

**THE GOLDEN PERSON  
IN THE HEART**

**BY**

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## AUTHOR'S NOTE

The Golden Person in the Heart, *the initial poem in this little volume, is the result of an attempt to present, in metrical form, such of the tenets and teachings of Brabmanism as may best indicate the main outlines of that most ancient and wonderful philosophy, as set forth in the Upanishads, and others of the sacred books of the East. The poem is in no sense a work of erudition, but only a bee's burden of honey gathered from the thousand flowers of an oriental garden in which the author has spent many precious and memorable hours.*

*Of the remaining verses, some few have been published in The Chap-Book, The Lotus, The Fly Leaf and The New Bohemian, but the larger number are here presented for the first time.*

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*THE GOLDEN PERSON  
IN THE HEART*

Great Brahma, formless, vast Hermaphrodite,  
Imperishable, infinite, sublime,  
Sat brooding o'er itself in endless night,  
Producing children which knew not the light,  
Self-born, self-slain, within the womb of Time.

It knew not objects, neither felt delight,  
For how should it enjoy itself alone;  
How should the knower know itself aright?  
Knower and known yield knowledge; seen and the  
seer, sight:  
Being all, by its own self 'twas still unknown.

It fell asunder into man and wife,  
Material form and immaterial name;  
The world was born, but objects had no life.  
It entered them as in its sheath a knife:  
Moving about within, they quick became.

Not having even yet attained its aim,  
The Self-Existent pierced the openings five,  
And as the body's breath and the sun's flame  
Between the two it ceaseless went and came,  
And Self the Enjoyer knew itself alive.

It is of life th' within, without, between:  
Just as when salt in water is dissolved  
It all tastes salty, though no salt is seen,  
So the Great Being, unattached, serene,  
Within the forms of life is yet involved.

It moves about in them as darts a fly  
Over the still, clear surface of a pool:  
Only a shining wake attracts the eye,  
Ripples that in a point of nothing die,—  
Its acts are seen, itself invisible.

It is not woman, neither is it man;  
It hastens without feet, sees without eyes,  
Without ears, hears; it grasps without a hand;  
Time ne'er will finish it, it ne'er began;  
Greater than great, smaller than small its size.

In act of breathing it is breath by name;  
When hearing, sound by name, when seeing,  
sight;  
Its acts are manifold, its self's the same,  
As many sparks fly upward from one flame.  
Pure, higher than the high, firm, tranquil,  
bright,—

A lion sleeping underneath a palm,  
A lonely bird which ever outward flies,  
A lotus flower upon a lake of balm,  
Ruler of worlds, Lord of the Stagnant Calm,  
Deep in the heart of every man it lies.

Within the body, going where it wills,  
Through senses five with objects it combines,  
And into thought their essence it distills,  
As little troubled by the body's ills  
As is the sun by that on which it shines.

The body is the chariot; High Self, king;  
The intellect, the driver; mind, the rein;  
The senses, vicious horses, traversing  
The road of objects, finally to bring  
Self unto Self, when all the rest are slain.



That which is in the heart and in the sun—  
    The inner Self and the world's golden eye—  
Though seeming different are really one,  
And what is finished there is here begun:  
    Each night the low Self mounts unto the high.

For when the weary head's to pillow prest  
    After a day of fevered life is done,  
When all the members lie composed in rest,  
Leaving the breath to guard the lower nest,  
    The Lonely Bird flies upward to the sun.

But ere it leaves the body quite behind  
    (When by strange dreams the sleeper is  
        oppressed),  
It sports within the playground of the mind,  
As mother bird, ere she sets out to find  
    Food for her young, flutters about the nest.

Such is the Self Supreme, the Changeless Change,  
In which all things are ripened and dissolved,  
Embracing all things wide within its range,  
Uniting them in combinations strange,  
Involving all, and within all involved.

There is, indeed, that other, different one,  
The Elemental Self, which, overcome  
By sweet and bitter fruit of actions done,  
Caught in the web which its own self has spun,  
Drugged by sensation's subtle opium,

Enters a good or bad birth to pursue  
An upward or a downward course. To this  
The Immaterial Self is like the dew  
Which sleeps upon the lotus the night through,  
And melts at morn into the blue abyss.

Just as a goldsmith takes a piece of gold,  
    And changes it to newer, finer shapes,  
So also does the Self-Existent mould  
The Elemental Self, and from the old  
    And worn out forms to newer it escapes.

This Elemental Self, amid life's din,  
    Becomes bewildered, and so does not see  
The Holy Lord abiding deep within,  
And straightway overcome by fruits of sin,  
    Enters belief. Believing 'I am He,'

By self it binds itself, as in a net,  
    And in blind darkness ceaseless roams about;  
Unstable, fickle, by desires beset  
Which gratified, yield only vain regret,  
    While wants, like weeds, in rank luxuriance  
    sprout.

Borne on by waves which cannot be turned back,  
Darkened by passion, and by fetters bound,  
Drunk with Illusion's wine; demoniac,  
As though some serpent followed on its track,  
Hastening to nowhere, running round and  
round;

Illusory, like magic; false, like dreams;  
Fair, like a painted wall; like mountebank,  
Dissembling always, never what it seems;  
By opposites o'ercome, prone to extremes;  
Filled with uncleanness, its mind a blank,—

Such is the lower Self. Sound, Sight and Touch,  
Are all as nothing; if a man embrace  
The objects of desire, or love them much,  
Or seek to find deliverance in such,  
He will lose memory of the highest place.

There is an old path leading far away  
By which the low Self in the high is merged,  
And striving ends, and birth ends, and decay;  
Unknowing, each soul treads it every day,  
For all paths toward one summit are converged.

Deliverance from Self is hard and slow;  
Only the wise, strong, earnest man prevails,  
Because to conquer Death, Death he must know.  
Than this there is no other way to go:  
Birth and re-birth await him if he fails.

Release comes not alone by mortal will,  
Release is but a quality concealed;  
As clearness, beneath filth, is clearness still,  
So lies Deliverance obscured until,  
The Self being purified, it stands revealed.

A man, to cleanse this inward mirror, should,  
    Before all else, learn and obey the law,  
And next acquire a blameless livelihood:  
Steadfast in duty and in doing good,  
    His mind from things of sense let him  
    withdraw.

The flesh of animals he may not eat,  
    Nor may he drink intoxicating wine;  
He should avoid things very sour or sweet,  
And all extremities of cold or heat,—  
    His body's grossness so he will refine.

Let him not wake by night, nor sleep by day,  
    'Twixt morn and evening food he may not  
    taste;  
At any game of chance let him not play,  
Neither engage in quarrel or affray;  
    Even in inmost thought must he be chaste.

Avoiding crowds, let him seek solitude,  
    To study and to meditation given;  
Sleeping alone, eating alone his food,  
Like the rhinoceros within the wood,  
    Which wanders everywhere, free and  
    undriven.

Let him perform but this observance one,  
    If from the power of death he would be freed:  
Breathe only up and down, which having done,  
Let him complete whatever's so begun,  
    And draw the Self forth like pith from a reed.

With senses all held back and mind at rest,  
    With will intent upon the highest place,  
With breathings well restrained within the chest,  
And tip of tongue back to the palate prest,  
    So let him see his own Self face to face.

The barrier passed, pure, limitless and free,  
The final liberation is obtained;  
The dew-drop leaves the lotus for the sea,  
And herein lies the highest mystery:  
Only by loss of Self the Self is gained.



## THE MONK

We were gay fellows, all of us,  
And christened him "the Monk."  
He sat among us silently,  
His wine was never drunk.  
He heard the music passionate,  
But did not join the dance,  
Unmoved, he saw white arms and throats;  
Unloving, caught Love's glance.  
I asked him why he cared to live;  
"Because," responded he,—  
*"I like to watch these pictures  
Of the things inside of me."*

## *EVOLUTION*

The world is woven of two strands,  
    One bright, one sombre dyed,  
And while two ends are in God's hands,  
    Two others flutter wide.

These, in a tangled, knotted skein  
    Hold all things in convulsion.  
The primal names are, of the twain,  
    Attraction and Repulsion.

They, weaving ever out and in,  
    Give promise of a plan:  
First stone, then flower, feather, fin,  
    And then—Woman and Man.

The two are lost in Lust and War,  
    Which Love and Work become;  
Then something unknown, finer,—for  
    They end beneath God's thumb.

## *THE EARTH SPIRIT*

The great Earth-Spirit is a bird  
The flutter of whose wings is heard  
By listening ears; whose track is seen  
By eyes unblinded with Life's sheen.  
Its eggs are laid to incubate  
Within the warm minds of the great.  
When works of these do us delight  
It is a fledgling taking flight.

## BY THEIR WORKS

A man, not of the common clay,  
But who had dreamed his life away,  
Conscious of kinship with the great,  
Knocked fearlessly at Heaven's gate.  
Admitted there, he straightway sought  
The circle of those minds whose thought  
Had been his own. Not recognized  
By those whose company he prized,  
Disconsolate, he went away,  
And then he heard an angel say:  
*“Here, as on earth, you find yourself alone  
Because by works, not thoughts, a man is known.”*

## *TWO SONGS*

Imprisoned in a little book

Two songs lay side by side,  
The words of one with passion shook,  
The other only cried.

The sad one said, "Knew you love's bliss  
Before they put you here?"

"Ah yes, for I—I was a kiss,  
And you?" "I was a tear."

## ***THE CHURCH***

**“The Lord is risen,” people say,  
Yet among men they seek him not,  
But at the empty tomb delay,  
Worship the stone that’s rolled away,  
And make the place a hallowed spot.**

*PEACE*

I paid to Greed more than I owe,  
I broke the little Love-God's bow,  
To suffering Christ I answered "No,  
I will not buy deliverance so."

Poor, loveless, hopeless, then there stole  
Peace, purple-winged, within my soul.

*TOLSTOY*

He calls from the hot road to us, who stray  
In shady, pleasant woods abroad.  
Yes, Tolstoy, your path leads to God,  
But through the forest there may be a way.



*IBSEN*

A cannon shot, not fired to kill,  
    But to dislodge and make to rise  
The decomposing corpse which lies  
    Beneath life's surface smooth and still.

*BALZAC*

Balzac, you knew the devil well,  
And did descend with him to hell  
In painting libertine and bawd,  
But, knowing man, you so knew God.

*MY MISTRESS*

I live a life apart from other men  
And so know joys beyond the common ken.  
While they press on and never reach their goal,  
Here, in a garret, I *possess* my soul.

## *CITIES*

New York, London, Paris, Rome,  
Seemed vast and grand while I staid home,  
But seeing them, I soon found that  
I held them all beneath my hat.

## *ESSENCES*

**Between the wheels of Space and Time, God ran  
A universe of matter to make Man.  
This subtle essence was again refined  
In the long, slow development of Mind.  
A million minds to form one word combine,  
Milliards of words yield one immortal line.**

*DREAMS*

Dreams are those barges bright,  
Which, from the port of Night,  
Set sail on seas of Sleep,  
And founder on the deep.

*THE EARTH*

A thousand centuries or so  
Of fire and water, sun and snow,  
Of rains that kiss, and frosts that kill,—  
The Earth is a green apple still.

*THE POET*

Through him the Poet, in his youth,  
Lets the World-Soul declare its truth.  
In age, he speaks his private thought  
In language which the World-Soul taught.



*BEES AND THE BEAR*

The buzzing senses, never still,  
Gather wild honey from the flowers of life,  
And store it up in brain-cells till—  
Death comes and robs the hive.

## *NATURE'S GEOMETRY*

Flowing from form to form without a pause  
The Spirit 's true to geometric laws;  
The point, the line, the surface, and the sphere  
In seed, stem, leaf and fruit appear.

*TO THE MEEK*

The earth is the inheritance of the meek;  
The victory is to the scorned and weak.  
This law is one, for all things that have breath,—  
Woman, supreme in life; and Worm—in death.

*QUATRAIN*

For every bird that wounded falls,  
For beasts shot down by hunters' balls,  
For all dumb hunted things that hide,—  
Earth feels a pin prick in her side.

*COUPLET*

**So highly polished are our minds  
That Truth in them no lodgment finds.**

*THE SPINNER*

The wise soul sits and spins in the heart  
So smoothly, and so still,  
That we seem to be living, not playing a part,  
And we strut, and swagger, and swear in the mart  
Unconscious, doing its will.

## *THE NIGHT WANDERER*

The city street lies straight and white  
Beneath the fierce electric light.  
Each side the houses, tall and gray,  
Guarding their dear ones, seem to say,  
“You are not ours, back to your slum!”  
While the dark river murmurs, “*Come.*”

*ONE DAY*

Nothing was different, yet this much I knew:  
My soul stirred in its chrysalis of clay,  
A strange peace filled me like a cup,—I grew  
Better, gladder, and wiser on that day.  
This dusty, worn-out world seemed made anew,  
Because God's way had now become my way.

*Yrad  
wag*







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