THREE POEMS.

BY GUY BOGART.

I strolled with my soul through the close
Of slumbering summer at rest;
Felt soft songs of silence, heard fountains.
Blooms purple, bright gold or old rose
In pageant triumphant made quest
O'er flower-flecked velvet of sod.
I paused on the hilltop, while dreams
Made chord with my heart song of love—
Veiled vistas clasped hand with far mountains;
Hills, valleys, fields, forests, bright streams
Glowed glad 'neath soft skies arched above—
My soul, tuned with Love, breathed "God."

* * *

Humanism!
Next step in progress.
Slowly through millenniums of toil
Man has pursued his godward path:
Best of every age preserved
In each succeeding stage.
The good of most primitive time
Is bulwark of the best to-day.

Savagery developed man
And passed.
Barbarism saw man
Farther on his way
And passed.
There is much good in each system.
Each the best
Man could grasp at the time.
Humanism!
Heir of all good of all time.
Purged of evils that have held.
Man from his heritage.
With the new world comes
   Meekness
   That shall inherit the earth.
With the new race comes end of
   Oppression
   And claims of rights and privileges
Love will be possible
And democracy nearer:
Spirits shall mingle freely with earth-dwellers
And the barrier called death
Shall lose all power
   In days of the new mysticism.
Our oneness with the universe
And growth in understanding
Will make brothers of us all,
While organizations and institutions
Will cease their tyrannous rule
When we come into the light
Of Understanding;
For in that hour has Humanism come.

* * *

Man the master
Becomes the servant:
Man the god
Becomes the slave.
Because
Man the creator
Worships that his hands have wrought.
God created heaven and earth
And fulness thereof.
Man is god-soul,
Co-worker,
   Co-creator.
   With the Infinite.
God created men
And man forgot God.
Man created conceptions of God,
Fantastic, fierce, anthropomorphic,
And straightway worshiped what he had made.
Tree-dweller and cave-man, he
Groped his way to godward heights.
Came fire,
   And man worshiped
   What he had discovered.
Came the home
   And man became the servant
   To an institution he had builded.
Church, school, factory, State—
All builded by man—
Have
   Hounded
   Him to hell.
Fetishes,
Bugaboos,
All belittling, dominate man,
While the Frankenstein creations of his own mind
Pursue him to destruction.
Use, O man!
The handiwork of your creation.
Bow not before your institutions and creeds.
   They were made by a young race
   As crutches ere a few sensed power
   To rise above child-fears of primitive ignorance.
These institutions you constructed
Were—and are—but tools.
Not one is sacred.
Cast with the crumbling relics
Of post-evolutionary débris
Those which serve not humanism.
A new age I proclaim
When humanism prevails,
When institutions serve man
And man serves not one institution.