The Soul in Love

KNOWEST how the soft fish built her shell
Adorning with pearl each tiny cell?
Or how the stately pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Or what wove yon wood-bird’s nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Knowest thou what Love is? Words cannot tell,
But thy Soul yearns for Love, thou knowest well.
True Love is God—God is Eternal, Free.
Knowest why bark so clings to tree,
Each to the other a necessity, as leaf to vine?
They live not forever, as true Love divine.
Flesh lusts for flesh and each decays;
Souls cling to Love by divers ways,
And silence speaks where no sound is heard,
For God is Love and Silence is the word.
Sees’t thou one or countless lights above?
As it is with light, so it is with Love.
Thou sees’t one flame ’midst countless sparks aglow.
As it is above, so God has made it here below.
Now look around thee, then into thy soul;
Is it not part of one stupendous whole?
That light that burns within thee, then,
Does not differ anywise within thy brother men.
That spark, a prisoner held by flesh,
Cannot survive, where it does by lust refresh.
Though fleshly garb delude mankind.
Saying, Thy Soul,—My Soul, (blind leading blind.)
Each is but a spark of God—Great Soul Divine,
Thou are “my Soul”, my brother, and I am thine.

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