

THE
TRIUMPH OF LIFE.



"IN HOC SIGNO VINCI."

1902.

THEOS-THEA,
IN LILISTAN—FOURTH DIMENSION.

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS,
ROYAL OAK, FLORIDA—THIRD.

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INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

DEAR FRIEND,—I visited your beloved Glasgow, as you are aware, some forty-two or forty-three years ago, at the invitation of an honored citizen—Mr. James Eadie; who is still among you here and engaged in a continuous service of love and goodwill; though long since vanished from outward sight.

This was to be the last of my public labors on the platform in Great Britain; the last as it proved for these long years; but I departed with a deep conviction that I left a work unfinished that I should yet complete, and that in the path of Providence I should be here again.

I came as the unpurchased Teacher,—in some sense as the Prophetic Voice of a coming Era of Hope, of Life, of Love.

I return as a Realizer, in my own redeemed, transformed, rejuvenated being, of my former prophetic utterances; but more, far more! The unfolding powers of the kingdom of God, that is within us, have borne me on till now when "death is swallowed up in victory."

But this victory, that, by its own ever-advancing potentialities I realize without ceasing, day by day, in my own normal manhood, is but the pledge and

promise, for His people, that our Saviour orbs into His saving purpose.

The war in my case between the spirit and the flesh is ended. The old flesh of sin and death is abolished, transfused into that new "flesh wherein dwelleth righteousness." I exist in Christ as a simple, normal individuality. Capacity or possibility for hatred and its generated evils have passed away. Love, as no man mortal ever knew or conceived, triumphs, organised into its embodied world of limitless beatitudes. "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." I stand to you as an embodied fulfilment of Christ's promise and of the Christian hope.

In March of two years ago, after fifty-five years of continuous public labors, following as I conceived Divine guidance, I became conscious that my bodily life was spent; that its faculties were in their last exhaustion, and that, in the inevitable progress of earthly events, my term of natural existence was touching to its end.

The burden of care and responsibility, that I had borne so long, had become a crushing weight, under which I was sinking hour by hour. Food ceased to nourish; sleep was no longer repose, but suffering and toil. The gift of spontaneous lyrical utterance, which I had enjoyed in a marked manner for more than sixty years, had vanished as if it had never been; then I knew that I had touched the climacteric.

I slept,—I wakened, and a song was on my lips, which you will find as the Proem of the volume of verse that I now offer you.

As the verse was committed to language, I looked up. A new light was in my eyes. My bowed, strained body lifted. The sense of intolerable burden passed away, as if a visible and crushing load rose from above my shoulders, and the load as it lifted trans-fused into a luminous Divine-Human Figure, that turned and smiled benignantly into my face. It blessed me, and was seen no more.

I had been taught to believe, for this more than half a century, that I should pass through Life's December into a new and ever-blooming May. My body and its senses had become all Decembral; now each tiny fibril of my being began to feel as we might fancy the buried growths of the garden to feel beneath the snowdrifts, the sap rising through the roots and tingling through the veins; pains agonising, but delicious, quickening; the world awakening to a new season, and calling her buried children to rise; to fashion reborn in the image and likeness of her returning prime.

Hence came the series of bodily and arch-bodily experiences, through which these verselets took their voice and style. As death lived in my inherited body; as sin lived in my inherited self and its acquired evils; so now Redemptive Life, penetrating to the inmost bodily faculties, victoriously dissolving the remains of sin, in their forms of tendencies, day and night, hour by hour, moment by moment, through parts to wholeness, through wholeness to parts, held me in constant battle.

Of the experiences of this continued crisis, from April to July, it would as yet be premature to

attempt to write. Suffice it that bodily I survived, and that having trodden this path, that mortal man never triumphed through before, the OVERCOMER upbore me, till I stood over death, in bodily fulness and completement of all the powers, upon that plane of existence where "there is no more sin, neither sorrow or death, for the former things have passed away and all things have become new."

This is my simple story. It involves volumes. In testimony to the verity of this fact, I put in type this lyric record; nailing it upon the doorpost of the Public Print as the Great Protestant nailed his thesis upon the portal of Augsburg's Cathedral; saying, as he did, "God help me! I cannot do otherwise."

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

GLASGOW, *September 26th, 1903.*

PROEM.

I caught the Poesy of Youth again ;
The glory and the music and the glee ;
Charged with the joyance of celestial men ;
Tingling through nerves a-fire with melody.
And time was roseate now, tinged from eternity.

God is the Fountain of perpetual youth :
Therefore, in God-rise, age lifts glad and young.
The mind emerges as it touches Truth,
Substantial, ardent : Passion lifts, new strung ;—
Harp of bliss-choiring chords, vocal in Life's new
tongue.

I touched the Century that passed away ;
Made greater, grander in a loftier sphere,
In fourth dimension ordered ; caught the play
Of loosened harmonies, that smothered here
And made my years at last all as a burial bier.

I caught the sunlit songs, I should have sung,
But that the world heaped torments on my breast ;
Volumes of living scriptures, that among
The Higher Ages find their spacial rest ;—
The burden lifted free ; it faced me, and it blest.

ROYAL OAK, FLORIDA, U.S.A.,

April 7th, 1902.

ERRATA.

Title Page, for "vinci" read "vici."

- Page 25, XXI., 5th line, for "find" read "finds."
 „ 43, XXXII., 1st line, for "we" read "me."
 „ 62, XLVII., 2nd line, for "them" read "then."
 „ 86, LXIX., 6th line, for "They" read "Thy."
 „ 88, LXX., 21st line, for "sin" read "sins."
 „ 96, LXXVIII., 13th line, for "Hursts" read "Hearsts."
 „ 99, LXXX., 15th line, for "Hurst" read "Hearst."
 „ 110, LXXXVIII., 3rd line, for "breath" read "breast."
 „ 116, XCIV., 5th line, for "ope" read "opes."
 „ 129, CII., 15th line, for "diaboli" read "diabolii."
 „ 146, CXII., 1st line, for "trod" read "trode."
 „ 149, CXIV., 16th line, for "Redemtive" read "Redemptive."
 „ 155, CXVIII., 2nd line, for "octupus" read "octopus."
 „ 155, CXVIII., 20th line, for "self-magic" read "self-magic's."
 „ 169, CXXVIII., 22nd line, for "Jeruselem" read "Jerusalem."
 „ 170, CXXIX., 4th line, for "of" read "off."

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THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE.

I.

No eye hath seen, no ear hath heard ;
Yet here our hearts confess
The bridal shrine of Christ our Lord ;
Love in Her Loveliness.

God is to us made Living Time,
And Breathing, Blissful Space.
The true, the holy, the sublime
Pervade us and embrace.

The Living True and Living Good
Impregnate sense with powers,
That bloom as lilies on the flood
Of Flowing God, made ours.

II.

The splendors in Orion's belt,
The joys of Saturn's ring,
Are blessings through the sense that melt,
And loves that chant and sing.

For sun and moon and fixed star,
Yea, all the heavenly host,
In one sweet influence breathe afar,
For God the Holy Ghost.

Be calm ; be still ; on Christa wait.
Touch Worship ; bid her sing
To ope the heart for morning gate.— •
Hail to the Bridal King !

April 18th, 1902.

III.

All things we meet are other than they seem ;
Find thou the Otherness that fills the dream.
Find thou ! So find thy continent and coast,
In God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

April 27th, 1902.

IV.

Think to thy Father ; in Him feel
By Whom the constellations wheel :
So nerve thy will in living steel.
Think to thy Mother, nor defer ;
Transform thy Word-staff, led by Her ;
Then measure swords with Lucifer.

April 30th, 1902.

V.

Grasp the arch fact of Christ in life :
Fight Nature's Ill of self in strife.
Display Christ-banners on the breeze ;
Through harmonies meet anarchies.
In Heaven's harmonic serve and dwell :
Meet self's anarchic death and hell.
Incarnate Christ in flesh again ;
Build for the New Jerusalem.

Grasp the arch fact of Christ made ours ;—
The evolution of the powers ;
Christ all in us where death was most ;—
The concords of the Holy Ghost ;
The fourth dimension in the third ;
The wordless opened for the Word.

May 6th, 1902.

VI.

Give of thy best, full-hearted, ceaselessly :
'Tis so Lord-Lady will, for gift, in thee.
'Tis the full-hearted giver who survives
The spoiler and repels his arrowed knives.

Fling forth God's roses on the cruel stroom :
They will not perish, but breathe life or doom.
Cast far God's lilies o'er the venom'd sea ;
They will ope forth, full sweet, defence to be.

So feed the spoiler, in thy warfare firm,
Until oblivion twines his fiery worm.
Feed thou eternity into thy life :
Fulfilled eternity makes end of strife.
In filled eternity all concords meet :
'Tis so God rests in thee ; the gifts complete.

May 6th, 1902.

VII.

All flames to meet one Glory run ;
All fountains to one Sea.
'Tis thus, All-holy Twain-in-One,
Our lives would meet in Thee ;
In-formed in Thine, our sea and sun
Of mercy so to be.

God-fire in God-flow ! I awake,
Kissed by the dawn of May.
Heart, mind and sense to freedom break ;
Grand labor sports in play.
Splendors dissolve the chill opaque ;
The powers in light array.

Courage stands clad in living steel ;
Timidities are fled.
Truths in concentric spirals wheel.
Loves in delights are fed.
Glad Hopes, find voice ; their trumpets peal.
The griefs, the fears are dead.

Songful I breathe, the lips to kiss
Of Poesies divine.
For this I fought ; I win to this,
The Rosy Cross is mine.
Service grows full in blossomed bliss ;
My years in God enshrine.

May 7th, 1902.

VIII.

Be as a wavelet from the sea
Of the Divine Maternity ;
So flow and ebb, so ebb and flow,
Swift in the God-tide, strong below.

Hold in the God-tide for thy quest ;
Breathe in the God-flow, open breast ;
Kissing of God where lips are kissed ;
Blissing of God where hearts are blissed ;

Pulsing of God, where verse is warm,
For the melodious music-storm ;
Touching for God where sense is thrilled,
And sins forgiven, and sorrows killed.

May 7th, 1902.

IX.

Through Time's cocoons the wingéd worms
Of Planets reappear,
And God through genius reaffirms
His Presence in the sphere.

Through day's decease new morns release,
To crown the night sublime,
And the Eternity of Peace
Brings forth her babes in time.—

The wingéd norm his prison broke ;
In wingéd light he trod ;
In wingéd verse the creature spoke,
Caught in the Word of God.

May 17th, 1902.

X.

When we have touched the end of wrong,
The end of life's despair,
By spontaneity of song,
Lord God inflows us there.

When we have reached the utmost loss
Where Christa bids us dwell,
Our form uplifts in Saviour-Cross ;
'Tis Calvary in hell.

When we have pierced the Ill of ill,
Where sins their deaths beget,
The Saviour saith " In-fire, instil ;
The final foe is met !"

When we have pierced the pivot form
That centres sin's domain,
Falls from his orb the dragon worm ;
Lord Christ is here again.

"They overcame by the Word of His testimony
And they loved not their Lives unto the death."

May 17th, 1902.

XI.

The unselfed self, to self who dies,
Inhabits the eternities.
So in old scriptures it is writ,
"In Israel, when the serpents bit,
Moses upreared, to meet the loss,
A fiery serpent on the cross,
Amid the smitten host, and then
They who adored were healed again."

Doth God redeem the selfhood so,
That manhood's bosomed snake may grow
Transformed, transposed, to rise and whirl
In flamy crimson, burnished pearl,
And gather up through breast and brow,—
The serpent on the cross, and flow
The fiery deep, the foul abyss
And waft the crucifical kiss,
Till saving palpitations run
Through myriads, ghastly, pierced, undone?

Is there an unselfed self, whose term
Of whirlings girds the dragon worm,
And penetrates, to scorch and kill
The Dragon snake, the Centered Ill ;
Till from his orbéd throne is hurled
The Dragon god of Evil's world ?

May 18th, 1902.

XII.

Visions of God, obscure or clear,
Flash through the human photosphere.
The Seer beholds : the insight plays
Through myriads of refractive rays.
The Seer beholds : with eyes aslant,
Inspective stands the Hierophant,
Throughout whose brain,—reflective wrought,—
Visions transpose to pictured thought.
Obscured, perturbed by self's misdeeds,
Religions shape to rites and creeds.

Religion, firsthood, stood on Earth
When Christa's Spouse took mortal birth.
The All-Creative Genius wrought,
And Mary's womb the offspring caught.

The Seed of all Eternities
Rose, robed in flesh to mortal eyes.
So were diffused, where'er He trod,
Essential attributes of God.

He toiled, rejected and alone ;
Met selfhood on its fleshly throne ;
His spear-like life at selfhood hurled ;
Passed on to light the under-world ;
His body broke for parting cheer ;
Appeared again, to disappear.

So, from this Calvary in hell,
I strike my bosom as a bell,
And, whilst the under-world, ablaze
With writhing selfhoods, meets the gaze ;—
Whilst selfhood's nether whirl is torn
With fiery flames ; and selfhoods, shorn
Of fictioned splendors, glance and gleam
To wheel into the Judgment stream,
All as the bubbles of toned breath,
Song lifts, to tell of Life in death.

May 19th, 1902.

XIII.

In the Redemption I reside,
For the renewings to provide.
For quickenings I form my place ;
In Nature serve by Word of Grace ;
In Nature serve, so to consume
The dragon worm that germs the doom ;
Through Nature breathe, so to expel
The dragon-stings of death and hell ;

The evil from the good to cleave ;
The good from evil to retrieve ;
Justice to lead through lives unjust ;
Urge fires of love through colds of lust ;
Germs of depravities to kill
In man's cold heart and woman's will.

In Mother-Father might I stand,
Till man holds Mother-Father Land.
Till Earth, redeemed from selfhood, swings
Into Life's zone of comfortings.

I plant my Word-staff, sure and firm,
To rule where coiled the dragon worm.
I loose the Word-song through the sense,
Where selfhood bred its foul offence.

I touch the limits of the chill
Where selfhood housed its deadliest ill.
I lead the fairy host, to free,
And captive lead captivity ;
The Holy People of the Rock
The selfhood siren to unfrock ;
The fictioned woman to disclose,
For piercings of the Judgment Rose.

One Worded hand, that Yessa claims,
Shall myriads pierce of mortal shames.
One Worded foot may bind and loose,
When fairy feet holds Yessa's shoes.

Foot-lift shall come for Woman's bands,
When Mother holds in feet and hands ;
Celestial breaths dissolve despair,
Where She wills animated air.

Lo, from Her bosom's warm extense,
Flows paradise to charm the sense,
And through Her bosom's breasting zone
New Eden rounds to be Her throne.

May 21st, 1902.

XIV.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord ; yea, from henceforth, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works follow them."

God's ways are gentler than the breath
Of Maytime o'er the flowers,
Wafting the sweets of holy death
Through Faith's unfolding hours.

Such Maytime calls the buds to bloom :
The virgin calyx parts ;
Then opes, through self's dissolving tomb,
The heaven of hearts-in-hearts.

The feet have met celestial airs :
Through martyrdoms they trod ;
But now they find the golden stairs—
Beatitudes of God.

“Touch to the feet,” the Spirit saith.
“Think to the feet and cling :
Ope through the death that is not death,
The sting that slays the sting.”

One lipped the cup the Saviour quaffed :
The drops in music fell.
The Loves through blossoms breathed and laughed,
Grouped round the Saviour-well.

“Think to thy feet !” the waters glide :
They leap through vein to vein.
Dying embraced, it kissed and died :
Pain sighed—no more was pain.

June 2nd, 1902.

XV.

This Truth in consummation witnesseth,
“Be not disheartened by the ‘Evil Death,’”
Who flaunts his flag of pestilence, and drives
His venomed ghosts from their infernal hives,
And by foul magic on thy flesh would prey,
And with his chill abstractions breed decay ;
Who sets his swarming Terrors in array ;
And fires the Tortures who his craft obey
And vomits putrefactions to defile
The breathing atmosphere, that lusts beguile.

“Stand thou defiant where his terrors pile.
Set thou upon his felon brow thy seal.—
Lo! trumpet-voiced, the constellations peal.—
Turn from the base ingratitude, that steal
The vigors, that for honor’s lift are wrought
Through sense, through soul, to lead new life, new
thought.

“Encourage Courage, till she stands to wing
And raise thee, grandly, joyful, victoring.
Say to Death’s dead, ‘Be dead.’ Consume her hosts :
Lead dissolution through her spectral coasts.”

June 3rd, 1902.

XVI.

Free from the crudities of youth,
The weaknesses of age,
I stand to witness for THE TRUTH,
And ope the Vital Page.

In Christ, for Christ, I reaffirm
The burden of His thought.
I overcome the selfhood’s worm.—
“See what the Lord hath wrought!”

Not mine to anger nor debate ;
To scorn nor smite nor ban.
I live to thrill and liberate
The Latent Christ in man.

My foot-lift to the feet I tread,
My brain-pulse to the brain.
My heart-fire to the hearts I wed ;
My breath till breaths unchain.

I press my form into the form
Of universal strife,
To still self's universal storm
In Christus-Christa's Life.

June 5th, 1902.

XVII.

My life, while virgin spring-tide calls,
A seed into God's furrow falls ;
Then lifts, as in a single night,
A song-flower blossomed in delight.

My life, that selfhoods named "profane,"
Flew as a song-bird o'er the plain ;
Yet rose above the solar coast,
To bosom in the Holy Ghost.

My life, that seemed a senseless loss,
Swung, passioned, in the Saviour Cross ;
Then rested in the Saviour tomb :
To rise re-born in Saviour bloom.

My life, that seemed to waste and fail,
All as a cloud-wreath on the gale,
Struck through the years, to root and stand,
A lyric tree, in Saviour Land.

Christ's vocal harp of many strings,—
I thrill when Lady Christa sings,
And soul-wrought passions are the keys
For Her enchanted melodies.

Touch to the verse : so thou shalt thrill
To Christ, for infinite good will.
Feel to the in-song : for thine ears
Shall flow young music of the spheres.

Feed in the sacramental verse :
So ill shall fail and grief and curse.
So in thy being shall ingerm
The Living Christ, to slay the worm.

June 5th, 1902.

XVIII.

If one should dare the Dare of dares
He dies unto the world's despairs ;
To rise re-born, a tree of bowers,
Blossomed to sense in Saviour flowers.

If one should lift the Lift of lifts
He shall embrace Lord Christ for gifts ;
To hold, full bosomed for control,
The charm that opes the Saviour scroll.

Blesséd are they who break the bread
From Christa's lips, whence Christ is fed.
The song-burst of their lives made free
Shall wake Time's new virginity.

Through evil self of sense in sex,
The hells to man for crime annex.
Through sex, in Christ-life born again,
God's bridal chambers build in men.

June 5th, 1902.

XIX.

The fated man who fills his fate ;
The free man who his freedom serves ;
For him the fruits of ages wait ;
To him the path of empire curves.

Set these in song, thy staff, O, king !
Lead Worded Courage for the brave.
The lyric thunders wait a-wing ;
They penetrate the Planet's grave.

The folly of the quickening fool
Disrobes the guile of selfhoods wise.
Earth's tomb becomes the Mother's pool ;
Through it the Martyred Ages rise.

Lift the song-banner in thy hand.
Mankind waits Poesy unfurled :
Blazoned aloft through Yessa's wand
For the new freedom of the world.

In verse the universe awoke :
The peopled orbs arose to be.
Another song,—the Master-stroke,—
And Lo ! that song mankind shall free.

June 5th, 1902.

XX.

In Yessa's bower-land I woke,
Lifted Earth's heavens and hells between.
The Virgin Song within me spoke,—
The maid of maids, the Lily Queen.

"Be comforted, for comfortings,
Far flowing as the crystal sea ;
Through poesy God's morning springs ;
The massive midnight turns to flee."

She drew the Word-wand through her breast :
Extended through her dimpled arm :
The Word-Dove by it rose to crest,
Then touched and toned for Yessa's charm.

"Lo, we are children of the skies,
Gifted to serve on Nature's coast ;
Pregnant to lead, through poesies,
Baptisms of the Holy Ghost."

June 5th, 1902.

XXI.

My life, that was a battle-plain
For Time's contending powers,
Where selfless Abel, selfhood's Cain
Fought on the mouldering towers,
Finds Paradise flame forth through pain,
Caught in the Judgment hours.

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I dip my thought in soft May dew
Of fairyhood to write,
How Christus-Christa rose to view
When Abel won the fight ;
Whilst all the life-plain verdured new
As Mercy kissed through Might.

Aye the old myths of Scripture hold
A concept from the Word ;
Meanings on meanings they infold :
Angels the dragons gird.
The "still, small voice" in song makes bold ;
Tone's fourthness in the third.

Once Music was a dancing girl,
Gay in Life's garden glen.—
Song, find thy lifting lyric swirl :
Trip to her measure then.
Lead on the fated Judgment whirl ;
Word-motion whirled through men.

Swing forth, brave Song ; thy happy dance
In melodies entwine.
O'er Life's new pleasure-plain advance :
Whirl to the golden line.
Pierce selfhood with the music lance,
Till Heaven in Earth enshrine.

June 6th, 1902.

XXII.

Song, rise and robe in virtues of good deed.
Fan to a star the fainting human gleed.
Bear thou abroad the blessings of good cheer.
Man must not famish now, when Christ draws near ;

But rise invigorate, with earnest eyes,
Holding his heart to Christ for high uprise ;
Each a son Michael, who self-Satan dares,
And conquers in song-music of sweet prayers,

Forgivenesses and charities divine.
Song, breathe beatitudes, yea, make them thine
For one supreme strong Purpose of goodwill.
Enter the universal human chill.

Rise from thy rest beneath the Saviour-shield :
Take thou no scrip or staff that mortals wield ;
Nor coin, but one Word-penny in thy purse,
That breeds to riches of life's universe.

Chant thou, to kindly men whom thou dost see,
"Wake, breathe to God ; Christ-Christa breathes to thee."
Hear to the Twain-One Voice : " Rise, follow Me."

For now the continent of Man must part,
And the dead stone become the living heart.
And, for the serpent's girth, the virgin zone
Of born beatitudes, from Christa's own.

For so the graves must open, and the rent
Chasm of self, part for a continent
Of twain-one men, arisen through the sea
Of sorrows, in Christ's new humanity.

Verse, go ye through the human world, to preach
God-word through every creature, and thy speech
Be in that "still, small voice," made lyric-strong
And exquisite in modulated song ;

To fill the tender human creature, so
As bosomed babes the mother's milk who know.
For, when the music circulates through Earth,
Shall come the wondrous rise, the "second birth"
Of Christus-Christa, hailed from near to far ;—
The Joyful King, the Golden Avatar.

June 7th, 1902.

XXIII.

Inflowings of the world of charm
Palsy the Selfhood's battle arm ;
Lead Word-sense through the nature-sense ;
Enthroned the Loving Innocence.
For Innocence the charm prolong.—
Sing "Hearts-go-strong," sing "Hearts-go-strong."

The Word-sense in thee would'st thou wake ?
Palsy the Selfhood's passion snake.
In purities of sex entwine :
So germs in flesh Christ's passion vine.
While Christa's love-birds charm the will ;
Sing "Hearts-go-still," sing "Hearts-go-still."

Through dare of dares to rest of rest,
Pass to repose as Christa's guest.
Through holy rest to holy rise,
Meet morning in Her paradise.
In worship in Her Holy Name,
Sing "Hearts-go-flame," sing "Hearts-go-flame."

Comfort, thou Song, Her people, so
As Maytime birds the Maytime know.
Song, in thy triumph, so display
The Mother-Queen in queen of May.
In Charm-world crown the Paraclete;
Sing "Hearts-go-sweet," sing "Hearts-go-sweet."

Bestow, thou Song : thy gifts dispense,
As she who gave her last of pence ;
Her all, a widow, so to be,
Save wed to Faith as Charity.
Till Woman's gifts make all things new,
Sing "Hearts-go-true," sing "Hearts-go-true."

June 7th, 1902.

XXIV.

The grounds of Socialism, sovran-free,
Are Unselfed Individuality.
'Tis selfized souls, wrapt in the nature-skin,
Scheme the Democracy of self-in-sin.
Ego's Democracy, heart dead, sense base,
Breeds Anarchy, the chaos of the race.

Men are not equal, save as Christ, in-through,
Opens the life for being born anew.
Men are not free, save as Indwelling Word
Habits within them to invire and gird :
Men not fraternal, till their social host
Shores the Communion of the Holy Ghost.

“ Ye must be born again : ye must, ye must ! ”
Earth's myriads, habited in selfhood's lust.
“ Ye must be born again,” ye self-unclean,—
Born to inbreathings of the Nazarene.
There are on Earth but fictioned, spectral men,
Till, through Indwelling Christ, they birth again.

To shape full freedom through the world's despair,
The quickening man must will the dare of dare ;
Make foothold sure within the “ Living Rock,”
Holding while selfhood's myriads bruise and mock ;
Breathing therein unto the doom of doom ;
Rising therethrough, from soul to flesh a-bloom.

For Freedom is God's attitude in man,
Word-Liberty, to will, create, and plan.
'Tis pain, 'tis loss, 'tis solitude, 'tis fight,
Rising when full to socialised delight :—
Denial, sacrifice ; the heart grown still
To voice and pulsate in the Saviour-Will.

So the inbreathed desire, Be free, be free,
Lyres to God's harmony in melody ;
Intones into the Spirit and the Bride :
Shapes to the purpose of the Crucified :
Grows in the time-growth of the Twain-in-One ;
Displays full might in man, made daughter-son.

June 8th, 1902.

XXV.

Bear and forbear! So Freedom serves,
Inspires, invigorates, in-nerves.
Lo! Her new Word-name: 'tis to thee
Inviolable Charity.
'Twill thy new manhood lift, new seen,
Transfigured in the Virgin Queen;
Arrayed and winged in robes divine;—
The freedom of the will is thine.

Give and forgive! So Freedom thrives;
Wins bloom-fields for the social hives.
So, to the Many, she ordains
The wealth of wealths that unprofanes.
So, through the Many, she a-lyres
Rich harmonies for social choirs.
So, in the Many,—wings unfurled,—
She orbs her world, her Social World.

So, in the Many, day and night,
Renews her broad, imperial flight;
Transforms, transposes age to youth.
Through spaceness leads delivering Truth.
The Man-in-Woman sacred stand
Revealed, redeemed, from land to land,
Whilst lives to lives, in blissful chord,
Make Sabbath rest for Christ the Lord.

June 8th, 1902.

XXVI.

The scales of self fall from the eyne ;
Then vision opes in Light divine.
Heart glows to universalise
Its kindness in full equities ;
So, equalised with common folk,
To lift the load, to bear the yoke.

Who feels the most shall serve the best.
His vine shall cluster, shall be prest,
That thirsted lives may fill, appease,
From chalices of charities.

Hold thy heart open, quiet, still ;
That common good the heart may fill,
For common life of endless days ;
For common song of worship-praise ;

The Sacramental Deity
Accepts thy heart, His cup to be.
In its chaste pulses, full shall flow
Love's nuptial wine from Lilimo.

Through its blithe givings, shall effuse
The lyric founts that charm the Muse,
To set the common heart a-ring,
In song-bells for the Joyful King.

For 'tis Christ's Holy Commonwealth
That the heart holds in, for her health
Of common virtue, common gift
Of common in-breath, common lift ;

Whereby Eternity in Time
Molds eloquence of truth sublime ;
Transmutes, transfigures language, so
That common speech shall thrill and glow ;
Until the common babe may wing
Aloft in minstrelsy, to bring
Word-dialect in vocal swell,
And common speech of Mother tell.

As babes clasped in the mother's arms,
Feel to the breast for food of charms,
The children of the common fold
In Mother Yessa shall embold,
And touch, so hallowed, full at ease,
The Goddess of the Mysteries.

That which is known not, shall be known.
That which is heard not, shall intone.
That which is seen not, shall be seen.
So the veiled Isis shall unscreen.
So Earth behold, through hallowed eyne,
God-Man, in Manhood's common shrine.

June 9th, 1902.

XXVII.

'Tis sweet to serve the Unprofaned Delight ;
Though service hurls the tortures to their height.
'Tis sweet to loose the liberating glees ;
Piercing by song the storms of agonies.
Sweet to antagonise the Dread of dread
And lead the Hope of hopes through Passion's bed,

Where passion lies, writhed in the dragon snake ;
Prey to sex orgies ; fed but to partake
Of "dust, the serpents' food" ; sweet to awake
In flowings of the bride-breath, to their term
'Gainst manhood's foe of foes, the passion worm.

"Ye must be born again" ; ye must, ye must ;
Dear man and woman, dupes to passion's lust.
"Ye must be born again."—Touch to the knee
Of Goddess Yessa, the lost truth to see.
Jesus clasped Yessa in his body's bed :
The Second Eve in Second Adam fed.
So, crested in such exquisite embrace
The Word, made Passion, that redeems the race.

All sacred in all sexual, Christ, One-Twain,
Entered mankind to bear its sexual pain.
Touch Sexual Truth, touch to the sexual knee
Of Christa-Yessa ; dare to feel and see.
Feel to the Fact in ultimates ; the Fact
Wherein regenerations breed and act.
The Word of God, made flesh and blood again,
By sex-regeneration quickens men.

'Tis good to serve the Unprofaned Delight :
Whereby the Good of good is borne to might.
Thereby mankind puts off the serpent skin
That clothes his sexual ; quickens from within.—
Serve, to obliterate the snare of snares :
Serve, to invigorate the dare of dares :
Serve, to save Woman, in her Worded norm :
Serve, to initiate the Saviour-morn.

June 10th, 1902.

XXVIII.

A Word-king spake, by style "Fidelius Rex."
"The uncontaminated Truth of Sex,
When I was called 'George Fox,' in times you know,
Wrought in me, as a man of grace, to glow
And witness for the Word, made quickening
For famished souls, thrall'd in the mortal sting.—
Now I renew my witness tenderly,
Touching, as in thy touch, to Yessa's knee.

"Knights of the Garter are we, Comrade Knights,
Who serve by grace the Queen of Love's Delights.
In-song through out-song issues to express
Her charm, the Loveliness of loveliness.

"Her Word-Knights we, apparelled to be bold :
Twained in Word-Ladies vested in rich gold ;
In whom the Beautiful of Her appears :
By whom the Bountiful of Her endears.—
Her flow our sea ; Her firm our continent.

"She is thus to us made Divine Consent ;
Made Amplitude for all endearing things
Of sex in worship ; sex in rounding rings
Of social service through unending years.
So through Her ever our sweet Lord appears,
Transfigured o'er the crucifying tree,
To rule in us for timed eternity."

The Kingly Man,—his Lady through him stood
In glorious robes of wifely womanhood.
Bloomed in her hand the Worded Woman's wand,
Whereby she sways for gifts in Woman-land.

Through her charmed bosom rose the doves in flight ;
One in my bosom breasted, and the might
Of song rose in its carol and then through
My being fluttered, and song rose to view
And bore her voice into me, and I felt
Warm tendernesses through my senses melt,
That swept by givings all to re-transpose
The life of action to its formed repose.

June 10th, 1902.

XXIX.

As the obedient sense grows bold,
More and still more of Christ to hold,
I touch the more to Christa's knee,
Knit to the One-Twain Chastity.
In the pavilions of her charm,
I rest the more from Earth's alarm,
And meet the morning in the trine
Illuminations, felt divine.

This is THE LIFE : in Christ to know ;
In Christ to gather and bestow.—
In Christa's might I chord anew,
Thrill to The Rose whence being grew ;
Thrill to Her bosom's blissful fire.
Love-fragrance of the Word's desire,
Charges and animates the veins ;
Diffuses joy through heart and reins,
Pregnant for thought the world along
In amplitudes of Bridal Song.

If thou would'st Selfhood's might unhelm ;
If thou would'st Selfhood's wave o'erwhelm ;
If thou for Her would'st chivalrise,
Touch to the knee, feel to the eyes.

See thou by Word-sight to Behold.
The sacred shrine—the Mount of Gold ;
Splendor of splendors ; Light-in-light
Of Chastities Co-Infinite.

Here, in the holy sovereignty
Of GOD, made WOMAN, kneel to lip
In holiest verse, till songs arise
Of Chastities in chastities.—

In Christa's Lilimola voice,
Thou Song, rejoice ! rejoice ! rejoice !
So rest thee in the sacred shades,
Blest in communion of Her maids,
The Ladies of Her sacred host,
Word-daughters of the Holy Ghost.

June 11th, 1902.

XXX.

The little life, I have to give
In verse, is vain and fugitive,
Except as through it brim and tide
Songs of the Spirit and the Bride.

The lays upon their service wait,
Wrought in the pregnancy of fate ;
Borne in the Word-breath free and far,
In Christa fill ; of Her they are.

This is the full Church Militant,
Denied on Earth yet aye extant.
'Tis where the soul in sex-sense glows,
In love from Christa's Bridal Rose.

The Human Heavens o'er Earth enthroned,
Belted and borne in Christa's zone.
All human Earths, from selfhood free,
Touch each to each by Christa's knee.
Her Space is universal round ;
The pure, the infinite profound.

The Universal Lady-Lord,—
Twain-One their Lives make common chord ;
In vast World-systems where they dwell
There is no sin, no death, no hell.

The Spousal Infinite are Ye,
Lord-Lady, in supreme degree.
By spousal oceans flow Ye on ;
Round spousal orbs make horizon ;
In spousal continents engage
The volumed Word through ageless age.

The mortal man, who, selfed in strife,
Has dropped the Word-germ from his life,
Lies "dead in trespasses and sins,"
Howe'er his outward semblance wins.

Through finites of all finites, tends
The Infinite ; makes rounding ends ;
So, in each drop of human dew,
Made animate, Word-fashions through :
The Twain-in-One inbreathes, implies ;
As Fairy Christ to fairy eyes.

Broad fields of infancy unspoiled,
That never sinned yet ever toiled,—
The human lilies, yet in germ,—
Their fragrances to Christ affirm.
The fairy folk, to Worded sight,
So blossom forth in Christa's might.

When chastities the sense adorn,
The fairy land in flesh is born.
When Worded breath the bosom opes,
The fairies charm its blossomed slopes.
So far as chastities extend,
The fairy folk to dwelling tend.

He who in flesh Lord Christ achieves,
Holds fairy Adams, fairy Eves :
Motives for motions through them dart,—
Word-virtues to man's new-born heart.

In sweet communion of their bliss,
The chastited affections kiss.
In blest communion of their song
The "hearts-grow-wise," the "hearts-go-strong."

This is the heaven of sinless glee,
That breeds in man's new infancy.
So man, by lusts no more defiled,
Transforms into the "little child."

June 11th, 1902.

XXXI.

MAN CHRIST, Prime Actor in the acts,
Through Time's historic scene refracts
His kind, sweet Courages ; 'tis then
Great heroisms live again.

His Word-play, through the Nature-play,
Leaps in the fourth-dimensioned ray ;
Through sorrow, sordor, filth and grime,
Imprints eternity on time.

'Twas Christ who made Napoleon great,
Though he rebelled and dared his fate.
On, through the dregs of lusts obscene,
Urges the toiling Nazarene.
Still, through the fall, the lift implies ;—
Gethsemanes and Calvaries.

The hope of Christ pervades the air,
Where, else, would breed the world's despair.
The faith of Christ a-wings the wind,
Where else would suffocate the mind.
The charity of Christ inflows,
Where else all men to men were foes.

The chastities of Christa thrill,
To neutralise the sexly Ill.
Her chastities urge more and more,
Down to the dying harlot's floor.

They penetrate the impious glee,
That sweeps self-passion's raging sea :
The torments rise, the terrors rave,
But Christa's feet are on the wave.

Man Christus stands, as fay made small,
In human inmost's primal hall :
Stands and enfolds that smallest man,
Upholds to cheer, inspire and span.

Lo, Christ in Christa ! Ever so
Germs for regeneration grow :—
Through souls of woe, and wreck and wrath
Opens Regeneration's path.

Christ, inmost 'gainst lust's Belial crew,
Through warfare, murder, slime and spue ;
Christ, fuller-formed as soul to sense ;—
Man wills and dares to innocence.

XXXII.

Fay Saviour in the fairy world,
Christ, who the great self-dragon hurled,
Beams there in Glorious Infantine ;
Orbs there for Sun of Life to shine.

D

A man-point, minimised in size
Beyond all reach of mortal eyes ;
In substacked essence pure, intense
Beyond all feel of mortal sense ;
By Christus-Christa's form may hold
A centred space, enorbed gold,
A realm for infinite desires,
By sense unknown, till God inspires.

Finite infinitudes of thought
So dwell, to man's new life inwrought.
Finite infinitudes of might
May so in man's new will delight.
Above the sordid, sexual drift
Of passioned evils, loves may lift,
Pregnant with virtues, fervid, rife
With blessings of eternal life.

When inmost good to outmost glows
Through human sense sweet splendor flows.
When in-form outer form includes,
Man shapes in-formed beatitudes.

Touch to me gently : touch and feel.
Such form is in me, head to heel.
Therefore I stand, where death has stood,
To witness for the Utmost Good.
Therefore for gift of grace I stand,
A witness-guide to Saviour Land.

Where print of death was on my brow,
The seal of life eterne is now.
Call me not "grieffless," though I breathe
Full-hearted pains, while mortals grieve ;

Yet name we "Blessed." I express
The Saviour-grief in blessedness.
So touch through transports of the lyre :
Touch to the quickening Saviour-fire.

June 12th, 1902.

XXXIII.

This is the warfare where Lord Christ, the Actor,
Summons the man to do his daring Past ;
Edit his self-life, made its just redactor :
Revoke his years ; self-evil from them cast.

This is the warfare where the Man of Ages
Makes equal presence with the man, to serve :
Stands to him in his life, to ope its pages :
Leads him to battle, vital nerve to nerve.

Man must dissolve his own self-evils ; buried ;
Self-hidden ; smothered ; else they rise afresh ;
Impure self-pleasurings wherein he merried ;
Sins of the soul, the spirit, and the flesh.

Man, to achieve the greater animation,
Must wait not for the purgatorial world ;
But in the flesh complete the full purgation,
To rise in Christ, for Paradise imperaled.

June 13th, 1902.

XXXIV.

This is the path wherein the man must follow,
To make his fulness an eternal life ;
Rise in new morning all as 'rayed Apollo,
Son of the morning, victor in the strife ;
Folding in Truth his being full and fair ;
Breathing in God-breath for his common air.

Ascetic not, voluptuist nor stoic,
He must transfuse heredities inborn.
He must become to his self-flesh heroic ;
Conquer self-pleasure and deny its horn.
He must of spirit-bread in flesh partake ;
To all things, by all honors, be awake.

He must enlarge his mental habitation,
And through all oldnesses unclothe the new.
He must serve ever to the Renovation,
And through all loss heroic toil pursue.
Not sceptic, bigot, sectist, puritan,
Stand forth he must ; Truth's Universalan.

He must avow no more than he believes.
That which he most believes he must aver.
He must be open to the truth that grieves.
Must his outgrown beliefs ensepulchre.
He must make kindnesses his dear pursuit ;
Belied and cursed, be all as Jesus mute.

He loves the love of love, the hate of hate,
The scorn of scorn, the uplift of mankind,
The death of death, the Life inviolate,
The service-paths that through all terrors wind.
Loves he to serve, to work no creature ill,
And plow his life into God's furrow still.

Stands he in Christ for the heroic act,
Till fourthness through his thirdness full implies,
Poised, balanced, energetic, all compact
Of purpose, whilst the death within him dies ;
A Word-seed he, dropt in the Saviour, mold,—
See how the sowings of Lord Christ unfold !

XXXV.

He who so overcomes the Foe of foes,
Feels to rich merriments as battles close ;
Feels quickening songs leap through to joy and cheer ;
Trips by the foot-lift to the Lord's new Year ;
Feels the Word's breathing pulse the orbéd brain ;
Feels to caressings of the Bridal Train ;
Through quivering senses tastes aromal bread.—
Song-Lazarus forsakes the grave, his bed.

He who has comforted the feeble ghosts ;
Led hope and cheer to their afflicted coasts ;
He who has led the foot-lift, by sweet fall
Of heavenly music to enease the thrall ;

He who has dared, until the daring clave
The haunting terrors that infest the grave ;
Pivots his life in energies, to bring
Such festal trophies to the Joyful King

Sure, 'tis the wonder of all wonderments
When unrepenting time its wrath repents ;
When, o'er the snow-clad cliffs of age, swift sheaves
Of summer ripen for new Adam-Eves ;
When suddenly the Joy Deferred is born,
To leap full-winged, and bosom to the morn ;
When suddenly the hungered Hopes are fed
To Certainty, full-plenished with sweet bread ;
When, to the doorway of the being, feels
The Hand of hands, for entrance that appeals,
And the Voice utters,—Voice that wakes the dead,—
“ Ye housed My sorrows, now house Me instead.”

June 13th, 1902.

XXXVI.

Beautiful, thrice-blessed they
Who in Christ make service-play.
Who in Christ make service-room,
Find and fill the opportune.
God, the universe who bears,
Folded in His Form of Cares ;
God, the universe who lifts,
Fashioned in His Form of Gifts ;
To the least of little things,
Makes His Form of Servicings.

So in Christ we worship on ;—
Round from germ to horizon.
This our covenant with Christ,
Self, to service sacrificed.

Days, wherein our service grew ;
Rise in sweetness to renew.
Days, wherein our service met
Loss, discomfiture, regret ;
Breed new vigour ; form to rise,—
Vastness in capacities.

Risen Christ, to mortal eyes
Did he once transfigure ?
He transfigures, ever on,
Lives in lives that horizon.

We are souled, forever souled,
In the lives our gifts consoled.
In Christ's kingdom, soul in sense.
Each free gift finds recompense.
As we fill through serving might,
Christ forms in us for delight.
Kingdom, first a little seed ;
Kingdom of the hearts that bleed ;
Lo ! the Infinite in small
Orbs it on to All in all.

June 14th, 1902.

XXXVII.

'Twas the Word, not yet made flesh,
Roused the failed mankind afresh.
Song, thy regal thought aver ;
Christ, Supreme Philosopher.
From His Being's pregnant state
Consciousness to form and weight
'Neath the broad o'erarching wings
Woke mind's grand imaginings.
Flutterings of the Royal Word
Pulsed and palpitated ; heard
By the men of high degrees,
Wedded to their destinies.

Moses in the burning tree
Met pre-natal Deity.
Buddha, Zertush, Plato felt
To His zodiacal belt.
Where His life-swell met the dead,
Rival scriptures fought and bled.
Hierophants, from slumber's ease,
Dreamed the scale of Deities.
Christ unborn, who grieved above,
Winged for thought the Holy Dove ;
Woke the sentiment of thought,
For the regnancy of Ought,
Sense of the Divine, that thrust,
Pierced the shield of selfhood's lust.

Zoroaster caught the clue :
'Twas the Persian saved the Jew.
Christ, as Mithras, there pre-shone,
Son of God, the All-Alone,

Mithras, Son of Battle, steeled ;
Word of Warfare, strength of shield.
Mithras, Saviour, Man of man,
Piercing, chaining Ahriman.

Mithras, Bestness, meeting worse,
Wins the fight of bliss and curse.
Mithras, mighty to endure,
Brings the universal cure ;
Leads inversion to inverse ;
Knits the sundered universe.

In the Solar Cult I stand ;
Kneel and worship, staff in hand,—
Orbed in Zoroaster's theme,
Vision Christ, the Man Supreme.

June 14th, 1902.

XXXVIII.

Honor, Substanted Truth of things ;
Serve we Him by honorings.
Christ is Honor, First and Last.—
Thou to Honor's act art cast,
Christ is Honor, led to view,—
Honor, service to pursue.
Thou to Honor's feet art set :
Honor, as thine angel, met :
Led thee from the false un-good—
Clasped thee in brave comrade-hood.
Honor in thee, sure and firm,
Grasps and slays the dragon worm.

'Tis Dishonor's poisoned knives
Thrust and slay through ruined lives.
'Tis dishonor that consumes
Soul in sense, till man entombs.
One dishonorable deed
Through the life may ruin lead ;
Unrepented will, a-gee,
Feeds the serpent, self, in thee.

Thou art lost, to skin and bone ;
Till Christ's honor is thine own.
Life's first law is Honor's code.
Love thy neighbor ; lift the load.—
By the sure, strict law abide :
Stand, though flesh is crucified.

There's false honor, well as true ;
Rottenness, in self that grew.
'Tis the selfhood's part to take ;
"Never disobey the snake.
In religion's proudest cant
Praise unto Jehovah chant ;
Posing so as to avow
'I am holier than thou.'"

Honor's holiness but shows
As the ripening worths disclose.
Honor's worthness only thrives
In the growth of honored lives.

June 14th, 1902.

XXXIX.

'Tis the Dishonorable ever strives
To cut off men from their new Worded lives.
Rocked in the Wall Street whirl, its dupes efface
Christ from the consciousness : to ruin race.
Here the false honor rears its throne, and brings
Christ in subjection to the money kings.

Here the False Honor tramples on the True ;
Enthrones god Mammon in his cursed crew ;
Enthrones god Belial in palaced sin ;
Seals up the heart-ways lest Lord Christ come in ;
Enthrones god Moloch o'er industrial good ;
Leads the Land's liberties to ruinhood ;
Tramples on Equities ; denies the Rights
Of souls and Peoples ; for Oppression smites :
Serves the god Intrigue, coiled, with serpent eyes ;
The soul debauches, and its fact denies.
The avaricious god, the god of guile,—
O'er the crushed hearts upbuilds his gorgeous pile.
Here the god Cruelty whets venomd darts ;
Pollutes the conscience to defile the hearts ;
Makes wasted Industry the spoiler's might,
And gloats on virtue with unsated sight,—

Efface "dishonorable" from thy brow :
Brother, would'st thou repent and Christ avow ?
Deny the selfhood, that would aye impost
"Dishonor" on the broad-browed Holy Ghost.

June 15th, 1902.

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XL.

Keep honored Sabbath to the God, thy Lord.
In Honor's name let honored verse record.
Advance the banner, fling it to the breeze,
Blazoned with truth, aflame with chastities.

In Wall Street view God Honor on the Cross,
Pierced, bleeding, dying there in manhood's loss.
There meet God Honor, hounded to the grave,
Lifting resurgent, strong to serve and save.
Ascendant, still behold Him grieve and bleed,
Lost to his potency, in wasted seed.

Honor, Christ-Lazarus, at Mammon's gate,
Starving, afflict with sores, assumes his state
Of awful sovranty ! Blow trumpets, blow
Thou Song, and in Resurgent Honor glow !

Touch thou again unto the Holy Knee.
Enter the Being of All-Chastity.
So in the chastities dare on : make blaze
In darkness, through foul dalliance that betrays.
On to the "Tenderloin." Approach, appal :
"Mene upharsin" blazon on the wall
Where Belial's concubines and Mammon's kings
Make midnight drunken with foul revellings.

Vice is most vicious, self-debauched and huge,
Clad in fleshed robes, dishonor's subterfuge.
Woman is best of man, when she enzones
And crowns in brilliant Christ-gemmed regal stones,
For honor o'er her brow, all queenly so ;
Ennobling, blessing, healings to bestow.

Woman is worst of man, pierced, ruined, rent
In life's dishonor to her last event ;
To infamy, for infamies, ensworn,
Made the beguiling body of the worm.

Song pleads, " Bear thou with me a little while.
I kiss to Christa's lips that unbeguile.
Into the last dishonorings would dare.
Pierce Woman's heel, Lo! Christa meets thee there.
Christ Man in man may pitch a Pilgrim tent :
Christ Woman there leads on life's last event."

XLI.

Lord Christ ! hold to me, lest the utterance fail :
Breathe, bleed within me, till the song prevail.—
Women, full worst, are woman libertines,
Dishonor's rulers, concubines and queens,

Fierce vampires of the heart, they suck its blood
Of soul, and through the senses overflow.
Through vampire-woman burns the fallen star :
Her impious larves through manhood fatten far.

Song, through the cruel streets thy garments trail,
Where the lost woman scents and taints the gale.
Hers are the skirts, bedraggled and begrimed,
Fouled by putridities that foul the wind.

Poor, foolish lasses, how they prink and prim ;—
Step in the sin-pool, with the joys to swim. •
Joys ope grim jaws, no more as lads they smile :
They shape the brute, the serpent of the Nile.

Honor repentant Magdalen, made sweet, —
In re-sexed innocence at Christ's dear feet.
To these,—on, ever as in such as these,—
Christa would urge Her Path of Chastities.

Lo! Her lost Lilies, broken from the stem,
She would revive, embosom, Mother them ;
Ingather in Her Passion, bear them on ;
Lead New Jerusalem through Babylon.

On Woman's life-tree swing man's sexual worms.
In her leaved virtues breed infectuous germs ;
Devour her foliage, defile her fruit ;
Then scorn her, desolate and dissolute.

Till Woman's life-tree lifts, releaved, reflowered ;
In Christ's sex-consciousness upborne, embowered,
Redemption staggers, hovers in refute.
Doom darkens over Manhood ;—lost the lute,
The viol and the choral joys in song.

His Land shall be named "Ruin," and the strong
Swift Judgment, that whirls in to end the Wrong
In woman, wrought on woman, that awaits,
Shall in his sex-sense ope its fiery gates.

Lo! on Dishonor's visors and proud helms
Sudden shall fall the night that overwhelms.—
For pampered bodies, panoplied in lust,
Shall be but calcined ashes of white dust.

June 15th, 1902.

XLII.

New-coming Christ is cosmopolitan.
Evolving in the universal plan
Of all-redemptions, through the one to all,
He permeates the Planet's human ball.
Ever the song is flowing, lips a-lyre,
Baptised into the Holy Ghost and fire.

God-speech is logical. It falls dispread
Over Earth's dying yet reviving bed.
I touch the Mother to ascensive knees ;
In Christa's valleys meet discoveries.
The Unveiled Beautiful reveals Her face.
The Unzoned Excellence shows form of grace.

I was a floating deity by night ;—
A shade, transfigured as in solar light ;—
A shade borne luminous o'er death and fear,
Flooding as in the solar atmosphere.
Borne in the living radiance to array,
My being fed and folded in with day,
And so by day was filled to overflow
With lyric splendors ;—yet to enter Woe,
And pass into temptation ; standing meek
And innocent, as on the mountain peak,
In JESUS imaged, as He stood agone,
'Touching from centre-space to horizon.

Lo! on the mount stood One with me, One-Twain,
That I might feel the universal pain ;—
Temptation wrought from universal Wrong ;
Man's rotted selfhood ; hold and yet be strong,

And dare and yet not perish ; sense the smell
Of self-sexed man and woman's bed, made hell,
Yet hold Redemption, blissful to bestow ;
Breathing pure fragrance of Love's bridal flow ;
Meeting the stench of doom in libertines,
Breeding self-sex fire,—Lusthood's kings and queens;—
Inhale and yet not suffocate.—I spied
The Central Sin that swells the human tide
Of Lust's diseases, and that rounds its crust
O'er man's extreme formation.—“Dust to dust,
Thou wert and shalt return.”—Such end awaits.
'Tis in the sex man generates his fates.

June 15th, 1902.

XLIII.

The Secret of Man Jesus!—Thus it ran :
God, Word of Flesh, made Worded flesh of man.
Proceeding Flesh, evolving by degrees ;
Discreted Life through continuities.

The Word, the Twain-One Word, the Bridal Word
In Jesus stood ; One Man to our Earth's third
Of space dimension ; borne at last to sight
From blessed Mary's body of delight.

So was born Mithras, fighting Ahriman ;
Word of goodwill—for lust-clad lost of man.—
One God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost ;
As Moses found upon our mortal coast,
Babe in his ark of reeds, the cradled sense ;
Lord God to outermost through imminence.

Voice of Lord God, through infant lips made new,
Shaped earthly dialect to fashion through,
Seraphic in barbaric.—Thus were spun
The thrilling flesh-robcs worn by Mary's Son ;
God-Life made Infant Life, all lives to fill
With one supremest essence of goodwill.

Sing of Young Jesus : dare to look : behold !
A modest youth, He knoweth, yet untold,
Of Truth, because it groweth in His size.
Because 'tis orbéd in His open eyes ;
Sex-truth, because it riseth in His stem ;
Rounds in His testicles to diadem.

The sexual truth of Christ, by self unknown,
Holds heavens, to flow through heavens by zone in zone.
The sexual good of Christ, in sexual true,
Renews eternity ; makes all things new.
The sexual use of Christ, the use to serve,
Knits manhood unto Godhood, nerve by nerve.
The sexual all of Christ, from first to last,
Creation in Redemption holdeth fast.
Then say of Christ, who in such honor trod,
" Our Mother, and our Father, and our God."

This is the Pillar Truth, that stands secure,
To hold the order of Redemption sure ;
The Pillar of the Rock, wherein sublime
The high archangels hold the keys of time ;
And the Companion Good ;—within it dwell
The naiad angels. There the Mother's well.

E

Love-Christa through Her pregnancies made ease ;
Bore Word-germs, myriads, immortalities,
To bloom, through nature folden, and to show,
Twain-one man-chastities in worlds below.

“ Consider of the lilies, how they spin ”
Pure vestal flesh from innocence within.
The naiad angels, vestals of Her choir,
Ever they bathe in Holy Ghost and fire.

Consider of the exquisite, clear sea,—
The ocean of Her Sex-Divinity,
That flows through bridal heaven to heaven afar.—
Her naiad angels, wedded doves they are :
They beam and sparkle, undulate and glide :
The living waters through their transports tide.

June 16th, 1902.

XLIV.

HYMN—“ ROCK OF AGES ”—I.

Rock of Ages, firm and free,
Form Thy pillar-sense in me.
Cleanse me so, and still and save,
Till the selfhood finds its grave ;
Till Thy social orbs in-stone :
Thou canst save, and Thou alone.

When temptation's utmost heat
Surges o'er me, brow to feet ;
Ope to sense of Christa's well,
Where the living waters dwell.
Cleanse me in the vital flow,
Where the naiad angels glow.

Breathe in me Thy passioned breath,
Till I find the holy death.
In me hold, lest sin surprise ;
Hold me on till loves uprise,
So, in sex, made purity,
Ever on, Thy child to be.

By the water and the blood ;
Father-fire and Mother-flood,
Ever be my sun for light ;
Ever be my star of night ;
Feed me from Thy passioned vine ;
I in Thee, since Thou art mine.

Rock of Ages, made mine own,
In me build as living stone ;
Sculptured image, yet a-thrill ;
Naked in the Worded Will.
Aye, to feed as I am fed,
Be Thou so my daily bread.

June 16th, 1902.

XLV.

Being baptised into the Holy Ghost,
I wake to Freedom, inmost-outermost.
The Spirit of Desire fills utmost need.
I stand as Ajax where I shook as reed.
Arouse thou Song! touch to the Vital Well;
Flooded with melody its meaning tell.

In man's first era the posterior brain
Shrined life's vast capitol, its sacred fane.
The Golden People touched the basic sense,
Where natural life reposed in innocence.
Word-life flowed in, the sexual sense to fill,
And will as yet knew not the form of Ill.
The sexual will rose firm, the God to kiss:
Will, now, draws down to feed from self's abyss.

Man's basic faculties, inviolate,
Drew of God's basic for their form of state.
In sexual forms of grace each instinct stood.
Man touched to God through sexual Womanhood.
From basic sense Religion wrought its spell.
Time sang melodious to Love's marriage bell.

God stood behind man, stately to uphold.
Men rested unto God, so rest was bold.
Then Sleep rose up divinely, quieting
The rounding nature in its golden ring

Of inspirations, flowing in God's ease,
To feed and fill the duteous faculties.
Man was enamored unto God : no fear
Of God, but filial instinct to revere.

June 17th, 1902.

XLVI.

HYMN—"ROCK OF AGES"—II.

"Life is risen," Christa saith,
"Risen through the holy death."
Life is here, no more to die ;
Life in Christ to glorify.
New-born years their kingdom shrine
For the Beautiful Divine.

Lift the blessing ; bear it on ;
Crown the human horizon.
Christ is come, is come again !—
Breeds His fleshliness to men ;
Leads the glory through the shame ;
Crowns o'er sex the Holy Name.

Lo ! the holy fires that thrill,
Glowing o'er the Holy Hill.
Claim the worship for their own,
Till the witnessing is shown.
In the Purities that meet
Find the Twain-One Mercy Seat.

Where the warfares rage the worst,
Living waters quench the thirst.
Love Herself, in living flow,
Bosom opes to bless thee so.
Where the mourners bore the bier,
Death is buried : Christ is here !

June 17th, 1902.

XLVII.

The Christed man, through holy death arisen,
Leads then , the Muse and Genius to unprison.
Word-kindred, who, in bearings, held the gate
Of his Word-service open, and the straight
And narrow way of his long-service clear ;—
They rounded through him to the final year.

Thereon the Genius and the Muse dilate.
Their gifts are largened, and the service-weight
Is lifted from them. They keep “glorying,”—
The holy festival ; their joys a-ring
Together, and their Word-songs, wing-in-wing.

June 17th, 1902.

XLVIII.

When Song was born, through Nature's open fist
She threw her wingéd Transcendentalist.
So Nature loves the Poet. He, in her,
Feeds of her milk, her honey, and her myrrh ;

Sports in her pastimes ; warms him in her gleeds ;
Joys in her latent paradise ; that breeds
Deliciously for the renewing primes ;
Discovers in her breast the summer climes
Of instincts, honors, beautiful delights ;
Draws to the Word-play in their passioned flights.

'Tis in the transcendental thoughts aver
Of JESUS ; Nature's born philosopher ;
Man, Nature-formed, his feet through time to plod,
Whilst Woman Nature nursed the infant God.

He bosomed, blest the young divinities,
Blithe playmates of his opening sport and ease ;
The thought-mates of the thruthness-wisdom school,
Where his sensed intellect found truth in rule.

In transcendental Poesy began
Song of the Incarnation. Jesus ran
From birth in earthness to materialise ;
To shape and passion to its destinies ;
Embodied so the Genius for its flame ;—
The Brother-Sister of its race became.

As He took on the fleshness of the Jew
His thought assumed its scripture, through it grew ;
Assuming to transcend it ; pitched His tent
Of knowings in it ; through its shadow leant
To open, not consume it : song alit
On Israel's forehead from Song Infinite.
Yet men but listened small, heard but as ears
Were open to God's music of the spheres.

In the back brain of Truth He sat and saw
On to the forefront of its primal law.
In the full form of Truth He stood, and knew,—
Eternity in time revealed anew.
In the full loss of man, He dwelt, to bless,
And made Himself Imputed Righteousness.
So He took on the uttermost unease
Of selfhood's lust and sin's depravities.
So He was regnant o'er the last obscene,
The fallen pillar and the well unclean.
'Tis He who brought forgiveness ; for He is
Supreme Forgiveness, of its gift who gives.

June 18th, 1902.

XLIX.

The Common Christ holds stand into the back,
Through spine revolves the sphere and zodiac.
Through it sublimes, to order and express
Mankind's assimilative righteousness.

He, who was sown in fleshness, fleshly stands :
His vast regalities make heart and hands,
That man in Him may stand to rise, a king,
In Honor for all gifts of honoring.

Ascetic murders flesh, but Christ puts on ;
Makes of starved Nature His companiön ;
Reopens Manhood to the heavenly coasts,—
Concords of solar, planetary hosts ;
From man the pigmy, dwarfed in self-conceit,
Builds man the hero, armed to Honor's feet.

June 18th, 1902.

L.

On the rock pillar, diademed, impearled,
Stands Christ, Man Liberty, to light the world.
The wingéd constellations to Him bow ;
They meet Divinity upon His brow.
The Woman Liberty, who glows through Him ;—
To Her descend the ardent seraphim.

There's an awakening in the Planets near :
Lord Mars thrusts forth his fiery, sworded spear,
And Lady Venus loosens for the flow ;—
Loosens for sisterness her bosomed bow.

Long has Earth wandered, lonely, self-outcast ;—
The Lost Girl of the Planets : she at last
Feels the New Life thrill to her tortured veins ;
Opes to the Word-glow in her passioned reins ;—
Touches new light ;—Christ in the solar glow ;
Wakes to new love, where Christa breathes below.

June 18th, 1902.

LI.

A shadow wheels and rocks and staggers past :
'Tis the Self Britain, proud, imperial, vast,
Girt to her belted groin. The Star has thrust
The sword-spear through her vitals, and the lust
Of gold and world-dominion may not save.
Democracy waits for her refuge.—grave!

Swift, swifter, swiftest, Time's events make whirl.
Around the throbbing orb the shadows curl ;
But calm, still calm, till sweetest breath flows in,
To lead the bliss of death, the death of sin.
Song, breathe, behold ! see, from thy vestal tent,
Events converging to the Great Event.

June 18th, 1902.

LII.

Man his organic continent adjusts
To God, as he in Honor wills and musts.
'Tis the dishonored self, in sex that wills,
O'erthrows Religion and its content spills.

Let man repent from his organic fall,
Then God-flesh, inmost, grows to fill his all.
Stand thou, supreme o'er self's "gottdammering,"
And face the curses to their utmost cling.
Unparticled from God the flesh must be,
If it denies not self's "gottdammerie."

Sin frolics through the flesh to selfhood's round,
When man, the mortal, falls to man, the hound ;
Man, the brute-fiend, whose evils find their term,
Shapes lust, to form the fiery dragon worm.

In sin they fester, who in sex partake
Of fleshly banquets with the dragon snake ;
All evils to one evil head and thrust,
Till personality falls, dust to dust.

All the profanities converge, profane,
Where self in sex holds, triumphs in the brain,
And all insanities their passions ease
When self through instincts breeds profanities.

I lift the Word-staff on the pillared stone.
Christ of the Pillar, Thou canst save alone!
He who holds all from Christ and all to Him,—
In his full path must front the anarchim;
Must tear from anarchy its last disguise
And show sex-self, organic man of lies.

June 19th, 1902.

LIII.

As the swarming selfhoods rive,
Stinging from their hornet hive;
Selfs, upon the brow that hurl;
Crazed, impetuous; deaths that curl;—
Where they charge, defiant, dense
On the Word-wrought basic sense;
When by tongues of curse they wheel
Where the Worded instincts feel;
When they urge the columned sins
Where the Worded life begins;—
Posture so to overturn;
Brim with death the fountained urn;—
Where the ghosts of Selfs unbound
Make the flesh their battle-ground;
Stand, in Honor to array;—
In Christ's path thy service way.

June 19th, 1902.

LIV.

O, to be honest ; silent through the stings
Of self's reporterings and slanderings ;
Brave to ignore the slanders of its Press ;
In silentness Christ Silent to confess !

The God made flesh was born at selfhood's door ;
" His father devil, and his mother whore."
So church and moral of Him spake of old ;
So in the infamies His Life enscrolled ;
" A youth who by Infernoes wrought his art ;
The great-mouthed Satan coached him for his part."
He, silent, blest as slanders round him purred.
Betrayed, belied, He answered not a word.

To the deliciousness of Christ I wheel.
In Him all selfhoods of mankind repeal.
At His sure feet, nigh Mary Magdalene,
With her enraptured meet the Bridal Queen ;
Touch by the Word-sense, holy, sweet, divine.
So, to adore, twain-one the lives entwine.

LV.

Earth waits the outbirth of her coming man,
Borne to America through Lilistan ;
Word-Child of Christus-Christa, Twain-in-One :
Fruit of Christ's victory, a daughter-son ;
Fruit of Christ's victory ; a sign and seal.

Old prophecies he shall in flesh reveal,
And the true lamp, that sacred sages lit,
Touched by the Word-torch, flame to infinite,
The prophecies shall in him bud to fruit ;
Laughter shall warble ; wisdom find her lute.

In the frank joyance, God to lip shall flow ;
By warm, sweet melodies the loves bestow.
In the deliciousness of God, shall lift
Deliverances for mankind adrift.

He shall be made a finger-point from God.
Cloud-shadows on his mouth shall dim the sod
Of human nature, for dissolving rains.
His path of pleasures penetrates the pains.

Men-flesh who falter from their bosom fire,—
Caught in the poignancies, their lives re-lyre.
Out of the blossomed orchards of his breath
Ripe life-fruit falls, mankind that comforteth.
A warrior, he shall neither grieve nor smite,
But liberate by battles of delight.

Against the portends of the Planet's curse,
He shall but combat by melodious verse.
He shall bear evidence of blissful things,
Borne to sensation on the Holy Wings
That fanned Man-Jesus, sprayed on Jordan's
coast :—
The Breathing Presence of the Holy Ghost.

It is the Thruth that demonstrates All-Good ;
That makes its service-rod the holy rood.
It is the Thruth, in third-dimensioned space,
That fashions through it for the World of Grace.
It is the Thruth dominion shapes and powers,
With blithe Eternity to brim the hours.

The world's redemptions, borne through flesh and
 blood,
Are of the Father-fire and Mother-flood.
"Communion of the Saints," this, this is found
In quickened flesh of man, made holy ground.
Man quieteth from selfhood's sexual storm,
In Heaven, made ultimate to fleshly form.

June 20th, 1902.

LVI.

Touch the Healing Son of Man ;
Touch Lord Christ the artizan ;
God of God and Light of light.
Visible to Worded sight.

Once the Man of Sorrows trode,
Grieving in our fleshly load.
Now the Man of Joy illumines :
So the new flesh-eden blooms.

In the joyances array ;
Rest in labor, watch and pray.
Christ in Christa, star in star—
Glow in Him, of Him we are.

Blessings now, that flow to seas
From the germ of flood enease.
Fill with them, with honors fill,—
Man reborn, Christ's miracle.

June 20th, 1902.

LVII.

The close of third-dimensioned man is nigh.
Kneeling I touch unto the Master's thigh ;
As Eleazar unto Abraham ;
Man-shadow to the Word in flesh, " I AM."

A steward in His earthly House of Good,
Of His Word-truth I saw and understood.
Now He commands me, " Go thou forth and win
A woman unto my son Issakin ;

" The son of Coming Peoples. This is she,
A woman people, whose virginity
So held in sacredness, till one shall call,
Akin with her, to fold her in his all.

" But swear thou unto me, by this, thine oath,
That thou wilt journey for her, nothing loath,
Till she is led by thee into his tent."—
Hence I go forth and seek as I am sent.

Hold me fast and hold me sure,
That I journey and endure.

Wake the psalteries and cymbals,
While the earth of manhood trembles.

And the heights to dust are shaken ;
And the dead in Christ awaken.

Lo ! the rosy east vermilions
O'er the beautiful pavilions,
For the bridal celebrations,
For the marriage of the Nations.

June 20th, 1902.

LVIII.

Work in Christa, work and wait ;
Fathom to the feet of Fate.—
Till to Womanhood he wake,
Man is but a garter snake.

Shrined in woman he must be
If he would the Goddess see.
Christ, the People's Commoner,—
All His gifts enamor Her.
She the People's Commonness ;
All Her gifts to blessings press.

Commonness in Commoner,
We adore to Him in Her ;
Whilst Democracies align ;
Whilst new heavens in man recline ;
Whilst redemption overflows,
Fraught and full from Eden's Rose.

Touch while Sacredness unvails :
'Tis the Woman's worth prevails.
Hallow we to Christa's name ;
In Christ Man of old who came.
Hallow and make worship sweet
To the golden Paraclete.

She the Bliss who never cloys ;
She the Mother of the joys.
She our Mother by the germ ;
Saviouress to being's term.
In Her passion She the Good.
In her flowing She the Flood ;
Make thy life Her guarded gate,
She, the Awful Woman Fate.

She the Woman of the wings ;
She the Fount of Living Springs ;
Would'st thy life in Her baptise ?
Saviouress in sacrifice,
She would plunge thee to the hilt
In the Holy Blood that spilt ;
By thy sworded life made clean,
Arm thee in the Nazarene.

June 21st, 1902.

LIX.

Revive thy potencies, illumine thy state ;
Swing forth, O, Song ! triumphant and elate.
The Solar Goddess shone o'er Sinai's cliffs.
In Thruth survive her human hieroglyphs.
See, where the pre-incarnate Christa shines,
Her glories orbiting through the solar lines.

The Goddess Ea over Sinai's brow
Beamed, the Orbed Woman whom the stars avow.
Woman was honored, regnant in her rites :
Man served with her in labors to delights.
The sun kissed kindly, smiled the heavens, full near,
So worshipped they the Mistress of the sphere.
The lusts of war and carnage scarce were known,
Woman ruled wisely from her household throne.

Man stormed and rioted in lusts let loose.
Woman declined to weakness and abuse :
Man wrought her desolation.—Ea failed,
The one god masculine,—his rod prevailed ;
The "Terror God," the "God all Womanless" ;
So in his worship self-sex made egress,
And woman's holy mystery abused ;
Her senses drugged, her service-life misused.

Self-sexized man trod to the place of might.
Flesh conquered ; a false pillar rose to sight,
Flung up as by sex-earthquake, and the shock
Of thunders, rolling to overwhelm the Rock,
The Rock of Ages.—Beat the murderous drums,
And the proud priesthood to its ritual comes.

Woman is overthrown, subservient now ;
The sign " inferior " burned upon her brow.
Murder scowls, throned in human sacrifice,
Peace flies in terror through convulsive skies.
God Masculine stands to the rule of things,
The slavish peoples and enslaving kings.
Woman creeps on in customs that encrust,
Man's captive, sin-fired, serving, lust to lust.

Sin's basic pillar, image-wrought, uprears ;
Self's worst religion panoplied in fears ;
Pre-antichrist's proud emblem, reared by hands
Of lust's huge selfhood, o'er life's frozen lands.
'Tis through the symbol that the Facts disclose.
Pillar 'gainst pillar emblemize the Foes.

Advance, advance ! to set the Word-staff high.
Fling forth the flames till banners light the sky.
Fight for the Woman, caged in man's self-sin,
In Honor's quest dare on, to work and win.

June 21st, 1902.

LX.

" Soul unto dust ! "—Sex-amorous are they ;
Masses who generate to breed decay.
The sin-disease and death-disease make one ;
Earth so revolves beneath the angered sun.
A pall of curses flutters through the womb.

Rise, Woman, rise to dare against the doom.
Self hounds the Woman, Honor, to her bier.
The splendid Chastities, that Heavens revere,
In her antique Religion find their norm.
In Christus-Christa's Risen Form re-form.

Write on man's fallen sex-brow "Ichabod."
He who dishonors ye dishonors God.
He who profanes ye Christa-Christ profanes.
He who enchains ye Christa-Christ enchains.
Profanities, enchainings, they shall cease.
Ring, blessing bells ! New Woman shall be Peace.

Lo ! the new scripture, as the stars ensrolled ;
Woman's gold gospel for her age of gold.
Behold New Woman in Apocalypse !
Breed in the Bridal City, to her lips,
New heaven's humanities, and on her hips
She lifts Incarnate Christ of coming time,
Man-woman Peoples ; she the Woman-shrine,
Wherein thrones Christus-Christa, Flesh of Word.—
Wake ye ! the vision shall not be deferred.

Beloved, be not timorous, but glide
To your Awaiting One, the Bridegroom-Bride.

The Worded man holds the enwombéd brain,
And mine was pregnant. Through the hurricane
Of selfhood's furies and its lusts, made storm,
Volcanic and fierce earthquake.—Lo ! the form
Of winged verse, the song-child that I bear,
Conceived in holiness and born in dare.—

The woman of me, all she had she gave,
Woman's dishonored flesh to lift and save.—
Dishonored most, she shall be honored most,
Baptised in Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

“ I was not born in sin, neither was I
Conceived and shapen in iniquity.
But I was germed forth in the Father flame,
And in the Mother's flowing I became.”
'Tis so the Song declares and so she lifts,—
White-wingéd vestal o'er the mortal drifts;|
In essence inconsumable, a star
Chanting and wafting melodies afar.

June 22nd, 1902.

LXI.

Ye publicans and sinners ; kings of Wall,
Knights of “ the Tenderloin,” who spurn the thrall ;
Ye wealth builders, and millionaires, who know
To breed from gold, build in it to bestow.

'Tis by such publicans and sinners Christ
Leads man's industrial world, imparadised :
He organises in you. Organise
That so New Heaven on Labor's Earth may rise.

Ye, His high priests and hierophants of Toil ;
Ye who evangelise and famines foil ;
Who build as did the genii, set the tomb
Of Labor all in resurrection-bloom.

Ye who restore the Temple, and cast forth
Its hirelings ; who pontificate for worth.
Ye who make man-in-woman flesh, the shrine
Meet for the sacramental bread and wine ;

Ye conservators and ye hallowers ;
Ye Worded knights, Her kingly conquerors ;
The World is yours : go, win it : crown it free
For Liberty, Man-Woman Liberty.

June 22nd, 1902.

LXII.

A COMING MAN.

Ascetic he was not, nor saint nor angel,
But a sinner and a publican was he ;
And he rose as one inspired to the evangel,
And he cast his vain self-glory in the sea.

And he filled no lofty seat amid the elders ;
And he voiced no hallelujahs with the choir ;
But he spurned away the jargon that bewilders ;
And his thirsted sense drank full of Christ's desire.

And he thrust his hand in God's hand ; poured his
millions,
As in his Mother's lap for sweet increase.
So he organised to shape Her vast pavilions,
For soft couchings and rich banquetings of peace.

Thus I neither falter, hesitate nor stutter :
But toiling on, breast-deep in human mire,
Swift songs for man's enfranchisement I utter,
Standing alone with Christ in Christa's fire.

June 22nd, 1902.

LXIII.

I touched the midriff, touched the spleen and liver :—
Splenetic fault-finding is in decrease.
The dammed-up sympathies ope to their river ;
Pulse to the ocean-flow of social peace.

Gross passions grow through psychic indolences.
The psychic indolent were best unborn.
The real virtues habit the intenses ;
The sacred pillar through the chastened horn.

Men who submit to base capitulation
No more the government of sense retain.
The men who prosper in the great salvation
Win through brave bearings of the common pain.

I touch the navel : therefrom, as the centre,
Roused melodies that woke the water-fire.
Salvations flow and Truth makes free to enter :
Life triumphs as the failing lusts expire.

"Behold the lazy man," thus Wisdom saith.
He passes down through ignominious death.
He voids the soul out through the rectum so ;
Enters the pit, the vault of waste below.—
The lazy man, in life who is obscene,
Him Nature drops into her void unclean."

June 22nd, 1902.

LXIV.

Travailed through pain have I these eighty years ;
That so experience full gift might gain ;
Might dare to touch the Mistress of the spheres
And circle through Her vastness to proclaim.
Mine is the freedom of the hurricane :
Through Time's destroying cyclone hurls the Song.
Her wings bear utmost blessing through the bane.
She triumphs in the ruin of the Wrong.

She pivots in the shifting circumstance ;
Through Time's disaster holds her ample pace ;
Wakens the live electrics to their dance
That multiplies free forces in the Race.
So moves she ; ever opening her space,
Ennobling it, for paradise to glow.
She harps, she viols, swings the battle-mace,
Touches man's frozen arctics, and they flow.

Song leads through man ; the swift Deliverer ;
Sweeps, flying Oracle, in mortal time.
Man's mountains shiver at the touch of her ;
Rock the huge bulwarks of colossal crime.

The Holy Beautiful, the still sublime
Unvailing greet her and are crowned again.
She holds new morning : so she bears the Prime,
And, in her, Primal God breathes flesh to men.

'Tis through the sufferings I touch the Thruth.
Chimes the bold bell and agonies decease.
Shells of old age effuse into the youth,
And pains but rise, in virtues to release.
I gather the cold deaths, that meet their ruth
Upon my Worded flesh, and through them dare.
I key them to my nerve, and lo ! in Truth
They dissipate ;—eternal life is there.

Measure the sword-blade with Napoleon ;
Then see : he fails and falls at Waterloo.
'Tis so the daughter-son, aye daring on,
Press the convergent ranks of Terror through.
The kisses of the Bridal Word, the dew
Of holiness from Christa's lips divine,
Heap over Armageddon's hostile crew.—
Nought, nought remains but Christa in Her shrine.

June 22nd, 1902.

LXV.

I touch to the outermost whirls,
Of the loves who adore in THE PRESENCE ;
In whom the all-Beautiful "girls" ;
For whom She is Substance and Essence.

I couch as a shadow, that lives
In the fire of the Beautiful Splendor ;
As one who in blessedness gives,
Till men to Her bounty surrender.

Hope, hope ! springeth glorious Hope
For the flesh, from Her Flesh as the fountain
Of breasts, as the valleys that slope
From globes of the Womanly Mountain.

Hope, hope ! for the sorrowful ones,
Who drown in the slums of the vices :
Their rising shall be as the suns,
When morning in God-light uprises.

Hope, hope ! as the virgin, who lifts
To her home in the bosomed Christ Lover,
Reborn from the heart-broken drifts,
Where despairings the ruinings cover.

Our Lady of Chastities thus
Bestows from the mount of Her blisses.
Made Flesh of Delight unto us ;
Dissolving the pallid abysses.

I hope in the Life, and I bear
The song of Life's hope from Her portal.—
Dare thou to the uttermost ; dare,
Beloved, to Love all immortal.

June 23rd, 1902.

LXVI.

HYMNS OF CHRISTA.—I.

The dew-drop to the Rose that clings,
And falls to bathe Her feet,
As this my song, a vapor, wings
Made in Her attar sweet.
Sweets of the rose, sweets of the rose
The music brings to thee ;
That so thy charmed sense may close
On Christa's fragrancy.

And if perchance a tear may seem
Lost, in the song to dwell,
'Tis of the Life within the dream,
Thy quickening mind to tell.
It drops again, diffusing then
To flow, to bear in glee
Delights, that live to sense again,
From Christa's bridal tree.

Sing to the Rose, sing to the Rose,
While fairy bells give chime.
Rest while the sense finds dear repose,
And breathes to Christa's clime.
The Rose of Paradise is She.
Her bosomed loves declare ;
In Her find Love's eternity ;
The blessed life is there.

June 23rd, 1902.

LXVII.

This is the secret of the Puritan.

A small cloud rose far o'er our mortal coast.

It was the splendor of the Son of Man,

Shrouded in darkness of Religion's ghost.

Far, far on high, God's battle-march began.

It smote the brow of Armageddon's host.

The rainbow, Liberty, o'erarched to span

Where Reformation's rain-cloud stormed the most.

Honor bred Heroes in Religion's brain ;

Sealed " Heroism " on Religion's brow ;

Stript soiled Religion of her skirts profane ;

In white-robed lily-presence to avow.

As a fair ghost, far gliding o'er the main,

Religion paced the centuries ; but now

Her shining feet the fleshly strand attain,

She bears the cup, the sickle, and the plow.

The plow, to furrow fleshly soil of men,

Till the last subsoil of the flesh appears ;

The sickle, to reap fleshly fields and then

Reap the rich harvest that was sown in tears :

Glad is she thus, blithe Harvester of years—

Drips from her cup the Social Overflow.

Her social presence all the world endears ;—

Man-woman's world, the gate of Lilimo.

June 23rd, 1902.

LXVIII.

HYMNS OF CHRISTA.—II.

I weave the verse to Christa's verse,
And in Her thought recline.
'Tis so the melodies immerse,
Bathed from Her passioned vine.
The music fling till joys take wing,
And life emerges then ;
Vailed all in vails of Bridal Spring,—
Breaths of Her bridal glen.

Think Paradise from Paradise,
Her Being and Her shrine.
Take coolness from the crystal ice
And joyance in its twine.
The Woman First, the Woman Last,
Her hand in hand for thee :
Rejoice ! Her blessing holds thee fast,
And sure and sweet and free.

She rocks the cradle of the love
That lives, thy life to charm.
She plumes and wings the Holy Dove
That guides thee from alarm.
Worship at Christa's altar so,
And in Her goings glide ;
Our Mother of the Comforts know ;
The Blessingness, the Bride.

June 23rd, 1902.

LXIX.

HYMNS OF CHRISTA.—III.

Forget Thee not, forget Thee not !
The heart fills urns of fire.
Our being, from its lonely lot,
Leaps while Thy loves inspire.
Thy Hand we clasp for labor-staff.
We firm into Thy y cling.
We feel Thy sense in sense, and laugh.—
Our Bridal Queen-in-King.

Our lives weave social melodies,
In holy use to dwell.
Rejoicing in low lullabies
For cradled babes they spell.
Our Mother of the infancy ;
Our Lady of the bed ;
We consecrate and hallow Thee,
Sweet Giver of the bread.

Our Lady of the Chastities,
The crescent orb and bow ;
Adoring in felicities,
We worship to bestow.
Yea, give us so to hallow man,
And of our life to give,
That he Life's glory-arch may span,
And in Christ-Christa live.

We thrill to Christa's lips divine ;
For O ! the song is sweet.
Our senses to Her sense incline ;
Our joys her blessings greet.—
Give bosom space to blessed Grace,
For change is on the air.
Events, in miracle that trace,
Great urns of shadow bear.

June 23rd, 1902.

LXX.

Through the depravities I venture down
To touch the point where there is no more hell.
Evil is limited : 'tis but a frown :
It has a terminus : its inmates dwell
In third dimensions, occult or flesh-bound.
It is a third : 'tis bounded by a round.

It is a stench : it operates by smells.
Its dwellers hold the stench as their sweet.
Souls that engerm the base desires are hells—
Made personal : they generate a heat,—
The lust of evil passions : they corrupt ;
Infuse corruption ; generate ; induct.

All wicked loves are sweet to flesh profane ;
Sweet, sweeter, sweetest to their finished term.
They flow to vastness in one common vein ;
Stand diabolic, in the selfhood firm.
There's a delight in them, fierce, cruel, dread :
Devils enjoy, else devilhood were dead.

Each evil lust shapes its organic form,
Capacious, growing as it greatens on.
So evil self breeds hatred, terror, storm
Until the limit of their scope is won.
The quasi-human Sinarch shapes his "I,"
And so his person, Corporated Lie.

Discordant lusts converge in him ; their cell.
Stench is he : centred stench in him dwell ;
Breed evil stench in man's universe,
Shaping the body of the common curse ;
Infect the Public Body of the Good,
Quenching the Truth in universal flood.

Their vices propagate in human air ;
Women conceive, give birth, and vices bear,
Self-microbes that good animates betray ;
So evils are contagious : they convey
Hot breath of evil that the lung invades ;
Such warfare rules where man in selfhood raids ;
'Tis so where man holds body of the flesh :
It holds, entangled in corruption's mesh.

"'Tis a mad world, my masters" ; sin^gabound.
Self everywhere is generating sin.
Sin must enlarge in human flesh, its ground,
Or perish : there's no Infinite within.
It thinks itself an Infinite, but crusts.
All obsolete at last are souls of lusts.

LXXI.

Sin works paralysis of the great nerves,
Wherein the passions of the Honors course.
Straightforward impulsing deflects and curves ;
Poisons the springs of instinct at their source.
“ An enemy,” man’s enemy, wrought this.
Before such came, self’s form was kindly bliss.

It is the paralytic Upright nerve
That gives to evil its foul downward curve.
It is the paralyzing Honor-sense
That gives base evil its proud eminence.
It is the Profit-sense, corrupt, sin-fed,
That robs defrauded Labor of its bread.

It is the Sex-sense, plunged into self-ease,
Spreads the gay couch where breed depravities.
It is the Faith-sense, cozened, led astray,
That hurls Religion to the doomward way.
It is the War-sense, drunk with blood and lust,
Fights for the “selfmust,” recreant to God’s “must.”

It is the Patriotic-sense, debarred
Of the true food, makes Peoples greedy, hard ;
’Gainst neighbour peoples stirs the Public ire,
To rob and slaughter for the Lust’s desire ;
Stands for the rag that flutters from its rod,
And stains its hands in murdered flesh of God.

June 24th, 1902.

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LXXII.

Let us know men, not by the stings and gyves,
But by the text and content of their lives.
True man, beneath free heavens, starred scroll to scroll;
Then Christed constellations through him roll.
Free passions glow and Genius arms to rise.—
“Go ye to all mankind, in Life baptise,
Bear witness. I am with you to the end.”
This the command. To it all Honors tend.

A woman touched me,—through the grave,—no prison
To her but doorway,—so she had arisen;
A lady, vigorous, delightful, she
Full chaste, pure virginal, all matronly.
Through her I touched her co-mate, William Booth.
She was called first to meet the WOMAN-TRUTH
Whom she had honored, knowing not by Name;
But looking ever to efface the shame
From ruined womanhood, and hold the stair
Where the lost rise to hallow from despair.

They too, dear Comrades, they had heard the “call,”
Capitalised in Christ their common all.
Now honored she in Savioured honorings,
And through her breast the Living Fountain springs.
Many are blest, but she is blessing-crowned.
There William Robson touches to her round.
High passion-honors to heaven’s God, Twain-One!
They sowed their all in Christ, and they have won

To heavenly honors, precious in full good.—
'Tis not for nothing such as these have stood,
Holding, the great salvations to release.—
“Mark ye the Perfect.” Lo! their end, God's peace.

June 24th, 1902.

LXXIII.

HYMNS TO CHRISTA.—IV.

Sweet is the bliss, our Goddess Queen,
Thy breath to feel in still serene,
And, while the joyous labors close,
To worship Thee in kind repose.

Christa by day our Solar light ;
Christa in Christ our orb of night ;
Our joyous passions in Her hold ;
Shrine, altar, paradisal fold.

All-Beautiful, sublime to save,
Through evening airs Her blisses lave.
In her the senses rest and fill,
Whilst, in the quiet, hearts-go-still.

Our Mother, Virgin, Wife in one,
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
As 'tis in heaven, supremely free,
Full glorious in chastity.

June 24th, 1902.

LXXIV.

Peace, peace?—There is no peace but seeming peace.

Mankind is weak, just held from fatal doom.

Imperious selfhood, in profane release,

Rears the vast palace that shall be a tomb.

The huge Hypocrisies, that terrorise,

Delude the noble instincts of mankind ;

Swell to the surface, where they demonise ;

Leave but a seeming of true flesh behind.

“Born in corruption?”—Yes, corruption forms

Through flesh, but flesh in essence non-profaned.

As a babe-world, drifts through defiling storms ;

As a white essence shrouds, in terrored stains.—

For flesh-redemption, to its passioned term,

I stand ; its primal purity affirm.

Through flesh, born in corruption, Sin’s career ;

Flesh made the fevered hot-bed of the crimes.

’Tis nurtured in the vices, and in fear,

Not Love of God, its Terror-sense entwines.

Flesh was conceived to be the net and sod,

Blest for ingerming of the flesh of God.

“Deny thyself.”—Do not thy flesh deny,

Save as its instincts basen to the worm :

Hold flesh in Honor’s proud integrity.

Lead forth the instincts from Flesh-God, their germ,

By the impassioned Purities, embrace

The Word-life, that regenerates the race.

Instil, through flesh, the worship of the Good.
Adore the Good.—Good is life's real ground ;
Basis and substance for thy humanhood ;
Centre, circumference, and vorticed round.
Believe in Good, thy continent, its coast ;
Immerse in Good, the Fluent Holy Ghost.

June 25th, 1902.

LXXV.

Come, let us rest awhile in sense, and hold
A place of stand ; lead Song to re-embold
In flesh-wrought God, flesh virgin, chastely sweet.
In it the new-born instincts find their feet,
To rise in honor, upright to express
Fleshly Divinity, flesh-righteousness.

Flesh, orb'd to sunrise from its inmost star,
Throbs to enkindle.—Crystalise the spar ;
Engolden the live minerals that vein
In its fine strata. Flesh now groans in pain :
It aches to find deliverance : would attain
An utter freedom ; so to be possess,
Transfigured unto God, transposed, and breast
Heaving ; so filled with loving life, its flow
Would feed mankind into a rapturous glow
Of bosomed passions, all in Honor strong,
To ope through flesh Love Christa's open song.

Flesh, fleshly, fleshest ! He the most who is
In Christed flesh, shall ope the fleshly bliss
Of man and woman ; Godly Pioneers,
Who urge the Christ-plow to the opening years,
And, through the dying aftermath of Time,
Upturn the subsoil for the hastening Prime.

June 25th, 1902.

LXXVI.

The Couchant Lion, proud on Britain's shield,—
O'er him great Freedom's Eagle-flight has wheeled.
But, through the eagle plumes the Mother Dove,
She who is Pregnancy for gifts above ;
And, through the Dove, Her ardent dovelets flying,—
Loves of the Holy Spirit, so implying
To flesh, by fleshly instincts immanent,
Renewing fleshness for the Great Event.—
So flesh in woman-man receives conception :
Flesh of the woman-man holds resurrection.

June 25th, 1902.

LXXVII.

Love the good instincts ; give them recognition ;
They, living inmates of the Life's flesh-field.
There is a noble Instinct of Ambition,
As man, as woman, as occasions wield,
To one or twain the instinct is revealed.
He-she, the visor, armour, weapon, shield.

Be thou unto the utmost sense ambitious,
To do the utmost thou art called to do ;
Ever to scorn and shun the meretricious.—
Honor Ambition, to her passion true ;
Ambitious to be noughtness ; but to feed,
To hold, to serve, bleed, suffer,—but succeed.

Jesus, the Great, Ambitious Woman-Man,
Bore crowned ambition on His battle-shield.
He “came, saw, conquered.”—Be His use thy plan.
Flesh His ambition in thy fleshly field.
Reform thy instinct-style into His style.
Lo! in that form thy passions unbeguile.

Ambition's instincts make the People's gain.
So urge its point of service, grandly great.
To uttermost of needs its worth ordain.
Claim for its stroke the battle-arm of Fate.
In the minutes of doings bear thine all,
And by full might obey the lowest call.

Hate self.—Hate not Ambition, but beware,
Lest guileful self thy instinct make a slave.
The mighty angel of thy Fate is there,
Breeding a gift to serve the “Strong-to-save.”
Ambition's place of service, utmost sweet,
Is nigh the touch of Christa's holy feet.

June 25th, 1902.

LXXVIII.

The Armageddon Battle of the world
A-fields, and o'er it Mighty Wings unfurled ;—
The Holy Ghost of Nations : Blood and fire
It shall not be, but music of the lyre.

Christ's heart and Christa's heart embattled meet,
Each in the Other generating heat
Of passionised desires ; the flying storm
Of instincts that to one arch-instinct form ;
Entering, refreshed in passions that unite
To knit the People's flesh in Common Right ;—
Christ-Christa in the People's flesh indeed :
In Their instinctives, flesh for time of need.

The Steads, Hursts, Morgans, fitly serve their term ;
Sinners and Publicans the State hold firm.
Booth, Ireland, Potter, Herron, to the hilt
Plunge the swift-sworded scripture through the Guilt,
And rouse the social conscience to ennerve.
'Tis for the Brooding Holy Dove they serve.

" Let not your hearts be troubled." 'Tis no raid
Of Capital on Labor, nor the spade
Hammered into the bayonet and made
In Industry's infuriate hands, to thrust,
Piercing alike the unjust and the just.

It is not conflagration, but a kiss,
Wafted in laughter o'er mankind's abyss ;
Warm thrills of God-breath softly flowing in,—
The kindly peoples breathe and are akin.

'Tis fluent kindness, that infuses life ;
Forgiveness of the sins, that healeth strife ;
Redemptions rising, till the human eyes
Kindle through each to exquisite surprise.

Then "GOD MADE FLESH" shall in our flesh be found,
While freedom makes in man its common round,
And each man owns his own sweet evidence
That Christ-in-Christa fills the common sense.

June 25th, 1902.

LXXIX.

Clasped in the radiance of the solar wheel,
I breathe to Goddess Ea, touch and feel.
The Lady Peoples, not yet quite undone,
Beam to blithe morning and caress the sun.

An inter-tropic People, quiet, mild,
In plexial play they worshipped unbeguiled.
Then lo! the Goddess touched them from Her bliss—
They thrilled to radiance, felt the laughter-kiss.

To Re-incarnate Christa, Twain-in-One,
Let us adore. Etheric vails are spun.
The live etherics quicken : they release
Through human atmospheres : their touch is peace.

Goddess of crescent, orb and bow,
She warms and charms ; She bears the glow.
She blesses through the labor-chill :
She Hearts to heart, so " hearts-go-still."
One God in Goddess beams on men :
The Golden Age returns again.

One God in Goddess, multiplied to sense,
In myriad splendors of munificence ;
The solar orb Their medium of display.
Arch-instincts from Them populate the ray.—
Feel to the God-rise, feel, to gladness wed,
Then taste to raptures in the daily bread.

Brothers of chisel, broad-axe, saws and planes,
Christ, made the Carpenter, your craft ordains.
He labors in you as you serve to Him :
In His delights ye are as Seraphim.

In daily toils of Labor's last extreme,
The constellated virtues glow and gleam.
"My Father worketh hitherto."—In joy
Of selfless gift beatitudes deploy.

Come to the supper of Reward ! Make ease.
Lord Christ ordains the proud festivities.
He who hath toiled in Him by Him is fed ;
Christa the Bridal Priestess of the bed.
He who aye bears for Him by Him is borne
On to the blessed clime of "Never-Mourn."

LXXX.

Wisdom through Worship procreates
The Order of Industrial States.
Touch to the Social System ; see
Its form in Christ's Humanity.

'Twill grow as lilies of the field,
That never rise by spear and shield,
But open, as the summer night
To morning, from inborn delight.

One man like Pierpont Morgan, great
In Christness to pontificate,
Could organise the Labor World,
As New Jerusalem impearled.—
Find but the Man—the opportune,
'Twould blossom as the rose in June.
Thrust Method's arm through Christa's hand;
Then, Lo! Her Land, Salvation's Land.

Thrust Booth through Morgan, Word-inwed
At one with Word-transfigured Stead;
These knit to Hurst, imparadised
And born again to Christa-Christ,
These men, in heart, life, purpose one,
Might minimise Napoleon;
Empire, Republic, Kingdom fuse
In Christa's World, Her Heaven of Use,
And rear, on Nature's virgin sod,
Rock-Pillar of the flesh in God.

June 26th, 1902.

LXXXI.

I rise o'er tremor and alarm;
Dare breathe to Christa's mount of charm.
A God-fire flashes through my veins:
In Worded glories fail the shames.

I build my house in Christa's worth,—
My new-wrought person of the Earth.
I kiss to instincts of the sun :
My solar lines are through it spun.

I worship as the wise of old,
Who felt the Goddess in the gold
Of morning light, and in it knew
The Good, the Beautiful, and True.

I feel Her rise through morning's breeze,
Her rest in evening's quiet ease.
Through burden, toil, surprise and care,
She circles to me everywhere.

In the high, fervid noon of thought,
I touch where solar scriptures wrought.
Through thinking flesh the knowing sense
Shapes organised intelligence.

Christ generates the twain-one man :
'Tis Christa wombs and rounds the plan.
He breathes Her love's all-hallowed flame
And knows of That whereby he came.

June 26th, 1902.

LXXXII.

Through finished life to life begun,
Instincts to new-born splendors run.
Through life's unself, in fleshness bred,
Know of its being and its Head.

The Worship-instincts in release
Dreamed the divinities of Greece.
Out of the whirl of instincts grew
Olympus to the Grecian view.

As instincts dreamed in placid "nought,"
Buddha into Nirvana fought.

Instincts of Worship, stung with pain,
Impetuous drove through storm and rain ;
Oared in the viking's galley ; heard
Valhalla in the dream averred.

The boreal arch lit Arctic skies
To roof the Norse divinities.
So Thor, where battle instincts grew ;
So Freya bloomed for Spring anew ;
So, where the grieving instincts bled,
" Balder the Beautiful " lay dead.

June 26th, 1902.

LXXXIII.

Instincts that in Christ embold
Change to newness from their old.
Feel to facts ; their gifts revise ;
Serviceful immortalize ;
Grow in Virtue's fixed state ;
Generate and emanate.

The Triumph of Life.

Instincts forth from Jesus massed ;
Blessing, healing, as He passed.
Healing Instincts in Him bred ;—
Yessa for their Mother-bed.

Never as the world gave He,—
Infinite in finity.
Love He gave from Life Divine ;
Instincts from His passion-vine.

Whomso'er He breathed upon,
Willing gifts, they hastened on ;
Worded instincts, wise, intense ;
Instinct-lives of innocence.

Ask the instinct to believe ;
Instinct to behold, achieve ;
They who to Her order fold
Instincts, Hers, receive and hold.—
From the pettiness of clan,
Rise to attributes of Man.

These Her new life folk possess ;
Instincts of the givingness.
Scriptures of the instincts take
Warm surprises ; they awake,
Till the warm, wise Gospel lives
In the blessed flesh She gives.

Instincts, long life's terror-ground,
Shape to content in Her round.
Instincts all to serve array
In the freedom of Her way.

In our paradise of sense
Live Her blessings, to dispense.
In the universal chime
Of their passions labors climb,
Swift of foot and wise of wing ;—
Life made joyous harmoning.

June 26th, 1902.

LXXXIV.

The vastness fashions through the littleness.
A point of practical and real sense
Makes dare to ope the human wilderness.
Leads Providence through anti-providence.

Moses a herd of hungry nomads led :
A People from that daring march took head.
Sweet Sakyamuni felt a Path unknown ;
Toiled through it, throneless, self-renounced, alone.—
A working Faith for half mankind has grown.

Events repeat themselves : so vast the law
Its consequents astound and overawe.
Grasp it, embody it, live all for it :—
The finite opes ; ingermes the Infinite.

A point of fourth dimension, point of Thruth
Rooted in Jesus, and He was the Truth ;
The Life, the Law, the Way, the Vital Way ;
The star, the dawn, the day, the Day of day.

I stand, and contemplation shapes my brow,
A point of Worded instinct I am now.
The Law-point in me to the Law affirms,
So I am recreated to its terms.
A Naughtness, self's vast world lies far below ;
A Nothingness, that Fulness would o'erflow.

I feel God's breathings through my instincts kiss,
To lead world-rapture in the Saviour-bliss.
The awful Infinite of Christaness
Would through the verse Her Beingness express.
I pulse, a dew-drop from Her living well—
Lo ! the free wave through humankind would swell,
And loose mankind into the vital seas ;—
Would recreate all flesh in chastities.

Avow the Law. Accept its consequent.
Let Law be eminent and immanent.
Thy timeness the eternity shall feel ;
And round and ripen in the vorticed wheel.
Wheel unto God Christ-Christa ; wheel, vibrate.—
What is the Law ? 'Tis Freedom wed to Fate.

Strangled wert thou in self and self's abyss?—
I verse and prophecy from Christa's kiss.—
The Law of Thruth ; let it thy instincts fan.
Its arch makes evident the Son of Man.

June 27th, 1902.

LXXXV.

In the night my way was taken
Through the vortex gaunt and grim,
Where the selfs, from Nature shaken,
In the whirlpool plunge and swim.
As a whirl-point of Endeavor,
As a flame amid the blind,
As a coolness in the fever,
There my service was, to Find.

And the coolness in me followed ;
And a moist, white vapor spread.
Through the deadliness it hollowed ;
As a river, clave its bed.
Lo! there was a well of fountains
In the Law of Flood made flows,
And the wonderful white mountains
Round New Galilee uprose.
And the Lady of the Waters!—
How the pools Her footsteps kiss ;
Beamed, enzoned to lily daughters ;
Naiad instincts of Her bliss.

Lo! the Fruit is not perfected
Till it ripens through the last,
And the self-curse, that infected,
To its own oblivion cast.
In the Law, the Law I travel ;
In its instincts form and feel.
Orb the instincts in its navel ;
Stand in instincts to its heel.

Do I helm and armor warlike?
'Tis the Father-Law that shields.
Do I beam and beckon starlike?
'Tis the Mother-Law a-fields.
Do I flash with constellations?
'Tis the Truth-play of the song :
Worded instincts, nations, nations,
To the battle-march prolong.
I was dead and am arisen.
In the form of Thruth I stand ;
Lead the Instincts from their prison,
In the Law of Saviour-land.

June 27th, 1902.

LXXXVI.

So I trode through Self's last rigor,
Through its whirl of lies-in-lies.
Dared to stand into the Vigor
Of the Goddess Thruth in rise :
To the glad Imaginations,
That the desolations quell :
To the flood of undulations,
That in Passions kiss and tell.

As a rose tree I was shaken,
When it feels the breath of morn,
And the skylarks that awaken
Thrill the azure and adorn.
And my inness browed, transfigured,
Where its outness thrilled to sense
Of a life, in rivers rivered
For Word-flowing Providence.

It is good to brim with blessings :
It is better to bestow ;
To enrich with full possessings
And to rise for overflow.
I am full with summer treasure ;
I am pregnant for the sheaves.
For New People's Worded pleasure
I bring forth as Thruth conceives.
I am *enciente* with passions,
As man-woman bowed in pain.
So my instinct-flesh re-fashions
For the Holy One-in-Twain.

June 27th, 1902.

LXXXVII.

My name henceforth is "Theos-Thea" (New-Man).
The Father-Mother signed me so, I dwell
To serve and worship in the good true human,
In third dimension, as in fourth. 'Tis well.

The sins and tresspasses, dissolved, forgiven ;
Timed into God-time, spaced into the Thruth ;
Henceforth I give as unto me is given,
Nursing the altar fires of Good-in-Truth.

No special kindred, caste, or school or nation ;—
I serve the all, and to the all belong,
"Man of the Pivot" my denomination ;
Into and for the Word in flesh my song.

Know me not by the old flesh any longer :
 That dies the holy death, transfused away.
 I hold its outer image, but am stronger,
 Hallowed in Word-flesh for my staff and stay.

This is the miracle, through Times bespoken ;
 Of it sage, seer, and prophet have averred.
 The ice age of mankind is pierced and broken :
 The fourth dimension opens in the third.

A nought am I, but in me dwells Salvation.
 Far as the opportune the gifts array ;
 My station is in man the lowest station ;—
 To hear the Labor-call and to obey.

June 27th, 1902.

LXXXVIII.

Own Goddess Christa, Lady of the Spear ;
 The All-Benign, the Infinite Severe.—
 Through selfhood's whirl of fallacies I prest,
 Pierced anti-providence : Now in Her rest,
 The Woman of Swift Judgment. Clash of chains
 Ends as Her Presence of Delight obtains.

The anti-providence has terrorised
 The good in Woman. Self is organised
 In the broad pleasure-ground of human Ill ;
 Fills for the drunken votaries to fill.

The ardent, glowing simulations pass
Through the stained windows of Time's pictured glass,
And men are dazed, deluded in the show.—
The anti-providence ordains it so.

One stern man, fired and fixed into the Fact,
Holds, 'mid the imaged visions that refract ;
So Cromwell, Lincoln stood, stark, soul in hand.—
Stand thou to Providence : so She will stand
In thee. And thou, drawn evermore a-near,
Shalt see in her the Lady of the Spear.

'Gainst anti-providence Mazzini wrought,
And Hugo versed and Garibaldi fought.
And Booker Washington to-day makes brave,
'Gainst anti-providence that stuns the slave.

'Tis anti-providence that coils to make
America the Empire of the Snake ;
That spins the Lustful Trusts, to knit and firm
Round Labor's limbs the life-devouring worm ;
That smites upon Free Industry ;—our bold
America the slaver's fetid hold.

'Tis anti-providence, to-day that spins
The Public Safeguard o'er the pillared sins ;
That makes the prison cells all doors to hell
And suffocates the virtues that rebel ;
That thrones on high the Pirate Buccaneer ;
Exalts the charlatan ; derides the seer ;
Bars the doomed Capitol,—a bandit's cave,—
And crowns in place the anarch and the knave.

'Twas anti-providence that Jesus nailed
 High on the cross and seemingly prevailed.
 Here now the grave is open. Breathe full breath ;
 Claim Providence and in Her purpose rest.

June 28th, 1902.

LXXXIX.

I awaken, I am braken,
 Through the night of human fears.
 'Tis the union, the communion
 Of the sundered human spheres.

Life's antarctic unto arctic
 Throbs across the tropic seas.
 Anti-providence, that marked it,
 Whirls in terrible unease.

Bridegroom man and bridal woman
 In repulsive colds taste hell.
 In the tropical, made human,
 They shall equalise and dwell.

Each to each make compensation ;
 In each other meet release,
 For the Christed Social Nation ;
 For the freedom of God's peace.

Hands of Providence shall fasten ;—
 Hold mankind in calm embrace.
 Christa's Providence shall chasten :
 As a Mother fold the race.

June 28th, 1902.

XC.

Man Jesus dearly loved all womankind ;
He knew that He was blossom of her bell.
To woman's weakness he was wisely blind.
In woman's instinct 'twas his gift to dwell.
He smote at Moses with the Worded rod,
Wherein good Moses smote at Woman's God.

He germed a new cult into Israel ;
Oped a new era. That new cult was this :
Woman's equality ; upon the swell
Of woman's ocean sailed o'er man's abyss ;
Crumpled up Sinai as a shattered stone ;
Himself, Man-Woman, o'er its ruin shone.

Out of that cult rose Beauty ; through it grew
The sense of Beauty and its instinct wise.
The sect of Christians caught but part the clue :
The Fact of Christa dazzled to its eyes.
The Mother-Boy, from Mary's dear embrace,
Slipped to breed Mother-faith through manhood's race.

Man is a tyrannous, organic lust,
By his depraved sex-selfness urging on ;
Until the woman's worth has clad his dust
A Caesar, Bourbon or Napoleon.
Say, "Woman."—Note his idiotic grin :
The tropic monkey licks his chops within.

This of the Fact.—Ingenuous, manly youth,—

He dreams of woman, but as otherwise.

God touches, to his fleshly spark of Thruth,

A fragrant glimmer out of Paradise.

The lovely maiden flits his sense before ;

Kindles within the instinct, to adore.

There's more in woman than she ever knows.

Take the cold fact and of it make the most.

Unknown to her, tombs in her ark of woes

An infant instinct from God Holy Ghost.

This, this, mysterious, awful, touched to man :

He felt the Goddess, and Her cult began.

I worship to the Beautiful for aye.

Whoe'er is quickened, so he will adore :

Not his the arctic chill or burning spray :

Arctic-antarctic through his tropic pour.

His sense of sex feels to arch-solar sense,

He orbs in Woman : She is Providence.

Woman breathes in me : so awakes the morn.

Arch-solar flashes through the sense arise.

I kindle o'er the desolate forlorn,

Wherein the Wordless man to ruin plies.

I know my Christa and my Christ, Twain-One.

My solar-sense delights in God, the Sun.

There are more bedfellows, with man who rest,

Or would rest in him were he chastely clean ;

Beings of beauty, instincts from the breast

Of Heaven's high Loveliness, the Goddess-Queen ;

Charmed, infant loves of paradise, they kiss

Through quickening flesh, warm with the Saviour-bliss.

Call me not "desolate," although I chain
 'Midst the lost peoples of this cruel world.
Nor name me as "forsaken." Let the pain
 Involve me as a terror-storm a-whirled.
For ah! the pain, the pain: 'tis pain of birth.
I bear, impregnate, the Delight of Earth.

The Goddess Ea beamed into my night ;
 Then through the grieving slumber I was glad.
Song rose within my flesh, a Wingéd Light.
 Then woman-like "she gave of all she had."
I halve my loaf; the cup of blessing share ;
Yet breathe a word of parting : 'tis "Prepare."

June 29th, 1902.

XCI.

The man believes in that whereto he dares.
The man achieves in that whereto he cares.
The man endures in that where he was bit ;
Finds and dissolves the snake that coiled in it.

He who dares utter loss reaps utter gain.
He who the cup of utter ills would drain,
Uplifts the gold cup in his bleeding hand,
Then Lo! it brims with wine of Saviour Land.

Man, who dares specialise unto the turn,
Finds the vast universals flood his urn.
I saw Man Jesus ; worshipped at His knee ;
Knelt at His feet. He blest, He spake to me,
"Enter the kingdom that thy service won."

So His delight in utterances spun
A wave, determination, through my space.
Now I am boldened. Judgment thrives apace.
The Book of Thruth is opening in the third.
Man from his darkness shall be disinterred.

What am I but a shadow? Caught in fire
Of fourth dimension; open to respire
In the great world-breath of the Son of Man,
Christ, Universalised American.

So He prepares "the house not made with hands,"
The house of flesh: in it Salvation stands.
We shall behold Him, to our flesh arrayed,
In holiness delightful, "unafraid."

Come and rejoice in the Man of the Voice.
Worship, in Being to be.
Come and be clad in the Joy of the Glad,
Beautiful, blessed and free.

June 29th, 1902.

XCII.

'Gainst Woman's outrage Stead wrought hallowed fight.
May Holy Mary weave his blossomed crown,
In Christa's host to serve, a gartered knight,
And Life enrobe him for the lying down.
The banners of the Chastities unfurled,—
The blows he smote, they circle round the world.

O! it is good to be a Pioneer ;
To give the all and venture all for this ;
To hold and combat in the deadly Fear.—
The stroke recoils ; the snakes of selfhood hiss ;
The lords of pudencies grow fat with spoils.—
Blessed are they, for toils who reap but toils.

Yet blest are they who hallow but the home,
And consecrate but one small household space.
O'er them enarches more than Peter's dome.
Eternities touch in for sweet embrace.
They who "stand in their lot" prophetic stand ;
They, Pioneers of Christa's Household Band.

'Tis Presence sanctifies : 'tis Thruth that serves
To ope the sanctuaries of the breast ;
To lead the sunbeams through the sepulchres,
To roll the grave-stone from the souls opprest.
Yea, 'tis the Life that holds the "still, small voice" :
'Twill do the deed that bids God's flesh rejoice.

June 29th, 1902.

XCIII.

Hard was my heart, a cruel stone.
Christ touched it ; now 'tis His alone.
Hard was my heart, but now it thrills
To vibrate far through human ills ;
A stone, yet now an altar grown,
Mercies met in it and it shone ;
Loves trickled through it passion-wet,
To flow, a fount where blessings met.

Griefs rose and pierced it till it bled,—
 Upon it shows the sacred bread,
 The Holy Cup whose blood is wine :—
 Cup of the sacrament divine.

Mightful it is, to feel the might
 Of God, made flesh in flesh-delight ;
 To feel one's vital flesh adore ;
 To live and yet to live no more ;
 To be a simple humanhood,
 Peopled by instincts of the Good ;
 In brother-sisterhood to be,
 So to embrace the vital sea,
 The Oceanhood of God, and rest,
 A dew-drop in the Ocean's breast.

June 29th, 1902.

XCIV.

As I golden, so I bolden
 For the gifts that bear release.
 I am regnant, I am pregnant
 For the flow of Life in peace.
 All the bearing open to sharing.
 All the world I pulse to fill
 With full blessings, blithe caressings,
 Overflowings of goodwill.

'Neath the arches, in the marches
 Of the constellated life,
 Rank the renders, rank the enders
 Of the ruinous, red strife.

Glide the wingers, blessing-bringers,
Plume the leaping waves a-glide,
The unwallers, the unthrallers,
Marriage heralds of the Bride.

For mankind is wreathing, breathing
To Pavilions of the Feast ;
To the altars where exalters
Wait the Bridegroom from the East.
Lo, uprisals ! lo, surprisals !
Lo, the Joy of joys begun !
We shall gather to our Father ;
To our Mother, Twain-in-One.

June 29th, 1902.

XCV.

I am stated, animated
To a Life that ne'er was mine.
But included, undeluded,
As the summer feeds the vine.
Something riven ; something given
Entered breastward to in-place.
Something better through the fetter,
'Mid oppression leading Grace.

Where disaster gathered faster,
Sounded warning, as a bell.
Where successes led caresses
Tolled the judgment as a knell.

Through the rivings grew the strivings
For the infinite release.
For the breath-grip in the death-grip
For the utter self-decease.

Years that hurried, years that worried,
As apart I saw them go,
Where men merried there I buried
In the People's common woe ;
Toiled in chainings, in profanings,
In the wreck of lives defiled ;
Through heart-trial, self denial ;
Sweet to be a little child.

Where I ventured, none had entered,
Save as never to return.
Oped from youthness to the Thruthness ;
Gave my heart for sorrow's urn.
Rent the curtain from the Certain,
Held by Christendom untrue.
So I quailed not and I failed not,
Till my Old dissolved in New.

So I whisper : as a sister
Was the Mother, wisely kind ;
Never praising, but upraising,
Leaving not a scar behind.
I bereave not and I grieve not :
Out of Partness I am led.
In the sweetness, the completeness,
Life's new melodies are fed.

June 29th, 1902.

XCVI.

There's a providence, that waiteth
For each man, if he would serve
Till the self in him abateth
And his Fate in him makes curve ;
Till the old life in him dieth,
Worsted in its self-content,
And the New Life in him plieth
To the service of Event.

Touch my nerve until it gloweth.
Touch my heart, that was a stone,
Till the flood within her floweth ;
Till the passions of her tone.
Touch my bosom till she breatheth
In the harmony of mights ;
Till Life's energies she wreatheth
In the wheel of Christ-delights.

In abysmal plains of passions,
Man so long with Ruin trod.—
Opes to him the world that fashions
In the plenitudes of God.
For the sense of God is open,
All enriched in bridal gold,
And the ravished loves, heart-broken,
May to paradise enfold.

Edwin Markham, thou art blessed
In the Genius of thy song.
Zoned in pearls, in sunbeams tresséd,
She is gracious, wise, and strong.

Thou hast caught to Her, far fighting
As the morn-winds to the star.
Wing delights in Her delighting,
For She touches,—and they are.

June 30th, 1902.

XCVII.

Crowds there are of the Aged Lusts tyrannic
That through Democracies would urge their course.
The gorgeous brain of self-evolved Satanic
Plots for America, its last resource ;
Weds young America to aged Britain ;
Beguiles on Freedom in its last stronghold.
Its curse into fooled Capital is smitten..
The daughters of the Land their land have sold.

The * * * has flung the People's millions.
What for? A ducal coronet and bed ;
To re-embellish the depraved pavilions.—
From what vile source the * * * take head:
What ghostly phantoms haunt the stately chambers.
What crimes were wrought to glories in Blenheim.
What spectres from the under-world are tenders.
What terrors flit who spoiled and died in time.

Out of her, out, ye of the People's daughters.
Would ye be victims fed to Britain's lust ?
Trust not to her, the Harlot of the slaughters ;
She who the knife in infant Freedom thrust ;
She who rent out of Spain her cursed vantage,
To crowd with slaves the ever-groaning seas ;

And cover them with more accursed hauntage ;—
The greater slave trade hers for centuries.
Conceived in tyranny, begot in plunder,
Her pride rose towering to the peak of fame.
The Time-wave swells and she is sinking under ;—
The Lost Atlantis of the Judgment Main.

The Preciousness of preciousnesses blesses.
She loves Her Britain through the cruel loss.
She touches to Her offspring by caresses.
She holds them in Her passion of the cross.
Forth through that passion flows the sweet salvations ;
Her judgments are the almoners of peace.
Britain shall die ; But in new generations
Share Social Freedom and in Her release.

June 30th, 1902.

XCVIII.

Men must have space to individualise.
Till all find space, no man finds paradise.
Always the "winter of time's discontent"
Will chill and kill till Human Life finds vent.
Come, separate, to unitise, and stand,
Each holding his good life in his true hand.

In manhood God holds eminent domain ;
But circles man with freedom, ne'er with chain.
The hordes, they swelter in the starved abyss.—
Civilisation's deadly crime is this,
It, for the home, gives catacombs unclean ;
Herds men in masses, slaves of the machine.

The implement for man's advance was meant ;
Not man the vassal of the implement.
The competitions thrive ; they rage, they rend ;
In their own vortex perish at the end.
This problem fronts upon the People's eyes :
" Shall it be vortex or be paradise ?"

This is the duty, pressing home to thee :
To find thy Individuality ;
To hold Truth's mirror to the open breast ;
To face therein thy worstness and thy best ;
To disentangle Life from all that clings
To deaden thought in customed maunderings ;
The sneers that turn thy Search to ridicule ;—
In thine own being to enthrone the School.

This the first lesson—Learn to look within.
Upon no guess-word thy conclusions pin.
But be not wise in selfhood's vain conceit,
And hold in thine own breast thy Judgment seat.
There let thine Honor judge thee. Thou art then
To pass no judgment upon other men.
As thou must die alone, so live must thou
Alone with God. Open thy breast and brow ;
Grieving, more individual, as thy sin
Is quenched and God more evident within.

The men whose lives most gloriously throne
Are men who battle with themselves alone.
So, growing nearer into God, they then
Make their lives blessing unto other men ;
But such are ne'er the creatures of the mass.
They massed with men, but grew to circumpass.

Give of thy best : thy right reserve, the how,
The when, the way, the giving to avow.
If one shall ask of thee to "go a mile,"
Go not the one or more, but think a while.
See what for him or thee is wisest, best.
Act in thy judgment : so the act is blest.

If thou art called upon, thy robe to part,
To one or many, do with all thy heart
Whatever to thy judgment is the just;
Own no dictation from the asker's "must";
Yet hold thy Being for a sacrifice
To each brave dare that sacred Honor plies.

So in thy being fashion for God's throne.
Sure, thou shalt grow in flesh to be His own.
And so God will redeem thee, sense by sense,
Till all thy loves serve in His Providence.

June 30th, 1902.

XCIX.

The pressures of the "everlasting damn";
The easy triumphs of the chartered knave,
Dismay me not : in Thruthness, where I am,
They break, efface, mere bubbles of the wave.

There is One Substance, God in fixed force :
There is One Essence, God in ever-flow.
'Tis Individuality in course
Of Being, Action. This in Thruth I know.

Such Individuality, in us
Benignly enters, fuses, passes through.
We are as shades, in Light made glorious,
The Everlasting Newness holds us new.

So the YOUTH JESUS felt the instinct grow ;
Wise instinct, in the Real to believe ;
Sweet instinct, in Reality to glow ;
Brave instinct, in the Real to achieve ;
Just instinct, in the All to comprehend ;
The Good, True, Beautiful to hold as Life ;
The Service instinct, ever to attend
And fill the natured plane by vital strife ;

In limitations serve the Limitless ;
Think-feel as Genius in the service-plan ;
Inbreathe the Infinite for blessedness,
And hold the consciousness of God in man ;
And so to serve the Use wherefor He trod ;
The Son, made Individual, of God.

Such words are sparkles from the flying wheel
Of orbéd intelligence wherein He wrought ;
Touching into the universal feel
Of Time's necessity, by centred thought.
To found no fixed creed, no final code ;
In evolution of the Thruth He trode.

He forced no Force, but served the opportune.
A Form from Heaven, He fused in selfhood's hell.
His works were as ripe clustered gifts, bestrewn
On human sward, oft trampled as they fell.
His Life was Genius, a divine surprise,
Absorbed in one heroic enterprise.

The Modal God, Sire, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Rose in the swift procession of His days ;
Orbed, Triune Deity o'er Faith's dim coast,
Including the Jehovah of the daze.
The God-idea, by His Presence, grew
Most real, human, kindly, ever new.

He touched the time-bell and it rocked and rang,
Vibrating to vast peals of heaven and hell.
He kissed the great Love-instinct and it sang ;—
The Social instinct ; woke the blissful swell
Of sympathies ; community of good ;
Heaven's Kingdom, sisterhood in brotherhood.

He cast his Life, a handful of seed-corn,
Through the dead famine of man's wilderness ;
Lit altar flames in Woman's flesh forlorn,
To rise divine, her instincts to possess ;
Her passion to infill and recreate ;
To wed her freedom to His own High Fate.—

And Lo ! the "Bridegroom cometh," even now.
Waits the rich harvest, sown in cruel tears ;
And morning wears His crown on kindling brow ;
And evening in His bosom disappears ;
And the deep time-bell smites into deace.
He breathes into us, and His breath is Peace.

July 1st, 1902.

C.

I centre, so to enter
To the Man of men Divine.
To the Presence that is Essence,
Ever fruitful in His vine.

So I picture in the Scripture ;
So I passion to the lay.
I am feeding, I am breeding
In the Life and Truth and Way.

All that ever on the river
Of the consciousness held flow,
Lifts divinely, full benignly,
Of the Good of good to show.

Love makes passion, so to fashion,
In the custom of sweet verse,
Firm for lifting, full for gifting,
Crowning Woman o'er her curse.

The instinctives breed distinctives,
As the star evolves in star.
In Her graces fill their spaces,
Individual, afar.

From the woman-mass she passes,
As from chaos swings a world ;
Elemental, continental,
She revolves in worths unfurled.

Not to labor, but beneighbor,
For the precious, brave and dear ;
Bearing nations, inspirations ;—
So the Woman's social sphere.

Yea, for lifting, but in gifting.
Yea, for serving as a Queen ;
As a presence for the Essence ;
For the Lady Nazarene.

July 1st, 1902.

CI.

"Enlightened self" claims immortality :
So the proud angels of the star that fell.
Lust, organised to "High Society,"
In cultures, customs, rings Religion's knell.
America its anti-christ is breeding ;
Clasped to its bosom coils the dragon worm ;
Proud Capital the growing lust is feeding ;
Self-evolutions of "no God" affirm.

Full armed against the Infinite decrees,
Classes of "business men," self-lusts tyrannic,
Self-indolent in luxurized self-ease,
Self-vain, self-class-aristocratic,
Stand in proud splendor of self-elevation,
To grasp the rich prosperities a-bloom.—
To-morrow hastes imperious desolation ;
The form a skeleton,—the pall, the tomb.

The intellectual pedants are the vainest
Of pompous mortals : they adore the shells
Of faiths, of cultures ; often the profanest ;
Dead to the fated instinct that foretells.
The creed definers, the pontificators,
Hold "Prophet Jesus" in contempt and scorn ;
"The anti-Moses, Traitor of the traitors ;
The demagogue, the crank, the devil-born."

Out of the commons grew the Faiths Primeval.
Out of the commons Reformation grew.
Out of the commons rose the warm Retrieval,
Where Boehme, Zinzendorf, and Wesley drew.
Out of the commons now our Booth has listed
"Salvation's Army," scanted, toilsome host ;
Led by a fire that shall not be resisted ;
The warm, swift breathings of the Holy Ghost.

Salvation's Army ! Lo, by armies marching
Shall be the fight on Armageddon's field ;
God in Life's fleshly peoples overarching ;
Inbreathing, firing, where the loves congealed.
The brave, the lowly ones, whose lives make chorus,
While thrilling thousands wreath the sacred dance.
Ope Life's new paradise, that glows before us,
While Hatreds perish as Delights advance.

Man, with a Purpose weightier than the Planet,
Unsating as the stars are, may beget
A whirl of passions, as the skies that fan it,
And wake America, and save her yet.

“How long, O, Lord, how long?”—The cry of ages ;
It wakes an answer. This its fast, far song.
The Time-scroll opes to Life's illumined pages.—
Form to the onset. Onward! hearts-go-strong!

July 1st, 1902.

CII.

Conceived in Poesy, but born in prose,
Thru'th so proceeds to ultimate effect.
Illusions, that lead mortals by the nose,
Delude by tickles; hold self-pride erect.
The wariest trout, the limpid brook that stem,
Are captured: boys know how to tickle them.

Man is a pleasure-form: thank God for this:
He is alive to Woman, heel to brow.
Woman, from soul to fleshness, is a kiss,
Organic, palpitant, a vital flow;
She furrows through mankind, her common soil;
But self-sense furrows her; oft Ruin's spoil.

I dare to verse as no man ever writ,
Because I am man-woman; held so clean,
That when diaboli the sense have bit
I crush them by the heel: I overlean
Man's "Garden of Armida," Martinique;
His garden of the serpents, and its peak
Of bellied fires volcanic, and his groves
Of tropic bloom wherein sex-pleasure roves.

Gross-bellied man ; the lance-snake in him coils ;
It rises hot to sting at any cost ;
Woman to him a pleasance of rich spoils,
His murder-sports her Lives of lives exhausts.
Woman ne'er fathomed man's concentrated guile ;
Magic of magic ; woman to defile.

Man, made unto the sex its pleasure-worm ;
Yet pity him : the potencies that slay
Are lost survivals of a better term ;
Instinct of instincts, hurled the most astray.
The Armageddon of the sex is here.
Conquer we this, and crime will disappear.

July 1st, 1902.

CIII.

"There's T. L. Harris." Of him this is written.
Whilst here I bear the outcome of his form,
I grew through it, to such achievement litten,
By his nigh eighty years of battle-storm.
All the God-good he won survives as me :
For such unself opes timed eternity.

But this career begins where that was ended.
I reap to harvests in the soil he fed.
He died the holy death, through it ascended.
My place is in the Pillar, and I wed
This life into the People's common good ;
Bearing to serve the Brother-Sisterhood.

He was a conscript, by High Thruth conscripted
To a career no mortal man foresaw.
Heredity in him with Grace contended ;
His life a research to discern Thruth's Law ;
To live it, and to serve it, and to last
Till the full round of service should be past.

He asked for "noughtness"; and at last he vanished.
Caught as a rain-drop in the flowing sea.
His passion rose transformed, the shades diminished.
Through sweet forgivenesses they rose a-glee.
His prayer was answered. Through the altar-pyre
He was transposed ; I, Theos, shape in fire.

The individual and personal
Conserve into one being ; soul and sense
Transform, transpose into Thruth's passional,
Wise, prudent, calm, affirmative, intense.
This is as Christ of old to Clement said :
"The inness outened, two degrees in-wed."

And now this Fact serves for an illustration ;
But as the sinful through the sinless shows,
Here was a conscript from the selfized nation,
Who, as Man Jesus, through earth's womb arose ;
Stood as Youth Jesus, modest, to affirm,—
"Christ is my Father ; Harris but a term."

A stormy petrel on the seas of Time,
He sailed foretelling of the fated storm.
The good, the true, the beautiful sublime
Wrought in him, by him, and he knew his norm
He grew as Jesus did to feel twain-one ;
Herewith to find his Life,—a daughter-son.

Word-passions grew to attributes. They group
 In the man-image : shape a glorious form.
 In the harmonic instincts thrill and throu—
 For the beatitudes to serve conform.
 I, Theos, build to attributes : as yet
 A promise, to fulfilment surely set.

Christ Jesus, All in all to last of things !
 In Modal Deity we most retrieve
 Our knowings from third-time meanderings.
 And so know God in sense and so achieve—
 So in God Practical must knowings curve
 And make delight in God, whose Life is—"Serve."

A little, and a little more. 'Tis better
 To own the kiss than to deny the kiss.
 I live the twain-one life unto its letter.
 Touch me. I pulsate in man-woman's bliss.
 Self morals grow to murders of the bed,
 For Armageddon's fight my morals head.

July 2nd, 1902.

CIV.

Man-Nazareth was Zion's rightful Monarch,
 Yet for that time His kingdom but a dream.
 Man-self, the demagogue, Illusion's Anarch,
 O'er the mad masses, in them, ruled supreme.
 'Tis the massed purpose of supreme Self-Love
 Keeps ope the death-world, bars the realm above.

Jesus spake : " No man to Earth entered ever
Incarnate from the Fourthness " : this His claim ;
The Only Son of God who is the Father ;
Rescued humanity His only aim.
Not as Self's world His kingdom ; His to swing
The Lifted Planet in Life's bridal ring.

And He will swing it ! times converge to this.
Peoples their imbecilities declare.
No man has fathomed to the self-abyss :
Alone in Peoples, I exist to dare.
Man has absorbed self-love, made Self his own ;
The State its organ, and the Sect its throne.

It is the contact of the Opposites.
Attractions to their destinies declare.
No chance prevails, for here the Judgment sits,
But two-faced Janus holds the fated chair.
Face we to self? In self shall be our fate.—
Face we from self? Christ is our Open Gate ;

And domes o'er flesh His glorious pavilion ;
And arches it with heavens of every star.
They of the Thruth-world, million upon million,
Shall follow Him in endless avatar.
I touch the onswell of the rising tide.
Hail to the kingdom of the Bridegroom-Bride !

A lonely Thruth child, I shall be a Nation.
Through me shall breathe the People's for their prime.
Truth through my flesh shall emanate salvation.
I will keep Sabbath where the dancers chime,
And in their joyous breathings love's accord,
And circle in the goings of the Lord.

And if I dare to verse as none have spoken,
 'Tis that Christ-Christa is my fleshly Dare.
And if I dare to break where none have broken,
 'Tis transubstantiated bread I share.
And oh! my heart, it fills for Saviour wine.—
Spake Jesus to the People: "Come and dine!"

July 2nd, 1902.

CV.

These are suggestions Mother Thruth hath given :
 "Thou first and last should'st sanctify thy horn,
In chastities to serve the Queen of Heaven,
 And hold thy sex as to Her Honor born."
For Thruth commands not, save as She commends,
Unto the utmost good where Life ascends.

"And thou should'st beautify the Life, in freshness
 Of ever-youthful loves, born of Her grace ;
And hold in sacred honorings thy fleshness,
 And fill by service thy appointed place ;
And tear from self, unto thy Worded germ
Thy inmost, till it rounds the outer term.

"Honor thou should'st it ; honoring thy Mother
 By growing in the Use of Good and True ;
No germs of faculties to check or smother ;
 For out of germs men, planets, suns forth-grew.
Thou knowest not of that which germs in thee :
What freedoms in thy fate to serve may be."

And fear not of events that vail before thee ;
But hold thine heart, in Providence to dwell.
Turn from thy Past :—Love's future fashions o'er thee,
And blessings trickle from the Mother's well.
Disdain thy Self: declare thy Life its foe.
This is thy battle.—To the triumph go !

June 2nd, 1902.

CVI.

Feel to thy Mother, for She knows all things
Thy Father knows, but by the Woman's way.
'Tis She incorporates the worshipings ;
Wheeling salvations to their final play.
'Tis She leads marriage-music through the dead
Cold Hades, and revives the sex that fled.

The Infinite, made Womanly Instinctive,
Girdles Heaven, Earth, Hades ; Her bi-sexual zone
Made to each daughter of Her Word distinctive ;
Seeks to inrobe in Woman's flesh Her own.
Christ spake His parable : the wandering youth,
Homed to festivities by parent Truth.

But Christa is Her own dear Parable ;
Her Own Sweet Flesh its glowing illustration.
She gives Her own, the cup of bliss to fill
And quench the thirst of woman's desolation.
Would'st thou, O, son ! fleshed in thy Mother dwell ?
Gather to Her the daughters, lost in hell.

Christa is Life, Truth, Way, but not as Christ is.

Her truth, life, way are in the Woman's gifts.
She opes Her path through sex by secret vistas.

Her palpitants pass where no man resists.
Shall Sheol ever bid its flames repeal?
'Twill be when Woman Christa turns the wheel.

Man Jesus built no sculptured architecture ;
No Parthenon of Truth in verbal stone ;
He was environed by the Hebrew scripture.

In form the Point of Thruth, He stood alone.
His life, death, resurrection made the Fact,
Wherein His memory found place to act.

Let Woman still be woman ; never strive
To have her other than her Genius wills.
Seek not to purse her in thy honied hive.

Nay, serve her, to adorn her glorious hills.
Man knows not Woman, nor will she be known,
Save through the Goddess of the triune zone.

Religion should be man's invigorator—
Uphold the splendors to his Honor known.

Christ Jesus never was the imitator :
He stood Unique, Original, Alone.

He was the People's man, all out of doors ;
Willing and able for the Planet's chores.

'Twas not a Gulliver in Liliput,
But smallest man, 'mid pigmy millions seen ;
The hall of giants hid in pigmy hut ;
The live "man mountain" in an atomed screen ;
And joyful so ; to pigmy instincts warm.
"Dear pigmy peoples, I your brother born."

'Tis here again, "the contact of extremes,"
"Attractions wed into their destinies."
The Lasting Fact evolves to fill the dreams,
The fourthnesses are fronted to the threes.
All men are safe who fight against High God ;
But only safe until the round is trod.

July 2nd, 1902.

CVII.

In each to all of us, anear, afar,
Shall Thruth affirm Her bounteous avatar.
No man shall query, "Know ye of the Lord ?"
All shall have God, as lives to Love accord.

All that is mine is flowing to be thine,
In fitting form as destinies assign.
Passions, grown attributes, make neighborhood
To edify the All in common Good.

So Morgan conquers in the People's Trust.
So Booth's battalions, o'er the dying dust
Of vanquished Armageddon leadeth just
World equities, crowned honors of the Right ;—
Christ-Christa breathful in the world's delight.

Rights by recriminations ne'er are won.
Contending darkness breeds no rising sun.
The Golden Ground is reached through Truth in span ;
Saloon, Press, Pulpit own the Man in man

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The Great Event looms mightier as it nears.
Man-Jesus saw, but spoke to third ears.
Now Christa, Truth, Life, Way of ways assails.
The Goddess-Woman, Isis, lifts Her veils.
Goddess and Messenger of God, She claims
Her providence, to glory through the shames.
No shames, no shamelessness: 'tis so She arms
Her Judgment, to robe Peoples in Her charms.

July 3rd, 1902.

CVIII.

Harris, his life of service ebb'd away,
And its last goblet filled the dying day.
The Mother Woman touched his painful youth;
She spun, unstung the serpent's cruel tooth.
She bred Her fairy loves his breast within;
A-wound the fairy sense, the mights to win;
The fairy dome arched in him to expand;
And wove through fleshly sense a fairy land.

I think of him as one I long have known.
I was his own, but so he was mine own.
I was unselfed, but he in selfhood pained.
He was as one I never praised, but blamed,
For praise was hurtful to him. Thruth in me
Flowed as by vein in vein: the sultry sea
Of sensely instincts grieved it; but it bore
Him through it till he touched the Saviour shore.

In such complexity of form I dwell ;
The rising problems of the Race foretell.
My Thruthness-home is known as Lilistan.
'Tis a new kingdom that in Thruth began,
When, in the past 'mid century, descent
Of Truth came flowing for the Earth's event.
As Swedenborg, the Christly seer, foretold,
"The Earth's 'mid nineteenth century, shall fold
Events, descending to lead unto men
Christ's kingdom, phrased as 'New Jerusalem.'"

July 3rd, 1902.

CIX.

Boy Harris was half orphan from a child.
Over his birth a blessed Lady smiled
Devoutly beautiful, angelical,
Inspired. She vanished from him in the pall ;—
His natural sire but Calvinistical.

In Britain's loss and dread, when Cromwell died,
Two stalwarts of the "Ironsides" colloquied.
Each named as Harris ; one had only son,
The other only daughter ; so they spun
To marry them, that by them time might breed,
If such Jehovah's will, a godly seed.

'Twas from that bed came Harris. Yeomanhood
Was his inheritance ; yet Harris stood
Within this but above ; by long descent
Two lines of knighthood were within him blent.

The small boy labored as a poor man's aid.
His days held burden, but his nights arrayed
In books : no volume ever came amiss ;
Song, history, theosophy, to this ;
Until incipient youth declared its round,
And passion through the instincts rose and frowned.
In strict but silent morals then he fought,
And for self-morals in the sense he wrought,
Until he feared his honors might dethrone ;
But then Religion touched him for her own.

For "change of heart" he battled, prayed and bled.
A splendor rose within him, and it led
A sense of Christ forgivingly within ;
An inner light, a power to conquer sin.—
They asked him, "Would you be cast into hell,
If 'twas God's will?" Replied he, fired to tell,
"Yes, if, cast into utter hell, I could
Lift but a soul from its damnationhood."
So they baptised him, and as I recall,
This fixed determination to give all
To seek and serve the utter desolate,
Knit to his life the Genius and the Fate.

July 3rd, 1902.

CX.

The One Supremely Honest Man is God ;
Rock pillar, fire, and force and flame and rod ;
Centrestance in circumference. I hold
This for my being's absolute ; I fold

This principle, the fact of real life ;
This the essential, giving unto strife
Justification of the utmost war ;
The course, means, and effect of avatar.

Integrity germs intrepidity ;
Makes possible impossibility ;
Makes knowable the else unknowable ;
Makes visible the else unshowable ;
Makes habitable what was vague extense ;
Makes forcible, unto release, the sense ;
And, in the shells and measurements of man,
Fills Thruth with kingdoms such as Lilistan.

Christ spake to Harris, "Dare thou in My dare :
Go thou to Hell and serve to devils there ;
Into the swollen belly of the Curse
Whence darts to outermost the Worst of worse,
And in the falseness hold thy Good of Truth ;"
So he obeyed, and faced the anti-Thruth.
He met the Ill that ravishes the race.

Through the Impossible, Man Jesus came.
The possible in Mary maid shed flame :
She became pregnant. God so bred in her
Salvation through manhood's huge sepulchre.

Jesus, Intrepid of Integrity,
Freed opportune through Earth's extremity ;
Supremely Honest, Son of Honest Man,—
The One God-Goddess,—met the crime that ran
Its fiery flow of serpents o'er the sphere,
Wherein man lives his life of lust and fear :

Showed Honesty as Honor ; touched the sense
Of dormant manhood ; flowed into the dense
Cold sward of custom, caste and brutal might ;
Made Honesty Religion, and its light.—
Whoever scorns Integrity scorns God
And whirls his will to be the devil's rod.

July 4th, 1902.

CXI.

“Star-Spangled Banner” and the “Marseillaise”
Nurse battle-marches for the Thruthful days.
France and America woke out of night,
To find new morning through the dawn of light.

Rise thou, O song, to Christa's gartered knee.
Supreme Integrity breeds Chivalry.
Lift thou, O song, in Freedom to acclaim,
Peoples' integrity is Freedom's aim.

Blessed Her dead, who filled the fatal fosse ;
Who shaped the bridge for Christa's knights to cross.
O'er quickening dust of martyred braves unknown,
Man-Woman People marches to its throne.

Spake Swedenborg the seer, and spake aright,
“Prepared and ready, the events wait Light.”
I touch the verse : then, Lo, the song upsprings
As when swift sunrise thrills the eagle's wings.

"Kiss me my love: thy kiss might wake the dead."
So kissed the Woman, Honesty. She fed
Kisses into my bosom; joys a-wing.
Integrity breeds out of Sorrowing.

'Tis through Integrity the Joys advance.
Through Liberty's Integrity shall France
Build the Republic of Man-Woman Good;
Hers a grand mission, not yet understood.

What Fourier imaged, what St. Simon taught,
Is immanent, but cometh unbesought,
Save as a virgin wakes from vision sweet,
To find the glowing bridegroom at her feet.

Paris, the Magdalene of Cities, she
Shall kneel from Christa's feet to Christa's knee;
And weep her sorrows out on Christa's breast.
To rise, Saint Magdalene, in honor drest.

The lilies do not labor, but they spin
And ope in bloom, their inness to out-win.
Ah! what a world this, if but such a state
As mine is in a People concentrate.

Ah, what a Church! if 'neath great Peter's dome
Met bridal pontiffs;—a man-woman Rome.—
Pivot of Churches? Yea, a bridal sun;
A solar system, planetarium;
Blossomed with lilies: all a bridal sward—
Mankind one flesh: one temple of the Lord.

July 4th, 1902.

CXII.

See here the Absolute American.

Song shall outline him and define the sway.

The Man in flesh, who is the common man,

Who energises inness to outray.

His purpose outens to the People's weal.

His attributes fight on to Ill's repeal.

He grows from inward by a royal seed.

In him the People will not fear, but trust.

His plastic principle will Christa knead ;

Make vital bread of him who was but dust.

He will grow on : grow pregnant to the least ;—

Life-bread all broken for the People's feast.

MAN JESUS, He such royal seed was born,

Held Royalty : in Form it so upgrew.

His was the battle-instinct, to reform,

And through the shattered oldness to renew.

Priest, prophet, healer, poet, seer, the swing

Of the orb'd gifts make centre in the King !

His Kingdom was the human difficult.

The labor was for universal rise.

His life concentred, bodied, in Result.

He smote the Planet's Wrong between the eyes.

He, merciful as is the dropping dew,

Pierced into Evil,—and it pierced Him through.

But for the royal seed, He might have been
The nobler Sakyamuni, cool and calm ;
Sat robed in holiness, a seer serene ;
A prophet by the well beneath the palm.
A fount of melody mankind to thrill,
Grander Confucius, eloquent goodwill.

He might have wrought Philosophy in Song ;
Have timed the music to Life's throbbing pulse ;
Led cultures through magnificence ; the Wrong
Treated as Nullity ; a brief repulse.
Greece, Rome, far India waited such as this ;
The soother of the selfhood with a kiss ;

Have reconciled mankind to live in sin,
And call it but a good, not yet at ease ;
Through evolution to rerope and spin,
And lead the selfhood to vast victories ;
Have magnetised mankind ; have taught the gift
To hypnotise drenched Peoples in their drift.

" All these I give if Thou wilt worship me."
So the Arch-Tempter proffered on the mount.
This the " Temptation " partly. Answered He :
But " Get behind Me, Satan." So the fount,
Salvation, broke through Him to vivid flow.
He conquered ; but survives as Man of Woe.

" Thou shalt but worship God thy Lord alone " ;
For God requires all as God giveth all.
So Royalty pulsed through Him, breathed and shone ;
So Thruthness touched, responsive to the call.
Henceforth Christ Jesus orb'd into the host
Of Heaven, baptised into the Holy Ghost.

Three years of Royalty henceforth he trod,
The Holy Ghost, Her dovelets rose a-wing.
They overshadowed far His lonely road.

'The common People's instincts felt their King.—
"The Galilean, how dares He to thaw
Our Sinai's ice and break the winter's law."

His hand He pledged into the People's hand.

His heart into the People's heart he thrust.
His passions rose all regally, all grand,
Crowned unto attributes; and so the crust
Of frozen Time was broken, and the few
Who owned His kindness felt life live anew.

His service was "Forgiveness of the Sins."

O'er the stern morale of the sect he trod.
'Tis the Infleshed Divinity who wins;
'Tis Spring, that blossoms o'er man's passioned sod.
The Timeless Man, time held, of Him to nurse:
He filled the Process of Time's universe.

And time lives as He nourished: nourishment

Breeds on and ever to Time's full of days.
Breeds through Time's immanent to eminent.

This, the Fulfilment. Seemingly delays
Are but slow throbbings of the Heart, that holds
The common heart of man, till it unfolds.

So of the Absolute American.

Thruth's process in Him is for us, for all
Who own Him, our Arch-Attributal Man,
And pulse responses as His pulses call.
And He in us Pulsation shall be made.—
Feel ye unto His heart.—Be not afraid.

July 5th, 1902.

CXIII.

In the completion of a Life's career,
It is as if a Fact should disappear.
The common instinct says that "they have died ;"
Extinguished as are Potencies denied.
They live alone as memories ; they are
Not wanted ; lingerers ; new-comers bar
Their access, if they live, from a return.
They would be felt Intrusives. Most men spurn
The thought, that an undoubted, real man
Ever on earth a second life began,
And made his place in actual affairs.

No man has ever yet come down the stairs,
But One, and He in transubstantial flesh.
Spirits and ghosts and larves have spun a mesh
Of visioned images, a seeming screen.
Death swallowed all : One rose, the Nazarene,
And He had won the outermost degree ;
Won it by the extreme of servicer.
Man furls his banner in the dying breeze,
But He bore His through spaced eternities.

My banner floats upon Thruth's banner-staff.
It flew through death. Now over Death I laugh.
Tran'stantiated flesh, well-outried, thrills.
Thruth-breath floods music through its vortices.
I concentrate flesh-faculties : not storm,
But active rest dwells in this real form,
Whose animates all chord in unison :
My march was finished, in a march begun.

Over the landscape of the finished years,
The world of Thruth, as throughing it appears.
I trode through time, till time dissolved from me.
Now I stand still in timed eternity.

I have to fashion to a lesser tongue ;
My vital thought of melody unsung.
Learn to adapt my attitudes anew ;
To meet, converse with men, whilst I pursue
Ranges of Life untimed, to weave and dress
Thought, knowing, sense, in fourfold meaningness ;
Learn guard, learn aspect, learn to hold my thrill ;
Learn to appear as agéd Harris still,
And, in man's arctic vail my tropic heat,
And in his tempest tune by calm complete.

July 5th, 1902.

CXIV.

One spake to me, "Wake, Theos ; rise and sip
Blithe inspiration from the dawning's lip.
Rise, Theos, where the morning lifts divine,
Warm from her bath of oriental wine.
Rise to renew in Song's laborious ease,
From Christa's nymphs and gartered chivalries."
So Theos woke, revived, rejoiced and strong ;
Breathed from Christ's bosom ; thrilled to Saviour song.

One spake to Theos, "Wilt be interviewed ?"
No honest queryings will I elude,
I will not palter in a false disguise,
But stand full naked to the sun's uprise.
Whate'er God made of me I will avow,
And meet the question with an upright brow.

Then, "Who art thou, and what and for what end?
For what thy song, and to what doth it tend?
Who was thy Father, and thy Mother who?
Through what strange incline did thy path pursue?
And what was Harris; to what purpose lent?
And what the logic of this last event?"

I am a man of composite degrees;
The third-dimensioned folk simplicities.
God is my Cause, I am but an effect.
I lift as do the lilies, warm, erect,
Out of the Breathing Spirit of the Spring.
No spring am I, but bud, just blossoming.
I am but dust, yet dust in being wrought,
From the full purpose of Creative Thought,
ONE breathed into me, and my dust became
A one-twain manhood in Redemptive Flame.

Into inequities my lot is cast,
But by Integritys, firm, sure, and fast.
Into the hollow, empty dust, mankind,
I stand, a fount of light amid the blind.

I know as knows no self. I see and feel
As none, from God into the common weal.
Mine is a self that is not mine, my germ
Of Word, so made Word-self unto the term.
So in this primate and degrees I wait;
Ope as God Wills unto the ultimate.

Reality thus through, in fictions wrought,
Shines as a star, into the whirlwinds caught.
I battle in the whirlwinds, for advance
Into the People's waste of circumstance.
But I am as the star is, and my track
Is in the constellated zodiac.

Harris is my sub-being, unto me
As manhood of the outermost degree.
Holds ultimate for flesh of my discrete,
Serves ultimate, thus-so, from brain to feet.
So unto me as Jesus was to Christ,
Incorporate to me, imparadised ;
In such a sense as germ in germ may serve
To illustrate the Fact whence all things curve ;
In such a sense, as noughtness into nought
May illustrate the Full whence flow is caught.
In such a sense as pardoning may wreath
To illustrate whence the Forgivings breathe ;
In such a sense as shadows, lit and spun
In solar glories, may suggest the sun.

A lowly man, sore 'neath affliction's rod ;
A burdened man, full-weighted where he trod ;
Who bore the utmost censure of the base,
Yet held a calm, resigned, and gentle face.
Who knew himself a sinner, yet to Sin
Faced ever as a Sworded Paladin ;
Adept in servicer, who from his youth
Sought but to know the utter Good-in-Truth.

A man whose passion was to Socialise,
And fling his life in manhood for its rise ;
A man who held his life as not his own ;
Who knew, when wronged, to pity and condone ;
A man who, silent, with a bleeding breast,
Gave without measure to his utter best ;
A man who dared the last impossible ;
Believed in God, believed God Miracle.
What more? He was not understood perforce :
His life ebbed inward, into God its source.

He to Fraternity made earnest plight ;
An Oddfellow, Arch-Mason, a Sir Knight ;
A Socialist, an Abolitionist ;
To the opprest his life for service kist.
In Brisbane, Greely, Channing found his mates ;
Sought to the slums for the unfortunates ;
Of the street gamins gathered ; drank the gall,
Nor faltered till he reached the end of all.

He knew his pathway ; in it held his feet ;
Simply appealed unto the Judgment seat.
This be his memory's record : " That he clad
His life in service ; gave the all he had.
His life from Christ he would not, could not free.
He stood serene in simple dignity ;
And so at last he met the Twain-in-One ;
But now as Theos-Thea, daughter-son."

July 5th, 1902.

CXV.

Song is waken, Song is shaken
By the Life-Winds of the East.
They enrobe it, they englobe it,
From the sorrowings deceased.

I remember Time's December
As a pillar-shapen womb,
Whence the Life rose in the sun-glows,
All for paradise a-bloom.

Through the narrows urge the arrows
Of the glories, all a-tide.
The abysses whirled to blisses
Of the Life, made bridegroom-bride.

Ye who stand awaiting, mating
To the Loves that in me sing,
Wait a-tremble, but assemble
To the Joyances that wing ;

Ye the dearest and the nearest,
To the God-life near and dear,
Chord to blending, for the ending,
For Realization here.

July 6th, 1902.

CXVI.

Desolation,—consolation !
Brims the urn to overflow ;
For surprisal, for uprisal
Of the draught of God below.
Ye who achen, ye forsaken,
Of the bliss ye may foreknow,
Ye shall waken, blossoms shaken
By love-breathing Lilimo.

From the Lictor to the victor ;
From the piercings of the thorn ;
From constrictor to evicter,
Ye shall bosom, Goddess-born.

Song was folden in the golden,
Now it shakes the Harvest corn.
Song was holden on to bolden,
And of Christa to forewarn.

July 6th, 1902.

CXVII.

I know God-Goddess as the Ever Good,
The Ever Sure, the Beautiful Surprise,
Breathing all through my fleshly humanhood
The exquisite, sweet loves of paradise.
Of all God gave me I shall loose not one ;
Of all God giveth me shall gather more.
In Lady-Lord I dwell, a daughter-son ;
My fleshness made a paradisal floor.

'Tis through my heart, I thrill to God, and verse.
'Tis through my bosom that the mercies breathe.
My palpitants of Love's full bosom nurse.
So through my song Love's melodies a-wreathe.
The attributal passions, that unite,
To shape my flesh as Mercy's bridal floor,
But nerve my service for the World's delight,
And dome and star me for Love's evermore.

I come to be the guest of young mankind,
Bred from the marriage-bed of Christa's grace.
I come to seek and serve ; the all to find
Whose beings ache for the Divine embrace.

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I give my all to them, their all who give.
I knock at no man's door, nor cringe the knee.
But, as I live, so I outbreathe to live,
For blessedness of timed eternity.

My citadel is Honor, and its fosse
Holds living waters, leaping to the linn.
The pure white lilies of Christ's passion-cross
Upon its limpid bosom ope and swim.
Take thou of these, my lilies, they are sweet ;
In Woman Chastity divinely clean.
Where on thy lip the blessed odors meet,
They are her gift, my Love, the Lily Queen.

July 6th, 1902.

CXVIII.

In the spine shaft of God made flesh, abide
Sure energies, that hold mankind in play.
Here is the Might where victories reside ;
Where the armed splendors of defence array.
If one would serve mankind unto the term,
He must demagnetise, by potence firm.

To hold and urge demagnetation's force,
Is the sure process, whence events fulfil.
Whence comes self-hypnotism? What its course?
'Tis centred energy of selfhood's will.
Man Jesus was no hypnotist. He willed
Against the hypnotists ; their virus killed.

Hypnotic is the Lecher's cruel art.

Self breeds sex-octopus in occult form.

Its tentacles, with passioned lust that dart,

Close round the maid and wrap her in a swarm

Of evil microbes ; through her veins they spire ;

Inject into her, breeding false desire.

The worst of microbes is the ' devilkinn,"

The lust of most satanic selfhood's men.

Organic lust of evils, bred from sin,

Of the adulterous, made minute, and then

Led through the sex-sense to make mimic play ;

To hypnotise the passion ; to betray.

The art of selfhood in its last extreme,

Diabolised in service of the worm,

Is to envenomise, infect the dream,

And generate to ecstasies inferne ;

To make the sex degenerate, sin-trod,

A medium vehicle for anti-God.

Now " spiritism's " worst result is this :

That it lets in self-magic's phantom world.

That it evokes the " ghost diabolis,"

The octopus, in the lost siren curled.

That it leads on through woman-sex, to swell

The ruin-serpent of the " Star that fell."

Purge ye, my People, purge ye utterly

From the dread contact with the larvous ghost.

The gilded pinnacle of sex-revelry

Sucks to the maelstrom, where the reckless host

Of drunken passions shout for " fun alive."

They whirl, they plunge, into the vortex drive.

July 7th, 1902.

CXIX.

I saw a Lover and His Loveress,
 Arrayed in beauty, on the floral stone
Of New Jerusalem : right glorious,
 Each in the other beatific shone,
And they passed through each other ; so each came
Forth through responsive flesh : there was no shame.

The Loveress, she in her Lover stood ;
 And he beamed Jesus like, a man of skill,
All in grand attitude of husbandhood ;
 A twain-one being, will embracing will ;
Most masculine, most feminine, most sweet.
So meet the People : so in God they greet.

I touched into their attitude divine,
 And she was pregnant with a babe of grace ;
A Word-germ, wrought in thruthness for a shrine,
 Wherein to grow as child of fourfold space.
Then Lo ! the little infant in the womb
Kissed lips to me ; a lily-rose in bloom.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! there are
 No hypnotists within thy jewelled walls.
As star to star, impregnating the star,
 The Lover to his lovely maiden calls.
So, star in star, Life's constellations run ;
One-twained beatitudes, in God Twain-One.

July 6th, 1902.

CXX.

God is my body's Body ; Soul of soul.—
I serve the Fact, whence universes scroll.
In the Idea, in the Absolute,
I serve and sing ; else melodies were mute.
I, Theos-Thea, in the Logia dwell,
But for the logic toil, where Earth is hell ;—
In the Reality, whence all things nurse ;
The Universal, whence the universe.

But Logic is God's mode, and God through it
Weaves paradises out of Infinite.
Through Harris, as my seen modality,
I weave the Thruth-sense, by Infinity.
Song serves the Poet ; he serves not the song ;
He clothes in minstrelsy ; so Thruth, along
The measured marches of the open rhymes,
Incarnates Wisdom for the coming times.

'Tis a dead household with no God in it :
The Heaven above barred from it ; 'neath the Pit.
Below it reeks the vortex, whirls in whirls ;
The foul self-dragon for the ruin curls.—
I shatter formulas ; I set the staff
Of Godness for my holding : hear my laugh.
At self and its pretences clouds my face ;
“ Not so ! ”—I urge the merriments apace,
To build Life's joy-house where the deaths made place.

For absolution through mankind I win,
Full absolute from social-sexual sin.
I breed forgiveness ; in Forgiveness dwell.
I covenant with God, that sins dispel.
Yet I am all a shadow, that the sun
Irradiates, the Solar Twain-in-One.

Say ill of Harris ; smite him they who will ;
He shed his life, full knowing it would spill ;
Be swallowed up, lost in the blazing gleeds ;
But rise again in hours of People's needs,
To flow for paradise ; a fountained well.—
The fount is in me, and its floods foretell.

I lift the Common Peoples on my breast ;
I bear them home to God : they are opprest
And cannot rise ; are blind and cannot see ;
Their life is tombed in vain self-fantasy :
It needs a man, to dare for them, in them ;
To open flesh for New Jerusalem.

July 7th, 1902.

CXXI.

God is the Logic of Eternal Thruth ;
His Word made flesh in us, to keep our youth
Forever youthful ; ever beamed in bliss.—
He-She, God, cometh evermore to this.
God is for fourthness in us, that we fill
Of Goddess Life and bathe in miracle.

God hungers in us, till we feed in Him,
In Her, and flame as social seraphim ;
Whilst selfhood, if we serve through it, by strife
To overcome, transforms in " tree of life."

Feel-think to me with absolute goodwill ;
Know me in Thruth, for use, your comrade still.
So I am made " Response," to serve the Best
In you, and labor in the common quest.
It matters not how circumstanced, how far,
Touch into me ; touch and I will in-star.
Feel to me as I am, a daughter-son ;
Your sister-brother I.—A touch is won.
'Tis by such touchness that our lives inweave
To paradise, to find new Adam-Eve.

Touch to me ; I am glad ; I am at ease
When men touch to me for the chivalries.
Men, women, rise chivalric when they burn
Impassioned for the war of God—return.
In God-time, for the God-rise, they invest
Their capital of passions, for the quest.

So I serve Honor, clad with cruse of hell,
That rages through the selfed mankind ; a well
Of living waters, trembling to unseal,
To river through the quickened commonweal.
I crave the touch : I never shall be free
Till this deliverance opens to a sea.

I am in Christus-Christa ; else am nought.
I fertilise, to sow the People's thought.
I do not chance it : 'tis a Prudence keeps
Watch in me, lest the sympathy o'erleaps.

This infant, promised for the Golden Years,
Would not enwomb to dash against the spears :—
I hold through Harris as my flesh discrete.
I must protect, till opportunes complete.

Eager for eggs, men kill the golden goose.
So of the fable : heed it for its use.
This babe of Honor, through the verse that blooms,
Will not be lured into the selfhood's tombs.

No jot or tittle, not a drop, a crumb
I part with, save to serve the Life to come.
I have no Life to part with, save for them
Who live to serve the New Jerusalem,
That cometh forth in Thruth, but must a-weave
In third dimension, and its form achieve.

July 7th, 1902.

CXXII.

I saw in Thruth a Priestess, chastely sweet ;
She who was Magdalene at Jesus' feet.
She through her bosom drew a sheaf of spears,
That changed to flying arrows. Song endears
Her being, and her exquisite full charms
Flash through her to inspire the men-at-arms,
The knights, at Christa's gartered knee who kneel.

One touched me, and his touch was sworded steel.
So to this knight, by comradeship, I stood,
In the communion of Christ's flesh and blood,
And in his thought I thought, as he in mine ;
His love enshrined in me : I was her shrine.

He might have been as Hamlet, by the type ;
His knightess as Ophelia, blossomed ripe ;
An everflowering one ; of those who share
Love-Christa's gifts and in her honors dare.

'Tis in such intimacies we exalt
Our purpose for the full divine assault,
And by the unitizing passions nerve
Each other's flesh.—We of the Thruth reserve
The breeding energies ;—no half-ripe fruit ;—
Till the occasion serve, unknown and mute.

July 7th, 1902.

CXXIII.

Sisters and Brothers, felt through all disguise,
It is the Day that in us throbs to rise.
Make Merriment through all your pains for this,
God seeks to rise in us, by flesh, made bliss.

God comes to judge the world.—This understood ;
God lights to judge, through quickening humanhood ;—
The purgatorial judgment on our sins ;
The judgment fire led through our passionings ;

The Judgment Grace, to enter and efface
Unfaith, cupidity, disease, disgrace ;
The Judgment Fire to free our lives a-flow,
To bathe our flesh in baths of Lilimo.

"When the without shall be as the within,"—
So Jesus spake, "the kingdom shall begin."
To outness, outness must the Coming pace,
Till human passions touch God, face to face.

July 7th, 1902.

CXXIV.

The Holy War, for this new time, a-wings
The greater circle of its outwardings.
The warfare, that in Christ's dear flesh found birth
Rounds to the compass of man's mortal earth.
The flying darts unquiver from the breast
Of knightly Woman : sure their sacred quest.
"Angels from heaven,"—the promise thus began,—
"Shall tend the coming of the Son of Man"
In common thruthness, to the common third,
Pulse the vast undulations of the Word ;—
A coming, no intrusion, but a thrill
Of blithe emotion in the common will ;
The sense of loosening ; the sense of ease ;
The sense of something good and sure to please ;
The sense of quiet—"lay me down to sleep ;"
The sense of far dissolvment through the heap
Of customs, fashions, miserable cares ;—

A sense of Freedoms, winding down the stairs
Of Time's new century ; a silent touch ;
A still vibration, never overmuch ;
A sense of festival ; of heart-release ;
'Midst Earth's mad discords, sense of coming peace.

It shall be as the Morn, in eminence
O'er wolds and cities of the Pestilence ;
The Thruth of morn, whereon a shadow clings,
Yet bears the breath of healing on its wings.

July 7th, 1902.

CXXV.

Let Song do honor to the Martyr Paul ;
Cultured young gentleman, in morals clean,
Born, bred, and learned in Mosaism ; all
Complete, he by it cursed the Nazarene.
He, the accomplished, proud, sectarian Jew,
Served the Old Cult, to persecute the New.

Fresh from the slaying of the Proto-Martyr,
He on his persecuting mission trode.—
A light from heaven !—"Apollo the flame-darter ?"
Nay, Christ ascended, met him on the road.
"Saul, Saul, why persecutest Me? The pricks,
They wound Me."—Hero of the Crucifix !

Voice from the fourth dimension !—Lo ! he felt
His conscience stricken ; through the thirddness
heard
The warm Life-Gospel, penetrant to melt
His cold self-moral, and his inmost stirred.
Lo, Christ's first conscript, summoned by the Fate,
His Genius lifted ;—Then was Christ elate.

Paul's life? It was a fearful isolation.

He rode, a Chevalier at Honor's knee ;

A man of genius, man of inspiration,

He saw to Christ as one who, on the sea
Of terror'd tempest, glimpsed the Golden Shore.
He thought in Christ, served to Christ evermore.

'Twas so he saw his selfhood ; knew his flesh

Hereditated to the accurséd worm ;

Knew his lust's selfness in the sins enmeshed.—

“Who shall deliver me?”—Unto the term
Of instincts, passions, he made utter fight ;
Through darkness dared to serve the Living Light.

He felt in Thruthness, but he phrased in third.

He knew, but knew that he but knew in part.

The plumed archangel, through his deed it stirred ;

The Christ-Apollo sped his fiery dart.

Where'er he warred the wingéd arrows flew :

They pierced ; then men from death were born anew.

Paul is outgrown from ;—thought o'erlooks his haze.—

But not grown into ;—he, not realized.

The gospel fact disfigured in a daze,

Men think in doom ; he thought imparadised.

They see to Paul, but not to Paul's clear sight :

That saw self's easy way, as death's delight.

Paul felt the mortal horror of “this death,”

That dwells and ruins in man's flesh and sense.

He knew, in part, the cult of Nazareth ;

“Redemption of the body” ; man's immense

But selfized world of passions born again ;

Selfhood unselfed, through fleshhood's Man of men.

He touched the immortalities, that wait
To emphasise, in flesh of Coming Time,
The glorious attributes that hold their state
In substacked essence of new flesh sublime.
He touched into the Chastities impearled ;
The honorings of Christ's new social world.

July 8th, 1902.

CXXVI.

In John, the Christed Plato grew.
The Grecian Muse inspired the Jew.
He saw his Christ the cross upon,
But visioned through the Parthenon.
Christ, glorified, his vision kist ;
But Christ the Transcendentalist.

John was the Lover, sexualized.
In Woman's charm he rapturised.
Not as the Jew, he worshipped still ;
Knew Woman as the miracle.
Felt Mary-maid in sex divine ;
Her bosom blest for holy wine.
Woman, in Jesus, hallowed then :
Dear to him was the Magdalen.

John cast across the Hebrew night
A splendor from the golden light.
He leaned upon the Master's breast ;
Most blest of all whom Jesus blest,

Respired, the Master to possess ;
 Felt, knew, the Innate Godlikeness ;
 Held Jesus as the central sun,
 Rounding his life to horizon.

He who, from John's memorials, writ
 His Gospel's proem, touched for it
 Far to antiquities divine.
 Older than Earth that wondrous line.
 In it, for Earth, was chimed again
 Gold Gospel of the Golden men ;
 The wisdom of the solar Lars ;
 The archives of the Avatars.

July 8th, 1902.

CXXVII.

"In the beginning was the Word."
 Heaven hallows when the Voice is heard.
 "With God the Word was." List again :
 Adores to it angelic men.
 "The Word was God." They bow the knee,
 They veil the brow ; heaven's hierarchy.

"By Word all things were made." How thrill
 The solar hosts ; will clasped in will !
 The orb'd intelligences wreath
 In glories, where the accents breathe.
 "In the beginning Word with God."
 How fires to flame heaven's passion-rod ;
 The Sexual Word in God a-plight,
 Where solar systems rose in flight.

“Without Word nothing made : in all,
Pervading all from all ; the wall,
The rock, the pillar, loin and limb,
Brain, bosom, heart, the sex a-cling.”
Breathe, breathe in rapture ; so believe
Man-woman myriads, sense a-wreath.
They hallow, hallow, hallow still
The Word-creative miracle.

“The Word made flesh.” The flesh it lit,
And grew ; it bosomed, twained a-fit.
Sense unto sense, in potence free ;
Passioned in Word Infinity.

In choral song Twained Heavens rehearse.
How throbs, how thrills Word’s universe !
The Universal Faith reveals.
In Word made flesh man-woman kneels.
Heaven’s universal flesh a-twine,
Adores the Word, made flesh divine.

Wing the song-arrows from their sheath.
Let all adore, above, beneath.
For us the Joy of Heaven was born :
Word dwelt with us ; us lost, forlorn.
Incarnate through maid Mary’s womb,
The Twain-One Word in flesh abloom.
On Mary’s breast the Infant shone ;
Word that wrought heaven for us was known.

July 8th, 1902.

CXXVIII.

Jehovah's cult, that caught the Jewish ram,
Evolved in him materials for man ;
Penned him in a religious moral fence ;
So circumcised him to a narrowed sense ;
Made a " Peculiar People " ; through his nerve
Of selfhood led a supernatural curve.

From the gay Nature worship of the grove,
His Worship-instinct narrowed, till it clove
In part his animality, and shone
Into the concept of One God, alone ;
The All-One Masculine ; starred Heaven his throne.
Above the universe and Earth below ;
The vast machine, whirled in an under-flow,
His subject realm ; His rule the vast imposts
Of supernatural miracle ;—His hosts
Defenders and avengers.—God of war,
They worshipped Him for battles, and therefor
They smote the fierce uncircumcised. The band
Of nomads made the land Jehovah's land ;

'Neath the iron harrows drew the captive kings ;
Grasped the swart maidens for their concubin's ;
Possessed such ladies as had not known man ;
The grosser vices held beneath the ban.
As purifying insects, they consumed
Vice, that held tainting ordure ; so a-bloomed
By time a stalwart nation, breeding on
Through David's sling to cultured Solomon.

In a crude sense, the principle of Right
Shone, as a star, into their selfhood's night.
A gleam of Brotherhood broke distantly
Through clanship and the blood-kin family.
This was a Carnal People, eminent
In code carnality. Their worship bent
Unto the One God Masculine its knee ;
But through this carnal instinct held a-free,
In honor to the over-law ; they stood
In war against the outer Paganhood.

It never knew of Woman, but as born
To serve the instinct of the selfhood's horn.
It held to marriage, in Mosaic law ;
A legal custom ; as a band to draw
The family to proud heredity.
So " God Jehovah's " People, eminent
By virtue of unbroken blood descent ;
By " God Jehovah's " favor made supreme
To rule mankind.—The grand prophetic dream

A Saviour Emperor of David's breed,
Triumphant Israel to rule and lead,
In glorious Jerusalem, his shrine ;—
Great Israel, a Nation self-divine,
Ruling mankind by the Mosaic cult ;
Jehovah's ritual the fine result.

Yet through all this a nobler worship spun ;
Man, solar born, ne'er quite abjures the sun.
True seers beheld ; true prophets prophesied ;
Afar felt Spirit, touched afar the Bride.

M

The priest and prophet ever were at war ;
 A bar of Word-light lanced to touch the star.
 Woman, who owns Religion by the feel,
 Knew, whilst man trod Religion by the heel.

Her instincts warned her, and her passions plied
 To better Saviour, where she bled and died ;
 The Woman's Honor in her grieved, to rise
 'Gainst man's code-marriage of adulteries.
 The Woman's Conscience taught her, Moses nought,
 When blood for blood and eye for eye he taught.
 She felt that God was bestest known by eyes
 That looked through mercies, not blood sacrifice.
 This latent Christ Faith, Lo ! it grew, it prest
 Through Hebrew woman ; fed Maid Mary's breast.
 So " Holy Mary " held immaculate
 Her virgin passion, for the Saviour-gate.

July 9th, 1902.

CXXIX.

Peter, the coward crossed with brave,
 For captive Jesus drew the glaive.
 Impetuous, ardent, checked in fear,
 " Cut off the high-priest's servant's ear."—
 Curst, swore that " Christ he never knew " ;
 Repented when the dawn-cock crew.—
 Ah ! but he worshipped, dared, and died :
 His honor held Christ crucified.

He was the man of the machine.
Christ read him as to overlean.—
His fate to ride the Jewish ram ;
In liquid priestliness he swam.
Narrow, it took him years to find
His Master, Word in flesh aligned.
In this scant faith he dipped his rod ;
“Jesus a Prophet sent of God.”

Of all disciples Jesus kissed
He least of Transcendentalist.
He temporizer ; slow of wit,
By crafty policy was bit.
When Paul “withstood him to his face,”
He bound his policy in grace.
The morn-cock crowed within him still.
He battled on with brave goodwill ;
Grew apostolic ; largened on ;
But never clasped the horizon.

Peter by instinct sectarised,
Yet in it universalized.
To his crude thought Religion grew,
In Judaism throned anew.
His faith the cup : the sprinkling urn :
Ne’er the live ocean’s rounding turn.
The Christian concept narrowed through ;
The Church was builded in the Jew.

He oiled the lock ; he held the keys ;
Kept guard for sealed divinities.
Set Freedom on a cloistered stool ;
Held from the bubbling water-pool.

Pontiff and priest and deacon plight ;
The exorcist, the acolyte ;
The thurifer, the eremite ;
The universal pontiff last.
All this shrewd Peter's instinct cast ;
And this not bad, but very good,
If each in fourth dimension stood.
Not bad, but very good again,
Reborn as God is flesh in men ;
If, through Saint Mary, Christa shone,
And Christa's arch domed Peter's dome.

Christ visioned so into the End ;
Saw Christa's Christendom ascend.
Though Peter's narrowness made fail,
"The gates of hell did not prevail."

CXXX.

I touch anew to Christa's knee.
Rome lifts in Christa's chivalry.
To the Church Catholic I bow,
Beaming upright on Christa's brow.
In the Church Catholic I kneel ;
Her bridal bells make joyful peal.

In the cathedral of the sense
I worship :—dies the world's offence.
I stand where Christa's Faith, in-grown,
Sheltered in woman's worth to zone,

Sheds chastities as vital dew,
The Woman's sex-sense to renew ;
Leads Woman's honors from duress ;
Breeds Honor in sex-consciousness.

July 9th, 1902.

CXXXI.

Again I worship ; breathe again.—
Church Catholic made Citizen ;
A-shrined in New Jerusalem.

“Urbis in orbis.”—Even so
The City in the World must grow,
To bliss the world by ever-flow.

The Catholicity of Man !
The Holy City, must o'erspan ;
The Catholic American.

Plant we the Word-staff, here to stand.
The Constellated States a-band ;
Not Judah, but God People's Land.

July 9th, 1902.

CXXXII.

The Vital Fact, felt, witnessed, recognised,
Flows to flood in for man imparadised.

So, Theos-Thea, twain-one of the Thruth,
In thirdness fleshed, I flash the virile truth ;
Dare the impossible, as seems to be ;
Lead motions here from timed eternity.

I stand like young Achilles, by the feel
Invincible, all, but without the heel.
I hold the scars there where dear Harris bled ;
But here I venture, till mankind has bread.
He bore the lamp ; I passion in the flame.
He bore the cross ; I triumph o'er the shame.

July 9th, 1902.

CXXXIII.

What do I labor for? To serve, and bless
The woman from becoming "deviless."
What do I labor for? The man to save
From sinking, "devileer," through Evil's grave ;
To show that "way of ease," that self desires
Opes to the vortex of infernal fires ;
To stand between man, ruined, and his fate ;
To show the Safety, ere it is too late.

Press, pulpit, people, when they go amiss,
Full oft they are the dupes of the abyss.
Peter the coward yet rose Peter brave,
Though first, in fear, he truckled to the knave ;
And Paul rose glorious, though he hounded on
The Proto-martyr to his martyrdom.

Judge not thy brother, though he slaughter thee :
Thou might'st do murder, if beguiled as he.
How long the honors to man's conscience ply,
Ere they embold, self-lusts to crucify !

The Common People, could they bût be led,
Would wake to hear, and quicken from the dead.
Books, memories, ritual, all have their place,
But Man must meet the crises of the Race.

CXXXIV.

I wake to greet the exquisite, sweet morn.
God rises on me through the window bars.
The time-pulse thrills ; the Planet, else forlorn,
Feels the far breathing of the Solar Lars.
In this glad breath, host feels the Thruthful Host,
Joyous, warm, vigorous in the Holy Ghost.

The greater scripture is Man-Woman, so
Engaged ; the statuette, pictorial scroll.
The fourth-dimensioned gospel, all a-glow,
Meets the accursed selfhood's venom'd roll.
Art, song, religion, honor, virtue rear
Enpicted, sculptured ; lost in Faith is fear.

Wondrous to realise of Living This ;
Touching in this, to rise in flesh elate.
To universal fleshly paradise ;
To lift the curtain of the Freedom-Fate.
"Eye hath not seen, ear heard," but now and here,
As in one hour, Eternities make clear.

The Fact we wait, is Discontinuance ;
The dissolution of the Obsolete ;
No more the crush in Ruin's deathly dance :
The rise into the Precious and the Sweet :
To stand in calm placidity ; in dawn
Of God-rise :—view the third-time's vails withdrawn.

The seeming Fact, no fact, is proved but show :
The selfhood of antagonisms fled.
'Tis whelmed beneath perpetual overflow
Of sympathies, that lift as from the dead.—
The Sympathetic Resurrection !—Voice
Inspired, love-breathing, living to rejoice.

July 10th, 1902.

CXXXV.

Touch me full stronger, for I have arisen
Again to meet my Mother-Father.—Song,
Cleave the pierced atmosphere where mortals prison.
Find Palaced People ; they whose hearts along
The ruinous, cold streets of clanship trod,
Dumb, only sighing, “ Long, how long, O God ? ”

Into this Palaced People,—not yet born,—
Into this marvel of awaiting Time,
I journey by sure pathways, that forewarn
God waiting in the Beautiful Sublime.
When God I meet in People's flesh again,
In God-rest I would rest, and not till then.

The animates pierced by inanimates ;
The merciful crushed by the merciless ;
Forgivenesses slain by exasperates ;
The sacredness killed by the honorless ;
Into this whirl of anarchy I tend,
Till all who live for Christ in Christ ascend.

The tiger feeds upon the bleeding lambs.
Upon the snow-white doves the falcons light.
The profligates grow fat on artisans ;
Mankind of its true manhood robbed outright ;
Woman, the Coming Queen, chained to the knee
Of legal lust and greed's vast tyranny.—

I touch Finality.—In God I trust,
Unto the uttermost of Time's despairs.
My hand into the People's hand is thrust.—
Come ye my People, ye co-equal heirs
In the great God-gift. Ope to God in breath :
Ope to God's fleshness : to the holy death.

There is no separate salvation more.
Men-women People, unto them the prize.
'Twixt man and Paradise the Open Door,—
That Door Christ-Christa : common the uprise,—
Common the will to win the holy fight ;
Common the End ;—God to our flesh a-plight.

The old Church Catholic,—it voiced as John ;
Baptised in water ; prophesied at most.
THEY who come after quicken ever on ;
Flow by the Fire and by the Holy Ghost.
Feel, in your bosoms, feel the Brooding Dove.
Touch Mother-Father. Fear not, God is Love !

July 10th, 1902.

CXXXVI.

With Song, the wingéd gondolier,
I ferry o'er the floods of Time.
And O ! the music of the sphere,
It bosoms all in loves that chime.

I hail the joys that sparkling leap,
Where wavelets dance in morning glow.
My arrowed flight I find and keep.
It leads to lovely Lilimo.

"Chrysanthus" I was named above,
Some named me "Faithful" here below.
I carolled, and the Holy Dove
Shed dews of blessing to bestow.
Now dovelets in the music wing,
For O! the breathings brim divine.—
To Bridal Queen in Bridal King
The verse I offer and enshrine.

Within the altar's flame I dwell :
It rounds its light, a living sea.
My heart, it orbs, a bridal bell :
Its pulses leap with bliss a-gee.
Come, follow me! come, follow me!
Divine enchantments weave the spell.
Opes the Eterne Fraternity.
Sing "all is well" ; sing "all is well."

July 10th, 1902.

"They Overcame,
By the Word of His Testimony,
And they loved not their lives
Unto the Death."

FINISHED.

Waiting the Opportune.

The man who conquers is the man who Bests ;
Who seems to perish in the mortal strife ;
Is wrapt awhile into the storm he breasts ;
Yet fetters it and wins Eternal Life.
Bi-sexed, bi-centred in God One-in-Twain,
He wins the continent, who dared the main.

ONE spake to Theos, " Daughter-Son, what next ?
I am thy Space, thy Timed Eternity,
Thy Scripture : read into Me for thy text.
Open thy thoughtness and peruse in Me."—
Theos replied, " I saw, when Time was blind,
And, seeing, sought the light for dazed mankind."

Then answered ONE, " When Time was blind I SAW,
And for the dazed mankind I shone aright ;
But selfhood smote Me by its weight of law,
And SHE in Me who is the Heaven's delight
Has through Me, in My purpose, toiled since then,
Nor found Her witness, until now, with men.

" SHE would not have thee waste thy flesh, to feed
Inhuman alligators of the pool ;
But hold it guarded, till it flower and seed.
Be calmly confident ; keep close ; keep cool
Till the dumb thunders shudder as they roll
And man-flesh trembles, in Us rest thy soul."

ROYAL OAK, FLORIDA, U.S.A.,

August 3rd, 1902.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE following lyrical works are in the present series. It is expected that they will be published in the following order:—

The Marriage of Heaven and Earth.

(Already Published.)

The Song of Theos.

White Roses for the Pall.

Hours with Destiny.

Veritas.

A few copies of some of the earlier writings, both lyrical and prose, of T. L. HARRIS yet remain. Particulars of the Publishers, C. W. PEARCE & CO., 139 WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.