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.