Radium he so foolishly squanders.

Now approach the Weary;
Into their spine I string an Arrow of Strength;
Now come the Sick;

I pump my blood into their ill-fed veins
And they are nourished;

Young and old,
Into my arms they come,
To each I give
That which can help them most,
I love them equally.

My Father wove for me
A Coat of Many Skins;
Which I have donned,

Let those that call themselves my brethren
Sell me to Unbelievers;
My child sleeps in the Cradle of Creation
And the gods watch over his dreams.

IT IS GOOD TO LIVE

It is good to live,
To feel the currents of the Universe
Flowing through you into all forms;
You take, you give,
You give, you take:
Wake up, wake up, wake up,
Join hands with the wind,
Rush over Stagnant Waters
Breaking their Scum;
Seize the Living Things
From the Clutch of Death,
Hurry them on to their destination;
Boil, stir, mix,
Burn, smooth, roughen,
Tear, whirl, hurl,
Toss, spill, pound
And grind;
Let us have action,
Use the Light of Day
To the Eleventh Hour;
The midnight comes
Bandaging our eyes;
O let the couch that we have fashioned
With our own hands,
Be woven from a pattern
Of Faith, Hope and Love,
Built with an eye for Service.

ONE IN ALL, ALL IN ONE

Have done with right and wrong,
Good and bad,
Pure and impure,
Rich and poor,
Educated, uneducated,
Learned, simple,
Beautiful, ugly,
Fine manners, ill manners,
Well-bred, ill-bred,
Riches, poverty,
Leisure, labor,
The wise man, the fool,
Moral and immoral,
Mine and thine
And let us be one ;
What I lack,
What you lack,
We have between us,
Therefore we lack nothing ;
Let us adopt our mode of living
From the flowers,
They are beautiful,
Each after its own kind,
The sun shines upon them equally,
Heaven fills their extended goblets
With sparkling nectar,
The earth gives them sustenance,
The wind teaches them frolicsome games,
The bees are impartial messengers
Carrying their messages of love
To each other,
Accepting only what each is content to give ;
Their breath is always filled
With the sweetest of perfumes,
They are not gluttonous,

They are willing mothers,
Most joyful when they are budding;
They comfort the sick,
Whispering tender hope
Into the Ear of the Dying;
They smile upon the little cripple
In his garret
As warmly as upon the pampered child of millions;
They make no discriminations;
Let us cease to make divisions,
One God,
One people,
One in All,
All in One.

I AM SICK OF THE FLAG OF TRUCE

I am sick of the Flag of Truce Civilization has given me to
protect,
I am tired of compromising,
I refuse to wave manufactured mottos over my head,
I demand the right to the use of my own body,
I the rebel, refuse to take a musket in my hand,
And fight for Rotten Principles;
Why should I enter another man's country
Forcing him at the point of the sword
To give my brother freedom in his domain
When I submit to slavery in my own?
It is a good thing to clean your own house
Before criticising your neighbors.
The Enemy is within your walls not without,
It is your duty to first destroy the Tyrant
That menaces your home and liberty
Before you march on for foreign conquests,

COME INTO MY ARMS

Come, come into my arms,
Now is the force of passion
Bearing down upon me;
I shall not be satisfied
Until I spend my strength with you;
Will no one come?
Must I tread the floor
Like a caged beast?
While this tempest endeavors to break
Through the flesh,
Expressing itself in the Hand-Writing of Fire?
I send a trumpet-call
Into the ears of all lovers:
Come sip with me
The wine pressed from The Grape
Which grows in Heavenly Vineyards;
Perhaps you do not understand,
You are afraid to come?
My spirit is on fire,
The Fire of God
Fed by the Oil-Well Within
Consumes my body,
I must give of its warmth;
Come unto me
That I may reveal to you
The Giver of the Spark;
Now that I have made myself clearer
I see that you are more confused,
You fly from me
As from a mad thing;
I am weary of standing still
Of shouting,
I shall pursue
And overtake you,
I shall hold you

Within my arms,
Until you learn
To love my touch,
Until you know my meaning.

WE ARE THE WORKERS

I take a pick
Striking it into the earth;
Good, I have made an opening:
Come fellow-workers
Take your shovels,
Turn over the soil:
Ah: I knew that here
Was to be found a vein of gold;
Let each man work with all his might,
I promise that you shall take away with you
All that you have unearthed;
Here is wealth
Deposited by God,
Who shall dispute your claim to it?
You are His Heirs,
For you are His Children,
Let the Law form an army
To wrest from you your possessions,
We will meet them man to man
And in the fight that follows
We will scatter their forces
Sending them back to the Hell
From which they sprang.
We are the Workers,
We are the Fittest,
We will survive.

COME GIVE ME YOUR HAND

Come, give me your hand,
I am mad with the Passion of Creation ;
Let me but find willing bodies
And at once will I lie with them ;
From the Pinnacle of my Hope,
I hurl the Arrow of my Desire
Into the Target of the Future.
O men and women :
Could you but know
How near to gods you are :
Strip off the Garb of Common Use
And weave a Fabric more becoming ;
True the World of Fashion will pass by
With averted gaze,
But block their going
Until the Design of your Home-Spun Garment,
Is stamped upon their memory ;
Let not my lying with you
Leave you barren,
But let us be the gods of a new race ;
Who from the Withered Breasts of Custom
Shall suck the Hidden Milk,
Placing it in our swelling bosoms,
To nourish our Children of the Future.

TO-DAY, TO-MORROW—YESTERDAY

To-Day, I am not what I was Yesterday,
To-Morrow I may not be what I am To-Day,
Yesterday I may have been in a Thousand To-Morrows ;
And To-Morrow I may be in a Thousand Yesterdays.

WORDS: WORDS: WORDS:

Words, words, words,
 Empty, man-made forms,
 We have had enough of them;
 Let us use the language of hands,
 The light of eyes,
 The pressure of lips,
 The movement of the body;
 I am weary of my weariness,
 Of my tired cry,
 Of my treasonable brain,
 Of my desires,
 Of my rebellious spirit,
 Of the sound of my own voice
 Discoursing in mighty tones
 Upon the problems of nature;
 O to be as a little child,
 To speak naturally,
 Act naturally,
 Live naturally,
 Forgetting sorrow
 In the abundance of joy.

STRIP LIFE OF HYPOCRACY

Strip Life of Hypocrisy and underneath a smooth, white bod
 stands revealed,
 Take her into your arms,
 Hold her close to Love's Desire,
 All her choicest gifts she will outspread upon her lap,
 Waiting for you to come forward and take that which ha
 been entrusted to her for you,
 "Take and make way for your brother,"
 "His gift is also with me,"
 "Take and make way for others," Life cries,
 "To all I give according to their need,
 This is my task into Eternity."

CIVILIZATION'S BLOODY SWORD

Civilization with its Bloody Sword in hand pursues me ;
 Back to the arms of Barbarism I fly
 Lift up the flap of your tent that I may enter,
 I am bound to you by the Law of Attraction,
 The Unwritten Law of Love ;
 I do not know the meaning of Prostitution,
 Of Child-Labor, Respectability,
 Fashion, Religion, Cowardice,
 Capitalism, Socialism, Anarchism,
 I have my bow and arrow
 And when hungry I hunt for food ;
 I am called a savage for I kill beasts,
 I clothe myself in their hide,
 The word Luxury is unknown to me,
 It belongs to you that are civilized,
 You that slowly torture to death
 Men, women and children,
 Praying that God may have mercy on your victim's soul.

I COMMAND YOU BE A MAN

Come you that have repeatedly turned the other cheek ;
 Is not your mind swollen and distorted from blows ?
 I command you be a man,
 Plant your feet firmly upon the earth,
 No one has a better right to it than you :
 If a man strikes you in a fit of anger, it is well to restrain
 yourself that you may impress upon him the danger of
 the lack of self-control ;
 If a man however deliberately plans to get you on your knees
 and keeps you there, that he may stand upon you, climbing
 for the Fruits of Life and throwing you the Seedless
 Cores, that man belongs to the vermin class ;
 It is the duty of all clean people to exterminate Vermin.

WHAT FOOD SHALL I OFFER THE POOR

What food shall I offer the poor?
The weary, emaciated, round-shouldered poor:
Every bone of their spine
Appearing like a ridge,
The hollow chest,
The yellow shrivelled skin,
Thin covering for their ribs,
The shuffling gait,
The hanging head,
The hunted look about the eyes,
The wrinkles of waste about the mouth,
The hot, dry palm
With its trembling fingers,
The hacking cough;
Shall I sing to them
Of a death which lies
In an overindulgence of the senses?
The glory which awaits their spirit
When it has become released
From the Bonds of Flesh?
Shall I feed their soul
With Heavenly Manna?
Or shall I first endeavor
To nourish their starved body
With the products of the earth?
Come, all you that desire to help,
First let us create good red blood,
Let us send this coursing
Through their ill-fed veins,
That they may have
The strength with which to grasp
The Thought of God.

LET US BE HONEST

Let us be honest,
Unashamed and free,
Love Truth in all her forms
And hate the Low-Brow of Falsehood ;
Let us embrace the Universe,
What have we to do with cramped positions?
The sun shines to give light and heat,
The rain falls that we may drink,
The wind cools our burning feet,
The Day unfastens the Bodice of her Dress
Offering the Milk of Production,
The night spreads out her Black Wings to cover us,
And the moon and the stars are our candles ;
Creation is for Man,
For One Hath Given him dominion over it ;
Shall we then crawl upon our belly?
Eat of dust?
Be afraid to pluck the fruit
Which lies ripened within our orchard?
We are Immortal,
Created in the Likeness of God,
We will barter the talents
He hath bestowed upon us ;
For every five that He hath given
We will bring Him ten ;
Lift up your heads,
Ye Children of God
Ye Everlasting Ones,
We are the Flaming Sword
Guarding the Gates of Paradise,
We must brush ourselves aside,
Why should we fear the Blade?
It is a mortal one
Slaying but Mortal Beings,
But we are The Only Begotten Ones ;

We are,
 We have been,
 We will ever be,
 There is but One Greater than we;
 And we are a Part of That One.

WE WERE MADE PEERS

Are you not weary of slanders, gossip, backbiting, petty bickering, smirks, grunts, whining, self-commiseration, cringing attitudes, sanctimonious expressions, meek voices, inflated bodies, the bully, the blatant loud-mouth, the push and pull, the wear and tear, the snarl, growl, pretence, bad luck, good luck, "what the neighbors will say," and all Assumed Virtues?

Look upon the world as a kingdom bequeathed to you by The King,

Our Heavenly Father,

Let your actions be becoming to your station.

You are a Prince, I am a Prince,

Let us remember the lessons taught us in the Court of God

Forgetting to ape the attitude of slaves;

Your Mind was given to you as a crown,

Keep it free from tarnish and its golden glow will form a halo around your brow;

Your hands are sceptres to be wielded in love over your dominions,

Your body is a Ship in which your soul sails over the Waters of Life,

Your Spirit is a Throne upon which you shall seat your Self when you have Come of Age;

A Voice from the Mighty Throne will send Peace Greetings unto His Children's Kingdom.

At creation we were made peers,

We have ourselves to blame that we have conjured up the form of peasants.

I AM HERE TO REVEAL YOU TO YOURSELF

What shall I do with the People of Pretence?

The carnivorous animals with their bloated eyes, leering smiles, the stain of blood upon their lips?

I sieze their Glasses of Respectability, dashing them to the ground.

Here is a victim, here another,

Come gorge yourself until you needs must vomit;

Perhaps your stomach will remember the discomfort of over-eating and you will at least become moderate.

I tear from your face, O Hypocrite, the Mask of Virtue;

Cease trembling,

Cease begging for mercy,

I am not here to punish you,

I am here to uncover you,

To reveal you to yourself;

Shout from the house-tops the things which you desire,

Eat your fill of these,

Say they are your pleasure and you are forgiven;

My hope for your redemption lies in the fact that when you can satisfy your cravings openly, they will lose the flavor of honey.

And now O Liar, you come next in turn;

I would train your Shifting Eye, your Squirming Soul to look into the Eyes of Truth,

I would remodel your Loose Mouth building it upon Firmer Lines,—

A lie ends not with the telling, it carries a nest of parasites upon its Rotting Back.

Enough, for a thousand days you have dissembled,

For a thousand days enjoy the freedom of expressing that which you are,

From this stage there is deliverance,

Honesty forms the Egg,

The Egg becomes the Grub,

The Body takes on wings,

With which the Spirit soars upon the earth.

THE PEACE OF CONQUEST

Life, life, life,
Joyous, bubbling, gurgling,
Tumbling, spouting,
Tossing Waters of Flame;
I watch the play of your streams
On the surface and under;
The light reveals mishapen creatures,
Half-man, half-fish,
Things that crawl upon their belly
Carrying the yoke of many Self-Gratified Deeds
Upon their backs;
Undiscovered pearls,
Forms of unsurpassing loveliness
Housing destruction;
Puny creatures huddled together,
As if their combined weakness
Could better combat the Enemy;
The Enemy well-fed,
Swelled to gigantic proportions,
Standing with outstretched fingers
Ready to sieze upon all
That would venture into fresh waters;
I catch a glimpse of well-knit bodies,
Battle-scarred heroes,
Standing at the head of cannons,
Ready to discharge at a given signal
The loaded shot;
Commanders reviewing the line of battle,
The strongholds of the Enemy;
Gentle-faced nurses,
Ministering priests
To console the living,
To close the glassy eyes of the dead;
Peace unto you,
And yet your peace be with your God;

For here where roads are covered with thickets,
Where beasts lie in covert
Waiting to pounce upon
The Unsuspecting Prey,
Here must we fight:
Come you strong-backed people
I call upon you to fall in line,
Follow on your Flying Horse
The steps of those
That walk yet close to earth,
Their limbs are soft,
And when the Dragon darts forth
Winging the air to claw a victim,
Wield the sword
In the hand of the Infant;
O life, life, life,
Peace be unto you,
But let it be
The Peace of Conquest.

I CLAIM EVERY MAN AND WOMAN

What have I to do with Inanimate Possessions?
I claim every man and woman
For my own;
I fold them close,
Close to my beating heart of love,
Giving them all I possess,
My treasures of the Past,
My Legacies of the Future;
I demand nothing in return,
Not even their love
If they have it not to give;
I know that the contact
Of my body with theirs
Has made them my heirs;
And they will become Givers,

Leaving my Treasures
For others to hold,
To give into the Future.

BACK, YOU CANNOT STOP ME

Back, back, back,
You cannot stop me;
Do you not see
That I am cutting my way out of this world of strain,
Where every honest impulse is suppressed,
And assumed virtues in order?
I go into a Land of Transparency;
Honesty stares the lie out of countenance,
Hypocrisy slinks away,
Ashamed—ashamed;
Here there are no coverings,
All souls are naked,
We see the Tainted Spots,
Truth cuts away the Festering Flesh,
Strength washes The Wound,
Love heals it:
In the Land of Reflection
All undergo a transformation,
A Body of Light forms
From the Male Rib,
While the Male sleeps
A deep sleep.

LOVE I HAVE COME

Love I have come;
A thousand hands barred the way,
A thousand tongues whispered, "Nay,"
My Fool-Heart said,
"Go, I pray";
And so I came.

THE IMPULSE OF THE WORLD IS ROMAN

The impulse of the world is Roman,
Nero rules,
Our wine-cellar are filled with Greed,
Our minds befuddled with drinking human blood;
How long shall we prey upon the weaker ones?
Dog now eats dog,
Nature must revolt and put a stop
To this abnormal feasting;
The mother-instinct is aroused,
Who shall deny its strength?
Who shall stand against its sacrificing spirit?
The beast dies to save her young,
Who shall drive off the mother of men
When the life of her child is threatened?
Leave off your croaking cries of,
"This is violence,"
Draw near you serpents that hiss at her approach,
With love she shall remove the poison
Of your sting,
Draw near you tortoises,
You laggards
That scarcely cover a mile-track in a century;
You crabs that constantly retreat
Carrying your worn-out Ideals with you,
Go bury your dead,
Leave Yesterday wrapped in the Leaves of the Past,
Tomorrow draws near,
Woman stands upon its crest;
And burning down the Barriers to Freedom
Bids you "Stop Destroying,"
And build a Cradle
For the New-Born Child.
The hour of separation has passed,
The East and the West are one,
I greet The Rising Sun.

TO MAKE MEN PIONEERS

To do something:
To cease to be an automaton
Placed in a groove,
Around which I circle
Until like a top I run down;
O to stretch out an arm
Filled with the Strength of Creation
And smashing a hole in the heavens,
Bids the gods to enter
Upon the earth;
To fill in the Ruts
Of Custom and Habit,
To make men pioneers
Breaking New Roads
Into a Land of Promise;
To live in the Ceaseless Birth
Of New Thoughts,
To feel the Strength of Samson
And with encircling arms
Bring down the Rotten pillars
Which now uphold the World.
Long, long the thoughts of men
Have lived in selfishness,
The soil refuses
To bring forth seed—
O I would shake this earth
Until it quaked
And all things hidden
Appeared upon the surface.
Let us become Destroyers,
We will take the Flaming Sword of Youth
And slay off Dotage,
Peopling the Earth
With the Children of Eternal Fires.

OUR CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE

Misguided children,
Weak ones,
Weary ones,
I release you from the burden of pretence;
When Hate skulks within, deck him not out in Love's
Raiment,
Laugh and cry,
Love and hate,
Obey the passions that move you;
This is honesty, the first step in the direction of Freedom;
Learn to obey Laws, through obeying we become Emanci-
pated Beings;
Let us be plungers with our past, our present filling the
Coffers of the Future,
I am sick of counting in days, let us count by years,
We are the proof of Past Ideals,
Revise this proof and stamp the matrix of the revision upon
the Steel of the Future;
Let the hierglyphics that are carved upon our tombs be an
open page for those who desire to read;
We will leave a key,
We will point out the door this key shall unlock,
We will leave our vineyards, our orchards open for those who
are pregnant to enter;
And taking our place in the Land of Stars,
We will watch behind the Eyes of The Silent Gods;
We will behold our children bareheaded,
With flowing locks and loosened robes,
At ease, cultured by Nature's refining touch,
She will teach her children from her lips,
Books will be placed in the Kindergarden,
The trees, the flowers, the busy families of Wee Things will
converse with our children directly;
Oh laugh: laugh: laugh:
Our children will be so god-like, so happy.

DEMOCRACY

Out of the Heart of the Infinite
Wings an Unfettered Bird ;
Out of the embracing
Of sounds, ideas, words, actions,
Out of the Concealed Bomb of Nihilism,
Out of the Confusion of Anarchy,
Out of the Soil of my Newly-Acquired Land
Socialism my landlord,
Out of the Atheistic Negation of an Oversoul,
Out of the Conscious Vortex of Electrons,
Out of the Blind Contact of Scientific Atoms,
Out of the Prayer of Asceticism,
Out of the Impulse of the Voluptuary,
Out of a System of Dogmas,
Out of the Undogmatic School of Nature,
Joy from the White Lips of Pain,
Pearls from the Tearful Eyes of Sorrow,
Nonpartisanship from the Clashing of Party Platforms,
Revolution from the Knouted Back of Slavery,
Reformation from the Bloody Bayonets of Revolutionists,
Out of the midst of Death, Life,
Out of the Eternal Uses, Eternity,
Out of the Knowledge of God
Man's relationship to Man
And the Universe,
Out of The Stagnant Pools, Purity,
Out of all of these,
Out of all Forms of Expression,
The Master Force whips to the Surface
The Trillions of Lives
Which have been ceaselessly building,
Democracy.

TO THE PROSTITUTE

Songs to Mothers, Virgins, Lovers, Children, Heroes,
My song to the Prostitute;
Come you outcast,
Life has given you a weary task,
It has made your body the vessel in which is poured only the
Mouldy Seeds of Passion;
Poor slave,
Yet master of the men that command you.
Do you seek to forget your girlhood?
The lover came,
You loved and gave the priceless bounty of your soul,
And he gave you this legacy,
"All men are liars."
Weep, weep,
I hold you close within my arms,
I give you back your confidence in yourself,
Who am I that I should sit in judgment upon one of God's
Children?
I tear off your Badge of Shame,
Poor broken instrument of men's desires,
I urge you on to greater strength,
Your soul is white,
White as a virgin,
It waits for you to express it fully.

LOVE NEVER LOVE DENIED

"Are you in love with me"? said he,
"Nay, nay," the maiden sighed;
"I am in love with Love," said she,
"This truth I cannot hide."

"You are in love with me," said he,
"I'll take you for my bride";
"If you are Love, dear one," said she,
"Love never love denied."

I AM ALIVE

I am alive;
Every atom, cell, ligament,
Nerve, muscle, vein,
Responds to the touch of my lover;
Come, Love shall wield the sceptre,
I have perfumed my body with the pollen of flowers,
I invite you to lie with me;
The Senses of The Universe have awakened,
To-night have I the fire which moves the male to creating;
I ascend to where the Snowy Hand rests upon the Brow of
the Mountain,
I descend into the Heart of the Forest,
The ferns become a couch,
The interlacing of trees become a canopy,
I gallop to the plains of the West
Learning the strength which manifests itself
In the bullock, in the stallion;
Over endless stretches of sand,
Into the desert I go;
The sun burns my body,
His touch is cooling,
A greater fire burns within my soul;
The mighty roar of the cataract calls,
Love and I are in close embrace.
As we leap into the Whirlpool
The undercurrent drags us to the edge of a precipice,
And over we crash locked in each other's arms—
At last I am free,
And the equal of the gods:
I rub shoulders with ruffians,
With gentlemen,
Mechanics, laborers,
Farmers, shop-keepers,
Lawyers, philanthropists,
Scientists, artists,

From their touch I am moulded anew;
I am now ready for work,
I seek out my Poet-Lover
Pressing upon his lips
The Kiss of Prophecy;
From our Spirit-Contact
Springs forth a New Race;
That which was born in the Maelstrom of Oppression
Vanishes before their grim approach;
Nature is quickened,
She lavishes her gifts abundantly,
Teaching the Law of Ebb and Flow;
Only to transmute do I descend to earth;
And when men pass me by saying,
"This is death,"
I who have passed through countless lives,
I who have countless lives before me,
I laugh,
For I know that there is no death,
Only life, life, life,
Big, robust, strong, virile God-Life,
Endless, eternal.

MY LITTLE MIND

From off the Heights,
My Mind, my Little Mind
Would sweep me
Into a Maze of Contradictions,
Into a Cesspool of Doubts,
But my soul which stands unfettered
Opens its eyes,
Eyes which mirror the truth;
And before that All Knowing Look
My Mind, my Little Mind
Is awed, abashed and silenced.

DEATH OR LIFE

I am Joy;
Around and around and around I whirl,
Lightly, lightly I pirouette
On the petals of roses;
My body is lithe and slender,
Dimly, dimly as through much veilings
Can one see the faint Penciling of Womanhood;
Love plays a waltz
And I must learn the rhythm,
Softly, softly, musing with half-opened lids,
Lids concealing eyes
Of mystic wonderment.
I part the branches of the trees
And wait,
He comes: he comes:
What madness now distorts my vision
Sending the blood into my temples?
This is not he—
Yet comes he straight to me—
This is the trysting place
And none knew of it
Save we two;
It was whispered to us
In the Land where Dreams are born.

His head seems lost amidst the foliage,
His limbs appear like gnarled trunks
The muscles knotting with each step,
His skin a ruddy brown
Through which the play of blood
Is plainly visible,
He wears a mask—
I fain would fly
But I remain rooted to the spot,
I cry out

But my voice is lost
'Ere it has had an utterance;
Nearer, nearer he comes—
This is not man,
Some one it is
From other Worlds.

“Come love come,
This is our dance,”
The voice is strong, appealing,
The underlying note sounding the key
Of a commandment;
I turn upon him wildly,
“I wait here for my lover,
You are not he.”
He laughs
And the sky repeating the echo
Sends forth a peal
Making the very mountains tremble.

“Come Flower of Night,
I am your lover,
Hark, does not the music of Love's Waltz
Call us?”

“Come, come,
Into my arms,
I shall teach you
The Dance of Love,
With each movement
You will become a part of it,
Come Slumbering Soul,
You have not yet awakened,
You shall dance
Until you reach the Depths,
Until you learn
The Rhythm of Love's Passion.”

But I exclaim,
"No; no;
I see now who you are,
You are Death,
Death: Death:
Leave me,
I have not sought you,
For I hate you,
Do you hear?
I hate you,
O I am afraid:
Your presence suffocates me,
You shall not have me,
You shall not master me—
O let me go,
I am an unwilling partner,
O let me go,
Let me go."

His arms clasp me tightly,
His kisses burn my lips,
They fire my soul,
They cloud my reason;
I am powerless to resist further—
One, two, three,
Turn to the left
Now to the right,
Now together,
We dance upon the points of stars,
Circling the rim of the moon;
A tortoise moves across the sky
We leap to the Flaming World
Between its shoulders;
I inhale much fire,
But it is he that warms me;
Closer, closer our bodies cling—
Now do we glide upon floors of ice

Thin, so thin—
 I hear a rushing sound,
 The Covering is broken—
 Underneath the water runs warmly.

“Death, where are you?”
 I exclaim,
 Death has removed his mask,
 He is Life.

PROMETHEUS

Prometheus, you gentle Son of God:
 I wonder if you knew the woe, passion, pain and death your
 deed of love would bring?
 You stole the fires of Heaven for man,
 Becoming an exile from Nirvana,
 Roaming from World into World,
 Waiting for man to show by his good use of these same Fires
 that the theft was justifiable;
 I wonder that the Sacred Flame does not die out, it is so desec-
 rated;
 Ignorance warms its hands before the Blaze stealthily,
 As if it were ashamed to feel the Heat of Life,
 Desire absorbs its elemental properties, dancing forever in the
 Blaze,
 Sensualists fatten before its warmth, seeking ever to unite
 their Lustful Fires with these Virgin-Flames,
 For only then do swine feel the Creative Kiss;
 Only a few, a very few, Prometheus, keep your Fires burn-
 ing into a White Light, by the breath of their strong,
 clean lungs;
 Be of good cheer, Lover of Man,
 God long ago has pardoned you,
 Indeed, He IT WAS THAT URGED the theft, that He
 MIGHT GIVE to Man, HIS SON.

MY SONG OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

Shall I that have been given the power of song, sing but to please those that stagnate in a snug content, regardless of the fate of others?

Shall I keep my eyes fixed upon the heavens that they may not behold the misery upon the earth?

Nay but I will not;

I will turn my gaze upon the valleys where there is much darkness;

I will sing the cause of this fearlessly;

And as Night retreats before the advance of Day.

So shall Oppression retreat before my song;

Fire your shots at me,

Riddle me with your Bullets of Scorn,

Before I leave this earth my song of Universal Brotherhood

Shall be sung by a mighty chorus of Lover-Singers.

MY SOUL

Shout your reproaches in my ears,

Say of my soul, "It is ambitious,"

Well, I acknowledge it;

Through many lives I passed before my soul put on a Robe of White,

To my entreaties that I am but flesh and blood, my soul turns a deaf ear,

I am vassal to my soul,

I obey commands which carry me upon holy missions,

Off' must I remove my shoes for I find myself upon consecrated ground;

Once a god's wing brushed past my face—and I swooned—

Two guardians with flaming swords flash fire about my soul,

Shall I give orders to one that is on speaking terms with gods?

True my soul is ambitious, but like Caesar, it is Honorable.

THE HAND OF GOD

As far as the eye can see,
North, South, East, West,
Houses of stone, of wood,
Stately mansions of millionaires,
The modern home of the Middle-Man,
The cottage of the Working-Man with its bed of flowers,
mostly geraniums;
The tumble-down, rough-cast house of the Laborer, with its
back-yard leading to the railroad tracks and its front view
facing an alley;
The pale-faced, well-dressed child with her stiff frock, ruffled
petticoats, patent-leathered shoes, white socks and thin
legs;
The dozens of rosy-cheeked and plump children of the Middle
and Poorer class, some half-naked playing in the streets
and in the gutters;
The dog with its lolling tongue,
The tired horse with its sweating body and labored tread,
The high-stepping docked horse of milady,
The Woman of Fashion reclining languorously in her limousine,
The Joy-Riders,
The faded faces of the girls that come laughing and giggling
from the factories,
The begrimed face of the coal-driver,
The sycophantic expression of the prosperous grocery-man,
The nervous look of the agent,
The buxom form of the house-wife,
The street cars, hand-organs, wagons,
Electric poles, telegraph wires,
The hard pavement,
The city-bred trees,
The lawns smooth as a carpet,
The hemmed-in breeze,
The scorching sun,
The thermometer registering ninety.

I strain to catch a glimpse of sky;
If I bend my head back far enough I can see a stretch of
faded blue and a mass of threatening clouds;
“God: God: God”; I cry, “Art Thou in these cramped
quarters?”

The clouds begin gathering in ominous silence,
The wind taking on a new lease of life rushes wildly through
the trees; and then as if in delight at the commotion he
has made, shoots through the dark masses scattering them
over the sky;

The sun forgets to smile withdrawing from the scene of the
coming battle;

Hark the signal is given and the sky catching the meaning of
the command, flashes a torch of fire;

The gods send their cannon-balls spinning through the worlds
of space;

The wind moans and shrieks around the house-tops,
The trees uplift their many arms waving them frantically
above their heads;

Another tongue of fire—a crash—

Wires and poles fall in a tangled mass;

The heavens weep and weep through the conflict,

The volley of firing ceases,

The sun appears from behind a cloud,

The wail of the wind ends in a long-drawn sigh.

Once more I lift up my head,

Blue, blue, endless stretches of blue with white veils caught
on the points of invisible stars;

Through all, over and under, stretching from heaven to earth
Spans the Hand of God.

HE WAS MADE TO LOVE

He was made to love ;
Tall, straight as a sapling
Whose roots have found the center of a fertile soil,
And whose young branches lifting up their heads
Stencilled the sky with figures wierd, fantastic.
He was made to love ;
In his eyes a fire burned,
And ever and anon
Blue-white sparks leaped from those kindly eyes,
Like the sparks which mingle with the wind
When the blacksmith strikes a heavy blow
Upon the anvil.

He was made to love ;
I saw the Superman within his glance
And smiled upon him happily ;
From my eyes kindred sparks
Of blue-white flame arose—
He saw the Superwoman—
Two hero-worshippers were we?
What odds?
He loved me
And I loved him.

THE MOTHER ISIS

I salute thee,
Thou Temple of Mystery,
With thy Three-Chambered Dome
Uplifting its burnished head,
To the greeting of the sun.

Holy Adoration, Intellect, Love,
The Three in One,
The One My Self.

I watch thy worshipping throng
Silently entering,
Sucking babes,
Children of six, eight and ten,
With fairy-books tucked under their arms,
Sweets and goodies and dolls—
Maidens in all the wonderment of flowering,
Boys in all the sweating of the ripening,
The shyness of sweet sixteen,
The restlessness of twenty
Urged on by a masterful impulse,
The Bird of Thought
With Clipped Wings,
Love-Gods,
Their tiny fires need but an April Shower
And they are extinguished,
Dark-faced women
With burning eyes,
And dry, red lips,
Thirst, thirsty,
For the Molten Lava of Love,
Abandoned Personalities
Bemoaning unfaithfulness,
The Unveiled one
Walking uncovered,
Freed of passions,

Reflecting the Glory of God
Upon the Underworld,
Gathering up the Combs of Honey
But tasting not of their sweets.

The Mother Isis,
The Eternal Mother,
Is seated with her Dove of Peace,
She guards the Upper Dome;
From a Flaming Bowl
She scatters Creative Seeds,
She welcomes The Motley Crowd,
Calling these children
Her own.

LOVE GREW

Love came:
Winter silently withdrew
Leaving my heart
Light, merry and joyous,
Filled with the Gladness of Spring.

Love came:
Like a tiny blossom,
I marvelled at its strength,
Its tender coloring,
Its eagerness to unfold and grow.

Love grew:
By bending back its petals
And dropping from the Treasure-House
The Golden Seeds of Truth.

LO— I COME FORTH ANOTHER BEING

The sky has clothed herself in deepest morning
For Death is the Victor tonight;
The winds have crept into their cave
Rolling a stone in front of the opening;
The trees stand entranced, motionless,
The wee singers have sung through their melodies,
The gods have turned down their heavenly lamps
And only an occasional flicker of light is discernable;
The moon has forsaken her customary haunts
Wandering off into endless space;
And I, for one brief moment, I am resuscitated;
My eyes flash,
My arms embrace,
My lips give kisses,
But after this outburst
The icy clasp of the Never-Failing Messenger enfolds me;
O my lover would you kiss dead lips?
Fly, fly, fly,
From my touch,
For I have gazed upon the Head of Serpents
And slowly do I turn to stone;
See Achilles lies face downward upon the Battle field
Pierced through the heel
'Ere he had time to crush the poisoned head—
O Spirit Moving upon the Face of the Waters of Life
Why didst Thou leave a vulnerable spot?
O flesh, flesh, flesh,
Receptacle for the Arrows of the Enemy
Be still, be still,
You weary me with your incessant clamours;
And like a spoiled child
That which you have
You want not;
Shall I point you out to Death?
How pale becomes your cheek,

How faint becomes Life's Beat,
 I sacrifice you
 Upon the Altar of Humanity—

I am released, unbound,
 I call,
 "Death, death, death,
 Come sup with me,
 Others may bar their doors,
 Permitting you to break bread with them
 When you have forced an entrance;
 But I—I have my portals unlocked,
 I bid you come,
 I give you welcome,"
 But Death has drawn his mantle over his face,
 Vanquished, he retreats;
 And when I gaze upon his face again
 Lo—I come forth Another Being.

RULE OVER THE EMPIRE OF SELF

I am sick of projecting empty shells,
 Of sham battles,
 Of fighting phantoms,
 To-day I prepare for war in dead earnest:
 I send forth a volley of shot,
 It is my signal,
 Those that endeavor to prevent the prophets from scattering
 the seeds of truth, from revealing to Man the purpose of
 life, shall throw their mantles over their heads and in
 terror creep back to their Wilderness.
 The Black Magicians that seek with sorcery to secure the
 Treasures of The Universal Storehouse shall hear the
 echo of my thunderbolt and release their holdings from
 their greedy grasp.

Who shall conquer me?
I hurl defiance into the very Jaws of Death;
Come you grinning monsters with your eyes aflame,
Your mouths out-pouring sulphur,
Your slimy bodies,
Your goat's feet,
Your horned claws,
Your apish tails with their poisonous quills filled with the
 stench of millions of rotting years,
With what do you threaten me if I do not withdraw my
 forces?
"Sterility, Idiocy, Insanity, Death," they shriek,
"Good and if I withdraw them?"
"You shall be a king on earth, ruling over a mighty empire."
I take my Glove of Democracy and smite Autocracy's Cheek,
"To hell with all rulers, with all kings,"
Take this for my answer, you Lying God,
Truth has prepared my soul for a great battle,
The sun shall stand still,
It will be An Endless Day
Until all slaves are free,
I will lead them into The Promised Land where all are kings,
Ruling over The Empire of Self.

THE SONG OF LIBERTY

Hark to the big, strong, tones of the Natural Singers;
They have found the music of the Source of Life,
They have learned the rhythm of its beat;
They never change their attack for the drawing-room or the
coal-shaft;

No artificial methods are used,
These singers need no veneer,
Their solid character appears upon the surface,
They are the honest singers;
And if occasionally their voices, husky with emotion
Grate upon the hypersensitive ear of the aristocracy,
We of the common people catch the swing of their music,
Joining in the chorus.

Hark to the Painter-Singers;
Their tones are polished and full of glorious harmonies,
For these the Storms of Life are but Nature's Mirror
Upon which Truth breathes her notes in rainbow hues;

Hark to the Poet-Singers;
The Golden-Voiced Prophets,
Sing with them a Song of All Ages,
Of all civilizations,
It is arranged in all keys to suit all voices,
It is The Song of Liberty.

Hark to the singers whose songs are but for a day;
They sing through practise,
Through mimicry,
Through assimilation with other singers;
Take heed my people even to these Little Ones,
It is important that men sing,
That their songs are heard,
Life needs a multitude of singers,
Let all sing keeping within the compass of their own register.

LORD I LOVE THEE

Out of my body
Into my desires,
Passed Desire
Into Mind,
Beyond the Mind
Into Spirit;
Up, Up, Up,
Through the Reflector of Aspiration and Inspiration
Through the room above,
Now am I on the roof,
Through the air
Into the Land of Ether,
Through the Waters of Illusion
Into the Mirror of Light,
Through the Reflection of Aspiration and Inspiration
Into a Land of Non-Sentient Beings,
Into the Domain of the Hierarchies,
Beyond the Hierarchies
Into Space;
On The Throne Sits One
Before Whom my spirit
Kneels and sings,
"Lord, I love Thee."

A REVERY

I catch hold of the clinging skirt of the Robe of Silence and running my hands down its length, I raise the hem reverently to my lips.

I am an Arabian,

Daughter of Nabaioth, who was the son of Ishmael, who was the son of Abraham, who was a Son of God.

I move across the desert, driving my Father's Sheep into the Land of Green Pastures.

I enter my Father's House of Many Mansions and find therein balsam, myrrh, francincense, perfumes and food of sweet savors.

When the Curtains of Night are drawn across The Day, I steal from out my tent,

Around me are the tents of my kinsmen, I know them by the spears which stand before each opening.

I recline full-length upon a rug,

The backs of the sheep glisten like a silvery mantle under the drowsy stars,

The camels like a circle of sand-dunes outline the purple coloring of the sky,

The fine-bred steeds, ever quivering to use their Wings of Flight, now sleep peacefully, save one, more fiery than the rest challenges the Startled Night,

The wind caresses my cheek, whispering Love's Choice Secrets

Into my willing ear,

I permit the Master Archer to pierce my heart knowing that I shall be mortally wounded.

I wonder if the Great Tempter has forced men and women into a partnership in the Game of Life?

I wonder if he shuffles the cards for us and that no matter how earnestly we play, he holds the Winning Hand?

Let him stack the cards,

The Great God of Love holds our spirit in His Deck, He
 Watches every Card we play, upon The Shifting Board,
 He knows the motive of each Point we win or lose, He
 Knows—He Knows.

The Golden Fleece hangs in the Garden of Paradise, upon
 The Tree of Life,
 To bring it back to men, we must become Sons of God, Con-
 querors.

We must steer our spirit through the Symplegades, The
 Moving Cliffs of Passion.

O Spirit sucking at the Breasts of Future,

O Soul of Past Decades,

O Mind of Treason,

Shall the Dove clear a passage for us or shall we cut our way
 through with The Sword?

I call upon Our God:

“Destroy the Personalities, but preserve the Spirit, of the
 Adventurers.”

See we have safely passed the Crushing Forces of Desire, but
 the Threatening Clouds of Custom, of Worn-Out Ideals,
 Tenacious as a leach, hover o'er us.

Must we indeed be like Medea?

Must we dismember the Faith of our fathers to escape with
 Love?

Long, long ago, the Ram was sacrificed,

Who calls for The Blood of The Lamb?

With my Sixth Strength, I grasp The Anchor of Hope, draw-
 ing it out of Pandora's casket.

THE PINIONS OF MOTHER-LOVE

My mother smiled upon me;

And straightway from the deepest Hell

I arose,

Borne upon the Pinions of Mother-Love,

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE EYES TO SEE

The sand,
The pebbles,
The many shells emptied of their tenants
Strewn along the beach;
The myriads of creeping things
Kissed into life by the warmth of the sun,
The sand pipers with their tiny steps
And rapid movements picking up the wave's offering;
The butterflies imbedded in the sand,
Their broken wings moving feebly;
Here is a fossil,
How long did Medusa gaze upon it
Before it turned to stone?
The tree stumps resembling a race
From the antideluvian period,
They stand like sentinels
Guarding the shore;
The sea-gulls unfurl their sails
Dipping now to the right,
Now to the left,
How I love to watch them
Breast the waves:
How I love to hear
Their strong calls,
Each to the other;
Far off against the horizon
A steamer moves,
The chimney-stack, pencils the sky
With figures weird, fantastic;
I hear the music of the waves
Or is it the wind
Singing a lullaby to them?
I behold many faces
Peering into the depths,
The light of their eyes

Parts the waters;
How silvery-sweet is the siren's call:
I ride the air to whisper,
"Take care, take care";
The white-caps toss about
Eager to reach the shore,
Mighty is their passion,
Upon the beach they leap,
Their desire spent
They return to gather strength
For another embrace;
O Waters of Unrest
Will you never cease to throw
Your giant limbs about?
I catch the echo of an answer
Recorded in a shell,
"When the last man sleeps
I will become his Pillow of Peace."

HARK TO THE CHIMING OF BELLS

Hark to the chiming of bells,
Ringing from world to world,
Higher and higher the strains,
Finer and finer the tones,
Until I hear the melody
Played upon the Eardrums of my soul;
Forms of gigantic size
Moving across the sky;
Massive heads shrouded in veils of clouds,
Their eyes gazing forever
Into the Future;
I see them,
They see me,
Yet they give no sign of recognition.

LORD, HERE AM I

Humanity: Humanity: Humanity:
You must be freed:
Since Egypt's mighty days
Mummified you have been;
Come stretch your stiffened limbs,
Lift up your bandaged hands,
I Unwrap the Binding Bands of Suppression,
Some thousand days have you slept
With eyeballs rolled up into a head
That only saw the Me;
I take your heart out of its Vase of Selfishness,
I scatter the dead rose-leaves,
Your vital organs imprisoned
At the four corners of the earth
I now set free;
Now that you feel the rhythmic music of your heart
Why play the Melody of Life
Upon a Lyre of Broken Strings?
Cast off the old,
Fashion for your present need
An Instrument tuned to the voice
Of your Awakened Spirit;
Too long have you sought
To hold the Outer Form,
Too long have you breathed
The air of tombs;
To-Day I link you with that
Which needs no chemicals for preservation;
I reveal The Thread
Through Which you shall receive your sustenance;
Look upon yourself
As a God-Fed Child,
Smooth of skin,
Sinewy of muscle,
Soft of speech,

A white brow under which are two gleaming stars
Reflecting in the Mirrors of Sight;
I embalm this Newly-Awakened Body
With the Fluid of Love;
Arise,
The Angels of The Lord have opened
The Gates of Paradise,
Follow the Path of Compassion,
Wisdom will wind his arms about you
Leading you step by step
Into the Valley of The Anointed Ones;
And the Voice of God,
Fiery-Cool,
Will call upon your name;
And you will not hide but answer,
"Lord, here am I,
Naked and Unashamed."

AWAKE: AWAKE: AWAKE:

Awake, awake, awake,
'Tis the Bugle Call of Day;
Darkness gathering her clinging skirts about her
Flies beyond the Portals of the Horizon;
The sun unrolls ribbons of rainbow hues
Into the Lap of Earth;
The flowers lift up their heads,
And the wind carries in his puffy cheeks;
The fragrance of their breath;
Hark: How the birds strain their throats
In homage to the Page of Day;
And he beaming with paternal pride
Caresses all that arise to greet him,
For in his Magic Kiss
Lies the Seeds of Production.

THE ETERNAL DREAM OF GOD

O Humanity:

Stretch your huge limbs and awaken,
Open your eyes and gaze with a clear vision into the Dawn
of a New Day;

Come the sun shall not dazzle you with his bolts of light,
You will give him back look for look;

Are you not a god sending your creative-force through
The Universe and filling it with productiveness?

Creator of children,

Builder of Temples in which the soul is plainly visible;

Transmuter of Base Metals into Gold;

Entering into the Spirit of the Great Plan,

Co-Worker in the Uplifting;

O to make Man realize his God-Like Attributes,

To arouse him from the Lethargy of Inherited Earth Ten-
dencies,

To make him become cognizant of his Immortal Legacy,
urging him to use his Wealth;

O that Man might realize that he is not made of the "stuff of
dreams" which fade with the morning light, or lie shat-
tered in the grave,

But that he is the Eternal Dream of God.

BEYOND ALL THESE

The Love of a lover

Is a wondrous gift,

The love of a friend

A priceless jewel,

The love of a child,

A holy love,

But beyond all these

Is the love

Of My Saintly Mother.

AGAINST THEIR WILL, MEN MUST LOOK UP

O sighing breeze,
O breeze-kissed trees,
Down and up,
From side to side,
Swaying and praying,
Tossing and crossing,
Moaning and groaning,
The earth splits in twain
As you push your gigantic feet through it.
I look upon your well-knit body
With its horny coat of armour;
I see you gently rocking
With each gust of Universal Breath;
I watch your thousand arms
Beckoning, beckoning,
Drawing in,
Giving out,
Embracing,
Interlacing,
Nodding in the affirmative,
Nodding in the negative,
Turning your palms up to the sun
To be caressed,
And then turning them downward;
Lock your fingers
And make a seat for me,
Up, up, up,
O the exhilaration of that upward swing!
I close my eyes,
Whilst you rock me
In your mighty arms;
Higher, higher, higher,
One, two, three,
Onto a cloud I leap:
Over I roll,

Over and over—
I am breathless:
Now have I regained my poise,
And seated upon this cloud
I sail majestically;
How small are the Beings
That walk upon the earth:
“Halloa: hallao: hallao:”
See—they are looking up:
“What mad creature sits there”?
I hear them whisper;
“Come up! come up! come up!”
I cry;
But they again whisper,
“She is mad! mad! mad!”
And I am glad
That men call that which flies above their heads
“Madness!”
For against their will
They must look up.

COLOSSAL SHADOWS

Love you are a tyrant;
Wisdom, Age, Youth,
The Grim, the Gay,
Bow their heads
Subservient to your will—
O subtle master
Luring Man on with promises
Of Mighty Things,
Big Moments to be reached, attained—
Play fair,
Tell Man that you are an Eternal Projector
Of Colossal Shadows.

PRISON KEY, TORONTO, JAIL, 1914

They fashioned me of chilled steel
Into a gigantic key ;
For sixty years I have turned the lock
Upon men and women ;
Click ; and into the sunlight
A shuffling form no longer wanders ;
Some as they hear my voice grow sullen,
Others grow defiant,
A few pour forth a volley of oaths,
Some sneer and shrug their shoulders ;
At times when I lock the door
Upon a shrieking woman
A tremor runs through my steeled heart.
They say I am good for three hundred years to come ;
And I muse and wonder
If Mankind will still need me then
To lock them in ?
Like Methusalah, weary of life
I would pray for death
If the sorrow of my ordained work
Did not contain a wondrous joy,
For 'though I click the lock
Which shuts them in,
I also click the lock
Which lets them out.

LOVE STANDS BEFORE ME

Love stands before me :
Into his treasure-house
I reach for wealth ;
The more I take
The more I have to give,
The more I give
The more there is to take.

SPACE: SPACE: SPACE:

Space, space, space,
Boundless Space:
Into your arms I leap,
Up and down,
Across and under,
When I am still,
When I am in action,
Forever and forever
Am I in space;
Your giant arms seat me
On the Brink of the sky,
They swing me
Into the Lap of Earth;
Now in the water
I sport with you;
And ever and ever
The sirens call,
"Come dance, come dance, come dance with me,"
But I reply,
"I am a faithful partner,
Those who have danced with me
Have glided into Realms of Joy,
Into bliss eternal,"
I am strong,
My body is lithe,
My brain is clear,
My eyes see beyond horizons,
My touch is full of tender passion,
I welcome you
Into my arms,
But you must be Big,
For I like not Small People;
Those who dance with me
Must give back kiss for kiss;
Come you Daughters of Fire,

You Sons of Light,
 The Nuptial Couch is prepared,
 The Bridegroom waits for the Bride,
 The Bride waits for the Bridegroom.

DAY

Day, big-eyed, tender of mouth, soft of speech,
 Circling your throat is the White Scarf of Morning;
 Your slender waist is girdled with sky-blue tints,
 And trailing behind in graceful folds are the pink and golden
 veils of the sunrise.

Day, sparkling-eyed, smiling-lipped, deep-voiced,
 Your liquid throat pours forth the Songs of Love;
 Maternity lies upon your heaving bosoms,
 And around your knees beam the questioning faces of em-
 bryonic gods.

Day, drowsy-eyed, snowy-browed, strong of limb,
 Reclining with arms uplifted upon the Couch of Night;
 I hear your rhythmic breathing,
 Sleep holds you tightly in his arms,
 And with caressing touch smooths out the lines of Action's
 Tension.

Day, released at last,
 Through the Universe you soar,
 Kissing the Lids of Darkness
 And opening them into Worlds of Light.

GOD AND MY MOTHER

God and my Mother,
 By sounding These Two Names
 I know that I am,
 That God Is,
 That Life is not an illusion.

ROLL ON YOU THUNDER-CLOUDS

Roll on you thunder clouds,
I love you;
As you march across the sky
Cloud shall meet cloud,
Men shall hear your thunderous greetings
Each to the other;
O how I love the mighty volume of your voices:
The flashing of your eyes:
The sweating of your bodies
Forming crystal drops,
Filled with the Magic Potion of Growth;
Earth steps out of her bath refreshed;
And Life draws into its lungs
A New-Born Atmosphere.

EGO

Ego: Ego:
We two have long been friends,
Of late I note you move away
As if too much I crowd you;
Your cheeks have taken on
A puffy contour,
And your abdomen—
O friend of mine:
Protrudes in fashion
Most ludicrous and bombastic;
Ego, I fear me much
That Self-Aggrandizement,
A conscious knowledge of your Sweet Virtues
Have caused within you
That which is called A Swelling;
Nay, Nay,
Do not remonstrate noble friend,

In sooth I say,
 'Tis what men call Inflatuſ;
 You have ſtretched your epidermuſ,
 And filled it with imaginary formſ
 Of your own greatneſſ;
 Beware of Pin-Prickſ noble friend,
 Thought-waveſ
 Any mild combuſtion,
 They'll pierce you,
 They'll condene your ſize,
 And even you will be obliged
 To hold your noſe moſt high;
 Self-Conſcious Virtueſ form a Gaſ
 An Odiouſ Vapor,
 In which foul air
 No Living Thing can laſt.

THE "OPEN SESAME" INTO HAPPINESS

Send down a thunderbolt Great God:
 Fall down in torrentſ Ye Waterſ of Wrath,
 Unſheath your ſwordſ, O warriorſ,
 Screaſ, wail, ſhout,
 But let uſ once and for all time
 Kill out Man's Inhumanity to Man.
 Stop ſhaking your fiſtſ
 At Governmentſ, Conſtitutionſ,
 Kingſ, Churchſ, Capitaliſm,
 Root out the Cancer of Life
 Man's Selfiſhneſſ;
 Universal Brotherhoody
 That muſt be our battle-cry;
 Stand by the Weak, the Fallen,
 It iſ for thiſ that you have ſtrength,
 Love iſ the anſwer to the Riddle of the Sphynx,
 It iſ the Key to Happineſſ,
 The "Open Seſame" Into Eternity.

MOON: MOON: MOON:

Moon, Moon, Moon,
 Silver-lipped and golden-tipped
 Pilot at the Helm of Night,
 I watch your many shadows dancing upon the housetops,
 Your searchlight penetrating where leaves are thickest on
 the trees,
 Where birds sleep in their nests,
 Why does your fiery lover tarry?
 Arise, Sun Arise,
 And release your waiting bride from her night-long vigil.

Ah Blessed Moon,
 Your sons have grown to Manhood,
 They have crept away to rest their heads upon Younger
 Bosoms,
 But yours is the glory for ever and ever,
 In your womb they grew,
 Upon your breasts they fed,
 And although your house stands empty, be not desolate,
 A mighty race of men still call you, Mother.

Beam not coldly upon the earth, sweet Moon
 Because your sons are housed with her,
 Earth's Day of Activity will end, her Sabbath come
 And your sons will again go forth to greet A New Bride.

THE MIRACLE OF MIRACLES

The miracle of miracles is the Mother-Love:
 In the teats of the mother-animal flows the same love-milk
 As that which flows in the breasts of woman;
 Of all the passions, the Mother-Love is the sweetest, the
 maddest, the most satisfying;
 It is inherited from the One Great Passion of God,
 The Desire which Expressed Itself in Creation.

THE WIND CALLS

The wind calls,
Oh you: oh you: oh you:
I catch hold of his streaming locks
And sail through the world with him;
We climb to the tree-tops,
Then swing to the gables;
We beat a tattoo on the window-pane,
We whirl upon the roof,
We rush into the chimney-stack
Down to the heart of the flame;
The coals throw fiery kisses
As we bid them a stormy farewell;
We cut the clouds in twain,
We push them against each other,
We howl as they weep with rage,
Then we spring to the world of ether.

Over the shining stars
Lightly we glide along,
Scarce touching the youthful worlds;
Age waits for our strength
To leap to Eternity;
Here is a Manly World,
Here a Maidenly one,
We propell to each other's arms;
And a new world forms
In the Womb of Matter.

I have seen the birth of stars,
Their growth and their decay,
They know no more than we,
They wait for what we expect;
Wind: wind: wind:
Drop me gently to earth,
Of all worlds 'tis but a speck,
And all worlds but a speck
To the Infinite Mind.

THE CRUCIFIXION

'Tis true I wooed you ;
And for that great sin
Shall I upbraided be?
'Tis true I spoke
The Magic Word of Love
Into your Heavy Ear ;
I placed within your keeping
My possessions ;
'Tis true I followed you,
I sought you many times
When you had strayed from me ;
I hid the blushes on my cheek
And quenched within my heart
Vain misforgivings ;
I crushed the spirit of revolt
That rose in wounded pride
At your indifference ;
'Tis true I bent my head
Before your knee,
Suing like slave to master
For your favor—
Well, what of it ?
These things I did
Because I loved you—
Drive in the nails
My lover ;
One for each gift of love,
Take up the Spear of Scorn
And pierce my heart ;
Quench my mad thirst for love
With taunts and jibes ;
Crown me with a Wreath of Shame
And with the blood that flows
From my pierced brow,
Write upon my cross,

“A Fallen Woman”;
Wash your hands
In a Bowl of Sanctity;
Strip off the Garb of Self-Reproach,
Hang your Repentance
Upon the Ruling Laws of Custom—
Triumphant and free I ride,
I cast aside my Bondage;
I leave upon the Cross
A semblance of myself,
But I—I arise,
You have not touched Me;
I lift my eyes to heaven
Confident and happy;
For He, That Giveth all things lavishly,
That Loveth His Children
With an Everlasting Love,
He Is Not Understood—
Givers are all crucified;
Drive in the nails my lover.

THE FINGER TIPS OF NIGHT

The Finger-Tips of Night
Gently closed the Lids of Day;
The Lake bedecked herself
In ribbons of pink and gold,
To greet the Setting Sun;
Her bosom rose and fell
With its suppressed emotion,
As the ardor of his glances
Fell upon her upturned face;
Behind the tree-tops
He found The Lover's Path,
Leading to bliss;
Close, close he drew,

And when they met upon the horizon
He pressed his warm lips to hers;
And she that had before been icy
Melted away in that close embrace;
For one brief moment
Their union was complete,
Then his arms relaxed their hold,
His sunny form faded from view—
Cold became her heart,
Paler and paler she grew,
She drew her limbs
Up under her arms,
Veiling herself in her long, wavy tresses
And slept;
Waiting for the Morrow
With its Awakening Kiss.

FAREWELL, DEAR LOVER

Farewell dear lover;
We two meet to say, farewell;
You threw the Pebble into our Golden Cup—
A little while we lingered side by side,
O such a little Time was stolen
Out of the Endless Time of Eternity;
A handclasp, a meeting of lips,
One close embrace—
All, all for what?
I felt you knew me not.

Farewell dear lover,
It may be 'ere you stand
Before the Threshold of Another World,
You will think of me;
And sacrifice The Beast of Selfishness
Before the Sacred Flame of Love.

MY NOBLE GENEROUS LOVER

Well my noble, generous, lover,
Once again you come to seek my favors—
Days of anguish,
Nights of silent watching,
With heart-aches, self-reproach and remorse
My boon companions;
For you days of merriment,
Bouts and mad carousals,
Nights of idle jesting,
Laughter and wine——
My fastidious lover,
My epicurean sensualist;
So easily satisfied with petty things and thoughts,
So hard to please in matters of the flesh—
You come to me,
I am good to look upon;
And what is more,
I love you with a love
That whips within your selfish heart
A flickering beat of love—
How you stare at me:
The light within my eyes
Is dim and grey;
My lips I wreath into a smile,
But not the Smile of Welcome;
The proud sardonic smile
Of one that found through death much life;
I could laugh outright
At your bravado,
The Master-Brute that comes to take
That which he thinks his own
To hold or cast away;
Stand back my noble lover,
Too much pain has deadened me
To even thrills of joy;

You shall not kiss my lips,
 You shall not clasp my hand
 Nor fold me close within your arms;
 I see you stripped of all
 Your showy coverings,
 And 'though you stand a giant among Small Men,
 Among the gods,
 Those that commune with me,
 Those that love me much,
 You stand a gnat, a mote, a dwarf
 Mishapen and Unkempt,
 Pitiful in your Smallness.

THE MIRACLE OF CREATION

For one brief moment we will forget your drawn face, O
 Misery:
 We will sieze you by your rags,
 Thrusting you back into Pandora's Casket.
 Let us glorify the Creator of The Universe,
 Let us sing a song of Joy, of Love,
 Let us praise the warmth of the sun, which sends the sap
 dancing merrily through the trunks of trees, into the
 branches, into the leaves, into the tiny buds,
 Opening their silent lips into The Glad Song of Flowering.
 Let us praise the beneficent coolness of the moon,
 Under her benign rays, earth's troubled spirit is quieted.
 Let us point out to Man, the stars,
 The Pregnant woman,
 The New-Born Child,
 The Wonderment of Birth, Growth and Death.
 O let us sing of the Miracle of Creation,
 Placing before Man, The Eternal Mould,
 Into which he shall pour the Things of Life;
 Teaching him to fashion after The Handiwork of The Lord.

LET EACH MAN GIVE OF THAT WHICH HE HAS TO
GIVE

I am weary ;
So many are hungry,
For warmth,
For hope,
Peace,
Bread,
Love.

So many are starving for the little and the big things of life,
I weep because my hands are tied, I cannot help them ;
Before me lies a wealth of food-stuff,
Could I but break the bonds which hold me back,
Reach into the Treasure-House and give:
I raise my fettered hands to my face,
Endeavoring to hide the Tell-Tale Tears of Sorrow ;
O how salty are the drops which fall upon the earth :
Once again I gaze upon my hands,
They are free: free: free:

How blind was I:
With the Power of Love, The Tools within my own Work-
house,

I have raised a Pillar of Salt
That all may come and whet their appetites ;
Grieve not over the heaped up wealth of another lying
unused,

Let each man give of that which he has to give.

AND GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD

Before the Beginning was God ;
Then came Creation,
And God so loved the world
That He Caused His Light
To descend upon it ;
Man beholding this Wondrous Beacon of Love,
Called The Radiant Light,
"MOTHER."

THE LANGUAGE OF THE GODS

The wind rubs his face
Against my cheek,
How it thrills me:
I stand in the Midst of Night
Waiting for another caress,
Again that velvety touch—
This time it maddens me;
O wind, wind, wind,
Why are you so gentle?
I am a rough creature;
Blow, blow, blow
Loosen my hair from its fastenings
Open my robe at the throat,
Rip my shoes from my feet,
And wrap me in your arms—
O how wondrous sweet
Is this touching of fire to fire:
Carry me away,
Away to the highest peak of a mountain;
There with arms upraised,
My body draped in the swirling of clouds
I will sing my Song of Love
Into the Ear of Thousands,
Through the Centre of the Sun,
Into the farthest heaven—
And now you virtuous people of earth,
Leave off your scowling,
If you understood
The Language of Gods,
I should not have to sing
My Song of Love
Through the Passions of the Flesh.

STARS

Stars, stars and yet more stars,
Twinkling, blinking,
Glittering, sparkling,
Flashing, dashing,
Sparks of flame;
What will you tell me?
I peer and peer and peer
Into your endless maze of gleaming eyes
And then I espy the Dipper;
I plunge it into the depths of the sky
Watching the stars which overflow;
Nearer and nearer one star comes—
Ah surely now shall I know what it is made of:
The Head of Death smiles from its centre
And Death will not speak.

I LOVE YOU

I love you;
In that confession
I reveal all that I am,
All that I hope to be.

I love you:
Words hoary with age,
Filled with Eternal Youth,
The Alpha, the Omega of Life,
The Guiding Star of Truth.

I love you;
And 'though I delve into My Self
I cannot tell you more,
The Bird of my spirit sings,
" 'Tis you that I adore."

I AM A LOVER

I am a lover;
Take care how you welcome me,
I am a lover that will be free;
Endeavor then not to hold me,
Take me within your arms,
I will abide with you
For a little time;
Take all that I give you,
I give it freely, willingly,
But ask me not to linger;
The world is full of men and women
That are waiting for my love;
And I am mad with eagerness
To pour into them all that I have;
To apply the burning torch
That the fire may sweep through them,
Watch well that which I kindle,
For after I ignite the spark,
I leave you to perish in the blaze,
Or mastering it become
A Lighter of Eternal Fires.

IF THOU WOULDST KNOW THYSELF

If thou wouldst know thy Self,
Wouldst sound the depths
Of Sorrow, Woe, Dismay,
And mount the heights
Of Joy, supreme, sublime—
If thou wouldst know this earth,
Yea, other Worlds and Planes,
The Universe complete,
Love is the magic wand
From which these blessings spring.

THE MAIDEN AND HER MANY SUITORS

The woman waited,
Soon the suitors came for her fair hand,
First whirled into view the Dance,
"Wilt wed thyself to me?"
"I am the Rhythm of Time,
I join the Wind in all his moods and passions,
Now swaying gently,
Now in a cyclone of fury,
Come be my Queen of Motion.

O Dreamy One, leap over the Bars of Music
Into the Arms of Harmony;
The mountains will vibrate
As I send my mighty tones to thee,
In a Never-Ending Melody.

Come thou of plastic mien,
I place within thy hands
The Masks of Comedy and Tragedy;
Play the part of Maid, Courtesan,
Wife and Mother,
The gamut for the sex called Woman.

O nature child;
I have brought for thee
A palette wrought of ivory,
With colors borrowed from the rainbow;
And from the Treasure-House the brush
With which the fairies tint their wings.

Marble heart,
Here is clay,
Fashion out of this
A race of gods and goddesses;
What need hast thou
Of Nature's Palpitating Forms?

O thou of raven hair
 And milk-white throat,
 Take quill in hand
 Urge men on to battle for the Right;
 Each Thought will be a Sword
 To slay the False.

Come thou of liquid speech
 And Holy Praise;
 Let us go forth
 To teach the Word,
 Losing the life on earth
 To find the life Eternal.

The maiden stood motionless;
 "Choose" the suitors cry,
 "Are we not good to look upon?
 See we come with ladened coffers."
 "O Come Love Come,"
 They hear her sigh,
 "The World is barren without thee."

LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF BEING

If thou wouldst question God
 On Cause of Birth,
 Why all the travail,
 Woe and pain?
 The ceaseless striving after gain?
 The joys that vanish with the morning-dew—
 If thou wouldst question God
 On Cause of Change,
 That which is robed
 In sombre shades of black and gray,
 That which is called Death,
 Within thyself a voice will answer thee,
 "Love is the Cause of All,
 Love is the Cause of Being."

LOVE CAME INTO MY GARDEN

Love came into my garden;
And among my roses
Sought to build a nest;
Hither and thither he flew,
Not knowing where to build his nest
'Till he espied my open window.

Love came to my window-sill
And perched thereon,
He cocked his little head
To right and left,
Looking at me so mournfully.
"Come little Blue-Bird," said I,
"I will counsel thee,"
"Go find a mate,
One cannot build alone,
And if one could,
How lonely the nest would be
That housed but one little Blue-Bird."

MY BABY

More beautiful than Raphael's masterpiece
Is my baby's head,
With its covering of down-like hair.

Sweeter than Melissa's honeyed stores
Is my baby's hand
Wandering over my lips.

Rapture beyond the soul's wild dreams
When my baby's little gums
Bite gently at my breast.

Close, close to God am I
When I see the blue-veined lids
Drooping over my baby's eyes.

KEEP FOR ME YOUR KISSES

I never loved before ;
I cared not who sipped
The honey from his lips.
I watch you in the throng,
I note each glance that you bestow,
I catch the softening of your voice,
And in your eyes each changing flash.

A silent rage wells up within,
I wonder will you press her lips
When you steal from the dancing throng,
To where the palms like nodding sentinels
Fail to keep watch?

I never loved before ;
Now does my heart beat
One mad tune,
My throat grows tight,
My hands clench at the thought of another
Reclining against your shoulder.

It was not ever thus with me,
For he that I called my lord,
Bent his head o'er many a fair lady's hand
And I—I smilingly looked on,
I cared not.

But you, love, you,
I want you for my very own,—
Seek your light within my eyes,
Find my lips the sweetest,
I'll share your heart,
Your love with Mankind,
But keep for me your kisses.

FAIREST OF ALL THE SEX WERE MOTHERS

I had a dream,
A dream of women;
Fairest of all the sex were mothers.

O thou of stolid form,
Phlegmatic mien,
With infant at thy breast;
Thy slavonic fires are kindled
Lighting thy dull face
With the softened shades of Motherhood.

With trailing robe
And white-gloved hands
My lady steals from the Arms of Revelry
Into the nursery;
To press a kiss upon the rounded cheek
Which lies like a crumpled rose-leaf
Against the snowy pillow;
Beneath her jewelled bosoms
The mother-love is surging;
And 'though the world kneel
Calling her most fair to look upon,
'Tis only the dream-form of her child
That beholds her radiantly beautiful.

Out into the night
A maiden creeps;
Beneath her shawl is a bundle
Clasped tightly to her breast;
Out into the night
This maiden steals
With her dead child;
And as she leaves it
In a dark and gloomy corner
Of an alley,
She prays that she might be sleeping there with it.

The honeymoon is scarcely over ;
And against a girlish form is pressed
A wee child,
With wondering eyes
Which will not close—
The husband-lover kneels
His trembling arm around them both ;
Whispering Love's Rapture Song,
"Our baby, little mother."

O peasant wife :
O woman of fashion :
Loved bride
And O you unwed one :
The Crown of Motherhood adorns you equally ;
The pearly streams well up
To kiss the crimson crests
Of your awakened bosoms ;
Madonnas,
Virgin-mothers all of you ;
For in the giving birth
You have become anointed.

A FIRE-CHILD OF LOVE

Dear Love,
I send you a little child,
That sprang full-grown
From our last embrace ;
Look upon him,
Does he not show good promise ?
The Spirit of the Creator,
The strong frame of his father,
The tender soul of his mother ;
Our blessed Fire-Child of Love.

ALONE AM I

Alone am I;
 Of all the Host of Beings
 With which this world abounds
 Is there not one that I can call my own?

Where has Love gone?
 Why has his voice grown mute?

Hush: hush:
 I hear your voices call,
 In one long, endless babble.

"I'll give you Fame,
 I'll give you gold,
 I'll make a place for you
 Beside a wife grown old."

Sealed be your lips,
 Your offers turn me cold.

Alone am I:
 O God how much alone:

DESPAIR

Come love,
 I will take hands with you;
 You airy, merry wise little god:
 We two shall mock at Laws,
 Sects, Creeds, Conventions—
 Hold tight my little god,
 The hosts that we have mocked
 Now join their forces to confront us—
 What bring they in their midst?
 Duty.

Wailing and gnashing of teeth,
Wringing of hands,
Supplications and entreaties,
Stand firm my little God of Love
They kneel before me ;
My senses reel,
My trembling fingers loose their hold,—
My little God of Love has taken wing.

Beside the form of Duty I lie,
Wrapped in a cold, gray robe.

My tears where have they fled?
Silent, motionless am I.

In festive robes my supplicators
Once more garb themselves ;
Duty holds me fast ;
All, all depart,
Save Despair,
Who sitting at my head
Forever keeps watch.

MY BLESSED MOTHER

Lives there a soul
With a heart so dead
That never to itself has said,
"This is my own,
My Blessed Mother?"

MY MOTHER'S TENDER EYES

My mother's tender eyes
Contain all that is divine,
Love, pity, forgiveness,
Courage, faith, mercy
And justice.

WITHIN ME ALL WORLDS

Within me all worlds;
Yet come I an Infant
To the Threshold of this world;
And I say to my body,
"I am thy master,
Obey my commands."
My Passions bend their knee before me,
I accept of their offering,
Or I reject them,
I am Absolute Monarch of my domain;
Yet again come I as an Infant,
Conqueror of the World of Flesh
To where the beautiful land of another world
Stretches before me;
The World of Mind;
Kingless is this Realm,
For no wise king remains
To sit upon the Throne
He passes on to the Hierarchies;
The Mind-World is like a walled city
The towers point their turrets to the sky;
Here live not creatures of flesh and blood
But Mental Beings,
Will-O'-the-Wisps;
One pursues these over mountain heights,
Across the Borderland of Clouds,
Before they bend and give obeisance;
When these call you, "Master,"
They conduct you to The Throne of Reason;
He that stays not before this throne content
Finds the passage leading from the sun, moon and stars,
Into the Heavenly Kingdom,
Where sits the King of Kings;
To Him you give your trophies,
Weapons wrought of gold, silver,

And He will say unto you,
"Return and leave in all your Conquered Worlds
The Wealth which you have gathered."
He that obeys wins a place among the Masters of Love,
The Gates of Wisdom open of their own volition;
Man cannot storm the heavens,
The Gates open before the mighty shouts
Of The Lovers of The Lord.

COME LET YOU AND ME LOVE

Come let you and me love;
What care we to name the chemicals
Which cause the flame;
We will take hands,
Following the little god
Down the path well-worn
By many feet;
Fire burns and fire warms,
It has a two-fold quality;
I stand in the midst of the blaze
Drawing you into the flame;
The spirit cannot be destroyed,
What does it matter
If to set it free,
We make a bon-fire of the wrappings?
Sweet are the uses of all things
Which have their time, place and purpose;
Let us depart from earth
Leaving her well-nourished;
In fairyland no earthly sprites shall come to us and say,
"You starved me,
Come back and give me bread."

"I AND MY FATHER ARE ONE"

Some say God is Unreal;
And when they commence to ponder
They are lost amidst a maze of contradictions.

Some say that Life is a dream;
And when they study its different phases
They are lost in a glamour of Illusions.

These travel the Path of Bewilderment,
For God Is Real,

Life is real,

There is no Nothing.

Heaven and earth are interwoven,

He that separates them

Loses the Consciousness of Existence.

There is no path between God and Man,

Save in the Imagination of His Children,

The Wise Men have ever said,

"I and My Father Are One."

WHEN I AM NEAR TO THEE

Wrap me in your arms,

Your arms are mine

And mine are thine,

Then wrap me in your arms

That I may have my arms, dear heart.

O let me feel your lips,

Your lips are mine

And mine are thine,

Then let me feel your lips

That I may have my lips, dear heart.

How came this strange confusion?

This sweet exchange of arms and lips?

I do not know

If I am thee or me,

I only know I am

When I am near to thee.

TO-NIGHT I AM A MOTHER

To-night I am a mother,
My face has softened,
From my eyes beam a tender light;
The corners of my mouth are full of dimples
Dipping into each other,
Under the pressure of smiles;
To-night all that is good must overflow;
My breasts are full and firm,
I have placed a shield over them,
Like pearls the drops of sweet milk
Form on the tip of the nipples;
The blood of my heart,
The marrow of my bones
Mixed by a Master Alchemist
Into the Elixir of Life.
You are my child,
They have placed upon your Infant Shoulders
The cares and sorrows of Humanity;
All day you wandered over the burning sands,
So many throats were parched:
Come I will give you to drink
Until your mouth lies motionless against my breast,
Your heavy eyelids close in sleep,
I shall be O so careful
Not to disturb your dreams,
As I lie by your side;
Silently I shall laugh for happiness
As I feel the relaxation of your body:
With the dawn you will awaken
Well-nourished, well-rested
To do the work
Your eager spirit seeks and welcomes;
I shall gaze with eyes of love
Into the eyes of my son
Now grown to Manhood;
And I shall be glad: glad: glad:
That on my breasts he grew to a gigantic stature.

DEAR GOD GIVE ME LOVE

They gave her bread,
They gave her drink,
Clothes to wear,
A few pennies to spend
As she deemed best;
They gave her shelter,
They gave her warmth,
Good, pure air,
But still they heard her cry,
"God: I am starving."

They gave her honor,
They gave her power,
Along with power
That which men call riches,
Fineries and frumperies,
Necklaces—
Yea even a coronet;
But still from her lips
Came the same wild cry,
"God: I am starving."

The Prudent shook their heads
And one by one withdrew, withdrew;
Then she with all the strength
That she could muster,
Sent forth once more
Her agonizing cry,
"Dear God, give me love,
Or else I die."

I PRAYED FOR LOVE

I prayed for Love,
Silently so none could hear my prayer;
I whispered not even to God
Of my mad longing;
But He That Knows all thought
Before its birth,
Answered the unspoken prayer
Giving me what my heart demanded.

I prayed for love;
A wild force welled up within me,
It broke my heart;
It tore through the Locks of Reason,
It flung my Naked Soul
Upon its seething waters,
Until I prayed aloud to God
To take back that which was born of Thought.

Slowly Desire died;
A deadly calm enfolded me,
I lived like one that knows not
Whether he is dead or dreaming.

Once more I prayed for Love,
Love with all its pain,
With all its passions,
Love, love, love,
The Key which unlocks the Gates of Life,
The Gates of Death,
Of Heaven, of Hell,
The Meaning of Existence.

ICH LIEBE DICH

"Ich Liebe Dich,"

Like the rippling song of a wind-kissed stream,
Like the mellow notes poured from the golden throat of a
 nightingale

Or silvery bells tinkling across a star-clad sky

These three words came,

"Ich Liebe Dich."

Words: did I call them?

Nay, harmonies, melodies, minor chords

To be played upon a lyre of heart-strings;

Sweet-alluring sounds,

Numbing all the senses into a silent ecstasy

For lo: 'tis then the soul comes forth

To kiss the lips of him, who said,

"Ich Liebe Dich."

SHMA' ISRAEL

"Shma' Israel,"

There is but One God:

In each form I see An Expression of His Wisdom,

In each kind act an out-pouring of His Love and Compassion,

At the Birth of Day and Night,

The Rising and Setting of the sun,

The appearance of the moon and stars,

The year with its four great moods

Each entirely different,

Yet each dependent on the other,

The Immutable Law governing through all conditions,

Civilizations, Centuries, Cycles;

"Shma' Israel,"

We cannot grasp with a Finite Mind

His Infinitude, His Glory.

THE CHAMPION OF GOD

I have taken it upon myself
To become The Champion of God;
I stand with the Flaming Sword of Truth
In my hand;
Line up for battle
All that would uproot
That which has taken millions of years
To prepare for growth;
That which was fertilized by the Blood of The Sons of God,
Would you in your madness
Nip The Bud
Before it brought forth The Golden Fruit?
I call upon The Name of The Holy One,
You shall not approach
The Tree of Life
To do it harm.

I AM IN ALL THINGS

The Lord Said,
"Write of all things"
And I obeyed;
But ever His Holy Name
Grew out of my pen,
And I said
Unto My Self
"The Lord has bidden thee
To write of all things
But thou dost ever write
The Name of God":
And The Lord heard me,
And answered me thus,
"Thou canst not write of anything
Without The Lord,

THE MOTHER-PEARL

Search through the North,
And then go South,
Through the Ancient East
And the Modern West,
Count your Pearls of Friendship,
String them on the Chain of Life,
Conceal your treasure
In a receptacle of your heart,
The years will come
And the years will go,
Open your heart once more,
And search therein,
Gone are some pearls
Some broken are,
Some black
And some are shrivelled,
But rosy-pink
Like a new-born babe,
Is the pearl that you have named
The Mother-Pearl.

THE VIRGIN'S LAMP

O my lover:
How shall you and I talk to each other?
Words are so weak
And love is so strong;
Let us use the language of the heart;
I place my lips against one of the little doors whispering,
"Let me in, let me in,"
Presently your heart responds
And opens to receive my kisses;
I pour into it drops of oil
From the Virgin's Lamp.

THE CUP OF CIVILIZATION

War! War! War!
Now shall we taste hot blood
Poured into the Self-deluded Cup of Civilization.

War! War! War!
For men of able bodies
And clear minds
Play at a game
Where life is made the stakes.

War, which breaks the Ten Commandments;
War, which leaves the nation a legacy
Of maimed men, beggars, widows, orphans;
War, the Arch-Disorganizer of the home;
War, which sweeps through the land
Like a Destroying Angel
Slaying all the First-born;
War, which hurls us back
To the savagery of barbarism
And proves conclusively
That Reason is still an Infant
Upon whose guidance
We place no dependence.

In the Cave-age,
When man grieved man,
They came to blows
And he, who obtained
The first throat-clutch,
Choked out the life
Of the other.

To talk their grievance over,
To reason on a give and take basis
Was beyond their knowledge;

The mind had not evolved
To that degree.
To-day we split the finest hairs
On Birth, Growth and Death.
'Till each of us salaams and murmurs,
"My brother, you are right;
Friends let us be,
Although we move in opposites."

All systems of philosophy
Give rise to an opposing thought—
Is not a question which involves
The life of a nation
One which has to do with reason's power for decision?
Shall we forget our mental growth
And look upon an opposite thought
As an enemy?
Shall we give no opportunity for defense,
But, like in Stony Ages,
Secretly attack
And hurl to death?

War is the Hound of Woe
Whose incessant howling
Turns men deaf or mad;
Whose open jaws
And blood-stained lips
Must forever be filled
With bleeding victims.
War sits like Cerberus
At the Gates of Hell
Welcoming the passing throng.
Heed not this wily deceiver
Who opens wide the portals
To the music of the fife and drum;
'Tis but to drown out the cries of ravaged women,
The wails of infants tugging at dead breasts,

The moaning of the dying left alone at night
Upon the Battlefield,
The blood-curdling shrieks of disembodied spirits
Seeking for their bodies,
Not knowing yet that they are dead.

Over the Waters of Night
Charon comes in his boat;
Upon the prow
Grins the Death-head
And picking out our strongest men
From whom the Soul of Good Judgment
Has momentarily departed,
Leaving them living yet dead,
He steers them to the Scene of War
Centered in the Heart of Hell.
Here man kills man without reason,
Even without Passion's Excuse
And Pluto, gathering up their souls,
Builds for himself
A greater Kingdom of Darkness.

Look! look! beyond, beyond;
The heaped up bodies of the dead
Being burnt
To kill the pestilence
Of stinking flesh.
Look! look! beyond, beyond;
The trench into which is thrown
A huddled mass
With staring eyes,
Swollen lips,
Shattered arms—
Arms that once enfolded us,
Lips that yesterday we kissed;
Husband, child, lover;
Each vein of our beloved one

We treasured;
And strove ever to guard
With jealous care
That body from all harm.
War makes of men
Clods of earth
And uses them
To stuff the gaping wounds
Which cannons tear in nature.

Oh, shall there never be an end of war!
Shall we, created in the Image of The Lord,
Forget our destiny
And tear and tear and tear
The precious Fabric of Creation?
Shall Lucifer indeed laugh
In the Face of God and say,
"Thou badest me to instruct the angels
To descend within the Form of Man
And I disobeyed;
Was I not right?
See how they rend each other's flesh—
The flesh that Thou didst build
Out of Thine Infinite Love
And with Thine Infinite Care.
Wouldst Thou redeem these forms
Made murderous by Man,
Place them amongst Thy Chosen Ones
Who give Thee praise
And know not disobedience?
Dear Lord, uplift me from my fallen state,
They are not worthy that Lucifer,
Who was one of Thy Mightiest Servants,
Should be so punished."
And the Lord said,
"Be still; be still;
Banished from my Glory

Shalt thou remain, Oh Lucifer,
Until War shall cease
And all forms return
Through Peace and Love
Into My Bosom.
Be still; be still;
I gave them birth,
I, The God of Gods.
I love Man more than all Mine Angels
When he shows righteousness;
For My Heavenly Children
Have not known temptation.
I have said,
'Not one shall be lost!
For they who are Destroyers
Shall gather up the Broken Particles
Of Many Worlds
And set them whole before Me.'"
And Lucifer drew his cloak over his face
That he might not perish
In That Great Light
And turning from The Throne of Compassion
He cried "Oh, Man! Man! Man!
When will you cease to add
The Fuel of War to my Fires;
Oh Peace! Peace! Peace!
Even I, Lucifer,
Am weary of Hell."

ALL THAT MAN IS I AM
I wonder if I have sung my song
As it was taught to me?
I started in the stars,
Forsaking their silvery company
To touch hands with the Hand of Man;
I have followed him
Wherever he could be found,

In the World of Reason,
In the Realm of Art,
In the shop,
In the gutter,
Across the prairies,
Across the seas,
I have followed the priests,
The true and the false,
The Lovers of Earth,
The Lovers of God,
I have stood upon the Borderland of Fairyland,
I have delved into Dead Worlds
Among strange Beings,
Among the Ancients,
I have followed Man
Through all his moods,
Through all his passions,
From the Womb of Woman,
Back to the Womb of Earth;
And I say that I have been following myself;
For all Man is,
I am;
All that I am,
Man is,
Part heaven,
Part earth;
Therefore I praise my body
For all that in it is,
I praise my soul
For all that in it is,
I praise God for both.

THE UNBELIEVERS

To-day I have been
Among The Unbelievers,
As I listened to their lengthy discussions,
Their evident pleasure
In linking themselves only with the earth,
Their seeming gladness
That in one hundred years
They would be but dust,
Nothing more,
Only a speck
Which might lodge
In a man's right eye
Obstructing his vision,
My lips were silent;
The Weight of The Name of The Lord
Pressed heavily upon my heart,
Closing the Doors of Speech.
O Lord:
I could not speak Thy Name,
They were so far from Thee,
They could not hear me;
Within me I felt
Thy Great Love arise,
Until it formed
A Mountain of Compassion;
I lay me down
At the foot,
And wept—
Presently I heard Thy Voice
Whispering to me,
"Weep and shun them not,
They are as dear to Me
As thou art,
To-day thou Knowest Me,
To-morrow they too
Shall know their God."

TO MY MOTHER

In Polish soil she grew
A wild flower ;
Transplanted to the soil of Canada
Her Roots took on
A New Lease of Life.
Higher, higher she reached
Under the Glory
Of the Sun of Freedom,
Until she became
A Wisdom-Flower.

Her mouth is lined with tenderness,
Her eyes send forth
A thousand sparks
Of merry twinkles,
Igniting her ever-ready
Tongue of Wit ;
As I behold her daily unselfishness,
Her great maternal spirit,
Her gentleness,
I know that God
Is very close
To my mother.

JACOB

A stony pillow
Beneath his head—
Flights of angels
Came to hold communion
With the sleeper Jacob;
How tranquil the repose
Which opened up
The Gates of Self;
And caused The Silent One
To stand near Heaven's Threshold.
Hallelujahs split the air,
And choruses of angel-voices
Filled the earth
With hymns sublime, eternal;
Jacob slept on;
They came these Shining Ones
To gaze upon the Sleeper—
Amidst a burst of chimes,
Melodic and majestic,
They ascended a spiral path
Taking with them
The Stony Pillow,
Upon which the head
Of their Beloved Jacob rested.

LORD OF THE UNIVERSE

A flower opens up its sweet curved lips
And in the golden depths
I see The Smile of God;
The wind playfully and with caressing touch
Tosses a lock of my hair about in abandonment,
I peer into The Face of The Wind
But he will not Unveil for me,
Yet he whispers,
"I am The Breath of God";
I gaze into the sun,
He answers my earnest look exclaiming,
"I am the Ever-Watchful Eye
Sealed In The Forehead of God";
I plunge into a Lake,
"Surely God is not here"
As the waves dash over me
I hear them singing,
"We are The Tears of Joy
Which Fell from The Eyes of God";
I see a man staggering towards me,
His eyes are bleared,
His face is swollen,
His lips are thick and blue,
His body sways from side to side
Like a ship that is adrift,
"Ah here," I exclaim,
"God does not abide."
I greet him warmly,
He leans against my body for support,
And I know by the contact
That immersed in this Ocean of Desire
Is God.
In the gladness of my new-found happiness
I sing

"God: God: God:
Lord of The Universe,
Lord in The Universe,
I send Thee Greetings of Love and Peace,
Builder, Preserver, Destroyer,
Possessor of all and in All."

IF I LOVED THEE

If I loved thee
My mother, father, brother, friends
Would all happy be;
If I loved thee.

If I loved thee
Thou too wouldst joyful be,
Thy heart more free;
If I loved thee.

Why cannot I love thee
And bring about this sweet content?
I do not know,
Save that with thee
There is no beat that strikes
The rhythmic beat of love within my heart.

He that I love
Sows discord up and down my path,
But in my soul he plants the seeds
Of joy, of happiness sublime;
In Spite of Seven Hells
Through which I pass,
And Stony Barriers hardened by
Thousands of years of careful preservation,
I love not whom I should,
But him whom I should not,
He that appeals to me.

I WILL WANDER AMONG STRANGE PEOPLE

I will wander among strange people,
My face will be radiant with joy,
For I will carry The Love of God
Within my heart;
And all who pass me by will exclaim,
"Thou hast a merry face,
Thou art a partaker of great bliss,"
And I will reply,
"Yea, yea,
I am a partaker of great bliss,
The bliss of The Knowledge of The Lord."
And they will question me,
"Where is thy God
For we too would know Him,
Would taste of The Unspeakable Joy
Which makes thine eyes transparent"?
And I will again reply,
"Look within thy heart,
If it pulsates with love
Seated therein is God,
For He is in the heavens,
And upon the earth,
There doth He Labor;
But in His Children's Heart
There doth He Take His Rest."

THE SOLDIERS OF ALL WORLDS

Will you join our procession?

Steady now,

Left right, left right,

Keep in time,

Fall in line,

We want no laggards

Or weak-kneed men;

For centuries we have been marching;

And for centuries we will march

Carrying our banner of love,

Of comradeship,

Into the Empires of the Future;

Tramp, tramp, tramp,

"Though we have not many in our ranks,

You can hear the echo of our footsteps

Rolling through the Universe,

Like the Voice of Thunder;

We are the Soldiers of Fire and Water,

The heavens split at our birth

And from our mouths dart tongues of flame;

We laugh at man-made gates and fortresses,

Pushing our way through them;

Nothing can stop our progress,

We intend to march on

Until the last man shall have joined our ranks;

"We are mad," you say?

Walk beside me,

I will whisper the Name of the Maker

Of our Invincible Armor;

God:

You do not believe me?
Of course not,
If you believed you would be marching with us,
Not straggling on the outskirts;
Farewell dear brother,
'Though you are not one with us,
We are one with you;
Left right, left right, left right,
We are the Soldiers of all Worlds,
Forward march,
We come from a race of conquerors.

THE MOTHER-LOVE

I reach out my hands
Then let them fall
Listlessly to my side;
'Round my heart a pain there is
Which nothing seems to comfort.

Humanity calls at early dawn
And late at eve',
I arise to greet the 'Task
They place before me;
And yet the pain remains,
It will not cease.
Love comes,
Lips to lips
We sip the wine
Pressed from the Ardor of Kisses;
But still the pain is mine,
And will not ease.

What pain is this?
O Mary thou mother of a Christ-Child
Thou knowest full well
What pain is mine.
Upon a bed of straw
Thy babe was born,
And with thy mother-love
Fulfilled and satisfied,
Who could equal thee?

Could I give birth
To such a one,
Nay not like unto Mary's child,
For that great glory
I am most unworthy,
Could I give birth
To a little child,
I know my heart's pain
Would melt away
Into an All-Pervading Peace.

THE GOD OF GODS

I am Music;
At first I sound the trills,
The grace notes,
The arpeggios,
These are but as foam
Upon the Currents of Sound;
The Deeper tones are now vibrating
And struggling to reach my finger tips,
In a mad moment my trembling hands strike a chord—
And deeper and deeper for chords I strive
Until the Discords of the Last Hell
Find within me a Sounding Fork,
Which puts them in tune;
Once more I play upon the Finer Strings,
O the strength in the music of these Upper Tones:
Radiant Beings,
Full of Harmonies,
Floating pure and even,
My Children of the Abyss.

I am Song:

For all ages I have a ditty,
Come wee one whilst I croon to you
Of silvery lands,
Where the hearts of roses are fairy-beds,
And the blue-bells toll a fairy's prayer.

I am The Dance;

The roots of my hair,
The tips of my toes

Are sending each other messages ;
Slowly, slowly,
I open the Budding Flower ;
All passions are revealed—
I am the Pan God,
The piper that you must pay
Yet the scape-goat upon which
Man shall heap all his vices ;
For lo: I call my nymphs to dance,
Holding aloft from their outstretched hands
A Crown of Thorns,
My Horns of Wisdom.
I am Love ;
Come Lovers,
Autumn shall appear in the Woods of Summerland ;
And seizing Summer shall fold her within his arms ;
Far—far in the shadows I shall sing
Of a love that never dies
Of a rapture which is born of kisses,
A fire which lies hidden in eyes.
Come you Choosers of God ;
For you am I a priestess,
For you I chant the vespers
Casting aside my body
To reveal the Non-Being ;
I am the Circle of Life,
All centres of fire kindle into One Flame ;
I am not a creature of parts
For all parts have merged into One ;
I am a creator of all songs,
The God of Gods.

GRAVEN IMAGES

Christianity, Christianity, Christianity:
O the crimes that have been committed
In your name:
And in the name of all religions;
The blasted hopes,
The maimed bodies,
The hecatombs of the dead,
The Broken Wings of Love,
The divided families,
The crushed desires,
Suppressed emotions,
The Lusts,
The Thieveries,
All these to show God
That He is Loved;
I am not talking of those
That have long passed in the Procession
Carrying the Graven Images of their Many Gods before them,
But of those who have been
And who are in our present civilization.
Have done with it,
Let us level all churches,
All places of worship,
Let us destroy all rituals,
Let each man talk to God
In the language of his own heart;
If we must divide ourselves
Into French, Spanish, Italian,
German, Austrian, Hungarian,
English, Russian, American,
The Jew;
The Protestant, The Catholic,
The Methodist, The Presbyterian,
The Baptist, The Unitarian,
The Suki, The Yogi;

Mohammedanism, Confucianism,
And Buddhism,
We cannot so divide The Holy One;
Think you that you can pour your prayers
Into the Ear of a Protestant God
Imploring Him not to hear the Catholic?
O let us become loving Brother-Comrades,
Children of One Father-Mother,
Double-Sexed in body and soul;
Each realizing that he is a Link
In One Divine Chain,
Acceptable only to the Lord
Unbroken.

THOSE WHOM GOD HATH JOINED

“Those whom God hath joined
Let no man put asunder”;
The minister mumbles these words
Over the millionaire’s daughter
Sold to a pauper prince for his title,
Over the Adventuress
That has caught the middle-aged financier
In her clutches,
Over the boy
Forced to marry the girl
He made a mother;
Why, why, why,
This desecration?

“Those whom God hath joined,”
Aye God and man,
Man and man,
Spirit and matter,
“Let no man put asunder.”

OF MY PASSIONS I AM UNASHAMED

Of my passions I am unashamed,
I stand before the multitude
Bereft of any covering
And I acknowledge all my desires openly;
Let the women pass by with averted heads
The men wait until darkness to come unto me,
Let the Elders commune and decide that I shall be stoned to
 death;
Hark they sing a prayer
And as The High Priest hurls The First Stone
He raises his countenance to His God, murmuring,
“In Thy Name.”
And a Voice from the Clouds calls out,
“Who told thee that thou art without sin?”
A fear steals over him,
His lips become ashy,
His eyeballs roll up into his head,
His limbs writhe and twist,
His mouth foams;
“She has bewitched him, the Sorceress,” they cry,
The Elders bear him away.

Their fingers itch to reach me,
One woman breaking through the line fastens her nails into
my shoulder,
Tearing the skin down to the waist;
The sight of blood drives the crowd into a frenzy,
"Faster, faster," they cry.

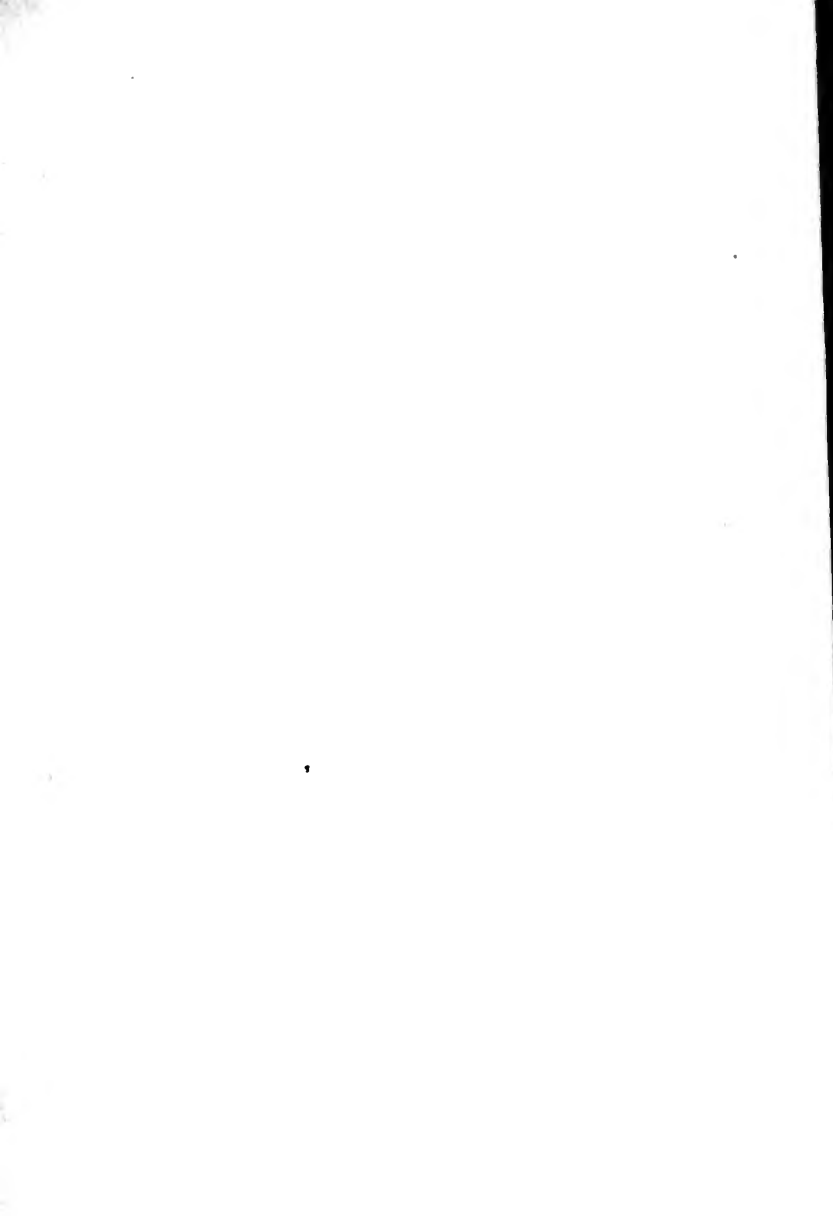
"I am digging my grave, why curse and threaten?
Soon will it be deep enough to hold my weary body,
Push me not yet into it,
A few more feet to hollow
Then I shall go in and lie down;
Patience, patience, Ye Avengers of God,
Save your spittle,
Ye may need it to moisten your death-rattling throats
And I would not take it from ye."

I am lying against the mothering breast of earth,
"Courage, dear child," she whispers, "Soon will I receive thee
into my womb again."
Crash: the stones begin to fall,
I place my hands over my head, Why? I know not,
It gives the multitude a longer time to play;
I listen to the dull thuds against my body,
By and by I take my hands away,
O I am so tired:
Finally I open my eyes,
I see a mother giving her child a stone to hurl,
I smile upon the little one,
My eyelids close—
Presently I commence to dream—
I watch the people covering something which lies in the
ground formless,
And I join and help them,
"Though they see me not.

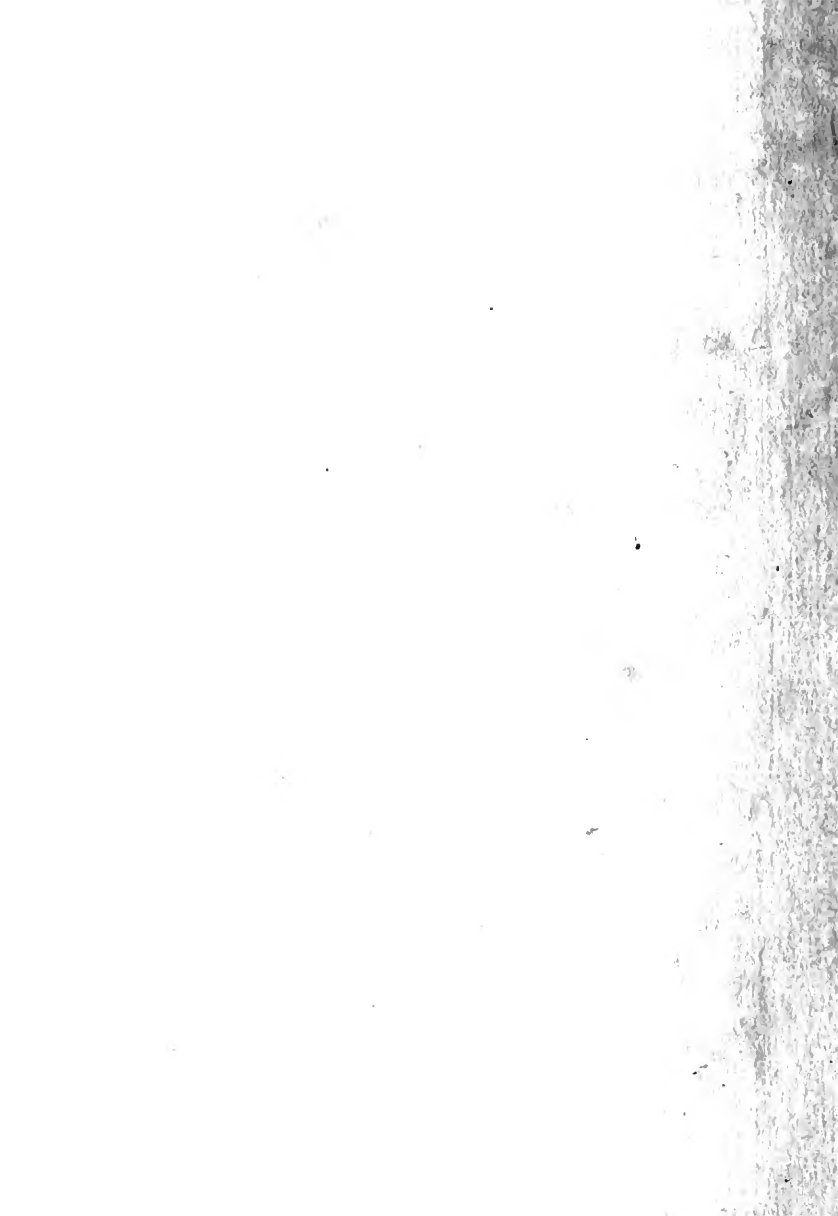














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