

## LOVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

LOVE is the witch that lures us into life  
And holds us here, thralls of her magic spell.  
Happy is he who, drunk with her sweet wine,  
Raves in a paradise of self-deception,  
A paradise build up by his own thought ;  
But wretched he who, being disillusioned,  
No longer trusts the guidance of her wand.

The primal stuff of ether is too neutral,  
Too nondescript for Love to play her game.  
She slumbers in its vast, unmeasured ocean  
Till matter forms within its secret depths ;  
Then she awakes and straight she is at work.

When in concrete formation worlds take shape,  
When egotism cramps itself into  
The entities of separate existence,  
Setting themselves in ownhood definite  
Against the rest, against all other being,  
Then Love stirs them to seek a higher goal.  
It is as though primordial unity  
Reacted 'gainst the isolation of  
Concrete particulars ; it reasserts  
Itself in longings wild and undefined,  
Prompted by Love, creation's beauteous queen.  
She holds all things material in her leash—  
Not one of them can break away ; they all  
Remain but parts of the encircling whole.

Love makes the atoms, those self-centered specks  
Of being, yearn with all their gravity

For other atoms. In their search they whirl  
With myriads of their kind in graceful spirals,  
And when their passion flashes up in heat  
Their radiance trembles through the space as light.  
Love is an artist, and she takes delight  
In moulding what is bodily. Her creatures,  
Countless in number, varied in design,  
Swarm out of her deft hands in bright array.  
She breathes her breath into the dull commotion  
And lo! our world like water bubbles rises  
In garish, dazzling beauty! But how hollow  
Is their revolving shape! And on their films  
Material motes crowding round emptiness,  
Self-seeking puny egos, find a place.

Such is Love's work and here she finds her field.  
Nor can we doubt that the same law determines  
Varieties untold. The molecules  
Are mutually attracted and combine  
According to their forms in search for others.  
And while they satisfy their needs they build  
Newer creations full of richer chances.  
Affinity—that is the law of Love,  
And Love's the power that keeps the world in motion.  
She moldeth life, and inexhaustible  
Are her designs, her patterns, her devices.

Wherever life prevails there too lurks Love.  
Raptures of happiness like hashish visions  
Glow in the sentiments of every soul.

Watch here the butterfly! There comes another  
Who has just caught a vision of his mate.  
See how that fluttering phantom draws him on:  
The iridescent colors on her wings,  
Their gay designs, their graceful flapping motions  
Possess the charms that will appeal to him.  
Indeed, the quivering image finds response  
In slumbering sentiments. Intoxicated  
He follows her, while she, his mate, withdraws.  
Now she alights; there on the flower she lingers,  
As though expecting him—a moment only.

For now, anon, she's on the wing and so  
 In playfully coquettish chase they move.  
 When he approaches, she will coyly flee  
 As though she stood in awe of things unknown.

And do we read aright the secret meaning  
 Which her erratic hoverings indicate?  
 His wooing wakens in her virgin mind  
 Sweet dreamlike reminiscences, an heirloom  
 Of ages past, and yet she hesitates.  
 She seems to waver whether she may trust  
 The fairy vision, whether it is he  
 Whom she expects. Will he fulfil the longing  
 That stirs her little soul? Ought she to stay?  
 Ought she allow him to draw nigh to her?

And thou, Oh man, art of no other fabric—  
 Only more complicated, partly greater  
 And partly grosser. Yet there is but one  
 Of all thy preferences quite unique:  
 To thee that rarest faculty is given  
 To comprehend the world, to know thyself,  
 Eke, if thou choose, to search for truth and find it.  
 Not being shackled by the fleeting present,  
 Beholding past and future all in one,  
 The vision of eternity is thine.

Thou seest the rule that dominates all forms  
 And reachest out into the realm of norms.  
 What to all other creatures is concealed,  
 The cosmic lawdom, is to thee revealed.  
 As more and more the truth will make thee free,  
 Thou wilt be master of thy destiny.  
 And yet with all thy pride, wisdom and art,  
 'T is Love that fills and dominates thy heart.  
 Be comforted, perhaps 't is for thy best  
 Thou art as much Love's toy as all the rest.